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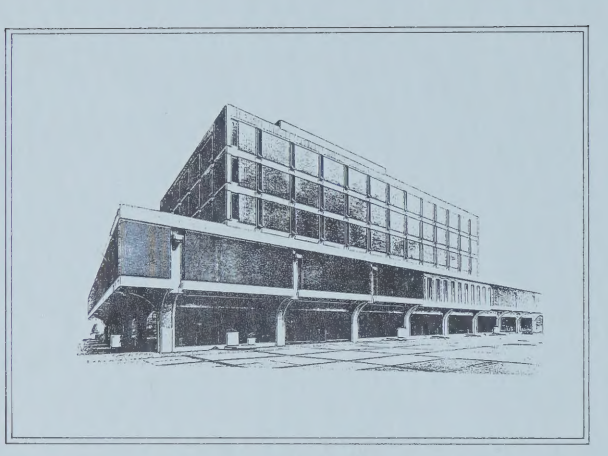
BIG HILL COUNTRY

COCHRANE AND AREA



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BIG HILL COUNTRY

COCHRANE AND AREA

Dedication

Members of the Cochrane and Area Historical Society that gathered the material and spent endless hours putting it all together are pleased to present this book in memory of the early missionaries, surveyors, the Stoney Indians and the pioneer men and women of Cochrane and surrounding areas.

To the men and women who served in the Boer War, World War One and World War Two, and especially to those who paid the supreme sacrifice.

Marjorie Spicer

Standard Book No. 0-919213-18-9

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published by Cochrane and Area Historical Society
Box 133, Cochrane, Alberta
T0L 0W0

Printed by D. W. Friesen & Sons Ltd.
5501 1A St. S.W.
Calgary, Alberta
T2H 0E6
Head Offices: Altona, Manitoba

THE PIONEERS

by Fred Kidd, M.L.A.

And so they came to this big new land, from the cities and farms of the old lands across the ocean, from Eastern Canada, from the United States; some with much, many with little, but all with hope. Surely most hearts must have expanded with excitement to see the immensity of the boundless prairies and rolling hills.

But then to work, building homes, breaking the land, and on and on. Vigor, helping neighbors, and that great ingredient, humour, greased the wheels, as it continues to do to this day.

What about culture, the word that is now so popular? Well, most of our forbears were great readers — Shakespeare, Kipling, Henry Drummond and anything of stimulating interest. Many were philosophers, — and I truly believe that they were less pragmatic, more intellectually sensitive, and yes, romantic, than we are.

But back to pragmatism; summer past, the cold winter's onslaught was something else; twenty miles to town in the sleigh, thirty below with a wind all the way home, then light the kindling, get more wood, feed the animals.

With it all, an adventure for most men and many women, but surely it was the women who held it all together, and the greatest tribute must go to them.

Alberta

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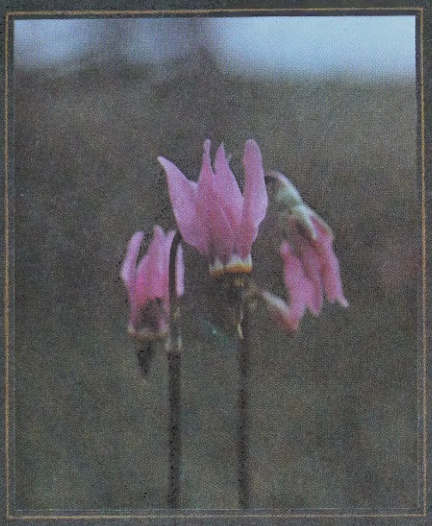
I would like to extend congratulations to the people of Cochrane for the wonderful job they have done in compiling a history of their community. I am sure that future generations will enjoy reading about the pioneer experiences of their parents and grandparents.

My best wishes to all in your community.

Ralph G. Steinhauer, O.C.,
Lieutenant-Governor.

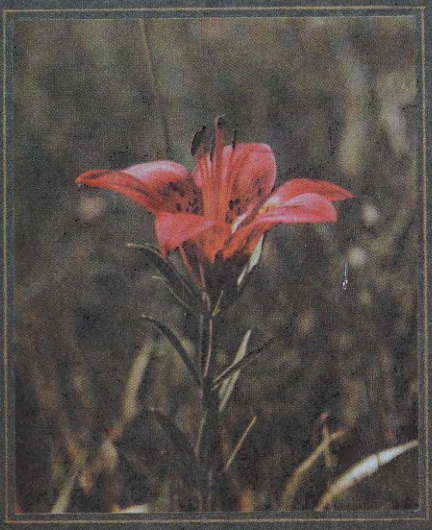
Wild Flowers Native to Big Hill Country



Shooting Star

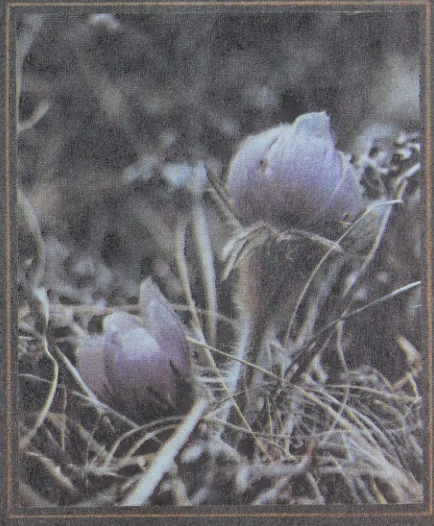
Blue-Bell

Wild Geranium

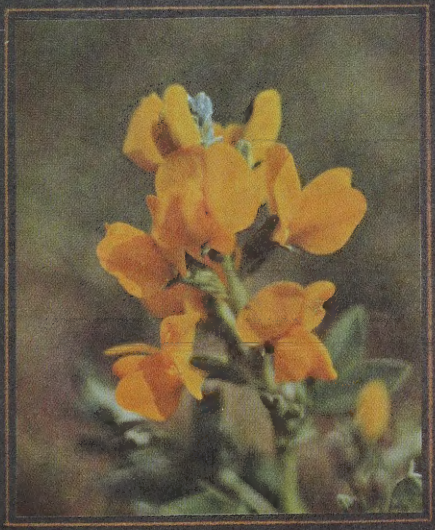


Tiger Lily

Brown-eyed Susan



Crocus



Buffalo Bean

Wild Rose

Indian Paint Brush

PREFACE

The Cochrane and Area Historical Society was formed in 1974 for the purpose of publishing a local history. The work of researching, compiling and writing our volume has been done by the Society's Book Committee members, who are: Ellen Bryant, Ellen Buckler, Margaret Buckley, Gordon Hall, Jo Hutchinson, Jean Johnson, Dorothy Shand, Marjorie Spicer and Sonia Turner.

The dictionary defines a pioneer as one who goes before, preparing the way for others. This volume is a history of Big Hill Country's pioneers; it is a memorial to their hard work and great sacrifice, their fortitude and endless courage. It is a book of memories, but it is our sincere hope that readers in future generations may get a glimpse of the past and an appreciation of the courageous spirit of the pioneers. We have attempted to record the ups and downs, the tears and laughter, and the compensations afforded the first people to settle a new land.

To the many people who made this volume possible by their contributions of information and material, thank you. We have endeavored to compile an accurate, complete and interesting record of the area and its pioneers. As the years go by, memories become weaker; we regret the unintentional omissions or incorrect statements that some readers may discover. Our thanks to service clubs, organizations and individuals for their assistance. My personal thanks to the members of the Book Committee, who have dedicated themselves so wholeheartedly to this project. It has at times been a difficult task, but the results are most gratifying.

Jo Hutchinson
President.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

We gratefully acknowledge the cooperation and assistance of the following: Glenbow Alberta Institute; Public Archives of Canada; Indian Affairs Records, Ottawa; the Commissioner, R.C.M.P., Ottawa, and the R.C.M.P. Archives, Regina; Department of Mines and Resources, Ottawa; Department of Lands and Forests, Ottawa; Canadian Forestry Services, Edmonton; Marie Dorsey, Geological Names Service, Historical Site Service, Edmonton; Department of Consumer Affairs, Edmonton; Department of Education, Edmonton; Land Titles Office, Calgary; Monsignor Anderson, Archives Office, Roman Catholic Diocese of Calgary; Calgary Public Library; Peter Whyte Foundation, Banff; The Herald; The Albertan; Crag and Canyon, Banff; Calgary Power Company; Petrofina Canada Limited; Canadian Cattleman Magazine; Onions Photography; Sheilagh Jameson; Don Brown; Mrs. Margaret Cameron and Mrs. Pearl Stone; Mrs. Agnes Hutchinson; Mrs. Edith McDonald; and all those local groups and individuals who helped in so many ways.

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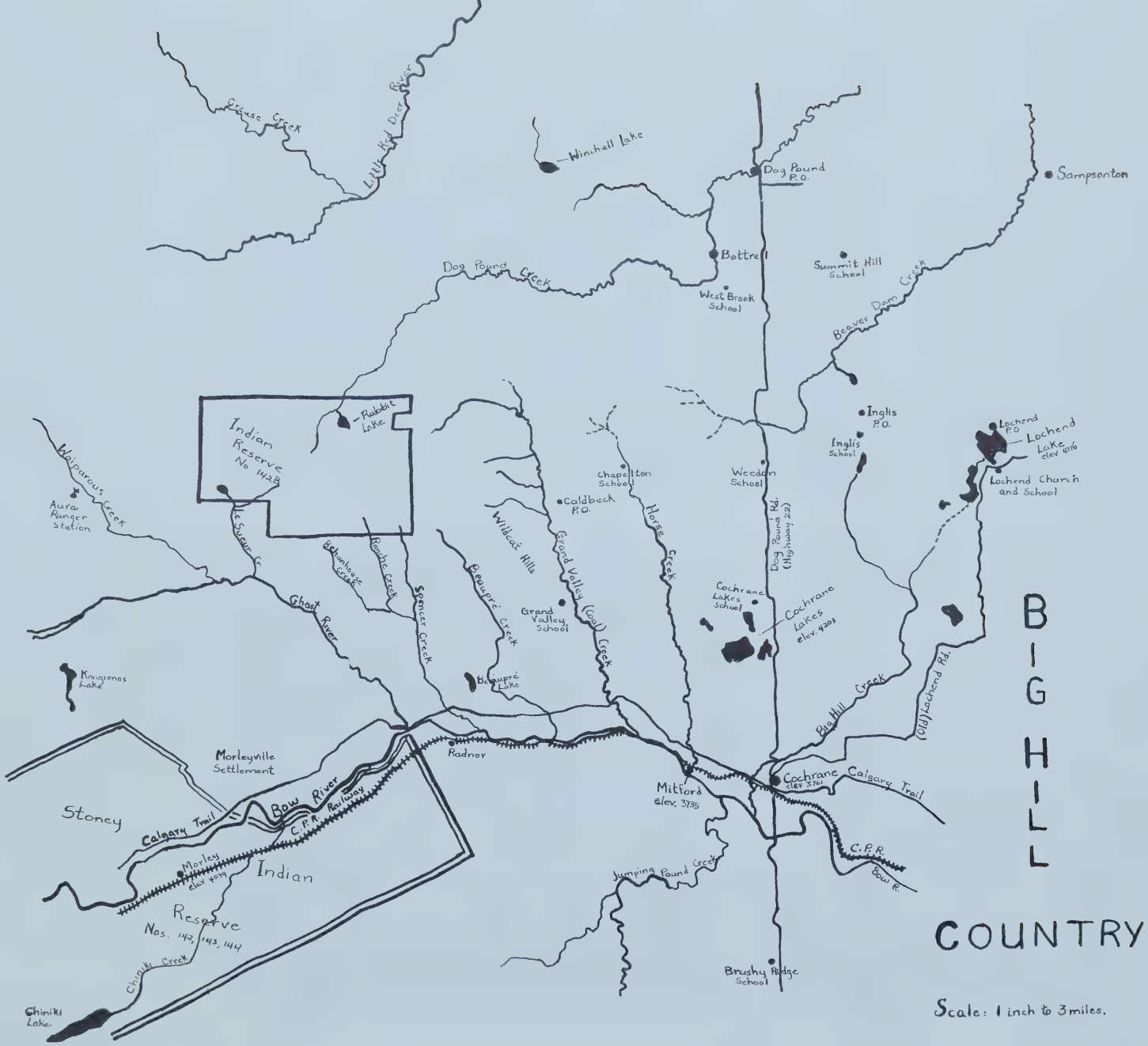
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Grease Creek
Winnifell Lake
Dog Pound P.O.
Sampsonton
Bottrell
Summit Hill School
West Brook School
Dog Pound Creek
Beaver Dam Creek
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Rabbit Lake
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Aura Ranger Station
Le Sueur Cr.
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Rawhide Creek
Spencer Creek
Ghost River
Chapelton School
Caldbeck P.O.
Wildcat Hills
Grand Valley (Coal) Creek
Horse Creek
Weedon School
Dog Pound Rd. (Highway 22)
Inglis P.O.
Inglis School
Lochend P.O.
Lochend Lake elev. 4116
Lochend Church and School
Cochrane Lakes School
Cochrane Lakes elev. 4203
Grand Valley School
Bequpré Creek
Bequpré Lake
Kananaskis Lake
Big Hill Creek
(Old) Lochend Rd.
Morleyville Settlement
Radnor
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Calgary Trail
Bow River
C.P.R. Railway
Stoney
Calgary Trail
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C.P.R.
Bow R.
Jumping Pound Creek
Chiniki Creek
Chiniki Lake
Brushy Ridge School
BIG HILL COUNTRY
Scale: 1 inch to 3 miles.

GENERAL ARTICLES

COCHRANE HILL — by Janet Jessie Desjardine

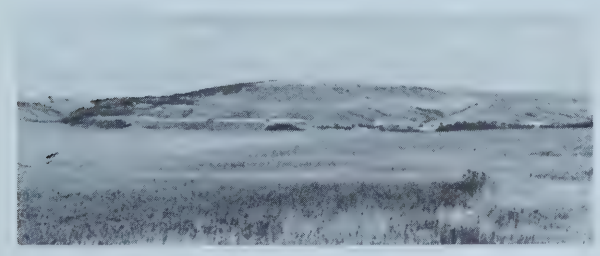
The foothill country in the days that are gone,
Had trails that led you hither and yon.
And many a well-worn path was trod
Till great deep ruts were buried in sod.

One of those trails is history now.
A trail that's not forgotten, somehow.
It's a long, long slope that curves until
You know you're descending the Cochrane Hill.

The hill, now streamlined to follow the mode,
As tourists go speeding where Indians once rode,
No more is a cow trail, but a road that will last,
Though present-day traffic is heavy and fast.

Descending this hill you come into view
Of the beautiful Bow, all misty with dew.
And the Rockies, majestic, mighty and tall;
Truly a sight remembered by all.

You may like the view from a plane in the air,
Or even the view from a Pullman chair.
But just about sunrise, when morn is so still,
Oh, give me the view from Cochrane Hill.



The Big Hill.

BIG HILL COUNTRY — by Sonia Turner

The Big Hill rises some 4,400 feet above sea level; its northwestern flank is wooded with spruce, poplar, willow, saskatoon and chokecherry. The Indians called the hill "Manachaban", signifying "the place where you get bows." The town of Cochrane is situated at the base of its southwestern slope. Below the town the tree-edged Bow River flows in an easterly direction through a terraced valley.

Wooded foothills rise in the west and we behold the Rocky Mountains with familiar peaks such as Mount Aylmer, the Devil's Head, and Black Rock. The Ghost River, also known as Deadman River, forms our western perimeter. It was so named by the Crees because a ghost was seen going up and down the river picking up the skulls of the dead. Various creeks form the drainage system of the Big Hill country. In the northwest the Waiporous, Meadow, Owl, Le Sueur, Behanhouse, and Ranche Creeks flow through the wooded foothills of the Keystone and Wildcat Hills region. Historic and descriptive creeks, like Spencer, Beaupre, Coal, and Horse Creeks all eventually find their way to the valley of the Bow River. Big Hill Creek drains the Lochend districts and enters the Bow just west of Cochrane. The Dog Pound and Beaver Dam Creeks, both flowing in a northeasterly direction, form our northern perimeters.

The town of Cochrane is located in Sections 2 and 3, Township 26, Range 4, West of the 5th Meridian. It is 19 miles northwest of Calgary on Highway 1A and is on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The main town lies at an altitude of 3,760 feet, at a Latitude of 51/11 N and Longitude of 114/28 W. The annual precipitation averages between 17-19 inches and droughts are rare. (This includes an average annual snowfall of 72.5 inches and a rainfall of 11.42 inches). Chinook winds which sweep over the mountains help to modify the winters with their warmth. Part of the Cochrane area is in the black soil zone; the soils in this zone are the most fertile in the province and have in their surface foot about 3 to 4 times as much nitrogen and organic matter as there is in the average brown or grey wooded soil. The frost-free season is approximately 100 days.

Generally speaking, extensive ranching, mixed farming and lumbering are the main industries. In the early days there were rock quarries which made use of the calcareous tufa deposits of Paskapoo sandstone along the Big Hill Creek, for building stone. Clay was used in the manufacturing of bricks. The sand and gravel industry is booming now. There are extensive gas fields in the Jumping Pound area, and oil explorations are being conducted in the Wildcat Hills region. Many producing wells are scattered throughout the Lochend and Inglis dis-

trict. Presently there are large dairy farms in operation on our eastern perimeter and scattered throughout the various districts.

The Big Hill country did not always have this same physical appearance. Although our local written history is only a few hundred years old our geological history, which is the history of our earth and its rocks, is millions of years old. Geological time is not counted in years or hundreds of years, but in ages, thus in geology, even a million years ago is considered a relatively short space of time.

During the Paleozoic Era, a geological time period extending from about 225 to 600 million years ago, great inland seas covered Alberta and our present Cochrane area. Various forms of marine life lived in the waters of these seas: creatures called trilobites (which were the first animals with a complex skeleton), primitive forms of snails, clams and corals, and various shells called Brachiopods. These creatures left behind their fossilized remains, so we know exactly what they looked like. As these creatures died their remains sank and came to rest at the bottom of the seas. These ancient graveyards of the dead and decayed remains of marine life were subjected to great pressure from overlying beds of silt and sand that had turned to rock. Through chemical changes and tremendous pressures occurring over countless millions of years, these vast marine beds became our present pools of crude petroleum and natural gas.

Between 70 and 225 million years ago the land became a marshy delta extending for thousands of square miles; this was called the Mesozoic Era. For part of the time the land was covered with warm marshy swamps with a dense growth of vegetation of tropical plant life, with ferns, figs, mosses and palm trees. It was a fetid world, the age of reptiles — teeming with crocodiles, turtles and huge dinosaurs. Horned, armor-plated and duck-billed dinosaurs weighed up to 50 tons, and some were 20 feet tall; many were omniverous. Their skeletons became fossilized and some of their remains from the Red Deer River Badlands near Drumheller are in museums in Toronto, Ottawa, New York and Europe. From the ancient remains of these subtropical deltas comes the coal of the Drumheller Valley, of the Edmonton district, and along the outer foothills belt (e.g. Canmore mines).

Change is continuous and some 40 to 70 million years ago, the earth underwent a violent period of mountain building as the earth's rocky crust was folded, bent, twisted and thrust upwards by great disturbances, some of them volcanic. The geography of Alberta began to take shape; the Rocky Mountains rose to form the backbone of the continent and inland seas were replaced by interior plains. This was the Cenozoic Era, and warm-blooded animals appeared: the small three-toed horse, the sabre-tooth tiger and hairy mammoths.

As the climate became colder, glaciers developed and flowed from north to south over the Northern Hemisphere. During their movement, rocks and debris were ground into soil. When the glaciers melted back this debris was deposited. A number of glacial and inter-glacial (when the glaciers melted back) periods occurred. There are numerous examples of glacial and inter-glacial action in Big Hill Country; the deep coulees carved out by rivers from the melting glaciers; the waterfall at the head of Big Hill Creek coulee; the terraces along the valley of the Bow River; glacial tills scattered throughout the area, and extensive gravel deposits.

Geology is part of our "living past"; it has made the Big Hill country what it is today — its rivers and lakes, prairies and rich soils, oil and gas. The Big Hill is made up of layers of rock of the Tertiary Age (Paskapoo formation).

The Grade Six classes at the Andrew Sibbald Elementary School, Cochrane, study our geological past when they make their annual pilgrimage to Moose Mountain and gather fossil rocks containing Brachiopods, crinoids and other marine life of the Paleozoic Era. The Waiporous Crossing has a good example of sandstones and shales of the Cretaceous period. A rare event is finding fossilized "worm tracks" imbedded in rock belonging to the Cretaceous period, in the Ghost Diversion Dam area. The Jumping Pound gas field on the eastern edge of the foothills derives its gas from the thrust faults of the Mississippian strata, which was formed in the Paleozoic Era over 300 million years ago.

Gordon Hall of Cochrane has in his private collection, remains of prehistoric pleistocene animals. He has parts of an extinct western bison, Bison occidentalis, about 11,600 years old. The extinct Mexican ass, Equus conversidens was 11,600 years old. He also has the main beam of a woodland caribou, Rangifer caribou. All these were found in Clarke's gravel pit at Cochrane and identified by A. MacS. Stalker and C. S. Churcher of the National Museum of Canada, Ottawa, in the 1960s. An ancient Bighorn sheep specimen was also found, which was over 11,000 years old; some others were recovered in the Griffin pits and placed in the museum at Ottawa.

It is generally believed that man first arrived in North America from Asia and Siberia over a land bridge in the Bering Strait during periods of glaciation. On other continents archaeologists, scientists who study the stone tools and skeletal remains of man, have found that man has been present over the last two million years or more, but in the Americas he has been a late-comer. Prehistoric man is believed to have journeyed down to Alberta through an ice-free corridor via Alaska and the Yukon.

In the Cochrane area we have evidence of prehistoric man. Stone tools such as grooved mauls, stone axes and points have been found. Teepee rings, which are signs of human habita-

tion, occur all along the Bow River as far west as Morley. Sites range from two or three teepee rings to as many as over 100. Many teepee rings are found in the Big Hill Creek area; others are scattered here and there. There were teepee rings on the Gilbert Flats, where the Cochrane Light Horse Association held their gymkhana for a few years, on what is now known as Cochrane Heights.

There are numerous buffalo jumps throughout the Big Hill country area: the Hutchinson buffalo jump, which was excavated and studied in 1972, the buffalo jumps in the Jumping Pound area and others in the Big Hill Creek perimeters, and still others further east. The Madden buffalo jump is known for its pictographs or rock paintings. It is the furthest north major jump that the University of Calgary has on file.

Medicine wheels are ceremonial rings of stone larger in diameter than teepee rings, sometimes reaching 50 feet or more in diameter. Some have large cairns in the middle, or spokes radiating from the center. Locally three have been discovered so far: one each in the general localities of Spy Hill, Bearspaw and the Big Hill Creek perimeters.

At Lake Minnewanka there is a very old site; the earliest remains are 12,000 years old. A Clovis point was discovered. It is the earliest evidence of man in the Rockies. Unfortunately this site was destroyed by the reservoir.

On the 1A Highway at Coal Creek a horse was found buried in the cellar of building remains. This site was historic, and part of the Mitford Mines at Coal Creek. The prehistoric site had two teepee ring levels; one historic, about 1840 to 1870 (Stoney Indians), and the other was 2,000 years old and was a winter camp of three-plus tents.

In the Jumping Pound area archaeologists have found a number of prehistoric sites along the creek, such as buffalo jumps, teepee rings and camps. The remains of dogs were found at two sites on the Kumlin Ranch; one a kill dating to historic times and the other a prehistoric winter camp about 1,500 years old.

The Ghost-Morley area has yielded little information because of the Indian Reserve. There are teepee rings and campsites. A 10,000 year old point was found east of the Ghost River.

Professor Brian O. K. Reeves, Ph.D., Department of Archaeology, University of Alberta, states: "The oldest site in Western Canada is the Taber Child site, which is more than 48,000 years old. The second oldest is Old Crow in the Yukon, at about 28,000 years. Many archaeologists, particularly Americans, don't believe it."

Ironically, during World War I and World War II, tons and tons of buffalo bones were shipped in boxcars to be used for the manufacture of fertilizer, thus inadvertently destroying archaeological sites forever. Today many sites are being destroyed by rural housing and acreage developments.

The first white man to come to our area appears to be David Thompson (1770-1857), the great explorer and fur trader, in November 1800. On November 17, 1800, he started out on an exploratory trip with five members in the party. He started from Rocky Mountain House (established in 1799) and travelled south to the Bow River, at the present site of Calgary, then on to the Highwood where he visited two Pikenow camps; on his return he travelled northwest, where he crossed the Jumping Pound Creek on November 28, 1800. Then, searching for Duncan McGillveray, they camped a short distance above where the Ghost River joins the Bow. Here they saw large herds of buffalo bulls but no cows. Traversing the present Morley area, they killed four Bighorn sheep at Old Fork Creek and then travelled west to the Gap. On their return on December 1, they crossed the Ghost and continued northwest over Spencer Creek, Beaupré Creek, and on to the Dog Pound Creek, continuing on their journey until they reached Rocky Mountain House on December 3, 1800.

(Reference: Alberta Historical Society Review, Spring 1965.)

The Indians, which David Thompson referred to as the Pikenow Indians, were the Piegans, who were part of the Blackfoot Confederacy.

Old Bow Fort (or Piegan Post) was established by the Hudson's Bay Company to encourage the fur trade with the Indians of the southern regions. It was situated at the junction of the Bow River and Bow Fort Creek (Township 25-7-5). Archaeological excavations conducted by Professor Paul Nesbitt, of the University of Calgary in 1970, reveal that Piegan Post was possibly first built in 1826, then abandoned and rebuilt again in 1833. It consisted of six buildings surrounded by a five-sided palisade with a bastion, or lookout tower. It was occupied until early 1834. John E. Harriot was in charge. The Indians proved too hostile, and as there were not enough beavers to make it a worthwhile project the fort was abandoned.

The Stoney Indians arrived in this area about 1845, thus they were comparative latecomers here. It is thought that the Mountain Crees preceded them by a few years, probably driving out the Piegans and some of the Kootenay tribe before them. Many of the local names are Cree or their equivalent in Stoney. It seems that the Stoney did not attach definite names to the features of the area.

"Our Stoney Indians are a branch of the great Dakota or Siouan Confederacy. They are Assiniboines, of which Stoney is an English translation." Their name means "The people who cook with stones;" when it was translated into English this was shortened to Stone People and finally Stoney Indians or Stonies.

The Athabascan Assiniboine had separated from the main body of the Assiniboine and settled in the Athabasca region a decade or two before the eighteenth century. Because of a scar-

city of game during the 1840s many of the Athabascan Assiniboine were forced to move south. Thus the group, which settled in the Bow Valley-Morley area, was called the Mountain Stoney.

In 1896 J. MacLean described them: "The Stoneys are of medium height, well-formed, of pleasing countenance and especially active in their movements. It is not too much to say that they are the most energetic of all tribes of the North-West. They are excellent horsemen and had the reputation of being great horse thieves. They were famous as scouts and were used in that capacity during the Riel Rebellion of 1885. Many were used during the survey of the C.P.R."

In 1858 Dr. James Hector of the Palliser Expedition passed through the western perimeter of our area. He camped at the foot of Dream Hill; this is believed to be one of the more southerly Wildcat Hills, as he reached the Ghost River the next morning. Hector travelled southward over rolling hills towards the Bow River, where he noticed seams of coal in the shale and sandstone banks of the river (this would be around the mouth of Coal Creek). From their camp at Dream Hill Hector's party could see a level plain that swept to the base of the mountains; the next day he realized that it was the valley of the Deadman or Ghost River.

It was Palliser's report that had considerable influence on the decision to build the railroad to the north of the arid stretches. If this plan had been followed the growth of Cochrane would have been stalled for many years.

The arrival of Reverend George and Reverend John McDougall in 1873 at the confluence of the Bow and Ghost Rivers was of great importance, as they built a mission at Morleyville, and built a fort on a high hill north of the Bow River, approximately three miles north of the present McDougall Church. Here the families of Reverend John and his trader brother, David, were relatively safe from the prowling Blackfoot when the brothers were absent on business.

By 1875 on the flats north of the Bow River a small community appeared, consisting of a church, a mission house, a day school, a store and stables. In 1878 an orphanage for Indian children was provided. David McDougall brought his store supplies from Fort Benton, Montana, or from Fort Garry via Edmonton. Of this original historic site only the McDougall Church remains.

Andrew Sibbald came to Morley in 1875 to teach the Indians, and was the first schoolteacher in the West.

That winter Rev. George McDougall lost his life in a blizzard. Andrew Sibbald left the school in 1879 to establish a small sawmill for the McDougalls, thereby supplying the first lumber for buildings in Calgary.

This settlement at Morleyville provided the first small nucleus for the large settlements that followed. In 1875 the establishment of the North West Mounted Police at Fort Calgary helped to keep order between the Blackfoot and the Stoney, and in 1877 Treaty No. 7 was signed.

In the early 1880s many people came to settle in this region. The Cochrane Ranche was established 25 miles east of Morley, and many small ranches sprang up in between the two centers. Large scale settlement became possible when the Canadian Pacific Railway came to Calgary and on through to Bow Valley and the Kicking Horse Pass (instead of 200 miles north through the Yellowhead Pass as some had expected).

The towns of Cochrane and Mitford came into being after the coming of the railroad; Morley ceased to be the focal point of so many activities as these new towns expanded their influence.

THE HUTCHINSON BUFFALO JUMP — by Sunni S. Turner

The Hutchinson Buffalo Jump, located in the vicinity of Big Hill Springs, was discovered in 1968 by an amateur archaeologist, Ken Browne, of Calgary.

It was excavated in the spring and summer of 1972 by students from the University of Calgary, Archaeological Division, under the direction of Larry Lahren, Miss Marie Murray and Foster Kirby, with the kind permission of the landowner, Jonathan Hutchinson. Numerous artifacts and relics were analyzed and identified. It was designated as "The Hutchinson Buffalo Jump Eh Po7."

In early days the Indians killed buffalo and slaughtered them in great numbers in order to provide sustenance for their people. The buffalo roamed the prairies in great herds and the Indians devised several ways of killing them, such as the buffalo jump, the pounds and the surrounds.

A buffalo jump is a kill site where a herd of buffalo were forced over a steep cliff or embankment. The buffalo that were not killed in the initial fall would be sufficiently wounded or crippled to be more easily dispatched by the Indian hunters. Such jumps were usually found below cliffs or steep slopes, sometimes along creeks or coulees. One or more layers of buffalo bones may be found, the layers varying from several feet to over a hundred feet in depth.

Another method of hunting buffalo was the pound or corral. A structure of logs, stones, and brush plus the use of the natural contours of the land would all be utilized. The herd would be slowly started in the desired direction. Perhaps several hunters would masquerade as wolves and slowly chase the herd. Men, women and children well hidden amid the rocks, hills and natural cover, would be stationed in lines in a big V, sometimes for a distance of several miles. As the buffalo went by, the Indians would shout and make a great commotion, thus alarming the

herd and stampeding them into the pound, where the avid hunters lay in wait.

With the acquisition of horses and rifles by the Indians, it was not so necessary to maim the buffalo by running them over cliffs (i.e. buffalo jumps) or to trap them in corrals or pounds. Now the mounted hunters could ride up to the herd of buffalo and circle around them, causing the animals to mill about in confusion. The hunters, shouting, waving and shooting at the herd as they rode in an everchanging circle, afforded the buffalo little chance of escaping such a surround.

Sometimes the Indians would set fire to the prairie around the buffalo herd to drive them in a certain direction. There is evidence of a line drive in the Hutchinson buffalo jump. Here, lines of rock and the natural contours of the land formed a funnel shape. The buffalo herd was gathered on the western flats from up to a distance of five miles, and then driven in a southeasterly direction into the cup-shaped vale and ultimately over the cliffs forming the buffalo jump, into Bill Hill Creek valley.

In the spring and summer of 1972, people were encouraged to visit the dig on specific days. The Chinook Chapter of the Historical Society of Alberta, the Nose Creek Historical Society, and their guests, numbering close to two hundred, stopped for an informative lecture and visit with Larry Lahren, who gave a commentary on the buffalo jump. Guests were able to view the dig in progress.

The Hutchinson Buffalo Jump was found to have been used many times and archaeological evidence indicates that it dates from about 300 A.D. to 1500 A.D. The site contains remnants of Ethridge pottery, which possibly suggests a pre-Blackfoot type of nomads and hunters. Some of the projectile points (arrowheads) were made of quartz and minerals which had originally come from the Dakotas. Beads found were made of clam shells which would have been traded from early peoples of the British Columbia coast. The projectile points found throughout the site ranged from Avonlea and Triangular to Late Plains side-notched. There were pictographs on the cliff above the jump. Ochres of yellow, white, orange and red were found in abundance. Ochre was highly prized as a body paint after it was powdered and mixed with grease. In its natural state it could be used for coloring teepee walls and personal weapons.

Archaeological evidence gathered to date indicates that the Hutchinson Buffalo Jump was primarily a jump site and a butchering station that was used mainly in the autumn. There are teepee rings in four or five nearby locations which may be related to this specific site. At least four other bison jumps are known of along the Big Hill Creek valley, and who knows what other evidence may yet be found about our prehistoric past; only time will tell.

PIEGAN POST, 1832-34 — by Jo Hutchinson

In 1831 an American, James Kipp, built a trading post on the Marias River south of the 49th Parallel and began to do quite a good business with the Piegan Indians in the southern foothills of what is now Alberta. His thriving fur trading business caused the Hudson's Bay Company some concern, since its most southerly trading post on the eastern slopes of the Rockies was at Rocky Mountain House. Company officials decided at a meeting in July 1832, that the Rocky Mountain House post should be abandoned, and a new trading centre set up on headwaters of the Bow River. The new post, Piegan Post, was also known as Bow Fort.

Chief Factor John Rowand, and Henry Fisher, who was in charge at Rocky Mountain House, went up the Bow River in the summer of 1832 and selected a site on the north bank of the Bow at the mouth of Fort Creek, about 12 miles west of the present site of Morley. Fisher was left to plan and supervise the building of the post. John Harriott, chief trader, was transferred from Columbia to command the post, which was opened on October 10, 1832, with 22 men and four Metis on duty.

It is interesting to note the speed with which the new post was planned, built and opened at a time when transportation and communication was slow and hazardous compared to today, 144 years later.

Hudson's Bay Company records on file at Beaver House, London, have Trader Harriott's journals on file. Little information regarding operation of the post is available, however. Trading was carried on during the winter of 1832-33; the post was closed for the summer and re-opened on August 10, 1833. Business was poor; the Piegans had been defeated in battle by the Bloods, and were unable to reach the post to bring their furs; there is a suggestion in the Company records that an employee, who was sent out to drum up trade, was not exactly loyal to the Company; the post was expensive to maintain; and there was a scarcity of beaver in the vicinity. It was therefore decided to abandon Piegan Post, and it was closed on January 8, 1834. The trading post at Rocky Mountain House was re-opened, and Chief Trader John Harriott was appointed to run it. The post at Rocky Mountain House was maintained until the Hudson's Bay Company erected a fort in 1875, about 40 miles downstream from Piegan Post, at the junction of the Bow and Elbow Rivers. The new fort was called Bow Fort, to distinguish it from the N.W.M.P. Fort Calgarry, in the same vicinity. Bow Fort was occupied until the founding of the City of Calgary in 1883.

The Hudson's Bay Company flag, a red house ensign, which had flown at Piegan Post, was presented to Chief Mas-gwa-ahsid (Bearspaw) when the post was closed. Bearspaw's son, Chief David Bearspaw has flown the faded but well-preserved flag at his house on ceremonial oc-

casions. It is a treasured heirloom of the Bearspaw family.

Shortly after Piegan Post was closed, the buildings were apparently burned by the Indians. Palliser stated that at the time of his visit in August 1858, the only portions remaining of the deserted post were stone chimneys. In 1924 a brief examination of the post's site was made by historians and archaeologists of the Canadian Historical Society. The late J. E. A. Macleod Q. C. of Calgary, did much to publicize the scant history of the post, and it is due to his interest in it that the study was made.

From the ten stone mounds, it would appear that the fort was a five-sided enclosure. The south wall ran almost due east and west between two bastions about 90 feet apart. The west and east walls were about 100 feet long and were also supported by bastions on the north ends. It is believed that the north wall was protected by exterior angular walls. From the location of the chimney ruins, it would appear that the houses were placed close together inside the main wall, and faced east. A small crater-like depression inside the main wall might have been a well, although the gravelly formation of the soil suggests that the fort's inhabitants would have had to rely on the nearby creek for water supply.

The 1924 study revealed the fact that the passage of years has not added much covering of top soil to the site. The bottom stones of the fireplaces were easily located, and were covered with a layer of wood, ashes and bones. In some cases these bones were well preserved. The only artifact found was a small portion of the stem of a clay pipe. No traces of metal implements or utensils were found. No projectile points were found, and nothing suggested that Piegan Post was hastily abandoned, or was the scene of a massacre.

As in most areas of Western Canada, the coming of the white man to Big Hill Country was first marked by the fur traders. Their stay was brief, but nevertheless formed a significant chapter in the history of the area.

SIR SANDFORD FLEMING, 1827-1915

Born at Kirkcaldy, Fife, Scotland, son of Andrew Greig and Elizabeth Arnot.

Fleming was a pupil of the Scottish Engineer and Surveyor, John Sang. When he left home he had become a Civil Engineer, Surveyor and Draftsman.

In 1845 Fleming left Glasgow on the sailing ship "Brilliant." The voyage took forty-four days to Quebec City. He was much impressed by his trip on the steamboat "Queen" from Quebec to Montreal. Finding work along his line difficult to obtain, he ended up as a Draftsman at Peterborough, Ontario, and later articled with a Land Surveyor.

1855-1863: By the year 1855 Sandford Fleming was well on his way when he became Chief Engineer of the first railway in Ontario, the Simcoe and Huron Railway, better known as the Northern Railway.

In 1864 Fleming was engaged by the Canadian Government at Quebec City to survey the Intercolonial Railway from Rivièr-du-Loup through New Brunswick to Truro, Nova Scotia. Construction was started in 1867 and finished in 1869. Fleming was an ardent Imperialist and felt sure this new line would bring about a better understanding between Canada, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia and would help to hurry along Confederation. In fact, even in 1858, he had proposed a railway across Canada as an Imperial Project.

1871-1880: He was engaged as Chief Engineer for the proposed Canadian Pacific Railway (for five years of the period, 1871-1876, he was Chief engineer of the Intercolonial and for a portion of the time Chief Engineer of the Newfoundland Railway). This CPR position appealed to him as a great and intricate engineering problem, but the appeal was even greater as a matter of National and Imperial significance as he was sure better communications would knit the Empire more closely together. Fleming immediately put eleven survey parties out along the Great Lakes section and his surveyors projected no less than ten different routes to pass through the Yellowhead Pass.

In 1872 Fleming made a trip on horseback from Winnipeg to Jasper Lake up Myette River, to Henery House (N.W. Company Post) to Yellowhead Pass, down the head waters of the Fraser River to Tète-Juane-Cache, then south to the North Thompson to Kamloops. He went from Kamloops to Lytton, on to Yale, and then to New Westminster by steamer and sailed to Victoria where he landed on October 9, 1872. The trip took three months from Halifax to Victoria. Fleming made the trip to see first-hand the projected route of the Transcontinental CPR.

In 1880 Fleming's report recommended the CPR line run from Ft. William to Red River, south to Lake Winnipeg, northwest to Battleford, on to Edmonton, through the Yellowhead Pass, down the North Thompson to Kamloops along the Fraser River to Burrard Inlet. His survey ran north of Lake Superior, north of Lake Nipissing from the Ottawa Valley.

From 1871-1880 the CPR survey work had been carried on by the Government of Canada as a national undertaking, however, in 1880 the project was handed over to a private company, George Stephens and Donald Smith. Fleming then left the CPR.

From 1879 Fleming had fought for the Pacific Cable to run from British Columbia to Australia and Great Britain, and finally, in 1902 the all British Cable was in working order, and the first message to Canada was for Fleming, congratulating him on successful completion, from the Prime Minister of New Zealand. Just as soon as the cable job was finished, Fleming was promoting a World encircling, State-owned

British telegraphic system, also recommended Imperial Intelligence Service so Empires would be kept informed of all World news, and by a better understanding of each other, become more closely bound together. In 1876 Fleming worked on a scheme for the adoption of prime time. In 1885 the railroads in the U.S.A. and Canada did adopt Standard Time (railroad time) to facilitate the running of their roads and the traffic. In 1881 at the International Geographical Congress in Venice, the idea of adoption of the Prime Meridian common to all Nations was put forward.

From 1850-1851 Fleming designed and made the copperplate for the first postage stamp issued in Canada for the Postmaster General, Honorable James Morris at Toronto.

From 1880-1915 Fleming was Chancellor of Queen's University in Ontario. In 1904 he recommended a second transcontinental rail line by a northern route across Canada. He donated the land on which the Memorial Tower is situated at Halifax, Nova Scotia. He believed a united Empire was a step toward World Peace.

In 1883, while on a visit to London, Fleming received a cablegram from the President of the CPR asking him to disentangle a situation brought about by the rush to complete the line. The rails were laid to Calgary but the route west was still uncertain as no one had ever penetrated the Selkirks from the East to the West. Fleming arrived back in Canada, came west as far as Calgary, the terminus of the line. His eldest son and Doctor Grant came with him. Fleming understood the country had been explored to the summit of the Selkirks and he knew it was 300 miles to Kamloops as the crow flies. Major Rogers had made several attempts and had reached a summit, but had not followed through the mountains on a connected line. Apparently the party drove by team from Calgary to the camp of a resident engineer, and from one of Fleming's diaries, the camp was but a few miles distance from the valley which leaves the Bow River for the Vermillion Pass. A few days later, having obtained saddle horses and packers, the party reached the Kicking Horse Pass. About three miles from the mouth of the Kicking Horse Valley, they met Major Rogers who informed them that he had found a pass by way of the Beaver River and the Illecillewaet, down it to the second crossing of the Columbia through the Gold Range via the Eagle Pass and on to Kamloops, British Columbia. Fleming continued his westward journey, walking a good part of the way, finally arriving at Shuswap Lake and on to Kamloops.

Sandford Fleming was given land by the CPR. It is an assumption that the CPR gave their surveyors land in return for help putting the railway through. The land that Fleming had in the Cochrane area was Section 7-26-4-5. There is no record of him ever residing on the land.

The information on Fleming came from L. J. Burpees' book, "Sandford Fleming, Empire Builder," published in 1915.

Note: Sir Sanford Fleming was an honorary president of the Alpine Club of Canada since its inception in 1906. Fleming was a distinguished railway builder in the Maritimes, Quebec and Ontario. He designed Canada's first postage stamp — but is remembered primarily for inventing standard time. He died July 22, 1915.

FIELD NOTES FROM EARLY SURVEYS OF BIG HILL COUNTRY

Township 26, Range 3, West 5th Meridian — Surveyor, S. L. Brabazon, 1884.

This township is particularly well adapted to grazing purposes, but in general too rough and hilly for agriculture. There are a few marshes and ponds, and in places there is a heavy thick growth of short thick brush.

Big Hill Creek is crossed by the north boundary of Sec 33 and runs through a deep coulee with a marshy bottom 12 chains wide, the banks of which are about 250 feet high but generally covered with vegetation, which throughout the township is remarkable for its richness. Several varieties of pea vine being in great abundance.

There is a considerable quantity of good firewood to be found along the banks of the coulee, chiefly poplar and spruce, some might be found suitable for building purposes.

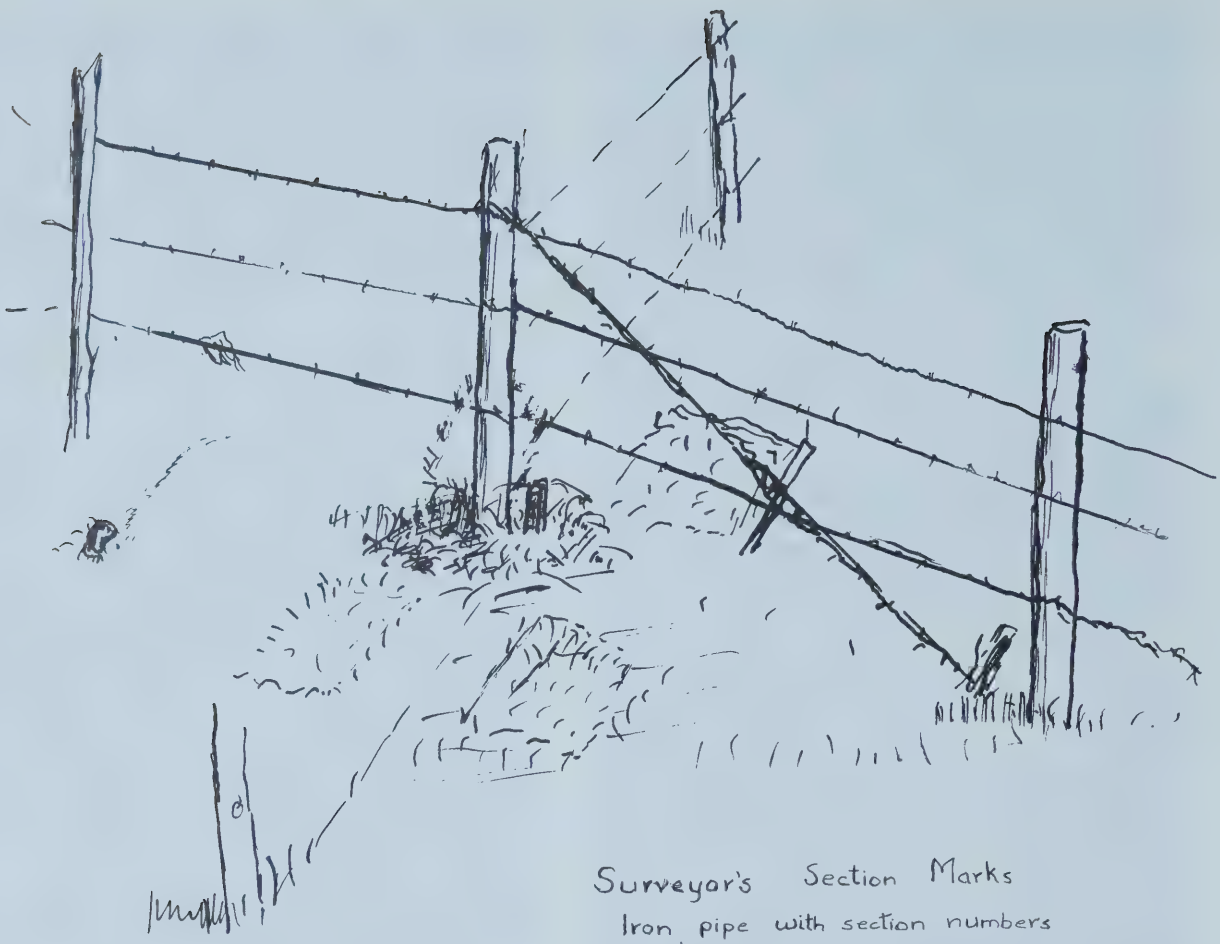
West, hilly prairie, stoney in places. The C.P.R. crosses the line near the north limit of Section 7. The Bow River flows eastward through the north half of 18, and the trail to Calgary passes near its north bank. A tributary of the Bow River enters Section 30 on the southern half, and flows southeasterly through section 19. The soil is generally a clay loam, 8-14 inches deep on clay subsoil. Classes 1 to 3. — T. Fawcett, 1884.

East, high rolling prairie. For the first 2 miles going north there is a gradual descent toward the Bow River which flows eastward across Section 13. The C.P.R. passes through the valley of this stream along the south bank. There are several fine streams running into the river, which abound in mountain trout. North of the river the land falls gradually, and toward the north the surface becomes somewhat broken. A deep ravine on 36, contains a small creek. The soil is black loam and subsoil sandy loam. Can scarcely be surpassed for grazing. — T. R. Hewson, 1883.

Township 27, Range 3, West 5th Meridian — Surveyor, J. J. Burrows, 1884.

The greater portion of this township is heavy rolling country, the most of it being covered with willow scrub and very much broken by many small hills. Between these are numerous ponds and also a lake situated on sections 23 and 26. The waters of all being generally of good quality.

A deep valley of a quarter to half mile in width, and having banks about two hundred feet



Surveyor's Section Marks

Iron pipe with section numbers marked on.

high, runs from the north west corner southerly through the westerly tier of sections.

In the bed of the above mentioned valley is situated Cochrane Creek, flowing south. This creek is from three to four feet deep, and from ten to twenty-five links wide, with a current of about four miles an hour.

The soil of this township is of average quality being generally black loam with clay subsoil, and on account of the broken nature of the township is best suited for grazing purposes.

Township 24, Range 4, West of 5th Meridian — Surveyor, C. E. LaRue, D.L.S., 1883.

Hilly, rolling prairie, traversed by the Calgary to Morleyville trail — Elbow River runs through the south east corner and the Jumping Pound on the north west.

Timber to the height of 30 to 60 feet found especially on sections 5, 6, 7 and 8, on both banks of the Elbow and on Jumping Pound Creek. Clumps and ridges of small poplar are also found.

A great quantity of Willow averaging 1½ inches in diameter are also found on the other ⅔ of the Township.

I would recommend that the timber on the banks of the River and above mentioned sections should be reserved for the needs of the settlers, as timber, fuel, building and fence purposes; for the reason that there is no such wood on the township surrounding the Fort.

Township 25, Range 4, West of 5th Meridian — Surveyor, Geo. Ross, D.L.S., 1884.

Jumping Pound Creek runs through this township 18" deep with stoney bottom — good water, current 8 miles an hour deepens to 2 feet with current 10 miles an hour. Banks on creek range from 10 ft. high to 160 ft. high. Rolling prairie and valleys of level prairie characterize the area. Alluvial soil is black loam with clay subsoil.

Valley of Bow River is Stoney Prairie — in places the bank is 90 ft. high. The Bow has a stoney bottom and at the traverse point the river is 7 feet deep and current at 8 miles an hour.

The southeast portion of the township is rolling prairie. North and south west portions have a considerable amount of willow and scrub brush.

Township 26, Range 4, West 5th Meridian — Surveyor, Geo. Ross, D.L.S., 1884.

The surface is principally rolling prairie. The Bow River flows through the south western part in a wide valley. Its banks are in general skirted

by a few poplars or a fringe of spruce. A valley about a mile wide and 200 feet deep, in which flows a creek about 10 lks wide and 9'' deep traverses the western part of the township in a southerly direction. The south eastern part is much broken by the banks of the Bow River with its gorges and the coulee of Big Hill Creek, a stream about 15 links wide and 10 inches deep. On the south bank of this coulee in sections 11 and 12 is a belt of poplar. Sections 27 and 28 are broken by a lake with slightly brackish water. The stock kept by the "British American Ranche Co" resort to it to a large extent to drink. This company have their buildings and their employees reside on the NW¼ Sec. 3 and SW¼ Sec. 10. They have also buildings which were unoccupied last summer on the SE¼ Sec. 4.

Cochrane Station of the Canadian Pacific Railway is situated on SE¼ Sec. 3. The soil except in Bow River Valley, which is stoney, is black loam with a clay subsoil. The grass is a good growth. There is good agricultural land in the township but it is better adapted for grazing than grain growing.

Township 27, Range 4, West 5th Meridian — Surveyor, J. J. Burrows, D.L.S., 1884.

The greater portion of this Township is of gentle rolling character, Sections 33, 34, and 35.

There is but one creek of any note, that known as Horse Creek, situated and running southerly through sections 19, 18, 7, 8, and 5, having an average width of 15 links, depth of two feet and current at the rate of about five miles an hour. Its waters are good and contain fresh water trout in abundance.

The soil is of first quality, being of a black loam with clay subsoil and is well suited to agriculture. Sections 34, 35, 26, and 27 are cut up by one large and two small ravines which extend easterly through the sections above named. Upon the south banks of those and also upon the east boundary of sections 27 and 35 are situated small bluffs of poplar brush, the woods of which are only fit for fuel and fencing.

The following sections are open prairie: 5, 6, 7, 8, 16, 17, 31, and 32. The remaining portions being covered with a light growth of short willow scrub.

Township 28, Range 4, West 5th Meridian — Surveyor, J. J. Burrows, D.L.S., 1884.

North, the soil is of the best quality, grasses are luxuriant and water plentiful. Several spring creeks, varying in size, from a small streamlet to a creek of 50 links wide, are crossed. The timber consists of poplar, balm of Gilead and willow. West, undulating prairie, thickly covered with willow scrub and scattered poplar and spruce, and some pine, good for fuel, fencing and building. Soil, a deep clay loam, class 2. Some fine creeks traverse the township, tributary to Dog Pound Creek. — T. Fawcett, 1883.

Very rolling surface, and well supplied with good fresh water, by many small springs and creeks, of which Dog Pound Creek is the largest. This creek enters from the west on Section 19, and makes a circuitous course about the northwest quarter of the township. Its current is about 5 to 6 miles an hour and it is well stocked with spring trout. Along each bank, in the first three sections above named, is a narrow strip of spruce and poplar bush of large size. There are also bluffs of poplar bush, well suited for building and other domestic purposes, situated along the northern boundaries of Sections 7 and 8, and the eastern limits of 8, 18, and 30. The balance of the township is lightly covered with a growth of small willow scrub. The soil is of excellent quality, being composed of a deep black loam on a clay subsoil, and is well adapted for agriculture or grazing. — J. J. Burrows, 1884.

Township 24, Range 5, West 5th Meridian — Surveyor M. Aldous, 1880.

Surveyed north and east boundaries. The north is somewhat hilly, with some spring creeks. The soil is very good black loam, class 1. The vegetation in the valleys is luxuriant. There are scattered trees of poplar and pine of small dimensions. Jumping Pound Creek crossed the southern half of the township and the eastern line in section 13; its course is then northward, close to the west side of the eastern boundary.

Surveyor, T. Fawcett, D.L.S. — 1884.

West chiefly broken and hilly prairie. Alluvial soil, black loam depth 6-18 inches; subsoil clay. The land rates class 1, except Sections 6 and 31 where it is class 2. The former section consists largely of marshy meadows. Water is plentiful every mile of the line being crossed by one or more streams, all flowing east, among which is Jumping Pound Creek, 26 feet wide, 18 inches deep, current 6 miles an hour, on the southern half of section 7. In the valley is some green spruce and dead timber. For about ½ mile north of the creek the surface is gently undulating prairie, with some scattered poplar and pine. On sections 19, 30 and 31 are hills wooded with poplar and spruce.

Surveyor, F. W. Wilkins, D.L.S. — 1891.

— No doubt the open part of the Tp. will be occupied as a cattle range, of which, what there is of it is really very good. Excellent grass for summer feed grows everywhere. Good water is abundant and quite a bit of good hayland exists in places.

Three settlers have located in the Township, one of whom, John Collins, has quite a large stock. The others are not so well fixed as Collins although the man (Percy Johnston) located on the Jumping Pound Creek (big) is possessed of some well bred horses and also some first class cattle. Nothing valuable in a mineralogical sense was seen other than the sandstone rock before mentioned. Where exposed of course, it is badly weathered and shattered, but I would suppose, that there are many localities, where shipping would expose good stone for building purposes, which I think would be easily cut when first

quarried and would harden very much afterward.

Traces of large game were seen, such as deer, bear and wildcat and wolves but owing to the presence near by of bands of Stoney Indians (who are hunters) game cannot be said to be plentiful. Wildfowl such as ducks, geese and grouse of two varieties seem to be plentiful. Very fine brook trout are found in the clear water of the Jumping Pound Creek.

Township 25, Range 5, West 5th Meridian — Surveyor T. Fawcett, D.L.S. 1884.

West, principally open, hilly and broken prairie. The southern half of Section 6 is wooded with poplar bush, including some large poplar and cottonwood, with some scrub. The north half of 6 is watered by two or three deep sloughs, and Section 7 by a creek, flowing north, but on the northern sections water is scarce. Soil generally clay loam, 8-18 inches in depth, on a clay subsoil. The land rates as follows: Sections 6 and 18, class 1; 7, classes 1 and 2 and the rest, classes 2 to 3.

East, rolling country, with a soil of black loam over sandy loam. Jumping Pound Creek enters the southern half of Section 12 from east, and flows due north till it passes out at the northeast corner of 24, shortly before which it is joined by a tributary from the west. There is a small quantity of wood in sections 1, 24, and 36 — T. R. Hewson, 1883.

There are sheep sheds and a shack located on the SE ¼, section 13, on the west bank of the Jumping Pound Creek. The Stoney Indian reserve cuts into the north west corner taking in section 31, portion of SW corner of 32, portion of NW corner of 29 and a line running diagonally west through middle of section 30. In the middle of the township there are fine valleys of excellent land between many high ridges with back bone of soft sandstone rock. The southern part of the Tp is heavy rolling prairie. Howard Sibbald has settled by a lake on SW ¼ sec. 8. — Fred Wilkins D.L.S. 1890.

Township 26, Range 5, West 5th Meridian — Surveyor, Fred Wilkins, D. L. S., 1890. (South of Bow River)

— in places in the Bow River Bottom so that notwithstanding the poorness and roughness of a great portion of this Tp, it is still of good value as a run for stock. Indeed the only value which I attach to the Tp is as a feeding ground for stock.

My opinion of the climate of this locality is such that I do not think that grain could be raised here at all, and as to other things only those that are hardy, will ever repay the trouble and expense of cultivation. Nothing worthy of note was discovered by me in a mineralogical sense. In the SE angle of Sec 13, however, coal was discovered some years ago, and the "seam" marked, the mine being called the Bow River Coal Mine, of which a Mr. Chaffey of Winnipeg was the principal proprietor.

Nothing is being done now at these mines from which quite a quantity of excellent fuel was formerly taken. The occurrence of an unlucky fault, just when things began to look bright, and the impossibility of again picking up the lost seam, although strenuous efforts were made to this end, put a stop to the prosecution of the works and it has not since been resumed. The appearance of the rods in this locality is not favorable to the resumption of these works; faults being very numerous everywhere.

The Canadian Pacific Railway crosses this Tp. from east to west, being located in the bottom in close proximity to the River. Valuable timber is found in the Tp. The wooded growth in this township consisting of a fringe of spruce and other brush found in places along the river bank, and a few rugged pine trees on the hillside in Section 8 and 17. No game of any kind was seen by me, the proximity of the Railway and an Indian Reserve probably accounting for this condition of affairs. In the river are found beautiful speckled trout, which are apparently very plentiful.

Part of Township 26, Range 5, West 5th Meridian — Surveyor, A. G. Brabazon, D.L.S., 1888. (Wild Cat Hills)

— good and continues good almost to the top of the hill along the west side of the valley, and as far as the railroad on the east; the other running through secs. 27, 28, 32 and 33 is beautiful, the hills on the west being covered parti-like with large green fir; the soil continues good for some little distance up the hill on the west side, but on the east, it is rough, gravelly and stony.

The land along the tops of all the hills and ridges is gravelly and stony. The country between the River and hills is gently rolling, and the soil generally good with the exception of a few gravelly ridges. Besides some springs, there are beautiful creeks, running through the township, of good water, the one farthest east is well supplied with brook trout.

There is a good quantity of spruce, poplar and fir on the hills in secs. 31 and 32 and a few in Sec. 29, sufficient for building, fencing and firewood to supply the wants of the settler for a long time.

On the whole this township is better adapted to stock raising than agriculture as summer frosts are too prevalent to admit of successful grain growing.

Township 27, Range 5, West 5th Meridian — Surveyor, A. J. Brabazon., 1888.

This township is in too close proximity to the "Rockies" to be of any great value for agricultural purposes; in fact the greater part of it may be said to be in the foothills, so the land is, as might be expected, of a rough and mountainous character.

The western half was originally a splendid timber forest, but fire and the lumberman's axe have wrought heavily on it, and the best of the timber is gone, over 2,000,000 feet were taken off sections 9, 16, and 21 by the Cochrane Lumber Co. within the last two seasons.

The eastern half is almost all prairie, heavily rolling and hilly. It is admirably suited to stock raising. The grass is rich and luxuriant, springs of fresh water are numerous (many of which never freeze) and the sudden alterations of hill and dale afford shelter, (a most important factor in making ranching a successful industry) as good as the stock raiser can desire.

Some very desirable locations are to be found in the large valley in the center of the township, through which runs the Cochrane Lumber Co's rail and tramway not far from, and for some distance nearer and parallel to, a nice spring creek well stocked with pretty brook trout. This valley, in its peaceful repose, amid the magnificent surrounding scenery, should offer strong temptation to the intending settler to pitch his tent and say "Content — I will rest here." There are besides a good many patches of good land, so that if grain would ripen, mixed farming to some extent might be profitable, but I cannot say if grain will ripen, any I saw was cut green for cattle feed. I can however assert that the straw is as high as a man.

I may add that there are two settlers in the township at present who are engaged in stock raising, they seem to be perfectly satisfied with their locations although they did not wish to make declaration.

Township 25, Range 6, West 5th Meridian — Surveyor, Fred Wilkins, D.L.S. — 1890. (Lying to the south of the Indian Reserve)

The portion of this township surveyed by me is in general of a rough and broken character.

Many high and very steep, ridges of sandstone rock occur throughout, rising in some places into cliffs that can scarcely be scaled — the soil in the easterly and northerly part is however very good. In the West the soil is very inferior and gravelly — grey small areas of open country are found, the reverse being the rule, and brulé, grown up with thick brush and almost impassable with fallen trees and logs, is only too common.

Good building timber can be had in many places and in two or three small groves some splendid spruce is found. Fence timber can be had in plenty.

Running diagonally through the Tp from south east to north west is a rather broad valley in which lie a number of small lakes invariably fresh and good. In this valley is also found quite a bit of open country and furnishes the only area of any size where good feed for cattle is to be had in the Tp. except in section 24 where another fine valley is found.

In an agricultural sense this Tp. cannot ever become of great value. Apart from the fact that the climate in the locality does not appear to be too propitious for the growth of grain, the extreme hilliness combined with the general poorness of the soil, must ever become a bar to very general cultivation. As a feeding ground for stock, the surface is generally too bushy, and too much covered with logs and fallen trees. From all appearances the timber is fast disappearing through fires and should the Tp ever become to a great extent clear of any timbered growth it will without doubt make an excellent range for stock. Water is both good and abundant, and judging from the growth of grass on such spots as are now clear, there can be no doubt as to its value in this line, under more favorable conditions.

No indication of any valuable mineral substance observed.

No indication of large game was seen, probably, because a large band of Indians live close by, small game such as ducks, prairie fowl and partridge were abundant. No fish are found in any of the Lakes. Of economic sustenance the only one giving promise of any useful quantity is sandstone. I think that excellent building stone exists in many places of this variety of rock.

Section 13, there is a trail to Calgary crossing it.

Township 26, Range 6, West 5th Meridian, (North Half of Township) — Surveyor, A. Brabazon, D.L.S., 1888.

The surface of this township in general is very rough, broken in places by deep and precipitous Coulees, while in others, hills rise to a considerable altitude, the worst Coulees are the one which the Ghost River runs through, that along the east boundary of Sec 28, and the one which runs through Secs. 31 and 32. There are others running into each of these but not so steep.

The highest hills are those in the NE¼ of the township, (which might be considered as one) rising abruptly on the north out of a beautiful level valley about a mile wide, which enters the township in Sec 33 from the north, and turns in Sec. 36 towards the south, becoming rougher and running out in Sec. 35, towards the south and west. The hills fall to Ghost River in some places rapidly, in others gently, and to the aforesaid valley towards the east.

In the NW ¼ the country is heavily rolling and hilly. The soil in general very good, hence the grass luxuriant. This together with excellent shelter afforded by the hills and coulees, and plenty of good water, makes it a choice location for raising stock. There are a good many fine farming locations as well. There is a good quantity of timber in the township, but not enough to reserve for any manufacture.

The Mt. Royal Ranch buildings are located on the NW¼ sec 36, a house and buildings on SW¼ sec 30, Thomas E. Wilson has house and buildings on SW¼ sec 29, James Potts has a house and stable on SW¼ sec 28, Alexander Gillies located on NW¼ sec. 24, James Brewster has house and blacksmith's shop on NW¼ sec. 22, a house and stable on NW¼ sec. 21, James Warnock's house is located on SW¼ sec. 20 and a house is located on the SW¼ sec. 25 and the NE¼ sec. 25.

Township 27, Range 6, West 5th Meridian — Surveyor, John Aylen, D.L.S., 1904.

This township may be reached from Tp 28, Range 6, with wagons, following the valley of the Dog Pound Creek to a point on the North Boundary of sec. 35, Tp 27, Range 6, but the route is bad.

Tp 26, Range 5, which is the site of the Mount Royal Ranch, through the open country, along the correction line to Ghost River, thence northerly along the pack trail from Morley to the north boundary of section 31. This trail in the vicinity of the lake in section 30 is very bad, because of the softness of the ground.

The soil in the hills is rocky and stoney, the bed rock coming to the surface at the summits and being near the surface along the slopes. In the valleys for the most part requires to be drained along the southerly limit of section 1 to Mount Royal Ranch, people have grown oats.

On the northerly part of sections 3 and 4, Mr. A. McDonald has grown oats, potatoes, turnips and carrots for a number of years. The roots are of good quality. He has also cultivated a piece of grain along the northerly limit of sections 17 and 18 for a number of years and has grown here good roots.

The township is fitted for grazing purposes and on part of it, there is some good timber, spruce and pine to 15'' diameter and fir to 4 feet. The chief part of the timber if a commercial value is on the north half of sections 9, 10 and 11 and the south half of 14, 15 and 16 and on sections 12 and 13. The balance of the township is chiefly, covered with scrub and second growth timber and grass. The surface is rough. Ranges of parallel hills run south westerly from the northerly limit. These ranges are cut transverse--ly at many places by ravines. Ghost River runs in a deep ravine. There is little hay in the ravines; hay on the northerly part of sections 17 and 18, near northeast corner section 13. The chief streams are the Dog Pound creek in the northerly part of the township and Ghost River in the southerly part. Ghost River is in December about 70 links wide and about 2½ feet deep with a strong rapid current. At the stage of high water it overflows its banks to a width of about 3½ chains. The water is clear, cold and wholesome. The Dog Pound has its source in Sec. 22, the flow seems to be permanent where it leaves the township. There are no water powers.

The climate is about the same as at Calgary. There is an abundance of wood for fuel. No stone quarries were seen. No minerals were seen. The chief game are deer, partridges and prairie chicken.

Township, 26 Ranges 6 and 7, West of 5th Meridian — Surveyor, C. F. Miles, D.L.S., 1904 Morleyville Settlement.

Township 24, Range 7, West 5th Meridian — Surveyor, T. Fawcett, D.L.S., 1884.

North, hilly country, wooded with small pine, poplar, a few spruce and some willows. Small creeks on Sections 36 and 34 and several more on 33, all flowing north. A lake over half a mile in width extends westward into 32, for a considerable distance. The soil is generally sand and gravel over clay, and the land rates class 3. West and east, this township is in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, very rough and mostly timbered. Creeks cross these lines in many of the sections. The soil is inferior, and the land rates class 4 on the west and class 3 on the east. The Stoney Indian Reserve lies partly on the north west quarter of this tp.

Township 25, Range 7, West 5th Meridian.

Almost entirely occupied by the Stoney Indian Reserve. The C.P.R. and the Bow River cross this township.

Township 26 Range 7, West 5th Meridian — Surveyor, C. F. Miles, D.L.S. 1904.

This township is easy of access by way of Morley, a station on the Canadian Pacific Railway or by good roads from Calgary.

The soil consists generally of black sandy loam underlaid by a clay or gravelly subsoil. No crops as far as I can learn, have been grown here although in the township to the east lands are being cultivated, and both oats and potatoes grown. It is a timbered township, the easterly half containing some spruce up to 24 inches in diameter. Jack pine up to 18 inches and Douglas fir of still larger dimensions, the latter however it is doubtful if they are sound. Stands of the best timber appear to have been cut, there being a sawmill a short distance to the south on the Stoney Indian Reserve, which better cuts off nearly one third of this township. The Douglas fir is found principally on the southerly portions of sections 14, 15 and 16. This westerly half of this township is covered principally with second growth poplar, jack pine and spruce. The easterly half is hilly, whereas the westerly half is more rolling and undulating. No hay land of any extent were met with, the low lying land being generally covered with a dense growth of willows and more or less stony. I would consider it advisable to have the remaining timber in this township reserved for the needs of the future settlers of this township.

It is well watered, on the north by the Ghost River, numerous ponds, which however may go dry in dry seasons and also numerous spring creeks. The Ghost River averages about 1 chain in width in dry weather, but it is apparent, that at times it has a width of from 5 - 10 chains with a very rapid current. The adjacent lands being very high are not liable to flood except some small flats, which have the appearance of being flooded from time to time. There are no falls and it is very improbable that any power may be developed along the river in this township.

I would say that the climatic conditions do not appear favorable for raising and ripening crops to any extent, owing to prevailing summer frosts. If of any particular value, I would consider this township to be better adapted for pasturing cattle. For fuel, plenty of wood is

available. No coal of any description was observed.

Owing to the close proximity of this township to the Indian Reserve, no game was observed, except an odd partridge or prairie chicken, with a few rabbits, and there do not appear to be any fish in that part of the river traversing this township.

Township 27, Range 7, West 5th Meridian — Surveyor, C. F. Miles, D.L.S., 1904.

This township is easy of access by wagon from the south, either from Morley or Cochrane, both stations on the Canadian Pacific Railway. From the former place by wagon road it is about 10 miles, partly pretty stiff up-hill to the south boundary, and from the latter place it is about 20 miles by wagon road to the east boundary of this township. A fairly poor road runs through Sections 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5, thence northerly into Section 21.

A good hay meadow, extends through parts of sections 17 and 18; probably a couple of hundred tons might be secured here.

Good water is plentiful from rivers and spring creeks. The main branch of the Ghost River traversing three southerly sections, and the north branch of the "Ghost" running diagonally in a south easterly direction through this township. The water in these streams at the time of survey was low but flows with considerable velocity. The north branch, including the dry bed, averages about 2 chains in width, but the stream itself was only about one chain. The main branch bears signs of being of much larger volume at times, as the bed in most places is from 5 to 10 chains in width, but the water at present only running in channels, sometimes 3, each less than a chain in width a current of 4 or 5 miles an hour, the immediate valley of the river, bears signs of periodical flooding, there is no water power available, the bed of the river being too wide to dam economically.

With regards to summer frosts it is likely that they prevail in this township, the same as in the township to the north, but perhaps not to that extent. In parts of the township to the south crops mature, I am informed. Both wheat and oats are grown here, only for "green feed."

Wood for fuel abounds and can be found all over this township. No signs of any coal or liquid were observed.

Stones are plentiful, both on tops of the hills and in the dry bed of the river but no quarries exist. Neither were minerals of any economic value observed.

Due to the close proximity of this township to the "Stoney Indian" reserve game does not abound as in the northern townships; some fair partridge and chickens and an occasional sign of deer are observed.

Speckled trout appear plentiful in the North Branch of the "Ghost River" but in the main branch none were observed. I was however informed that further up stream fish were much more plentiful.

In conclusion I may state that in my opinion this township is not that all adapted for general, even mixed farming, but only for grazing and cattle raising.

PLACE NAMES OF BIG HILL COUNTRY — by Sonia Turner

Note: Wherever possible, land locations have been listed in brackets. The land location of a creek is that of the mouth of the creek. References for this information include Dominion Topographical maps, and the Gazetteer of Canada.

Atkinson Creek (30-28-6-5) — flows into the Little Red Deer River, and called Beaver Creek by local Indians.

Aylmer, Mount (27-11-5) — elevation 10,375 feet. Situated north of Lake Minnewanka. It is a prominent mountain easily perceived from the Cochrane area. Named in 1890 by J. J. McArthur, Dominion Land Surveyor, after his home town of Aylmer, Quebec.

Bateman Creek (8-24-6-5) — named after the Tom Bateman family, pioneers of Jumping Pound district.

Bateman Ridge (24-25-4-5) — located in the Jumping Pound area, and named after the Bateman family.

Baynes House Valley — named for the large house in the valley built by Baynes, one-time partner of A. P. Patrick at the Mount Royal Ranch.

Benchlands — terraces on the Ghost River, named by Guy Gibson.

Buffalo Crossing — a crossing on the Ghost River below Benchlands, named by Guy Gibson because of the evidence of buffalo crossing. Nearby, ancient Indian artifacts have been found, including a 12,000 year old projectile point.

Burnt Ground — an area northeast of Cochrane, where a fire burned in 1895. As the willow roots burned, depressions were formed, leaving the ground very rough.

Beaupré — a locality north of the 1A Highway about ten miles west of Cochrane. Named after Louis Beaupré, an early settler who bought squatter's rights there.

Beaupré Creek (15-26-5-5) — flows through the Beaupré district.

Beaupré Hill (27-5-5) — a prominent landmark in the district.

Beaupré Creek School District No. 4182 — was established in 1925.

Beaver Dam Creek (10-30-3-5) — rises in the west side of the Weedon district, flows through Mortimer Coulee, and winds on northeast. So named because of the numerous beavers in it.

Beaver Dam School District No. 1056 — established in 1904. Still in operation as a small

consolidated school. Located one and one half miles south of Madden.

Behanhouse Creek — named after Behanhouse. Behan was a cook on a survey party in 1912.

Big Hill (25-26-3-5) — the hill below which Cochrane is situated. Early maps show it as Manachaban Hill, which is its Blackfoot name. The apex of the Big Hill is about two miles east of the town.

Big Hill Creek (34-25-4-5) — flows into the Bow River just west of Cochrane, below Big Hill.

Big Hill Springs Provincial Park — located six miles northeast of Cochrane in the Big Hill Creek coulee.

Blackrock Mountain (27-9-5) — elevation 9,580 feet. Readily visible from the Cochrane area. It is a sharp black peak.

Bottrel (21-28-44-5) — named after A. E. Botterell, and misspelled when officially recorded. At one time several businesses were located there; presently there is a store, and a small municipal park.

Bottrel Road — often called the Dog Pound Road, now designated as Highway 22.

Bow River — so named because the Indians obtained wood for bow making along its banks.

Bow River Fort, or Old Bow Fort (25-7-5) — was the Hudson's Bay Company fort built on the Bow River in 1833 to promote the fur trade with Indians of the area. Situated at the junction of the Bow River and Bow Fort Creek. It was also known as Piegan Post.

Brooks Ridge (10-27-6-5) — named after Frank Brooks, the original owner of Brooks Sawmills.

Bryant Creek (9-24-6-5) — located southwest of Jumping Pound, and named after the Bryant family. Alfred Bryant was a forest ranger in that area.

Caldbeck Post Office (NW ¼ 4-27-5-5) — named after Caldbeck, Wigton, Cumberland, England, the home of John Peel.

Chapelton School District No. 1812 — established in 1909. Since the school was in Horse Creek district, the name of the school district was changed to Horse Creek School District in 1951.

Clemens Hill School District No. 4859 — established in 1939, and named after Joe Clemens, pioneer homesteader of the Jumping Pound district.

Coal Creek — named after the coal deposits at its mouth. Flows through Grand Valley.

Cochrane (2,3-26-4-5) — situated on the southwest slope and at the base of the Big Hill. Named after Senator M. H. Cochrane (1823-1903), who established the Cochrane Ranche in 1881.

Cochrane Lakes (27,34-26-4-5) — named after W. F. Cochrane, son of Senator M. H. Cochrane of the Cochrane Ranche Company. The lakes are about four miles north of the 1A Highway, and west of Highway 22.

Cochrane Lakes School District No. 1947 — established in 1909.

Cochrane Ridge — located on top of the Big Hill; the ridge is the backbone of the hill. This land is presently being subdivided into 20-acre plots.

Cope Creek (14-25-5-5) — named after the Cope family, early homesteaders in the area.

Cope Ridge (25-5-5) — also named after the Cope family.

Copithorne Ridge (25-4-5) — located in the Jumping Pound district and named after the Copithorne family, early homesteaders.

Crawford Plateau (25-5-5) — located in the Jumping Pound district, and named after Arthur Crawford.

Dartigue School District No. 3814 — established in 1919 and named after John Dartigue. A school was never built in the district, due to the small population of school-age children at any one time. Those that did live within the boundaries of the district attended either Chapelton, West Brook or Mount Hope schools.

Deadman Hill — situated between the Ghost and Bow Rivers; it is believed to be the hill west of the Ghost in the angle it makes with the Bow. In Cree it was called "chipei watchi." Hector states that slain Indians were buried in a grave in the woods on top of the hill.

Deer Springs (2-29-5-5) — located in Winchell Coulee, and so called because it is frequented by deer.

Desert, The — the high plateau in Township 27, Range 4 that had a very arid, treeless appearance in the dry years of the 1930s.

Devil's Head Mountain (27-9-5) — elevation 9, 174 feet. Its name is a translation of the Cree name "we-ti-kwas-ti-kan;" in Stoney, "siham-pa" Tyrell). It was stated by Sir George Simpson that the mountain "bears a resemblance to an upturned face."

Dog Pound (29-3-5) — a locality which derives its name from a Cree name, but its origin is not clear. Presently it is a hamlet on the Crossfield — Cremona railway.

Dog Pound Creek — rises in the Rabbit Lake Indian Reserve and flows in a northeasterly direction.

DP Valley — runs through the Mount Royal Ranch.

Dream Hill — believed to be one of the most southerly of the Wildcat Hills. Dr. Hector passed through here in 1858 on one of his explorations.

Dry Lake (SW¼ 10-28-4-5) — located in the West Brook area. The land was homesteaded by Marston Brothers; now owned by Mike Harbidge.

Fallen Timber Creek (32-7-5) — name self explanatory.

Fricke Creek (28-5-5) — named after Hank Fricke who homesteaded in the area.

Fuller Pass — between Aura Ranger Station and the Little Red Deer River. Named after Jerry Fuller.

Garlin Corner — located at the intersection of the Grand Valley road and the road running east between Townships 27 and 28; named after Louis Garlin, whose land corners the intersection.

Ghost Lake (9-26-6-5) — the flooded area formed by the Ghost Dam. There is now a village on the north shore of the lake. The Ghost River flows into the Bow just above the dam.

Ghost River (26-6-5) — appeared on the Palliser map of 1860 as Dead Man River. There were said to be many Indian graves along the river. A ghost is supposed to have been going up and down the river picking up the skulls of those who had been slain by the Crees. There are several other legends also.

Gillies Hill — on the south part of the Gillies family's homestead.

Glendale Road — runs north from Highway 1A, then angles northeast to join the Lochend road. In early years the Glendale road was the route from Cochrane to the area around the Lochend Post Office.

Grand Valley — named by Donald McEachen, who exclaimed "Aye! It's a grand valley!"

Grand Valley School District No. 559 — established in 1900. The old log school is still standing in a field on the old McEachen farm.

Grease Creek (35-28-6-5) — a tributary of the Little Red Deer River. It receives its name from the greasewood or black birch brush growing along the creek, so named by Sir James Hector, who called them Pre de Graisse. The Stoney Indians called them Sna Tinda Wapta (sna-grease; tinda-meadows; wapta-plains).

Horse Creek (8-26-4-5) — supposed to have been so named because of a lost horse which was found drowned in the creek.

Highway 1A — the highway connecting Calgary and Cochrane, and continues west, which follows the old Morley Trail along much of its route. Rev. John McDougall is the first white man on record to travel the Morley Trail; in 1875 he rode east to investigate reports that a company of white men were building at the mouth of the Elbow River. Thus he met the N.W.M.P. detachment who were building Fort Calgary.

Inglis Post Office — located at the home of A. McCrady in the Inglis district; named after the Inglis family.

Inglis School District — established in 1916 and named after the Inglis family.

Ireland Hill (27-6-5) — named after John Ireland, who homesteaded there; located in the Grand Valley hills.

Irwin Hill (26-6-5) — located in the Beaupré district. Believed to have been named after James Irwin, who lived nearby in Jackass Canyon.

Jackass Canyon (26-6-5) — located northwest of Beaupré. When the C.P.R. came through in the 1880s, mules were used for building the roadbed. These mules were wintered in this canyon, hence the name.

Jacob Creek (6-26-6-5) — named after a Stoney Indian chief who signed Treaty No. 7 in 1877. It flows into the Ghost Dam reservoir.

Jamieson Creek (26-6-5) — a tributary of the Ghost River, named after the Jamieson family.

Jean's Creek — flows into Rabbit Creek from the east, at a point two miles south of the Little Red Deer River. Named about 1934 after Jean L. Johnson, who camped there when she homesteaded.

Jumping Pound — a locality south and west of Cochrane.

Jumping Pound Creek (4-26-4-5) — flows into the Bow River southwest of Cochrane. In Blackfoot its name is Ninapiskan, or "men's pound". There is a buffalo jump on a high, steep bank near its mouth, hence the name given to the creek. There is also a Jumping Pound Mountain (23-7-5), elevation 7,300 feet.

Kangienos Lake (26-7-5) — a narrow lake almost two miles long.

Kerfoot Creek (10-27-5-5) — named after W. D. Kerfoot.

Keystone Hills (27,28-6-5) — named about 1928 by an oil company.

Klondike Valley — an area west of Bottrel, so named because it was rumored to be a source of gold in early days.

Le Sueur Creek (31-26-7-5) — named after the Payn Le Sueur family, who homesteaded in the area, and were the first owners of the Bar C Ranch.

Little Jumping Pound Creek (30-24-4-5) — flows into the Jumping Pound Creek.

Lochend — a locality 14 miles northeast of Cochrane, named by J. K. Laidlaw,

Lochend Lake — named by J. K. Laidlaw, and derived from the Gaelic name meaning "at the end of the lake".

Lochend Post Office (27-3-5) — was located in the Laidlaw home, and established in 1905.

Lochend Road — runs north from the 1A Highway to Madden.

Lochend School District No. 2732 — established in 1912.

Madden (31-28-2-5) — a hamlet named after Bernard Madden, an early settler of the Beaver Dam district.

Manachaban Hill — the Blackfoot name for what is more commonly known as Big Hill.

McDonald Coulee — runs west into the Big Hill Creek coulee. At one time the land was owned by D. P. McDonald, who had a calf camp in the Big Hill Creek coulee.

McDougall Coulee (31,32-4,5-5) — named after the McDougall family.

McDougall, Mount — elevation 8,500 feet. Named after Rev. George McDougall and his sons, Rev. John, and David.

McKenna Creek (5-26-4-5) — flows into the Bow River south of Mitford.

Milligan Hill (7-27-6-5) — named by Guy Gibson, because John Milligan had one of the first cabins in that area.

Mill Valley — located west of Stimson Valley; named after Quigley's sawmill.

Mitford (26-5-5) — a town between Cochrane and Morley on the banks of the Bow River. Mitford was named by Lady Adela Cochrane after her friend Mrs. Percy Mitford. The town was abandoned when the C.P.R. established their station at Cochrane, and later a fire burned the buildings that remained; some, such as All Saints Anglican Church, were moved to Cochrane.

Montreal Valley — named after the Mount Royal Ranch.

Morley — an Indian Reservation. Established as a mission at Morleyville, by the Rev. George McDougall. Named after Rev. Morley Punshon.

Mortimer Coulee — the deep, wide valley near the head of Beaver Dam Creek, named after the Mortimer Brothers, who homesteaded in the coulee.

Nesbitt Coulee — north of Bottrel; named after David Nesbitt, pioneer carpenter who built many of the log houses in the Bottrel area.

Norman Lake (22-24-5-5) — located southwest of Jumping Pound; named after the Norman family who lived nearby.

Nicoll Ridge (25-4,5-5) — located in the Jumping Pound area; named after the Nicoll family.

Owl Creek (23-28-7-5) — runs north into Beaver (Atkinson) Creek.

Parks Creek (10-25-5-5) — located in the Jumping Pound area west of Cope Creek. Named after the Park family, who homesteaded nearby.

Parks Ridge — also in the west Jumping Pound area.

Pirmez Creek (24-3-5) (1910); named after Count Raoul Pirmez, owner of the Belgian Horse Ranch.

Phipps Corner — located on the Horse Creek road at the corner of John Phipps' homestead quarter.

Pile of Bones Creek (24-25-5-5) — presumably so named because of the severe cattle losses suffered by the Cochrane Ranche, whose cattle watered nearby on a quarter set aside as a water reserve (SW¼ 14-25-5-5).

Potts Lake (31-25-5-5) — named after the Potts family, early homesteaders in the Jumping Pound district.

Pocaterra Creek and Pocaterra Range — named after George Pocaterra.

Potato Patch Hill — so named because of the potato patch on the sheltered slope of the hill on the Glenfinnan Ranch. A. W. McDonald was the gardener. Also called Red Slipper Hill, because Guy Gibson put Mrs. Wynne's red slipper on the hill.

Radnor (26-5-5) — a flag-stop station on the C.P.R. just east of the Ghost Dam. Named in 1884 after Wilma, daughter of the 5th Earl of Radnor.

Ranch Creek (26-6-5) — near Behanhouse Creek. Ranch Creek flows into Behanhouse Creek which is a tributary to Spencer Creek.

Robber's Roost — origin unknown.

Robinson Creek (27-6-5) — named after Tom Robinson, an early settler who lived on the banks of the creek.

Salter Creek (30-28-6-5) — Named in 1884 by G. M. Dawson, after his packer, a Scottish half-breed, residing on the Stoney reserve at Morley, Alberta.

Salter Lake (27-6-5) — called Rabbit Lake by the local Indians.

Sheep Ranch Hill — the hill just west of Cochrane, between the town and the Cochrane Ranche, so named because the sheep corrals were at its base. It is presently known as Cochrane Crescent.

Scott Lake (25-6-5) — named after Leeson's partner, Scott.

Sibbald Creek (8-24-6-5) — named after the Sibbald family who homesteaded in the area.

Sibbald Flats (13-24-7-5) — a level grassy meadow in the foothills, in the area west of the Sibbald homestead.

Sibbald Lake (5,8-25-6-5) — also named after the Sibbald family; it is now a recreational park.

Spencer Creek (17-26-6-5) — named after Mr. Spencer, one of the first settlers east of Morleyville.

Spencer Hills (26-6-5) — also named after Mr. Spencer and located in the same area.

Sta Wapta — cool running water; also two rivers.

Stimson Valley — located north of the Beaupré district; named after Fred Stimson.

Swanson Creek (18-28-5-5) — named after Paul Swanson. It is located in the north range of the Grand Valley hills.

Swanson Hills (28-5-5) — also named after Paul Swanson. They are between the Dog Pound Creek and Coal Creek.

Summit Hill — a high hill east of Bottrel, for which the Summit Hill School District and school were named.

Waiporous Creek (6-27-6-5) — is part of the Ghost River system. It is derived from a Stoney Indian name meaning "Crow Indian scalp."

Weedon School District — located in Township 27, Range 4; named by J. K. Hammond, an early homesteader, after his home town in England.

Wildcat Hills (26-5-5) — elevation 5,135 feet; a range of timbered hills northwest of Cochrane.

Winchell Coulee — located south of Water Valley; named after the Winchell family who settled there.

Winchell Lake — located near the Winchell home; a well-known fishing spot.

Windy Flats — located on the east side of Big Hill Creek coulee, approximately east of the Big Hill Springs Provincial Park. The name speaks for itself.

Wright's Lake (11-28-4-5) — named after Scotty Wright, who homesteaded the NW ¼ of the section.

ROYAL CANADIAN LEGION COCHRANE BRANCH NO. 15 — by I. W. Bishop

In the summer of 1919 a meeting was held upstairs in the Fisher block to form the Cochrane branch of the Great War Veterans Association. Approximately 16 men attended this meeting, where Tom Fisher was elected president. In 1921 Ernie Craig sold his house, which he had bought from Tom Fisher, to the veterans for $50.00. This house was set on a lot donated by F. W. Maggs.

During the years 1921-26 there were several veteran service organizations. With so many small organizations it was difficult to obtain assistance for veterans, and in 1926 all these small groups amalgamated to form the Royal Canadian Legion of the British Empire Service League. On October 25, 1926, Cochrane Branch No. 15 received its charter. Charter members were:

Irvine Brodie
Archibald Baptie
Robert Beynon
William Bancroft
Walter Beard
Ernest Crowe
Walter Crowe
Ernest Copithorne
W. R. Dowe
W. Ellis
A. S. Hale
Harry Hollis
R. MacFarlane
Arthur Turner
Stanley Waters

The first building purchased from Ernie Craig was built onto and renovated and was used for all Legion activities until June 8, 1974, when it was demolished and a new Royal Canadian Legion Hall built on the same site. This new hall was officially opened on November 23, 1974, with a licensed lounge, dance floor, banquet room, games room and kitchen. For the past five years I have been Branch president; there is a membership in all categories of over 200.

In 1976 the Royal Canadian Legion celebrates their Golden Anniversary. They are holding their Dominion convention in Winnipeg, where the first convention was held in 1926. Cochrane Branch No. 15 will have two delegates to represent them at this convention.

Steele's Scouts--1885

RECRUITED by Major Sam Steele, later General Steele, the above group of Calgary's early citizens comprised the nucleus of the famous scout troop. The photograph was taken on the present site of the C.P.R. Natural Resources building. The arrow points to E. Hayes, narrator of the accompanying article. The personnel of the group includes:

Back row—William Simms, Dick Walsh, Jim Fisk, Joe Butlin, Dick Broderick, Ed. Hayes, Major Steele, Fred Annan and Major Hatton.

Front row—Billy Scott, Joe Garreau, Tom McLellan, Bill Fielders, W. Oake, Oscar Sansom (of the Herald staff in 1885), C. Jardine and "Doc" Edmonson. Immediately behind McLellan and Fielders was a scout known as "Shorty" and rated the most expert plainsman of the famous group.

BOER WAR VETERANS

Cook, Ted
Fuller, Cyril
Hope, George
Inglis, Capt.
Phillips, Charles
Watkin, Jack

WORLD WAR I VETERANS

Names marked with * paid the Supreme Sacrifice.

Abell, E. H.
Allan, Samuel
Ambler, James
Anderton, Robert
Andison, Arthur
Ardill, P. S.
Ardill, Roland
*Argo, Alex
*Argo, David
Aris, Archibald
Aris, Walter
Atkinson, F. C.
*Bacon, Henry
Baillie, W.
Bald, E.
Bancroft, W.
Baptie, Archibald
Baptie, James
Baptie, Marshall
Baptie, Robert
Baptie, Thomas
Barnett, J.
Bassett, Percy
Bateman, Geoffrey
Bevan, George A.
Beynon, J.
Beynon, John
Bingaman, M.
Bingaman, S.
Birchall, Sam
*Bissonette, L.
Bladwyn, F.
*Blake, J. G.
Boothby, John
Boston, Walter
*Borton, B.
Borton, F. C.
Borton, H.
Boucher, Charles
Bray, R.
Brill, G.
Bristow, C.
Bruel, F.
Brodie, Irvine
Brown, J.
Brown, U.
Bunney, George
Burrows, Thomas
Cairns, Norman
Callaway, Alex
Callaway, Bert
Callaway, Norman
Cannon, E.
Cannon, F.
Cantlon, W.
Chester, J.
Clifford, George
Coxon, Matthew
Coelen, Arthur
Cook, Henry
Copithorne, Ernest
Cormack, P.
Craig, Ernest
Craig, James
Critchley, Cecil
*Critchley, Jack
Critchley, Oswald
Critchley, Walter
*Crochnell, J.
*Cross, S.
Crowder, H.
Crowe, Ernest
Crowe, Walter
Cullins, H.
Davies, Edgar
Dean, Ernest
.Dean, Edward
*Dendy, Fred
*Dendy, H.
Dobson, W.
Duke, F.
Dunn, M.
Edge, Clement
Earle, G. S.
Edwards, H.
Ellis, William
Emerson, L.
Evans, C.
Farthing, Hugh
Fisher, Thomas
Flack, Charles
Floener, A.
Ford, Charles
Fricke, Henry
Fry, Cecil
Fuller, Cyril
*Fuller, Gerald
Fuller, Harold
Fuller, Vernon
Gazeley, P.
*Gentles, Robert
Gladwin, T. A.
Grafton, George
Gooding, Frank
Goodwin, F.
Hall, Arthur
Harbidge, Charles
Harvey, Thomas
Harwood, Ernest
Hazeldean, Archibald
Healy, Frank
Hollis, Harry
Hollyfield, U.
Hughes, Arthur
*Hughes, Lewis
Hunter, J.
Hutt, Leonard
*James, Fred
James, Sydney
Jackson, H.
*Jackson, R.
*Jarrett, Ben
Jarrett, Charles
Jefferies, Arthur
Jefferies, Edwar
Jefferies, J.
Johnson, Albert
Johnson, John
Johnson, William
Johnson, R.
Keiville, L.
Keiville, Roy
*Kempton, J.
Knight, C.
Lamb, James
Lamb, Samuel
Lancaster, W.
*Law, L.
Lawety, E.
Lawety, John
*Lewis, Arthur
Lewis, Mick
Lewis, Morgan
Lewis, Robert
Little, William
Lowetry, F.
Lowetry, J.
Logan, John

*Lyle, J.
MacKay, John
May, R.
McLintock, John
McDonald, Robert
McEachen, Henry
McEwan, Hugh
MacFarlane, C.
MacFarlane, Percy
MacFarlane, R. D.
McFarquhar, R. D.
McKenna, Frank
McKinnell, R.
McKie, J.
McKinley, R.
McLeod, E.
*McNamee, Bruce
McNamee, Elford
McNamee, Ivor
McNaughton, H. M.
McPherson, John
Menzies, Andrew
Milligan, George
Milligan, John
Milne, W.
Morgan, Coleman
*Morgan, David
Morgan, R.
Mulcaster, Lance
Munday, Andrew
Munday, R.
Myram, Jim
*Norris, Sidney
*Obert, J.
Ogilvy-Wills, James
Oglibelle, Alex
Park, Dr. A. W.
Park, Andrew
Park, James
Pattinger, W.
Pedeprat, Charles
Pepper, Harold
Pepper, Wallis
Peyto, William
Phillips, Arthur
Phillips, James
Pitter, Charles
Pitter, George
Pitter, Sidney
Pitter, William
Potts, W.
Prigge, Reginald
Quigley, Joseph
Quigley, Robert
Quigley, Samuel
Raby, Clarence
Raby, James
Raby, William
Reid, G.
Reid, M.
Rhodes, Charles
*Rhodes, H.
*Roberts, Russell
Robinson, Charles
Robinson, H.
Robinson, John
Ross, John
Saunders, G.
*Scaddon, William
Seal, Percy
Sharpe, Andrew
Sherlock, W. J.
Sibbald, Clarence
Simpson, D.
Skinner, Forbes
Snowden, E. N.
Smith, Fred
Smith, Thomas
Spencer, Joseph
Standring, John
Standring, Joseph
Standring, Robert
Standring, Thomas
Staughton, Henry
*Stewart, Douglas
*Stone, Leonard P.
Street, William
Taylor, Arthur
Taylor, H.
Tilliard, J.
Topham, William
*Trevenen, J. S.
Trevenen, W. S.
Turner, Arthur
Turner, William
*Tweed, John A.
*Tweed, J. G.
Tweed, Gerald
Vincent, Ben
Walls, Fred
*Ward, Oswald
Watkin, John
Watt, George
Watt, James
Watts, Ernest
Weatherhead, Brock
Webb, Charles
Webster, J. G.
Wilcox,
Wilkins, L.
Williams, John
*Williams, Thos. A.
Willis, Harold
Wright, Bert
Wright, Harold
Wright, Walter
*Young, George
Young, P.
Young, Rex
Young, W.

WORLD WAR II VETERANS

Allen, Samuel
Anderson, Harry
*Anderton, John
Andison, Alex
Andison, James
Aris, Walter
Armstrong, Seaforth
Arnell, Percy
Baird, James
Baptie, Archibald
Baptie, Robert
Baptie, Stuart
Baptie, Thomas
Barrows, C.
Barrows, Lionel
Beard, Walter
Beynon, Edgar
*Birchall, Harold
Birchall, Wesley
Brewer, Robert
Brown, Donald
Brysh, John
Brysh, Joseph
Brysh, Leonard
Brysh, Steve
Buckler, Henry
Cairns, Robert
Cairns, Russell
Cairns, William
Callaway, Gordon
Callaway, Norman
Camden, Cyril
Campbell, Kenneth
Clark, Thomas
Clarke, Charles
Clarke, George
Cohoe, Kenneth
Cook, Gerald
Copithorne, Ernest
Copithorne, Richard
Cotton, Harold
Craig, John
Craig, Robert
*Cruickshank, D. A.
Cruickshank, Roy
Cummings, James
Darroch, Charles
Dawson, Donald

Dawson, Ruel
De Jonge, Hessel
Dick, Walter
Dolen, Edward
Dolen, Francis
Edge, Laurence
*Edge, Wilbur
Evans, John
Fenton, James
Fenton, John
Grayson, Stuart
Grievson, Robert
Harris, John
Harris, William
Hoeksma, John
Hogarth, John (Jock)
*Hogarth, William
Holmes, Leslie
Holstein, Alex
Houghton, Frank
Howes, James
Jones, John
Kerfoot, James
Kerfoot, Ronald
*Kerfoot, William
Larsen, Andrew
Lewis, C.
Liddell, William
MacKay, Allan
MacKay, James
Maguire, James
Main, Harry
Marten, John
Martin, William
Masters, Douglas
McDonald, Allan
McDonald, Charles
McDougall, David
McNamee, Donald
McNamee, Elford
McNamee, Laurence
Monkman, Bernard
Moore, Gordon
Murray, David
Nagy, Andrew
Nicoll, Harry
Norris, Sidney
O'Keefe, William
Patterson, Robert (Scotty)
*Pazette, J.
Peck, Hubert
Peppard, Ernest
Pepper, Gordon
Pepper, Leonard
Pepper, Peter
Pepper, Robert
Pepper, Vernon
Phipps, John
Poynter, Ted
Pruett, Thomas
Pryce, Fred
Quigley, Gordon
Quigley, Ronald
Raby, Edgar
Raby, Kenneth
Rattray, John
Rattray, Thomas
Robinson, Charles
Robinson, Hugh (Sykes)
Rogers, Richard
Scott, Samuel
Scott, William
Sherriff, George
*Sibbald, Lloyd
Sibbald, Roy
Simpson, Alex
Simpson, Duncan
Simpson, Edward
Simpson, James
Simpson, William
Steel, John
Tempany, Roy
Thompson, Clarence
Tindal, Peter
Tindal, William
Umbach, Eldred
Umbach, Lorne
Umbach, Ronald
Walker, Roy
*Watts, Terence
Whitfield, Henry
Williams, Bruce
Williams, Robert
Woodson, Lloyd
Woodson, Stanley
Wright, Harry
Yates, William
Zang, Charles

WOMEN'S DIVISION

Ambler, Joyce
Ambler, Olive
Anderson, Helen
Beard, Phyllis
Brown, Helen
Clarkson, Patricia
Colgan, Maybelle
McDougall, Jean
Prigge, Barbara
Sibbald, Jean
Tempany, Avis

We regret any omissions that may have been made in the foregoing list; local and provincial records have been partially destroyed by fire and the list is as complete as possible.

PHOTOS OF WAR VETERANS
WORLD WAR I

Marshall Baptie.

Sergeant Clem Edge

Ernest Copithorne.

H. B. Staughton

John McLintock.

Bill Johnson,

Ernie Crowe, 1916.

Walter Boston.

1916, Hank Fricke and his brother, Billy.

Walter (seated) and George Young.

Norman Cairns

Henry McEachen, 1915.

1916, Coleman Morgan.

Charlie Harbidge Jr., 1914.

Guy Gibson

Walter Crowe

Walter Boston's grave in Siberia.

WORLD WAR II

John Anderton.

Leonard Pepper

Gordon Pepper

Walter Beard

Steve Brysh

Jack Phipps.

Gerald Cook.

Jim Kerfoot

Bill Kerfoot

Peter Pepper

Jack and Bob Craig

Robert Pepper

Avis Tempany, Women's Division, R.C.A.F.

COCHRANE GIRL TO SPEAK OVER CFAC

CPL. JEAN SIBBALD, of Cochrane, will speak over Radio Station CFAC on Friday, March 10, at 9:45 p.m. Cpl. Sibbald, who is now in the Canadian Women's Army Corps, has something very interesting to say about life in the C.W.A.C.

Girls of Alberta, there's a place for you, too, in the C.W.A.C. See your nearest Recruiting Officer, or write to District Recruiting Office, Traders Building, Calgary, for full information.

"This is a Women's War, too"

Jean Sibbald, World War II.

Robert Clarkson

Patricia Clarkson

THE NORTH BOW ROUNDUPS

Before the Cochrane area was settled by homesteaders, a number of ranchers owned large herds of horses and cattle. These herds grazed over the unfenced land from the Morley Indian Reserve to Calgary, and generally mingled together. Early Mounted Police records indicate that Cochrane ranchers' cattle ranged from the Bow River to the Little Red Deer River, and east to Nose Creek, although they often drifted farther afield in storms, or in search of fresh pasture. According to information in early brand books, some of the ranchers had ranges, but their unfenced boundaries were vaguely defined. For example, an 1896 edition of Henderson's Brand Book lists E. H. Botterell's range as the Westbrook Ranch and Dog Pound Creek; Barney Madden's range was Beaver Dam Creek. The 1903 Brand Book lists the following: A. J. McDonald's range was north of the Bow River; R. W. Cowan's, Big Hill Creek; Mount Royal Ranch, north of Cochrane; A. C. Sparrow's, both sides of the Bow River; Geo. M. McDougall's, north and south of the Bow, and the Calgary Cattle Co.'s, northwest of Calgary. Only some of the ranchers' ranges were listed, but it is obvious that cattle or horses could be "at home on the range" almost anywhere.

No information or photographs are available about any roundups of horses in the Cochrane area; herds were generally small enough that they were, presumably, kept closer to the home ranch.

Intermingling of various herds meant that the cattle had to be gathered occasionally and sorted. Roundups were usually held in the fall. The owners sorted their cows and calves so that the calves could be branded and weaned. Steers were also cut out for fattening or immediate sale; any mavericks were cut out and trailed to market. Proceeds from their sale were generally divided among those ranchers having cattle in the bunch that was rounded up.

After mange became prevalent, dipping was made compulsory in 1904, and roundups were held for that purpose.

In 1890 a census of livestock in Southern Alberta was taken by the Mounted Police. Figures were compiled from ranchers' estimates, the judgements of N.W.M.P. patrol constables and roundup figures. Livestock numbers listed were very approximate; estimates of the big ranchers would be low, while small ranchers would tend to exaggerate a bit. The report lists the following Cochrane district ranchers and the number of animals they owned:

NAME	NO. HORSES	NO. CATTLE
J. Robertson	300	600
Bow River Horse Ranch	505	—
D. McDougall	275	500
J. McDougall	73	200
Leeson and Scott	—	615
Mount Royal Ranch	—	600
W. D. Kerfoot	53	500
W. Bell-Irving	91	150
J. McKinnell	—	240
Brealey Bros.	—	220
Shea and Madden	—	200
R. W. Cowan	—	200
Sibbald Bros.	50	200

Roundup Crew. (date unknown) George Phipps seated on the wagon. J. Robertson, ? , Billy King, Walsh, John Robertson, ? , Salisbury, Mr., Mrs. and Hetty Alexander, George McDonald, Guy Lake. Mrs. Alexander cooked for the crew.

Roundup at Cochrane Lakes, 1898. F. King, T. Walsh, H. Elliott, T Gilland, E. Marshall, A. McDonald, G. Reid.

Roundup camp at Cochrane Lakes, around 1900.

Roundup at Cochrane Lakes, around 1900.

North Bow Roundup, 1901. L to R: Bill Kidney, unknown, Walter Jones, unknown, Charles Chouinard, John Phipps, Guy Gibson, Billy Elliott.

This list of ranchers is incomplete, according to the list of brand owners at that time; it also seems inconceivable that a rancher would own several hundred head of cattle, but would not have a horse to his name.

The biggest roundup in Alberta's history took place in May, 1884, near Fort Macleod. One hundred men took part, using a remuda of five hundred horses. Fifteen mess wagons provided food for the men. About sixty thousand cattle were rounded up. Picture the vastness of the herd, the noise, and the dust! Picture, too, the problems involved in feeding, watering, holding and sorting such a large number of cattle. The ranchers involved decided that such a general roundup was too cumbersome, and from then on smaller ones were held.

No information is available as to the size of roundups in the Cochrane area, but judging from photographs, several thousand cattle were gathered. The gathering area was at Cochrane Lakes; abundant water and grass were available there, and the fairly level land north and east of the lakes also made it a suitable place.

When one speeds along the Dog Pound road, officially known as Highway 22, it is difficult to visualize the country as it looked in 1900 or before. The largest of the three Cochrane Lakes can be seen west of the road. Roundup camps were generally situated on the east side of the lakes. The cattle were held east and north of the lakes, possibly because of the heights of land to the south and west.

According to photographs, which unfortunately are not dated, about twenty men usually took part in the Cochrane Lakes roundup. There is no definite information as to when the last roundup took place. It can be assumed that settlement, which meant the end of open range, and the severe winter of 1906-07, during which hundreds of cattle perished, ended the practise in about 1907.

Other roundups held in Big Hill Country included those on the Beaver Dam Creek (gathering place unknown), and at Rocky Butte, on Section 24-26-2-5, north of Jim Stevenson's present home. According to reports, the last roundup at Rocky Butte was held about 1910, and twenty thousand cattle were gathered.

Laurie Johnson recalls:

"In the fall of 1910 there was a cattle roundup at Rocky Butte. It covered the territory from Nose Creek to the Bow River, and west to Cochrane Lakes. There was a shack for the cookhouse, where a man named Charlie did the cooking, and there was a tent for the riders. One or two of the ranchers who lived nearby went home at night. As the cattle were gathered, they were held in fields which had been fenced.

"The following ranchers took part in the roundup: James Robertson of Crossfield, D. P.

McDonald of Mount Royal Ranch, George McDonald of Rocky Butte, Ernie Archibald, Gustave Delbeke, Johnny Robinson of Big Springs Ranch, Fred Newsome of the Burnt Ground, Angus McDonald of Beaver Dam, and myself. I was working for Angus McDonald, and was fourteen years old at that time. I am the only one of these men alive today."

As Big Hill Country becomes more heavily populated, fences crisscross even the quarter sections, and pasture fields steadily shrink. It becomes harder to visualize our country as it was when cowboys gathered the free-ranging cattle for the roundup. The words of the song, Don't Fence Me In, are a lament for the "good old days."

The last roundup on the Beaver Dam, 1904.

Roundup at Cochrane Lakes. Note the beginning of settlement, as indicated by the homestead on the far side of the lake.

At the roundup camp. Note the growth of grass. Riders include, from the left: George McDonald, Guy Lake, Bill Roome, Angus McDonald, Earle Whittle (standing, left), Charlie Chouinard, Pete McCallum, Rob Wigmore, Hector McKenzie, Horace McNaughton, Harry Bullock, Gordon Carling, Ira Levegood.

Roundup at Cochrane Lakes. In this picture, the homesteader across the lake has done a considerable amount of breaking and plowed a fire guard around his buildings. This was probably the last roundup, about 1906 or 07. Riders from the left include: Horace McNaughton, Guy Lake, George McDonald, Walter Newman, Vincent Phipps (the boy), George Phipps, Louis Porter, John Robinson, Tom Reynolds.

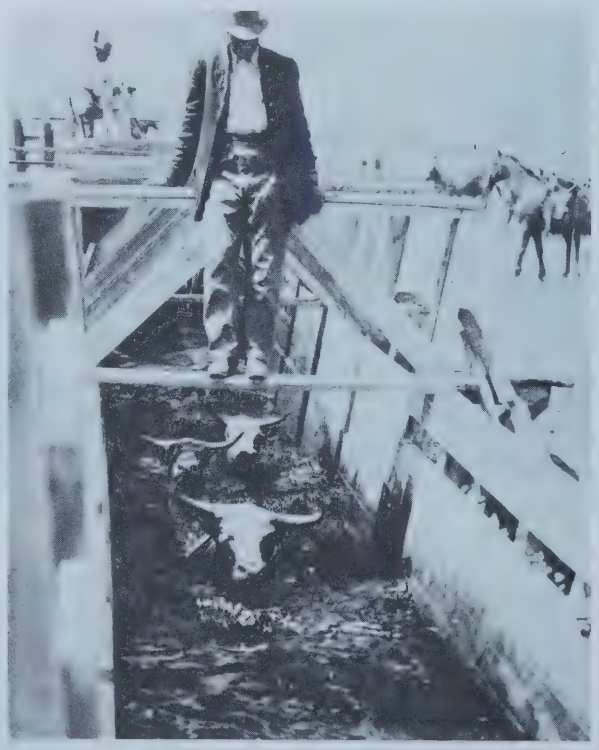
THE MANGE PROBLEM AND THE CATTLE DIPPING PROGRAM

At the turn of the century mange in cattle was a serious problem in the eastern and southern parts of the Province where several large ranches were established. Some ranchers would dip their cattle while others would not, consequently mange was always present. So a program of compulsory dipping throughout the whole Province was made law in 1904-06. This plan was instigated by the Federal Government and was to be carried out for two years in succession which would rid the range of mange once and for all.

Mange never occurred in the area between the Bow and Elbow Rivers but nevertheless all the cattle had to be dipped.

A dipping tank was constructed in 1904 to government specifications on the SE¼ 12-25-5-5 which at that time had been reserved by the government for its water potential.

A horse suffering from mange.



A dipping vat for treating mange. This vat is believed to be have been on the land presently owned by Mrs. I. A. Lewis on Horse Creek.

The tank was made of cement. Water was pumped in by hand and heated by a series of pipes which were connected to a boiler of sorts that was heated by a wood fire.

The first ten feet had about four inches of water in it which was to give the animal a little bit of confidence, then there was a sheer drop where complete immersion took place.

After swimming a distance of about twenty feet or so, the cattle climbed out on a ramp which was long enough to allow most of the water to drain back into the tank.

Corrals were built at both ends of the tank to provide holding pens so that a continuous flow of cattle would be going through the tank.

At times there was trouble when a big old cow would get stuck and had to be hauled out by the cowboys with ropes and horses, or perhaps an ornery two-year-old heifer decided to turn back after getting half way across.

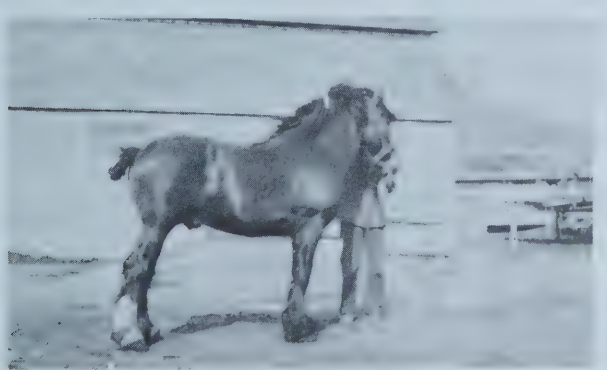
The solution this dip was made up of had to be inspected and tested for strength and temperature quite often. This was done by a government man who was there at all times.

A story prevails that after about a week's work, on the last day of dipping, the tank sprung a leak (unknown to the inspector) and it was almost impossible to keep enough water in for the cattle to immerse. Being the last day, one of the quick thinking cowboys decided to hold a party in the inspector's tent. A couple of bottles of liquor were acquired and that took care of all the government regulations, and the inspector.

THE DRAFT HORSE INDUSTRY AT COCHRANE

As soon as a Cochrane area homesteader filed his claim, he needed work horses. In some parts of the West, oxen and mules were the forerunners of the horse, but few were used in the Big Hill country. Heavy horses were in great demand; in almost all of a farmer's work, his horses were his essential helpers and partners.

In many localities in the West, the quality and breeding of work horses did not matter too much, as long as they could do the job expected of them. However, at Cochrane, farmers and ranchers took a pride in the pedigree and quality of their horses. This tradition may have been due to the fact that several of the area's early ranchers were able to afford imported foundation stock. Some of their progeny was sold to other local horse breeders, and Cochrane became well known to dealers throughout Canada for the quality of its horses, and hundreds were shipped out. The popular breeds were Clydesdale and Shire; later on, Percherons and Belgians were also raised.



R. W. Cowan and his imported Clydesdale stallion.

"Armour", a fine Shire stallion owned by Charles Perrenoud.

The first pedigreed draft horses were brought to Cochrane in the 1880s by Senator Cochrane. A number of other early ranchers either imported breeding stock from Britain or purchased them from other parts of Canada during the era "when the horse was king." Several Cochrane breeders showed successfully at provincial and dominion fairs and brought home an impressive collection of awards. R. W. Cowan, D. P. McDonald, Charles Perrenoud, R. J. McNamee, Cook Brothers, Donald McEachen, Andy Garson, Frank Brown, Stuart Walker, Earl Paterson, Walter Thome, Frank Postlethwaite and Frank Tindal were among those breeders through the years whose fine stallions and mares helped to maintain the quality of horses in the Cochrane area.

Until the tractor caused the downfall of the heavy horse industry, many farmers kept a pedigreed stallion. Some owners "travelled" their stallions around the district to service farmers' mares for a fee. To own a stallion was a mark of prestige; perhaps the proud bearing of these beautiful animals helped to give their owners pride of possession. They were a familiar sight as they pranced along, from farm to farm, led by a rider.

As tractors became more efficient and more plentiful, the demand for work horses gradually decreased; the shortage of manpower during and after the Second World War hastened farm mechanization, until few farmers even owned a team of horses by the 1950s.

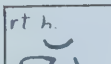
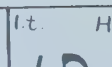
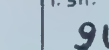
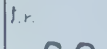
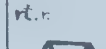
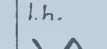
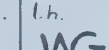
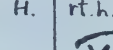
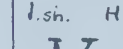
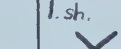
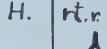
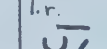
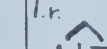
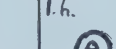
Brands

Abbreviations :

H---horse
rt.--right
l---left
w.a.-whole animal
sh--shoulder
t--thigh
h--hip
r--rib
n--neck
j--jaw

l h. HD Bert Alford Mitford	rt h. 2 Louis Beaupre Ghost River	l.t Wm. Bell-Irving Cochrane	l.r. E.H. Botterell Cochrane	rt. sh. ND A. Boyd Morley	l. h. BB Brealey Bros. Beaver Dam	l. sh. James Brindle Morley	l. r. EP W.J. Broadfoot Cochrane	rt. sh. P D.J. Bruce Cochrane	l. r. Jas. Christie Beaver Dam
l.h. J.G. Collins Morley	l.r. RC R.W Cowon Cochrane	r. r. 2 John Dartigue Cochrane	l.r 35 John Haigh Cochrane	l.r. HE Sam Hambley Horse Creek	rt.h. 55 Robt.C. Inglis Cochrane	l.r. HH Jenkins Bros Beaver Dam	rt. r. ++ James Kennedy Cochrane	l.r. W.D. Kerfoot Cochrane	rt. r. C1 C. Mortimer Cochrane
l.r. 37 J.W. Murphy Mitford	rt. h. M A.W. McDonald Cochrane	rt. r. E O.S. Mickle Mitford	l.sh. N Wm. Niddrie Morley	l.sh. 75 Mt. Royal Ranch Cochrane	l.sh. H. J2 James Quigley Cochrane	rt. sh. H. LT J. S. Rayden Mitford	l.sh. 90 A. J. Shaw Mitford	l. sh. Frank Sibbald Morley	rt. sh. HE Howard Sibbald Morley
l. h. JT Thomson Bros Cochrane	l.r. HT Henry Towns Morley	rt. r 95 Richard Smith Mitford	rt. sh. C Robt. Wainwright Cochrane	l.r. FW Francis White Mitford	l.h. Chas. Chounaird Cochrane	l. cheek H. Jas. McTavish Cochrane	l.r. Wm. Brealey Cochrane	l.r. R.W. Cowan Cochrane	rt.r. R.J. Baldock Cochrane
rt.h. Alec Martin Cochrane	rt.r. Osborn Reid Cochrane	rt.h. John Potts Morley	l.r. Walter Jones Cochrane	l.j. G.E. Goddard Cochrane	l.j. H. H. Cockbaine Cochrane	l.sh. H. Joseph Clemens Mitford	l.sh. H. Ralph Hobbs Cochrane	rt.sh. H. John Near Cochrane	l.r. Jas. McPavey Cochrane
rt.h. J.K. Laidlaw Cochrane	rt. n. A J McDonald Cochrane	l.sh. H. Robt. Downey Cochrane	rt sh H. Andrew Sibbald Morley	l.sh. H. Dan McNeil Cochrane	l.r. H. C. Roper Cochrane	l.t. H. Wm. Graham Jr. Morley	rt. r. Ed. Townend Cochrane	l.t. R.W. Meicklejon Cochrane	l.h. R.F. Bevan Cochrane
l.j. Countess Bubna Cochrane	l.r. Bow R. Horse Ranch Mitford	l sh. H. C. DeVillejoint Cochrane	l.sh H. E. Perrenoud Cochrane	l.sh. H. A.S. Lewis Cochrane	l.t. H. Walter Neuman Cochrane	l.n. H. Dan White Cochrane	rt.t. H. Jas. Bodeaux Cochrane	rt.sh. H. F. Goldie Bradbourne	rt.t. H. Chas. Barker Cochrane
l.t H. W R. Burke Cochrane	rt. th. H. John Webber Cochrane	l. th. H. H. Verdun Cochrane	rt.t. H. V. Pigeon Cochrane	rt.t. H. Adam Baptie Cochrane	l.sh. H. Geo. Bevan Cochrane	rt.t. H. Gabriel Bruel Cochrane	rt.h. H. C.B. Oakley Morley	l.r. A. Sult & L. Spain Bottrel	l.r. Isaiah King Lochend
rt sh. George Hope Mitford	rt.sh. TJ Noble Morley	l.h. Campbell Roberts Cochrane	l.r. Geo. McLean Morley	rt h. Chas. Prime Cochrane	l.r. W. Hutchinson Cochrane	l. foreleg Henry Bros. Bottrel	l.r. JoshKeith Cochrane	l.sh. H. Wm. Tempany Cochrane	rt.r. Norman Cairns Cochrane

l. sh. J. A. McKinnell Cochrane
rt. r. A. Erickson Cochrane
l. r. Adams + Coleman Morley
rt. h. R.B. Steinhauer Morley
rt. r. Robt. Butler Cochrane
l. r. D.C. White Cochrane
l. r. John Gillies Cochrane
l. r. Cook Bros. Cochrane
rt. h. Walker + Creighton Cochrane
rt. sh. Jas. Boston Cochrane
rt. r. C. R. Foley Cochrane
l. r. H. Cockbaine Cochrane
w. a. Mrs. S. McKinnell Cochrane
l. h. Donald Morrison Cochrane
l. h. D. A. McDonnell Cochrane
rt. r. Frank King Cochrane
l. j. W. Edge Mitford
l. h. Edith McKinnell Cochrane
l. j. Mrs Jessie Perry Cochrane
l. r. G. T. Bragg Mitford
rt. h. Fred Baker Cochrane
rt. r. J. Jump Cochrane
rt. sh. R. J. McNamee Cochrane
l. r. H. W. Fry Cochrane
l. r. Hugo Stein Cochrane
rt. r. Jas. McTavish Cochrane
l. r. Miss S. Beam Cochrane
rt. j. George Egley Cochrane
l. sh. Walter Smith Cochrane
l. t. H. Bernard Madden Cochrane
l. h. Bernard Madden Cochrane
l. r. H. B. Athins Cochrane
l. sh. Hunter Bros. Cochrane
l. r. John Bradley Cochrane
rt. r. E. Perrenoud Cochrane
l. r. C. Smith Cochrane
rt. r. A. J. McDonald Cochrane
rt. r. E. W. Harvey Cochrane
rt. h. Walter Newman Cochrane
rt. j. H. George Phipps Cochrane
l. h. George Boston Mitford
rt. sh. Thos. Scott Mitford
rt. h. F. H. Towers Cochrane
l. sh. H. C. Perrenoud Cochrane
l. h. George Phipps Mitford
rt. t. H. Jas. Hewitt Cochrane
l. r. J. McDougall Morley
l. sh. H. C. H. Perrenoud Cochrane
l. h. J. D. Warnock Morley
rt. r. John McNeil Mitford
rt. r. H. J. I. Murphy Cochrane
rt. t. H. Jas. Walsh Cochrane
rt. h. Jas. Quigley Cochrane
rt. r. Mrs. J. Johnson Cochrane
w. a. A. S. Townsend Cochrane
l. r. Samuel Clemens Cochrane
l. t. H. Geo. McDougall Morley
l. r. W. T. Haigh Cochrane
w. a. James Cooper Mitford
w. a. C. Perrenoud Cochrane
l. sh. W. P. Le Sueur Morley
l. r. B. T. Gray Cochrane
l. sh. Marion Jarvis Mitford
l. t. H. Chas. Andrews Bradbourne
rt. sh. H. Geo. L. Bawn Cochrane
w. a. J. S. Brisco Mitford
l. r. Alex Jamieson Morley
l. h. D. McDougall Morley
l. r. E. D. MacKay Cochrane
l. sh. Richard Walsh Cochrane
rt. sh. H. H. Nichol Morley
l. r. H. J. B. Ross Cochrane
rt. sh. H. John McCorkell Morley
rt. t. H. H. Payn Le Sueur Morley
l. sh. H. Dorothea Scader Cochrane
l. sh. H. P. A. Rodrigue Cochrane
w. a. John Morrison Cochrane
l. r. Sam McCullough Morley
l. r. W. F. Capeman Cochrane
l. r. E. Perrenoud Cochrane
rt. r. E. Schneider Cochrane
l. h. H. Payn Le Sueur Morley
l. r. John G. Reed Cochrane
l. r. Geo. Gibson Cochrane
rt. h. E. A. Mortimer Cochrane
l. r. Geo. L. Bacon Cochrane
l. r. Jason Malott Cochrane
l. sh. H. Wm. R. Johnson Cochrane
l h. Robt. Downey Cochrane
rt. r. Dorothea Schneider Cochrane
l. r. Wm J. Shepherd Cochrane
l. sh. Jean Bapt. Robindt Cochrane
l. r. Andrew Mathews Bradbourne
l. r. Robt. McLeod Cochrane
l. r Geo. Healey Cochrane
rt. h. Hugh Sibbald Morley
rt h. Leeson & Scott Morley
l. r. John Phipps Mitford
l. sh. H. Walter Jones Cochrane
rt. r. George A. Reid Cochrane
rt. r Robt. Smith Cochrane
rt. r. Robt. Byrnes Cochrane
rt. sh. Jas. A. Briggs Bradbourne
rt. sh. H. J. K. Laidlaw Cochrane
rt. r. F. H. Towers Cochrane
l. h. Thos. House Morley
l. r. Geo. Macleod Mitford
w. a. John Bruce Radnor
w. a. Wm. Bruce Cochrane
rt. r. Mrs. C. R. Foley Cochrane
l. r. J. F. McCorkell Morley
l. sh. Mary Wainwright Cochrane
rt. r. Levi Beam Cochrane
l. r. Archie Howard Cochrane
rt. h. Jas. Walsh Cochrane
l. h. Miss M. Butler Cochrane
l. h. Patterson & Oddie Cochrane
rt. r. C. W. Grain Bradbourne
l. h. Angus Nicholson Cochrane
rt. h. John Brown Cochrane

rt h.  Joseph Wright Cochrane	l.t. H.  J H Beam Cochrane	l.sh D.W. Skinner Cochrane	w.a. 7UR Peter Wright Mitford	rt.r. -U2 Mrs. J. Murphy Cochrane	rt.r. -3U H. T. Whittle Cochrane	rt.r. Wilson Bros. Cochrane	l.sh. 9U Joseph Brodeur Cochrane	rt.sh.  W.J.B. Browne Cochrane	l.h. Jas. Murphy Cochrane
l.r.  E. Payn le Sueur Morley	rt.r.  Michael Shea Cochrane	rt. sh G. Maclcod Mitford	l.h.  R.F. Bevan Beaver Dam	l.r. Beam & Son Cochrane	rt.r. V6D Dennis Wells Morley	rt.r. IVN Ralph Hobbs Cochrane	rt. r. VN5 Wm. Ellis Morley	l.r. J.B. Ross Cochrane	rt.r. C. Roper Cochrane
rt.j. Wm. Copeman Cochrane	l.r. W.R. Potts Morley	l.t. H. Wm. Bruce Cochrane	l.h.  Wm. Graham Morley	rt. sh. W.B. Elliott. Cochrane	rt. sh. H. Albert Wilson Morley	rt. sh. H. Jas. Simmons Bradbourne	l.t. H. D. McDougall Morley	rt.h.  M.G. McPherson Cochrane	rt. sh. E.D. Mackay Cochrane
rt.t. H. W.S. Smith Cochrane	l.r. H. Wm Mahoney Cochrane	l.sh. H.  H. Louis Briggs Bradbourne	l.h. Walter Ricks Morley	l.sh. A.K. Sibbald Morley	l.r. Joseph Howard Cochrane	l. sh. H.  Houghton Bros. Cochrane	l.sh. H. J. & M. Park Cochrane	rt.r.  Dan McNeil Cochrane	rt. sh. W.S. Smith Cochrane
rt.r. Jas. F. Hewitt Cochrane	l. sh. Miss A. Douglas Cochrane	l.r. Peter Mason Morley	l.r.  Jas. Hewitt Sr. Cochrane	l.r.  John Hewitt Cochrane	l.sh. ZE Percy Bassett Cochrane	l.h. H.  S.A. Walker Dog Pound	l.r. Jas. Robertson Mitford	rt. t. H. Alex Gillies Mitford	l.t. H. Alex McLachlan Cochrane
l.sh. H. Mrs. J. Apow Morley	rt.h. F.C. Butler Cochrane	l.r. H. E.L. Bell Bradbourne	l.sh. H. Frank Brown Cochrane	rt.r. Garson Bros. Cochrane	rt.r. Mrs. M. Graham Morley	rt.t. H. R.W. Meiklejon Cochrane	rt.r. J.N. Champion Cochrane	l.sh. H. Mrs. R. Smith Morley	l.r. H. Thos. Graham Morley
l.t. H. Joseph Howells Bradbourne	l. sh. Henry Brochu Cochrane	rt h. Wm. Graham Jr. Morley	rt.r. Albert Schultz Bradbourne	rt r. H. S.C.L. Moore Cochrane	rt. sh. H. John Anderson Bradbourne	rt.n. H. Bernard Howard Cochrane	w.a. B6F J.H. Egbert Cochrane	w.a. BF6 S.M. Barnes Cochrane	rt. t. H. Walter Crowe Cochrane
rt. sh H. R.W Butler Cochrane	w.a. CV5 John Curren Cochrane	l.r. Gordon Copeman Cochrane	rt.h. Chas. Mouffels Cochrane	l.h. R. Robertson Cochrane	rt.h. F.C. Butler Cochrane	l.h. Chas. Barker Cochrane	l.t. H. D. Alexander Cochrane	l.h. H. L, W & G. Shand Bradbourne	l.t. H. D7 Jos. Dolmage Bradbourne
l.sh. H. J.D. Watkin Bradbourne	rt r. Isaac Hughes Cochrane	rt.r. John Davis Cochrane	rt.r. Andre de Vienne Dog Pound	l.r. W. Edge Mitford	rt. sh. H. Edgar Cressman Cochrane	l.sh. H. Edward Ellis Morley	l.sh. H. John Ellwood Cochrane	l.sh. H. P.J. Cels Cochrane	rt. h. H. Francis Cecil Cochrane
rt.r. Samuel Wilson Cochrane	l.r. F. Goldie Dog Pound	rt.r. Mary Nicholson Cochrane	l.h. F.W. Theide Dog Pound	rt.r. John Niddrie Morley	rt. r. Wm. McTavish Dog Pound	l.sh. H. John W. Briggs Bradbourne	l.sh. H. Geo. Pitter Cochrane	rt.t. H. T.J. Ritchie Cochrane	l.sh. G.G. Tweed Cochrane
l.sh. H. Geo. Harrison Morley	rt. sh. H. Geo. Watt Dog Pound	rt r. T.J. Ritchie Cochrane	rt.h. G.G. Tweed Cochrane	rt.r. F.W. Jubb Cochrane	rt.r. Wm & A. Roome Cochrane	l.r. J.T. Boucher Cochrane	rt. r. Guy Gibson Nose Creek	l.r. J.C. Robertson Cochrane	l.r. A.C. Robertson Cochrane
l.sh. H. Horace Hickling Cochrane	l.t. H. D.H. McDougall Morley	l.h. H. Geo. Holmes Cochrane	rt.sh. H. J. Malott Cochrane	rt.t. H. Thos. House Morley	w.a. H8K John Potts Morley	l.sh. H. J.A Atkinson Cochrane	l.r. H. Bow R. Horse Ranch Mitford	rt.n. H. G.E. Goddard Cochrane	rt.t. H. John P. Ing Morley

rt. j. K Chas. Wright Cochrane	rt. sh. H. KO Messrs Elder Cochrane	rt. r. KA– A. Gentles Dog Pound	rt. h. KD Messrs Elder Cochrane	rt. r. 5K– H. Kidd Morley	l. r. 5L E. G. Cole Cochrane	rt. r. 6J Wm. Wright Cochrane	l. h. VJ Barker & Morris Cochrane	l. r. H. M R. Maxwell-Tragoon Cochrane	l. r. MR McCrady Bros Cochrane
l. r. R. Maxwell-Tragoon Cochrane	rt. sh. H. NV Geo Bawn Cochrane	l. sh. H. N8 Wm. Johnson Cochend	l. sh. NF Nicholas Floener Cochrane	rt. r. NH– Geo. Pitter Cochrane	l. r. N5 Alex Jamieson Morley	rt. sh. H. 9b H. Nichol Morley	l. r. H. OS J. B. Ross Cochrane	l. h. dd F. L. Pepper Cochrane	l. sh. H. d5 Mary A. Griffiths Cochrane
w. a. IPY Capt. Inglis Calgary	l. r. 39 Geo. Gibson Cochrane	l. r. ΣP H. L. Simmons Cochrane	rt. h. 49 G. R. Mortimer Cochrane	rt. h. P5 P. A. Bird Bradbourne	l. r. 7P C. E. Chudleigh Morley	l. r. –RJ Ernest L. Bell Cochrane	rt. r. –RT Geo. Raby Cochrane	l. r. RJ Robt. J. Pepper Cochrane	l. h. 9R W. R. Burke Cochrane
l. sh. H. Dan McNeil Cochrane	l. h. Frank Ricks Morley	l. sh. H. 2S Walter Jones Cochrane	rt. h. $5 D. McEachen Cochrane	rt. sh. H. Geo. Healey Cochrane	l. h. H. Percy Brockshaw Cochrane	rt. h. H. W. B. Thomas Cochrane	rt. h. TR Geo. Kaick Cochrane	rt. r. TY Wm. Tempany Cochrane	l. h. 72 Jas. Patterson Cochrane
l. r. –VT O. Dunham Bradbourne	l. h. SV S. Rhoads Bradbourne	rt. sh. H. U+ Earle Whittle Cochrane	w. a. UB5 Austin Alexander Dog Pound	l. sh. 9U Jules Maron Cochrane	H. H. Alden Nunn Dog Pound	l. r. V5 Lee & Metcalf Cochrane	rt. r. XF J. F. Sterling Cochrane	rt. r. YC S. S. Cressman Cochrane	l. r. YJ Oddie Bros. Cochrane
rt. sh. Y3 Mrs. Lula Gibele Cochrane	l. r. 2Y W. J. Phipps Dog Pound	l. sh. ZE Gordon Carling Cochrane	l. t. H. 3 Alex Alphine Cochrane	l. sh. H. 13 C. L. Cummings Cochrane	l. sh. H. ΣH E. H. Centre Morley	rt. sh. H. 3 H Henry H. Jones Cochrane	l. r. F3 Albert Smith Cochrane	l. r. +3 J. W. Ruddy Cochrane	rt. h. +Σ Robt. Shaw Cochrane
l. sh. H. 4E Fred Baker Cochrane	l. h. F+ B. Howard Cochrane	l. sh. H. →5 J. G. Tweed Cochrane	rt. sh. H. 6 J. Bevan Cochrane	l. t. H. 6L Alex Mathieson Bradbourne	l. sh. H. 09 Porter & Dow Cochend	l. sh. H. ←6 Frank Fletcher Morley	l. r. 62 Ebenezer Healey Cochrane	l. r. 72 Alvin Rellinger Cochrane	l. r. 7↑ Geo. Bevan Cochrane
rt. r. 95 James Firstbrook Bradbourne	rt. h. A Murdoch McPhee Sampsonton	l. r. B6F Countess Bubna Cochrane	rt. h. CM Wm. Walton Cochrane	l. r. –CK Mary Kirk Cochrane	l. r. CU A. R. Turner Cochrane	l. r. DY Thos Davies & Son Cochrane	l. r. –EK James Kaster Cochrane	l. r. –EV Ernest Craig Cochrane	l. r. –FF Wm. Graham Dog Pound
l. r. LR John Ross Cochrane	rt. h. LV Henry M. Viney Cochrane	l. r. H Robt. C. Inglis Calgary	rt. h. FX J. Standring Cochrane	l. h. 46 S. Farquharson Sampsonton	rt. sh. GI Gordon Hinde Cochrane	l. r. HU Hunter Bros. Dog Pound	rt. r. HF Jesse Havens Sampsonton	rt. r. IT H. M. Thompson Dog Pound	rt. sh. J Osbourne Johnson Cochrane
rt. h. J2 R. A. Webster Cochrane	rt. h. KF F. L. Gietzen Sampsonton	rt. h. KH Daniel Parsons Morley	l. r. KN Mrs. S. Walker Sampsonton	l. r. LJ– F. J. Ellwood Cochend	rt. r. LN G. Crane Cochrane	rt. r. MH Harry Hollas Cochrane	l. r. NB Sykes Taylor Cochrane	w. a. NK4 S. Spicer Cochrane	l. r. OA Critchly & Rhodes Cochrane
rt. sh. 27 Mrs. E. A. Oldaker Bottrel	rt. r. LM Wm. Beynon Cochrane	l. r. LM Wm. Milligan Cochrane	l. r. TY– Frank Hopper Bottrel	rt. r. –VN H. Verdun Cochrane	l. h. VC George Watt Dog Pound	l. h. J. & H. Calcutt Morley	l. r. YU6 G. G. Fuller Bottrel	rt. sh. YD Lucy Dendy Bottrel	rt. r. Y2 Walter Vaughan Bottrel
l. r. 2Y Chris Larson Bottrel	l. r. 5R John McRobbie Cochrane	l. r. 6Y Robt. Wallace Cochrane	rt. r. 6J J. Messer Cochrane	l. h. 66 Chas. Harbidge Bottrel	rt. sh. 7 Alex McEwan Cochrane	l. r. 9↑ Sidney Chester Cochrane	l. sh. H. R James Reeve Bottrel	rt. r. H. B Thos James & Sons Cochrane	l. sh. H. Morrison John Morrison Cochrane

Heads and Furs
Klondike Pack Horses
Buckskin for Klondike Suits
Goatskins for Robes and Sleeping Bags

D. McDougall

General Merchant and Beef Contractor

Morley, Alb June 23 1898.

Recorder of Brands
Regina.

(8)

Sir.

Mr. D. McDougall had this brand registered for his horse several years ago and so I think I have a right to it above others. I would like very much to have it if it is possible.

Yours sincerely
D. H. McDougall

P.S. Please inform me as soon as possible if I can get it and I will send fee.
D. H. McD

HISTORY OF EARLY BRANDS FOR THE DISTRICT OF ALBERTA, NORTH WEST TERRITORIES

The first brand book for the North West Territories was published in 1883. Only two of the brands recorded in this book are still being used by the families who registered them in the 1800s. The oldest of them is the Circle brand placed on the left hip, registered by Trader David McDougall. This was the thirteenth brand recorded in the North West Territories.

The second brand still in existence is the Circle L, registered in 1881 by Charles Lyndon, who settled on Meadow Creek, west of Claresholm.

The **first** brand to be officially recorded in the North West Territories was the 71 filed by

Superintendents P. R. Neale and S. B. Steele of the N.W.M.P. Detachment in Fort Macleod, registered on January 28, 1880.

Ex-policeman Cecil Denny was second with the C D brand, followed by Albert Shurtliff with the H brand.

Early missionaries soon registered their brands: Rev. John McDougall, of Morley, with the J M brand; Samuel Trivett, with the reversed S T; and John MacLean with two brands that defy description.

The Big C brand, placed on the left side of the animal, was owned first and foremost by the Cochrane Ranching Company, on their holdings in the Cochrane area in 1881. Cattle branded with the Big C were still a familiar sight in the Waterton Lakes area in Southern Alberta during the latter part of the 19th Century.

There were legendary men who followed the large ranching companies to Canada, such as John Ware, who registered the 9999 brand May 25, 1885, and Fred Burton, a horse wrangler, who started a ranch in the Claresholm district, and registered the Quarter Circle R brand.

Other equally notable ranches were the George Lane holdings with the Diamond O; Fred Stimson with the Bar U brand and the Alberta Ranching Company with the Pitchfork brand. The Pitchfork brand was later used by William Tempany of Cochrane, and is still registered, and being used by a member of the Tempany family.

The Oxyoke brand, registered by R. W. Cowan in 1888, was transferred to Walter Hutchinson in 1906, and is still being used by his son Jonathan.

The four brands that identify the Big Four Building in Calgary are the a 7, owned in 1912 by A. E. Cross, of Nanton; the Bar U, then owned by George Lane, Pekisko; the Reversed N L, owned by Patrick Burns, of Calgary (Midnapore); and C Y, owned by George McLean of High River. These brands were owned by the four ranchers who helped sponsor the first Calgary Stampede in 1912.

THOROUGHBRED BREEDING AND RACING AT COCHRANE — by Jean L. Johnson

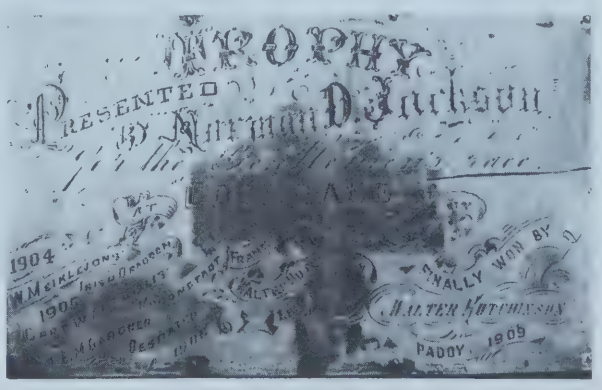
"A race gallantly run is run forever, and happy is the memory of the man who bred the horse which ran it." No words can better describe the feelings of the true Thoroughbred breeder. They are from the pen of the renowned Western Canada poet and horseman, Stanley Harrison. They are particularly applicable to those Cochrane old-timers to whom good horses and well-run races were life itself. Happy indeed were their memories of races run and won by their horses.

In the 1880s W. D. Kerfoot, William Bell-Irving and George Creighton started a tradition for which the district became famous. In a different way, that tradition still lives on and is evident when Cochrane horsemen and ranchers gather at a gymkhana, a horse show or a rodeo. The tradition of fine horseflesh is evident in the splendid picture presented by the mounts of the competitors as well as those of many of the spectators.

In the early days match races were the thing. In 1891 Harry Critchley's Wild Rose won in a match race against the Hon. F. A. McNaughton's horse, Unknown. William Bell Irving's horse, Old Nigger, was matched in a race against W. D. Kerfoot's The Dude. It was a close race and The Dude won by a nose, but Old Nigger went on to win many races between Calgary and Macleod. Sandy McDonald's Bruiser lost in a match race to George Creighton's Fox. Then W. D. Kerfoot matched his horse, Gilman, against Fox and was beaten. But the following year W.D. now owned Fox and matched him against O. A. Critchley's polo pony, Kaffir. Each horse carried 175 lbs. A great deal of money was bet and W.D. riding Fox won by a neck. Others who competed in match races were R. W. Cowan with his horse, Badger, and the Copithornes with speedy cowponies.

The first racemeets in the district were held at Mitford where Lady Adela Cochrane helped to make the annual meet an important social event. Her many friends who came there for the races were entertained royally. They watched the events from a large gaily colored tent which was set up near the track and were served punch and other refreshments between races.

W. D. Kerfoot was a great competitor and his cream and old gold colors were a familiar sight in the winner's circle in Mitford, Calgary and later at Cochrane. In 1893 he won every race at Mitford with Comanche, Dandy, Sunbeam, Dame Fortune and Old George K. The latter horse was Champion Jumper at Regina and Calgary in 1894. Other horses running in 1893 were D. P. McDonald's Lady Violet and Lady Adela's Starlight. At the Mitford races in 1894, W.D. won the one mile hurdle race with Gilman, Critchley's Pax came second. D. P. McDonald's Monty, ridden by his brother, Sandy, won the cowboy's race with Jack Copithorne's Pete, second.



The inscription on the base of a beautiful silver trophy won by W. Hutchinson in 1909.

Grandstand at Cochrane racetrack.

At the Cochrane Race Track, 1900.

Many of the horses run at these local meets were halfbreds or speedy horses of unknown breeding. Even at the last meets held in Cochrane in the 1930s a race was carded for halfbreds which were usually straight Thoroughbreds lacking papers. In the old days races were often run in three lengthy heats so it was quite usual for a rancher to enter the same horse in two or three races in one day. At Calgary, in 1895 W. D. Kerfoot won a two mile hurdle race riding his own horse, Dick Turpin.

Thoroughbred sires are essential if the breed is to be improved and there, too, Cochrane led the way. The first Thoroughbred stallion in Alberta was Konrad, by Rebel Morgan, foaled in 1874. He was ridden into the Cochrane range by Senator Cochrane when the first cattle were trailed in and he stood at the Cochrane Ranche. He was a brown horse, 16-1½ hands, and he left excellent brood mares. He sired Evergreen, a winner of several races.

The Bow River Horse Ranche imported fine Thoroughbreds and their contribution to the breed was great, not only in the Cochrane district but in all of Canada. Juryman, foaled in 1883, was one of the best bred horses in America, going back to Australian on his sire's side and to Leamington and Lexington on his dam's side. He won the Belmont Stakes and many other races before being imported by the Bow River Horse Ranche. He sired Cyclone out of a mare by imported Mosstrooper. Cyclone, a black gelding, was raced by G. E. Goddard as a two-year-old before being sold to A. J. Murphy. Another of their imports, Virgaloo, foaled in 1883, was bred by Leslie Coombs of Kentucky. He was by Virgil and his dam went back to Lexington and the Layton Barb mare. He sired Comanche which ran his first mile in 1.50, six weeks after he was first haltered at three years of age. He was sold to W. D. Kerfoot who raced him very successfully. Juryman was sold to A. J. Murphy who stood him on his farm north of Cochrane.

In the 1890s Joe Murphy's Cyclone and W. D. Kerfoot's Dixie Land were the most famous racehorses in the West. In 1895 Cyclone won the half-mile race at Edmonton, Calgary, Portage, Winnipeg and Grand Forks, North Dakota. At Winnipeg he took the half-mile in two straight heats, in 52 and 52½; and won the half-mile dash the same day in 50¾. The latter race was described in the Winnipeg paper: "The horses got away together, Cyclone in the rear, but he shot past the crowd like a thunderbolt and took the lead at once. He had things his own way and won hands down. The horse is properly named." That year he won all divisions of the Novelty Mile against eight horses. In this race there is a purse for the horse leading at every quarter. In 1896 at Windsor, Ontario, Cyclone's odds were 4 to 1. He was heavily backed, won with ease and broke the bookies.

Other horses which carried Murphy's green and gold silks were Wyoni by Floridor, another import of the Bow River Horse Ranche, Bonym, and Advocate.

W. D. Kerfoot's Dixie Land, a black gelding, was by Silk Gown out of Kate Kearny, a Kentucky bred mare. He won many races in the West as far east as Winnipeg. He also won in San Francisco and Australia. In 1894 both he and Cyclone ran second behind a brown mare, Allsmoke, by Silk Gown, but there does not seem to be any record of Cyclone and Dixie Land meeting in a race. In the first race at a Cochrane meet Dixie Land came second in the Quarter Mile but in the third race he won the One Mile Open. That same day Mrs. Bell-Irving won the Ladies' Race and received a gold brooch.

The first racetrack at Cochrane was on land owned by George Bevan, opposite the brickyard, between the railroad and the highway. The Cochrane Racing Association was formed in 1894 with A. J. Murphy, W. D. Kerfoot and W. Bell-Irving, directors. Later D. P. McDonald took an active part in the Association as did W. Hutchinson from 1906 to 1925. For many years A. J. Murphy was Starter at the Cochrane races.

The Mitford and Cochrane Annual Race Meeting, Dominion Day, 1895, was an all day affair. The twenty-one events included six flat races all won by W. D. Kerfoot, Dixie Land and Deceit each taking two, and Negress and an entry, one each. Sandy McDonald, a good athlete, won the high jump at four feet eleven. The Ladies' Race was won by Mrs. Bell-Irving's Sandy and the One Mile Trot by Walter Jones' Red Oak. Purses were very small in those days and as a rule there were only two monies: $35 first and $10 second in a mile race or a two mile hurdle race, and $20 first and $7.50 second in shorter races.

Cochrane's most prestigious race in the early days was the Gentlemen's Race. Later it was called the Gentleman Rancher's Race. The rules called for "a race of one mile, weight 160 lbs. Horses had to be the property of the owner three months previous to the race and to have never been ridden on the circuit. Horses had to be ridden by local amateur riders and owned within the boundary." The beautiful trophy which was presented by Norman D. Jackson for this race was first won in 1904 by R. W. Meiklejon's Irish Dragoon; in 1905 by Capt. W. W. Inglis' Kroonstadt; in 1906 by Capt. E. M. Gardner's Despatch; in 1907 by Frank Sibbald's Avon. In 1908 Walter Hutchinson won with Leo and again in 1909 with Paddy, the two wins giving him permanent possession of the trophy. Paddy was bred by R. F. Bevan.

The boundaries of the Local District were as follows:

East — Line between Ranges 1 and 2.
North — Line between Townships 28 and 29.
South — North side of Sarcee Reserve.
West to the Mountains.

For several years D. P. McDonald presented a cup to the winner of the race. Unfortunately the

list of winners is not complete. B. F. Rhodes' Lorenzo (by Lofrasco) ridden by Chappie Clarkson, won both the McDonald Cup and the Virginia Ranch Cup on the same day, July 31, 1920. Clem Gardner won the race three times with Stranger. H. A. Rhodes won it with La Una, Tom Morrison with Fighting Frank and Trevor Willans with Novice. Finally the race was known only as the Race for Local Owners.

Other horses raced by W. Hutchinson in the early days were Shorty and Waterman. Osborne and Billy Johnson raced their horses, Dollar and Tom Tit, before the First World War and won at local meets. George Rennick had success with his horses, Molly, Clones and Little Hope. Gerry Tweed had a good horse, Timothy, and Norman Callaway, too, raced in those days. Joe Clemens of Jumping Pound had two racehorses by Six Shooter, Snapshot and the very fast Sharpshooter. As a rule he ran his horses on the circuit and had Pete Dixon for trainer. One day he put Sharpshooter in a race at Cochrane, explaining to everyone in the race that he just wanted a workout for his horse. He won from here to yonder.

The first Alberta Derby was run in 1905 and was won by a Cochrane horse, R. F. Bevan's The Bishop. Undoubtedly it was not a stakes for a horse could run in it at any age or run in it more than once, as Golden Plume did, winning it on one occasion. Golden Plume, too, was a Cochrane horse. He was by the great Eagle's Plume and was bred by Capt. Inglis. (The present Alberta Derby, a stakes for three-year-olds was first run in 1931.)

In 1907, and possibly before that, a special train was run from Calgary to Cochrane to bring Calgarians up for the races. That year the officers were C. W. Fisher, President, and E. Townend, Sec.-Treas.

A great many good Thoroughbred stallions have stood in the Cochrane district. One of the best was Lofrasco, bred at Newmarket, England, imported by Bernie Howard of Horse Creek and sold to R. W. Meiklejon of Grand Valley. Lofrasco, foaled in 1900, was by Love Wisely (Wisdom-Lovelorn) out of Fortuna (Scottish Chief — Chance) and held the world record for a mile. Most of B. F. Rhodes' good half-bred mares were by him.

W. D. Kerfoot's great Thoroughbred, Porton, was imported from England by Sir John Lister-Kaye. He stood 17 hands, weighed 1400 lbs., and he was by Rock Sand, the winner of the Epsom Derby in 1903. On his dam's side Porton went back to Diomed, the winner of the first Epsom Derby in 1780. Diomed sired the dam of Eleanor, the first filly to win both the Derby and the Oaks. He was shipped to Virginia at the age of twenty-one. There he sired many outstanding horses and was still active at the age of thirty-one.

At one time more than a dozen horses sired by Porton, stood at stud in the Cochrane district. Among them were Potomac, Roanoke, Nottoway, Rappahannok and Shenandoah, all named after rivers in Virginia. Shenandoah stood at the home ranch in Grand Valley and sired many fine saddlehorses and polo ponies.

Angus McDonald raised many good horses sired by his Thoroughbred, Whitestone. One was Wee Donald which Angus Robertson rode with Sheila in Roman Standing Races. Whitestone was the sire of Mayflower, the polo pony that broke the track record for three-eighths mile at Cochrane.

D. P. McDonald of the Mount Royal Ranch raised Thoroughbreds for many years. He owned the excellent sires, Walabout, Tremargo, Wilfred Park and several others. He had some registered mares, the best being Josie S, Russella and Nellie Racine. Joe S, Chinook and Russell, all by Tremargo, and Russett by Walabout won many local races and Joe S won in the East. Nellie Racine ran in a Novelty Race in Cochrane, winning every quarter. She produced the good filly, Honey Dew, which broke Mayflower's record for ⅜ of a mile at Cochrane. D.P.'s daughters, Helen and Kathleen rode in Ladies' races and in the Horse Show in Calgary. The Mount Royal had great success with their show horses and jumpers in Cochrane, Calgary and New York. Their famous jumper, Smokey, cleared 7 feet in Calgary — a record for an Alberta-bred horse. D.P. bred some fine saddlehorses, polo ponies and remounts. Taupe, a horse bred by him, won hunter classes in New York and steeplechases on Long Island.

In later years another outstanding race mare was bred at the Mount Royal. This was Eddie Bowlen's Plucky Moon by Moonlight Run out of Plucky Orphan. She ran on the Western Racing Circuit till she was twelve years old and won a great many races.

No story of the Thoroughbreds of Cochrane would be complete without mention of Mrs. Jessie McKenzie of Lochend, who was considered the final authority on the pedigree of any Thoroughbred. She had been a noted singer in the Old Country and her husband had been an actor and singing teacher in England. They rarely raced in Cochrane, preferring to follow the circuit (Calgary, Edmonton and Regina). Their racehorses included Black Madge, Golden Plume which they bought from Capt. Inglis, and Royal George.

Mr. McKenzie drove Royal George in a two-wheeled cart and exercised the other racehorses by leading them behind the cart. Mrs. McKenzie showed Royal George in Calgary in the stallion class at the Horse Show; a few days later he ran second in the Alberta Derby of 1905. They moved to Victoria, British Columbia, where they stood Tetroy, a horse which had raced in Cochrane for H. A. Rhodes in the 1920s. In racing circles at the coast Mrs. McKenzie was recognized for her knowledge of horses and her contribution to racing.

T. B. Jenkinson of Dog Pound was another lover of good horses and was prominent in the Thoroughbred world for many years and at different places in Alberta. He stood the polo pony sires, Cambyses and Bohemian. Cambyses sired Conrad, owned by Archie Kerfoot who raised many useful polo ponies from him. Jenkinson also stood the Thoroughbred sires, Commerce, Orblike, Tangle Toes and Blond Buddy. Tangle Toes' best son was Brown Jug which won eight races in 1936. Blond Buddy (1918) by Cunard out of Cat Bird by Thrush sired many nice racehorses. H. G. Parker who stood him for a while had a good horse, Clinker, by him. Clinker won four races in 1937 and four in 1938. He was a good distance runner up to 1⅜ miles. miles. Charlie Leavitt, who became very well-known in California as a horseman and a trainer, rode and trained for T. B. Jenkinson before making his home in the United States. Jenkinson's Virginia Ranch turned out very good polo ponies schooled by Jappy Rodgers. T.B. was best known for these and for his polo playing.

Geoff Parker of Cochrane who is a son of H. G. Parker has carried on the tradition of breeding good horses. He owns Fleeting Shadow, by Moonlight Run out of Looks Good by Blenheim II. His Moonlight Shadow won the Youthful Stakes; Proud Shadow won a handicap and was stakes placed.

Clem Gardner was the most versatile of the great competitors. He rode saddle broncs, roped, showed and jumped horses, rode races and steeplechases, played polo and drove chuckwagons. He was the first to hitch Thoroughbreds to a chuckwagon. (That was bound to come so he can't altogether be blamed.) He was always willing to match himself against anyone in any event involving a horse. He owned the stallions Mintia, Oloroso and Soldier's Song. The last two raced in Cochrane as did Starlight, Mickey Hanon and many others.

George Crane, who lived on Big Hill Creek before the First War and later at the old Baptie homestead on the Grand Valley road, was always involved with Thoroughbreds. He rode in races at Cochrane before the war and won on Walter Hutchinson's Leo. Several horsemen who imported sires from England, employed Mr. Crane to bring them out to Alberta. Among the horses he brought over were Forcett, Marcus Aurelius, By George, and Vambrace.

In 1926 Duncan Kerfoot imported Vambrace. He was by Valens which ran in Minoru's Derby of 1909, finishing fourth half a length behind the winner. He was exceptionally well-bred owing a great deal to his dam, Valve, undefeated at two, and the dam of many stakes winners in England. Her progeny won the Thousand Guineas, Newmarket Oaks, the Doncaster Cup, The Jockey Club Cup, the Ascot Biennial and the Prendergast, Clearwell and Craven Stakes. Vambrace sired Gage d'Amour, the winner of many races including the Western Canada Handicap in 1931. He also sired the siblings, Stoney Squaw and Visor. At one gymkhana at the Mount Royal every winner was either by Vambrace or Visor.

Archie Kerfoot carried on the tradition of good horses at his ranch in Grand Valley. Besides Conrad he stood the fine stallion, Little Friar, and later, Camrose. He raised many polo ponies some of which played in Ontario. His good polo pony, Weaver, was a son of Shenandoah. He sold the ranch to Jack Simpson whose jumpers, ridden by his son, John, and daughter, Barbara Kerr, are world renowned.

Laurie Johnson who raised and trained many good horses and polo ponies, kept a Thoroughbred horse for thirty years. First he had Camrose by Commerce out of Island Rose, a mare which sold for $5,000 to a breeder in the U.S.; Forcett, a triple winner of the King's Premium in England; Visor, all of whose get had great speed; Prince Marcus, the sire of winners on the track; and John C, a gallant racehorse and the leading sire of two-year-olds in 1960 through the efforts of his stakes winning son, Sir Demijohn out of our Dolan Mare, No Demand. The importance of good mares cannot be overestimated. Waltzing Doll set a track record in Calgary. She was by Bolero, the holder of three world records. On her dam's side she went back to the great Maggie BB and the Layton Barb Mare. She produced for us the stakes winner Wily Waltzer which was by Pleiades 2nd, he by Nearco out of a Hyperion mare. Our Stoney Squaw out of Osta by Chanter produced the stakes winner, Elphinstone, the stakes placed and handicap winner, All Aglow and Tudorstone which won seven straight races at Calgary. So Valve out of a half sister to Ladas "flung a far shaft of splendor" through her son, Vambrace, to a little bay mare in the foothills of Alberta.

In 1910 the Cochrane Racetrack was built about two miles west of the town. At first a furrow was plowed around to mark the inside of the course and rails put up only along the home stretch. Howard Abel had a fast chestnut named Thelma. In one race Billy Johnson and some others thought it would be fun to cut across and beat Thelma, but Abel kept on the course quite unconcernedly and won. The directors soon put a rail around the track but in 1912 the stables were destroyed by fire and all had to be rebuilt.

Some strange races were run on that old track. In 1914 Mr. Topley who owned the Cochrane Hotel sponsored a one mile buggy race for local drivers. The prize was a brass bed competely fitted out with coil springs, an Ostermoor mattress, pillows, linen and blankets. No such prize as this had ever been seen before; the betting was keen and great excitement prevailed among the local people. Each competitor used his four-wheeled buggy and his best driver. Howard Abel driving his pacer, Suet, shot into a big lead followed by D. P. McDonald driving Bess, Harold Towers with King, Bill Topham and

A steeplechase at Cochrane.

Gordon Ritchie. Laurie Johnson driving Queenie brought up the rear. On the road the fastest time Queenie could make was a mile in three minutes, but she could keep up this speed for miles. In the back stretch Laurie began passing them one after another and at the three-quarters pole he caught Abel who had pushed Suet too hard. Queenie won going away.

After the First War the Cochrane Races, now widely known, became the highlight of the year for the local people. The races were always an occasion for the re-union of old friends who talked horse, sized up the conformation and condition of the entries and argued about their past performance and immediate hopes. For a few days before the meet ranchers trailed their horses in, riding one and leading the others. They came from Glenbow, Airdrie and Dog Pound; from Grand Valley and the Mount Royal; from Springbank, Jumping Pound and Pirmez Creek. The purses were small but to the ranchers neither the purse nor the betting was of major importance. Just as in the old days, the horse was king. As the weights were high a rancher was able to ride his own horse and strive for the secondary glory of proving that he could outride his neighbor.

The Stoney Indians were always there in full force. Races were carded for them and they knew exactly which Stoney horse could win at any given distance. For them the excitement lay in the betting. It was a sure thing; they had only to find takers. Their names and the names of their horses were not on the program but they are not forgotten. Tom Powderface had a good horse called Bug; Jonas Benjamin had Fox; Willie Goodstoney had Rosie, one of the best; Paul Francis had Blue Hal and other horses which come to mind are Silver, Bullet and Bluebell. Later, Nelson Rabbit and Joe Fox competed there.

The Glenbow Archives have only one full newspaper account of a one-day Cochrane race meet. It is for the year 1922. This meet was attended by two thousand or more people. The band of the 50th Battalion from Calgary entertained between races. Two bookies, "Green Tie" and George Miller were there to handle the bets. D. P. McDonald and Clem Gardner rode their own horses although neither man was young. Laurie Johnson rode ten races, winning five, placing second in two and finishing out of the money in three. Harry Scott, who wrote for the Albertan, described this as "a wonderful feat of skill and endurance."

The officials were: Walter Hutchinson, President of the Cochrane Racing Association; Duncan Kerfoot, Vice President; W. M. Parslow and Ike Ruttle, judges; Bill Tempany, Secretary, and Charlie Mickle, starter. Harry Scott wrote: "The events were well conducted; were run off without a single hitch, and the starting was the best that the writer has witnessed in years." There is an art in controlling the riders and starting a race by the dropping of a flag. The post parade was led by "Rattlesnake Pete" Dixon, a striking figure with a fierce black mustache, buckskin jacket tied with a rope around the waist and a battered stetson. He was a special agent for the Mounted Police in the 1870s and had once been shot at and missed by an American badman during a card game in Pincher Creek. He said he

got his name because of his ability to jerk the fangs from the rattlesnake by snapping a silk handkerchief at it.

The results of the events follow with the name of the horse, the owner and the jockey:

1. Quarter Mile Dash, 150 lbs: 1. Patsy, D. P. McDonald (McDonald); 2. Lorenzo, B. F. Rhodes, (Laurie Johnson); 3. Hussar, T. B. Jenkinson, (Jappy Rodgers).

2. Green Pony Race, ⅜ mile, 14.3 and under, 140 lbs.: 1. Mayflower, Laurie Johnson, (Johnson); 2. Honey Boy, Kathleen McDonald, (Johnny Kipling); 3. Noreen, Val Kerfoot, (Lou Chambers). Kipling could be counted on to provide excitement in a race. In this one he was suspended from the meet for foul riding on Honey Boy and placed last.

3. Sweepstakes, five-eighths: 1. Goldberg, Maxwell Smith, (Brown); 2. Hopeful, Clem Gardner (Gardner); Bing Boy, T. B. Jenkinson, (Jappy Rodgers).

4. Green Horse Race, ½ mile, 140 lbs.: 1. Sandy, Earl Havens, (Havens); 2. Bonny Lad, D. P. McDonald, (Doug. McDonald); 3. My Gracie, J. Mirrin;

5. Boy's Race ¼ mile: 1. Phyllis, Harvey Hogarth; 2. Russ, Alex Beadle; Harvey was ten years old.

6. Virginia Ranch Cup, ½ mile, 165 lbs.: 1. Lorenzo, B. F. Rhodes, (L. Johnson); 2. Patsy, D. P. McDonald, (D. P. McDonald); 3. Plume, Chappie Clarkson, (Clarkson). The bookies who expected Patsy to beat Lorenzo again suffered a heavy loss when Rhodes backed Lorenzo.

7. Indian Race, ¼ mile.

8. Local Horse Race, five-eighths, 150 lbs.: 1. Sandy, Earl Havens, (Havens); 2. Garter, D. P. McDonald, (Horace Holloway); 3. Clones, George Rennick.

9. Pony Race, ⅜ mile, 140 lbs.: Mayflower, Laurie Johnson, (Johnson) 2. Hussar, T. B. Jenkinson, (Jappy Rodgers); 3. Russett, D. P. McDonald, (Earl Havens).

10. Gentlemen Ranchers' Race, 1 mile, 160 lbs: 1. Stranger, Clem Gardner, (Gardner); 2. Misty, Jenkinson, (Preece). Stranger was a beautiful hunter of the classic Thoroughbred type. This proud horse, a wine-dark bay and an outlaw till Clem got him, won more show ribbons than any other horse of his day.

11. Indian Race, ½ mile.

12. Cowboy's Race: 1. Lizzie, Kate McEachen, (L. Johnson); Misty, T. B. Jenkinson, (J. Rodgers); 3. Smuggler, Clem Gardner, (Gardner);

13. Three-quarter mile, 150 lbs: 1. Lorenzo, B. F. Rhodes, (L. Johnson); 2. Goldberg, M. Smith, (Brown). The other name is missing. Goldberg had won so easily in the Sweepstakes that the bookies were sure he would win again. Bumpy Rhodes bet so heavily on Lorenzo that he broke them. They packed it up and left for Calgary.

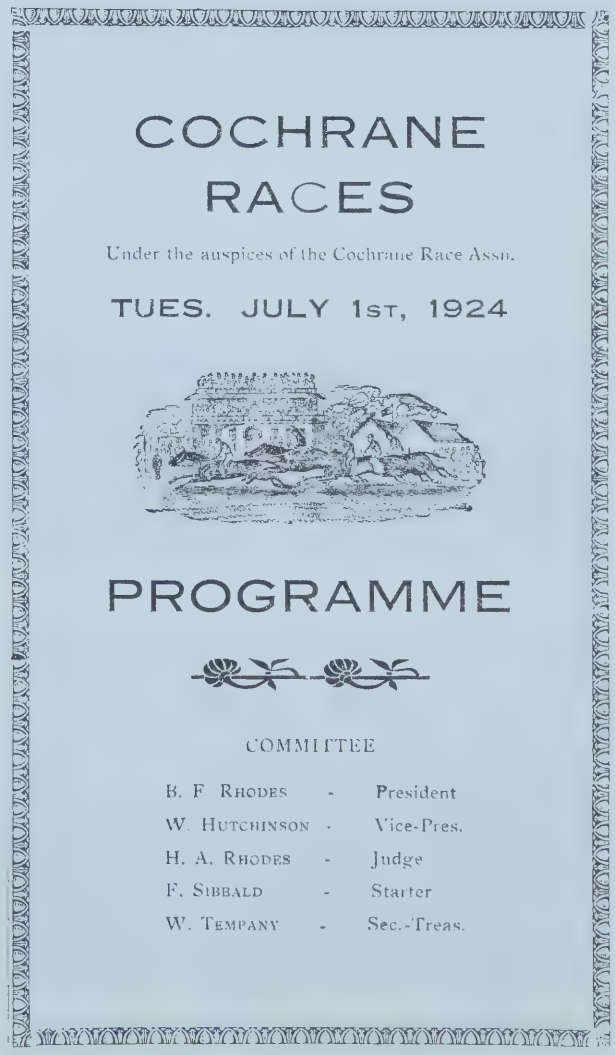
14. Polo Pony Race. ¼ mile: 1. Noreen, Val Kerfoot, (Archie Kerfoot); 2. Peter Pan, D. P. McDonald, (McDonald); 3. Nimrod, Gordon Hinde, (Hinde). Harry Scott wrote: "A peculiar incident happened in this race when the two Rhodes entries, Escort and Babe, finished in a tie for fourth place." Val Kerfoot had put up an oddly marked foal for the man who finished last in this race. It may have appeared that Rhodes and Laurie were jockeying to be last, but neither man took the foal.

15. Indian Race, ¾ mile.

16. Hurdle Race, 1½ miles: 1. Stranger, Clem Gardner, (Gardner); 2. Janie, B. F. Rhodes, (L. Johnson); 3. Plume, Chappie Clarkson, (Clarkson).

Two days after the meet Laurie went into a restaurant in Calgary, and there was the ex-bookie, George Miller, waiting on table. George said, "I should put poison in your soup! You and that damned Lorenzo!"

In 1924 the Virginia Ranch just about cleaned up at the races. Charlie Leavitt had been training and galloping their horses — and he was very



RACE No. 1. 1-4 Mile Dash, weight 150 lbs.

Entries

B. F. Rhodes ..... Dixie
D. P. McDonald ..... The Allies
A. McDonald ..... Kitchener
E. Crowe ..... Red Bird
C. Gardner ..... Smoky
G. Rennick ..... Mintia
Virginia Ranch ..... Bingo
L. Bingaman ..... The Kid
H. Holloway ..... Darky

RACE No. 2. 3-8 Green Pony Race, 15 and under; weight 150 lbs.

Entries

B. F. Rhodes ..... Apskie
Miss Edna Brown ..... Jerry
H. Beadle ..... Larry Mac
D. P. McDonald ..... Mo Nora
G. Delbeke ..... Chase The Devil
W. S. Arthur ..... Little Friar 2nd
C. Gardner ..... China
Virginia Ranch ..... Micky
L. R. Linfoot ..... The Whirlwind

RACE No. 3. 3-4 Mile Sweepstake; open race; weight 150 lbs.

Entries

C. Gardner ..... Starlight
Virginia Ranch ..... Brown Jug
Trevor Willins ..... Novice
Sam Kierns ..... Homelot
T. Morrison ..... Fighting Frank

RACE No. 4. Green Horse Race, 1 2 mile. To be the property, three months previous to date of meeting, of residents within the Cochrane boundary Weight 150 lbs.

Entries

L. Chambers ..... Tom Tit
A. Brown ..... Shorty
H. Beadle ..... Thora
D. P. McDonald ..... Chinook
C. Gardner ..... Homeward Bound
S. Kierns .....
J. Hazza ..... Jiggs
L. Bingaman ..... Perhaps

RACE No. 5. Boys' Pony Race, 1-4 mile.

Entries

D. P. McDonald ..... Babe
G. Hall ..... Tony
H. Hogarth ..... Phillis
L. Bingaman ..... Bar Keeper
H. Holloway ..... Silver Bell

RACE No. 6. Virginia Ranch Cup. Donated by T. B. Jenkinson, Esq. Open to all stock horses in the district, approved by the committee (thoroughbreds barred). 1-2 mile weight 165 lbs. Cup to be won twice.

Entries

L. Chamber ..... Tom Tit
B. F. Rhodes ..... Slivers
G. Crane ..... King Tut
D. P. McDonald ..... Patsy
W. Arthur ..... Eunice
C. Gardner ..... Smoky
G. Rennick ..... Mintia
Virginia Ranch ..... Lady Kinsey
Trevor-Willans ..... Novice
S. Kierns ..... Chimo
J. Hazza ..... Blighty

RACE No. 7. Indian Race, 3-4 mile.

Entries on Course

RACE No. 8. Sweepstake, 1-2 mile Pony Race; open race; 15 hands and under; weight 150 lbs.

Entries

H. A. Rhodes ..... Sagitta
G. Crane ..... King Tut
H. Beadle ..... Larry Mac
D. P. McDonald ..... Sister
C. Gardner ..... Slide By
G. Rennick ..... Clones
Virginia Ranch ..... Chevillard
S. Kierns ..... Isabar
L. Bingaman ..... The Kid
H. Mackenzie ..... Gold Ring

RACE No. 9. Indian Race, for Squaws, 1 2 mile.

Entries on Course

RACE No. 10. Cowboy Race, around two stakes; stake to each horse; start in centre and finish in centre.

John Standring ..... Rocket
C. Gardner ..... Smuggler
C. Gardner ..... Jingo
Miss K. McEachen ..... Lightfoot
Virginia Ranch ..... Brown Monkey
Virginia Ranch ..... Micky
L. Bingaman ..... Fire Fly
H. Holloway ..... Baldy
L. R. Linfoot ..... Blue Nose

good at both jobs. He rode several races, but Jappy Rodgers, and John and Cecil Martin also rode. They won the first three races. (D. P. McDonald's Chinook won the fourth race). They won the Virginia Ranch Cup with their Lady Kinsey and the eighth race with their horse, Chevillard. Katie McEachen's Lightfoot won the Cowboy's Race and Rosie Mackenzie won the Ladies' Race with her good pony, Grey Ghost. That fierce competitor, Mrs. Bess Mackenzie won the five-eighths with her Golden Plume mare, Gold Ring. And as usual Clem Gardner won the Gentleman Rancher's Race and the Hurdle Race with Stranger. Edna Brown (Copithorne) came in second in the Green Pony race with Jerry.

For several years Bumpy and Dusty Rhodes had been interested in racing. Dusty kept his racehorses at the track while Bumpy lived at the ranch and raised polo ponies. He had the Thoroughbred horse, Lis Pendens, and some registered mares of undistinguished breeding. About 1925 the Rhodes brothers took control of the Cochrane Race Track. They built a large grandstand with living quarters underneath, stables with box-stalls, a separate building for the jockeys and they put new rails around the track and the paddock. Parimutuels were installed and F. L. Smith was the Secretary and took the entries. The first meet after the Rhodes brothers took over was a two-day affair, May 14th and 15th, 1926. W. McRae and Phil Reilly were the judges. The stewards were H. A. Rhodes, D. P. McDonald and N. J. Christie. Frank Sibbald was the starter. The purses ranged from $100 to $250.

This meet was so successful that they had another meet in the fall, this one lasting four days. Now horses came from all over the West and from the United States. The betting was of more importance and the special train which brought Calgarians to the siding south of the race track was well patronized. Some of the oldtime spirit and rivalry lived on in the race for local owners, one such race being carded for every day of the meet. Lou Davies was the chart caller

in 1927 and 1928. (F. L. Smith and Lou Davies were with the Speers organization for many years.)

In 1929 and 1930 the Cochrane Citizen's Cup was donated for Canadian halfbred horses. Most of these horses were owned locally. At the Cochrane Race Meet in May, 1930, a young fellow who was to become one of North America's most famous jockeys made his debut. On the first day, Johnny Longden had five mounts and won on Shasta Limited. He got a second and a third. On the second day he had two wins and a second and a fourth. And on the third day he had two wins and a third.

The last race meet was held in 1931. The land was sold and put to the plow — the buildings were sold to local farmers and ranchers and moved. The Cochrane Race Track and the Cochrane Polo Field were gone forever and we were all in the depths of the Depression.

POLO — by Jean L. Johnson

Most people today think of polo — if they think of it at all — as a form of recreation, strenuous no doubt, and requiring some skill and nerve, but confined to the very few who can afford it. This probably is pretty true in today's urbanized and technological society, but in the Alberta of the late nineteenth century and the first 30-odd years of this on, to many it was a way of life, second only in importance to the ranch and farm animals which gave them livelihood.

Though life was hard in those days, it was less hectic. The horse was part of life instead of the luxury he is today, and it was natural that a horse-oriented society — which Cochrane was, perhaps more than most — should turn to the horse in its leisure as well as in its working hours. The race track and the polofield provided keen competition for the participants as well as entertainment and meeting places for the spectators.

The origins of polo are obscure, but most authorities believe it was first played in Persia in pre-Christian days. It spread to other parts of Asia and was brought to the Western world in the 1860s by British officers who had served in India.

Although polo in Canada was first played at Pincher Creek in 1883, it was not till 1910 that Cochrane formed a Polo Club. In that year O. A. Critchley who had played on the Calgary team since 1894 came back from England with Gilbert Rhodes. They went into partnership and bought R. W. Meiklejon's ranch in Grand Valley. In this district which had long been known for its good horses and horsemen they had no difficulty in forming the Cochrane polo Club. The original members were O. A. Critchley, A. C. Landale, Chester de la Vergne, Gilbert Rhodes, Gordon Hinde, and Duncan and Pat Kerfoot. Duncan Kerfoot had played some polo at Vancouver.

They lost no time in looking for competition, and were beaten by the Glenbow district team of W. Hutchinson, the two Le Sueurs and Vic Saunders.

In 1911 the Millarville Polo Club held their annual tournament with Calgary and Cochrane participating. The Cochrane team consisted of Vic Saunders, Duncan Kerfoot, Gilbert Rhodes and Oswald Critchley. The Calgary team had the Hon. F. A. McNaughton, Condie Landale, Amphlett and C. G. Ross. Mr. Ross was probably the best player in Alberta at that time. He had taught the greatest of them all, Justin Deane-Freeman, who was killed in a polo game at Coronada, California, in 1909. The Millarville team had Billy Deane-Freeman, Fraser, Nolan and Douglass. Cochrane lost to both the other teams. (First names have been given if known.)

In 1912 the Cochrane Polo Team was invited to play at the Spokane Interstate Fair, all expenses paid by the Fair Board. Quite undaunted by previous defeats they sent the following team: Gilbert Rhodes, Chester de la Vergne, Oswald Critchley and Condie Landale. Only one other Alberta team was there and Cochrane won out over several teams. That year a team including Duncan Kerfoot and Gordon Hinde won the Ladies' Cup — where, with whom and against whom the writer does not know. Only the cup marked "Sept. 1912" is left to tell the tale.

In 1913 teams from Cochrane, Macleod, Cowley and the North Fork played in Spokane for

Polo game at Cochrane, 1913. Cochrane team in dark sweaters.

Cochrane polo team, 1927. Left to right: Duncan Kerfoot, Archie Kerfoot, Laurie Johnson, B. F. Rhodes.

The Cochrane polo team: Laurie Johnson, Archie Kerfoot (Captain), Bill Wolley-Dod and Duncan Kerfoot.

Grand Valley polo team, 1925. L. to R.: Bill Wolley-Dod, Percy, Archie and Pat Kerfoot.

A polo game at Cochrane in 1913. L. to R. Dick Brown, O. A. Critchley, Gilbert Rhodes.

the Championship of the Northwest. The North Fork ponies were much smaller than the American horses but they were quick and well-schooled. Jimmy Milvain, the Captain of the team, was a great player and a cool dependable leader. After the Tournament he was presented with the cup emblematic of the championship. Incidentally, the "North Fork" was the north fork of the Oldman River.

The greatest event in the history of Cochrane polo took place in 1913 when the club held the tournament for the Championship of Western Canada. O. A. Critchley, Captain of the Cochrane team, promoted the tournament. Great preparations were made for it. Two new polo fields, located in the centre of the one mile racetrack, presented a surface as level as a table top, making them the best fields in the province. Teams came from Fish Creek, Macleod, Millarville and Cowley. Each contingent had an extra player or two and there were some from other points.

The Cochrane team had Gilbert Rhodes No. 1, A. C. Landale No. 2, O. A. Critchley No. 3 and Chester de la Vergne No. 4. On the first day they played the Macleod team of Proud, T. Congall, A. Kennedy and Harry Robertson and defeated them seven to four. In the second match that day Fish Creek's strong team of the Hon. F. A.

McNaughton, Dickie Brown, Addie Hone and Herbert Hone won over Millarville fourteen to two. Bachelor, C. Lonsdale, Billy Deane-Freeman and R. Wynwood played for Millarville.

On the second day Fish Creek beat the Cowley team of Clarkson, Hogan, Petit and Shultz thirteen to three. Cowley was very badly outplayed, the only redeeming feature of their game being the brilliant hitting of Chappie Clarkson.

Although less was at stake in the three games played for the Ladies' Cup they provided the greatest excitement. Six teams were picked by choosing up and so were very evenly matched. In the first game Kennedy's team of Hone, Cousins and Gordon Hinde beat Trevenen's team of Duncan Kerfoot, C. Lonsdale and Josh Littleton. Duncan Kerfoot played a very strong game and the match was close, two to one. In the afternoon a second game was played for the Ladies' Cup with the Carle team of Jack Critchley, Osborne Johnson, and Stevenson winning. Jack Critchley was the star of the game, scoring four of the six goals with Carle getting the other two. Jack Critchley gave a beautiful exhibition of horsemanship and was in the thick of the action all the time.

On the third day of play for the Van Wart Cup and the championship, Fish Creek won over Cochrane nine to four. The game was evenly contested up to the last two chukkers. Gilbert Rhodes showed excellent horsemanship and skillful stick-handling as he scored three of the goals for his team. One more game was played for the Ladies' Cup. In this last game Bachelor's team of C. Clarkson, McCrae and W. Trevenen beat Freeman's team of Pat Kerfoot, W. Johnson and Petit.

Freddy Lowes brought fifty carloads of people up from Calgary to view this greatest of all sports. Mr. and Mrs. Van Wart came down from Banff to present the cup to the victorious Fish Creek team, and C. W. Fisher entertained all the players at his new home on the hill.

It was predicted that the Cochrane Polo Tournament would become the most important in all of Canada. But the Great War changed that and Cochrane never held another tournament.

After the war Gilbert Rhodes returned to Cochrane with his brother, B. F. Rhodes. Gilbert managed to start polo again, but for business reasons he was forced to return to Scotland where he fell ill and died of pneumonia. His death was a sad blow to the club but they carried on with Duncan, Pat and Archie Kerfoot, Chappie Clarkson, Walter Critchley, Gordon Hinde, B. F. Rhodes and later with Percy Kerfoot and Laurie Johnson. T. B. Jenkinson bought the Virginia Ranch at Dog Pound from Barton French and took an active interest in polo and polo ponies. John and Cecil Martin came, and Jappy Rodgers was schooling polo ponies there. And so, the great Virginia Ranch team was formed. T.B. was an experienced player having played with the High River team of Holmes, Nelson and Billy Deane-Freeman when they went to Winnipeg to play for the E. B. Osler Trophy. The two Alberta teams met in the finals and Jimmy Milvain's North Fork team won.

In August, 1921, the Calgary team that had been playing in Vancouver returned and came out to play the Grand Valley team of Duncan, Pat and Archie Kerfoot and Gordon Hinde. They played in the Kerfoot hayfield and the Calgary team complained that the grass was too long and the gopher holes too numerous.

In 1922 the only clubs playing were Calgary and Cochrane so no tournament was held, but shortly after that the Lord Strathcona's Horse formed a team and added a great deal of good competition to the game. In 1923 polo was going strong again and T. B. Jenkinson's team from Cochrane beat the Calgary All Stars five to three.

In 1925 four teams went from Cochrane to the Calgary Tournament: the Virginia Ranch team of the two Martins, Jappy Rodgers and Peter Dewhurst; the Grand Valley team of Archie, Pat and Percy Kerfoot and Bill Wolley-Dod; the Landale team which Condie called the A team; and the Cochrane team of Duncan Kerfoot, Laurie Johnson, Billy Trevenen and Bumpy Rhodes labelled the B team. The most bitterly fought game of the tournament came when the two Cochrane teams met and the B team beat the A team.

1926 was the last year that the Grand Valley team played all together. In 1927 the Cochrane team was made up of Laurie Johnson, Archie and Duncan Kerfoot and Bumpy Rhodes. But the following year and as long as Cochrane continued to field a team it was Laurie Johnson No. 1, Archie Kerfoot No. 2, Bill Wolley-Dod No. 3 and Duncan Kerfoot No. 4. Laurie was outstanding for his horsemanship and the speed of his ponies, Archie for his good horses and hard accurate hitting, Bill for his ability anywhere on the field and Duncan was one of the strongest backs that ever played in Calgary. Every year they went to the finals in Calgary and every year they were runners-up. Ellison Capers of High River suggested that there should be a Runners-up Cup and, of course, Cochrane won it.

In 1928 a team was chosen to represent Alberta in a tournament in Vancouver. Laurie was No. 1, Archie No. 2, Billy Deane-Freeman No. 3 and Condie Landale No. 4. They made a hit in Vancouver with their speed and style of play but they were hampered by injuries and lost out to Vancouver in the final game.

As soon as they returned from Vancouver they headed for the Calgary tournament. Besides Cochrane and the Virginia Ranch there was a team from Vancouver, one from Winnipeg, two from High River, two Calgary teams and the team of the Lord Strathcona's Horse. Cochrane eliminated the Straths, beating them twelve to

six. They also won over High River with Archie starring for Cochrane by scoring three of their four goals, one from 80 yards out. This put Cochrane into the finals against the strong Vancouver team, and resulted in one of the most hotly contested games ever seen on the old Chinook Polo Field. According to the write-up in the Calgary paper, "Cochrane had the best ponies. Billy Wolley-Dod played his position excellently. Archie Kerfoot's shooting was deadly and hard. Laurie Johnson made some brilliant rides and once went the length of the field and scored after three hard, straight shots. Both teams fought like fiends but it ended five to three for Vancouver." Laurie Johnson's pony, Mayflower, was famous from Vancouver to Winnipeg.

Every Sunday during the summer, the players in the Cochrane district trailed their ponies down to the polo field at the racetrack, for practice games. Before a tournament they trailed them to Calgary, a pleasant ride in those days when heavy traffic was unknown and there was no fenced highway. They would ride one pony and lead the others, cutting across hayfields, and saving some miles. Those gallant teams played their last polo in 1931.

Polo is still played at Calgary, and when watching those flashing forms and hearing the pounding hoofs and the crack of stick on ball, we are overcome with nostalgia for those golden days when polo and good ponies were the most exciting part of life.

THE GRAND VALLEY STEEPLECHASE

Little is known about this event, but it was evidently run for a few years prior to World War One. R. Meiklejon and R. F. Bevan are believed to have been the organizers of the race. The course, which was not very challenging to the good Thoroughbreds of the area in at least one year, was laid out north of McEachens, and probably included water jumps over Coal Creek.

Regardless of the quality or popularity of the event, a beautiful silver bowl mounted on a pedestal, called the President's Cup, was put up for competition. It was won in 1913, by E. J. Kieran, a well-known horseman from Millarville, Alberta. The trophy is now the property of Mr. Kieran's granddaughter, Mrs. Mabel Lawrence, of Red Deer, Alberta.

The President's Cup, Grand Valley Steeplechase.

OUT OF THE PAST — From the Collection of W. J. Wilde

Out of the past comes a voice,
A voice that cannot be heard,
A voice that quickens our memories
Without ever speaking a word.
It's the past that lies far behind us
The weeks, the months, and the years,
The picture of this land with its settlers
Their hopes, their joys, and their tears.

The ducks and the geese in the springtime,
The slough overlapping its wall,
The antelope buck that raises its head
As he hears the curlew call,
When there were no fences, towns or cities,
Few women and not many men;
Just miles and miles of this country;
For a moment let's live it again.

The cattle grazing over hills,
A saddle horse that is shiny and sleek
The joy of a thirsty rider
As he reaches a clear, running creek;
The coolness of the evenings,
The birds and the sun at rest;
The sight of a ranch house in winter
This was the West at its best.

We ask you to bear with us kindly
As we look back these many years
To the missionary, trader, and rancher,
The Mounted Police and the pioneers.

THE FIRST CREAMERY IN BIG HILL COUNTRY — by Jon Hutchinson

In the early 1890s, D. M. Ratcliffe established a creamery straddling the line between the NW¼ and the NE¼ of 29-26-3-5, beside the spring-fed creek which flows into Big Hill Creek. This site is in the present Big Hills Springs Provincial Park. This creamery is believed to be the first to produce butter in what is now the Province of Alberta.

The Ratcliffe children attended school at Mitford. It is not known how long Ratcliffe operated the creamery or to what extent he built it up before selling to Brealey (Breeley) and moved to the Red Deer, Alberta, area. From the records at Land Titles office, it is apparent that neither Ratcliffe nor Brealey held title to the land. The first registered owner was D. P. McDonald in 1919.

No record remains of how long Brealey operated the creamery but it must have been quite a few years, as the creek generally came to be known as Brealey Springs. It was not until years later that the name "Big Hill Springs" was substituted.

The Big Hill Creamery as it looked in 1906. Built and owned by Mr. Radcliffe.

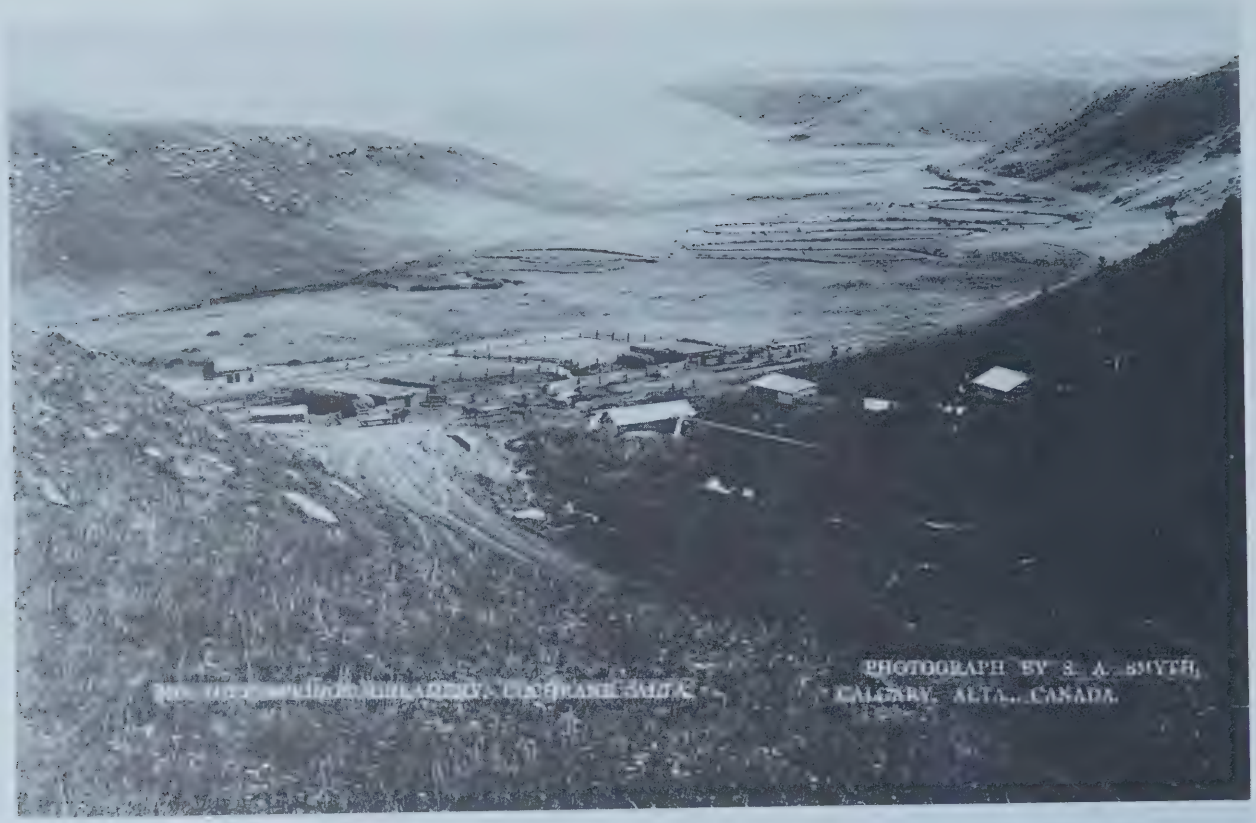
Brealey had a complete set of farm buildings and corrals as well as the creamery. A part of the stream was channeled along the hillside in a ditch to the mouth of the coulee and then down a flume to the pelton wheel, which supplied the power for churning the butter. The clear cold water was also the refrigerant for the cream and butter. Some local help was employed.

During the time the creamery was in operation, there was no road down the Big Hill Creek valley. The butter was hauled by wagon or democrat across Big Hill Creek through a shallow rocky ford, then south and east along the lower slope of the main valley and then up a narrow dry coulee to the east. From there it was hauled to Calgary, or possibly Mitford and later Cochrane. Almost no trace of the old trail remains.

From the northwest, there was a trail of sorts that curved steeply down the point of the hill. There is a story of one farmer, bringing his cans of cream by team and democrat down the tricky trail, who had the misfortune to have his rig tip over. One can imagine the unfortunate driver, himself dumped down the hill, still clinging to the lines, and trying to keep the spooked team from running away with what was left of his democrat, while his hard-earned cream went spilling down the hill.

Until the mid 1940s, some evidence of the old creamery was still in existence. Part of the old ditch and parts of old building foundations could still be seen. Some of the sandstone slabs, part of the barn floor, were also visible.

It seems a shame that the old name "Brealey Springs" was dropped. The name "Big Hill Springs" is not really correct. It is located 5 or 6 miles from the Big Hill. Big Hill Creek got its name from the fact that it enters the Bow Valley at the foot of the Big Hill.



Big Hill Springs Creamery. View down the valley.

Big Hill Springs Creamery.

Stacking feed at the Cochrane Ranche.

The woodpile — winter firewood supply.

The first Fords in Cochrane, outside Tom Quigley's home, about 1911.

Belived to be at Beam's house in Cochrane.

MINING IN THE COCHRANE AREA — by M. E. Spicer

Several attempts at mining coal took place over the years in the Cochrane area. Most of the mines were abandoned within a short period of time. First ones to search for coal in the area, as far as there being any record of, were Albert McMasters, Charles Bannatyne and Walter Elliot. No doubt others searched for it prior to the railway coming through. In 1885 several efforts were made to establish coal mines in the area, and one gentleman by the name of Chaffey, purchased mining rights in what was known as the "Big Hill" location and he formed the Bow River Mining Company. The Big Hill location was the name given to a promising coalsite on the south side of the Bow River, opposite the mouth of Coal Creek. A coal seam was struck a few feet below the surface. In 1886 Mr. Chaffey went into partnership with Mr. Merrill and a short time later Mr. Chaffey dropped out of the Company. The mine was not a success and late in 1886 it flooded. In January 1887, Merrill removed the machinery and abandoned the mine. The location was sold to J. W. Vaughan who tried mining some coal from it but, late in 1887, he abandoned the mine also. He started prospecting on the north side of the river around the mouth of Coal Creek and soon found a promising seam just east of the creek about three quarters of a mile above its mouth. A shaft was sunk but Mr. Vaughan was faced with the problem of transporting the coal from the mine to the railway. The Betsy Rail Line passed a short distance north of the mine and this seemed the obvious solution to the transportation problem. In June 1888, Tom Cochrane and Algernon St. Maur purchased two thirds interest in the mine and constructed a spur line from the mine to the sawmill track.

J. W. Vaughan evidently sold out his interest in the mine because records show that at a later date the mine was leased to J. H. McNiel. The mine was abandoned in 1890. The slag pile from this mine can still be seen from the 1A Highway west of Cochrane, at Coal Creek.

In 1908 a mine was opened up on Section 13-26-5-5, by Mitford Collieries Ltd. This mine was known as the Valerie Mine. J. Russell and D. Gray were the mine managers and the mine surveyor was F. Bell. The mine was shut down in 1915 with a total production of 20,532 tons.

In 1917 a mine was opened on 17-26-5-5, known as the Radnor mine. The owner was H. E. Lyon with manager J. C. Greenwood. It was abandoned in April 1919, as water broke into the mine. Total production was 150 tons.

A. Phillips and Company Ltd. opened a mine on 18-26-5-5 in 1917. The mine manager was John Robertson. It was closed down September 1918, with a total production of 25 tons.

Bonnie Brae Coal Company opened a mine on 6-26-4-5 in October 1911. The mine manager was S. D. McCorkindale; 283 tons were mined and it was shut down in 1912 because the machinery needed replacing and there was a shortage of funds to continue operation. The same mine was reopened in 1924 by W. M. McGlashing. He took out 227 tons. The mine flooded and funds to operate it ran out so it was closed down.

In 1932 Western General Agencies opened a mine on 19-25-4-5. The manager was C. C. Walker. This location was on the Jumping Pound. There is no record of any coal being mined and it was abandoned in 1933.

Duncan Shelly operated the stone quarries north of Cochrane. He tested a number of outcroppings and in 1908 he opened up a stone quarry. The outcroppings were along the northwest side of the valley of Big Hill Creek. The formation of stone mined from the quarries yielded the finest of building stone. The stone was buff in type, but there were variations in grain and color. The workings were about one and a half miles north of Cochrane at a considerable elevation above the creek. Desirable stone was only found in the upper zone. Considerable overburden and a lot of stone that was of no value, plus the steepness of the banks, restricted development to numerous small openings in the escarpment.

The offices and the cutting plant were located in Calgary. Mr. Shelly advertised in England for stone cutters and masons but he also hired local men to work in the quarry. In the summers of 1911, 1912, and 1913, three quarries were in operation and two hundred men were employed.

Transportation of the stone to the railway was a big problem. The stone had to be hauled to Cochrane and loaded on cars to go into Calgary to the cutting plant. A large number of buildings in Alberta were built using stone from the Shelly Quarries; among some of the buildings are several schools in Calgary. Some of the sandstone buildings have been torn down but there are still some left in the City, for people to admire. The quarries started closing down in 1918 and by the early twenties were completely closed down.

THE BRICKYARDS OF COCHRANE — by Marjorie Spicer

There were four brickyards operating at various times in and around Cochrane. The first brickyard venture was operated by T. B. H. Cochrane at Mitford, which was a small village west of the town site of Cochrane. The venture lasted two summers; bricks were not made in the winter time. It was a very costly enterprise and was abandoned in 1893.

In the late 1890s, Mr. Little began a brickyard one mile west of the then, Village of Cochrane. He died in 1900 and his widow married Peter Collins two years later. Mr. Collins owned a brickyard in Calgary and after his marriage he moved to Cochrane and took over the former Little Brickyard. In 1902 Peter Collins built his first kiln. It had a capacity of one hundred thousand bricks. The early brick-maker was a horse driven affair. In the next few years additional kilns and drying sheds were added and, in 1906, when a steam driven brick-maker was installed, there were four kilns and over thirty drying sheds. A spur rail line was built from the C.P.R. main line into the brickyard. In 1907 the plant was turning out twenty-five thousand bricks per day. The yard was only operated during the summer months and most of the help came from homesteaders living near Cochrane. In 1913 the brick industry began to feel the competition from

Miners' shacks at Mitford Coal Mines.

Cochrane brickyard, around 1900.

Workers at a Cochrane brick yard.

the pressed brick industry established at Brickburn, just west of Calgary, and at Redcliff, Alberta. In order to carry on with his business, Mr. Collins was going to have to change his machinery. The sales of brick had dropped off and he was unable to raise the necessary money to make the change over. He continued with the business until 1914, and at that time the yard was closed down. It was reopened again from time to time after World War One ended, but it closed again in the 1920s never to open again. The last bricks made to fill a contract went to Lake Louise, Alberta, for a building there. One of the local homesteaders to work at the Collins brickyard in 1904 was William Tempany. He got twenty cents an hour for his labor; his pay cheque for twenty and three quarter days, was twenty-two dollars and eighty cents.

E. Perrenoud and J. Boudreau established what was known as the French Brickyard in 1904. A short time later Gabriel Bruel bought them out. Then in later years J. Bedoe operated it for awhile. This yard used the "primitive" kiln system of firing the bricks. There were no permanent kilns; the kilns were built with the green brick as they were made. After the bricks had been fired the kilns were torn down and the bricks composing them were sold. In 1911 new machinery was installed and the yard could put out twenty-two thousand bricks per day. All the employees at this brickyard were French. In 1914 all the men were called back to France resulting in the closure of the brickyard.

In 1910 T. Quigley and his father established a brickyard. This was situated at the east end of the Village, on land owned by James Quigley. Mr. Quigley homesteaded this land in the 1880s. It had no regular kilns although some excellent brick-making machinery was installed. Living quarters and a cook house were erected at the site. This, too, folded up as a business during World War One. There are many homes still being used today that were built of the brick from this yard.

Another brickyard opened up in 1911; this time the owners were Joe Murphy and Mr. Loder. They sold out to Charles Burnham. It was then known as the Cochrane Brick Company. Both of these firms went bankrupt before World War One.

When World War One started it left a shortage of manpower in the area and this had a serious effect on the brickyards. The method used to make the brick employed a large number of men. They needed to change to more modern machinery in order to carry on with less help. With other brickyards in the Province competing in the business and contractors using less brick in the construction of buildings, it became a dying business as far as the brick industry in Cochrane was concerned.

The Bruel Brickyard as it became known as, was situated west of Cochrane, just southeast across the railway line from the Peter Collins brickyard. The Burnham yard was west of the Bruel yard on land that is now owned by B. Boothby.

Although the industry did not last too long in Cochrane it provided a much-needed income for many early homesteaders. No doubt many would have had to give up their land if they could not have found work close to their homesteads.

BIG HILL COUNTRY RURAL POST OFFICES

The early ranchers and homesteaders led an extremely lonely life. The solitude was especially hard for their wives; they seldom left the shack which was their home, and often did not see another woman for months.

Little wonder, then, that mail from "Home" was a treasure, to be read and re-read. In addition to the letters which were the only contact with loved ones and friends in the "outside world", supplies were ordered by mail long before the advent of the Eaton's Catalogue. Yard goods, ready-made garments, furniture, household supplies, tools, machinery, often groceries and medicines, luxuries such as books or music, all were ordered by mail by early settlers in many parts of the West.

Many settlers lived a great distance from the nearest railway and established post office, and received their mail, perhaps, only a few times a year. Thus it was that as an area became inhabited by sufficient settlers to warrant the establishment of a local post office, the Dominion Government was petitioned for such a service.

The period from 1890 to 1910 saw a number of rural post offices opened in Big Hill Country. They remained open either until the population for some reason did not warrant their continuation, or until roads and transportation improvements allowed the residents of the area to travel to a larger center, where stores and other facilities were available, as well as a post office. In other cases, rural mail delivery was started along main roads.

The following rural post offices were operated throughout Big Hill Country for varying periods of time:

Caldbeck, located at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Patterson, Grand Valley.

Lochend, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Laidlaw.

Inglis, at A. McCrady's house. It is rather surprising that Inglis and Lochend Post Offices were only about six miles apart, although the area was not thickly settled.

Bradbourne, later moved a short distance and re-named Dog Pound.

Bottrel, located in the store first opened by J. T. Boucher, and in operation until 1969.

Sampsonton, re-located at Madden with the coming of the railway in 1931.

The Caldbeck Post Office as it stands today.

Bottrel
(NAME OF OFFICE)

Bow River, Alberta
(ELECTORAL DISTRICT AND PROVINCE)

ENG. FR. RURAL SUB. POST'N. SUM. WIN. ACCT. Non ACCTG. S.C. P.M.

DATE OF ESTABLISHMENT- 1-12-1909
OFFICE RE-OPENED-
OFFICE CLOSED-

CHANGES IN NAME

FORMER NAME Closed 31-3-69 DATE OF CHANGE

NAME OF POSTMASTER	MILITARY STATUS	DATE OF BIRTH	DATE OF APPOINTMENT	DATE OF VACANCY	CAUSE OF VACANCY
J. T. Boucher			1-12-1909	6-4-1918	Resignation
William Barron			23-4-1918	28-7-1920	Resignation
Jessie Chalmers			19-10-1920	6-1-1923	Resignation
K. Buscheert			1-3-1923	3-3-1926	Resignation
Henry J. D. Pearson			4-5-1926	13-11-1928	Death
Mabel Ida Edwina Tidball			22-3-1929	2-12-1929	Resignation
Thomas Tidball			3-1-1930	28-2-1933	Resignation
Mabel Ida Edwina Tidball		29-9-1905	3-5-1933	22-5-1935	Resignation
Charles James Tidball	OAS	16-3-1899	8-8-1935	22-11-1943	Resignation
William Milroy	OAS	25-2-1891	20-11-1948	Acting	
William Milroy	OAS	25-2-1891	11-3-1949	8-1-1955	Death
Jochem Anthony Bennink	Nil	12-10-1930	1-2-1955	Acting	
James Earle S. Milroy	OAS	17-6-1923	4-5-1955	Acting	
James Earle S. Milroy	OAS	17-6-1923	15-7-1955	5-4-1958	Resignation
Franklin Samuel Gathercole		28-4-1927	16-9-1958	Acting (S.P.M.)	
Franklin Samuel Gathercole		28-4-1927	2-2-1959		

O.B. 39 — 23-11-61

CHANGE OF POSTMASTERS

Caldbeck
(NAME OF OFFICE)

West Calgary, Alberta
(ELECTORAL DISTRICT AND PROVINCE)

ENG. FR. RURAL SUB. POST'N. SUM. WIN.

DATE OF ESTABLISHMENT- 1-6-1913
OFFICE RE-OPENED-
OFFICE CLOSED- 31-7-1928

CHANGES IN NAME

FORMER NAME DATE OF CHANGE

NAME OF POSTMASTER	MILITARY STATUS	DATE OF BIRTH	DATE OF APPOINTMENT	DATE OF VACANCY	CAUSE OF VACANCY
Mrs. Georgina Patterson			1-6-1913	31-7-28	Closed

Cochrane

PO-2304-1 (NAME OF OFFICE) (Semi-Staff)

Bow River Alberta
(ELECTORAL DISTRICT AND PROVINCE)

DATE OF ESTABLISHMENT- 1-7-1887 OFFICE CLOSED-
OFFICE RE-OPENED-

CHANGES IN NAME

FORMER NAME DATE OF CHANGE

NAME OF POSTMASTER	MILITARY STATUS	DATE OF BIRTH	DATE OF APPOINTMENT	DATE OF VACANCY	CAUSE OF VACANCY
James Johnson			1-7-1887	27-4-1899	
C. W. Fischer			1-6-1899	23-10-1902	
T. B. Fischer			15-11-1906	15-4-1912	
Andrew Chafasmyn		5-1879	2-5-1912	31-8-1949	
Mrs. Margaret Chapman		26-6-1894	1-6-1949	Acting	
Cyril William Camden		11-8-1915	2-1-1950	Acting	
Cyril William Camden		11-8-1915	2-1-1951	30-4-1956	
Mrs. Evelyn Isabelle Lambert		12-5-1934	1-5-1960	Acting	
Gordon Hall		21-10-1913	1-9-1960	Acting	
Gordon Hall		21-10-1913	1-9-1961		

Dog Pound

(NAME OF OFFICE)

Name changed to Bradbourne -1-4-1900

Calgary Alberta
(ELECTORAL DISTRICT AND PROVINCE)

DATE OF ESTABLISHMENT- 1-1-1900 OFFICE CLOSED-
OFFICE RE-OPENED-

CHANGES IN NAME

FORMER NAME DATE OF CHANGE

NAME OF POSTMASTER	MILITARY STATUS	DATE OF BIRTH	DATE OF APPOINTMENT	DATE OF VACANCY	CAUSE OF VACANCY
Mrs. Amy E. Smith			1-1-1900		

Name changed to Dog Pound -1-3-1905

CHANGE OF POSTMASTERS

Bradbourne

(NAME OF OFFICE)

Calgary Alberta
(ELECTORAL DISTRICT AND PROVINCE)

DATE OF ESTABLISHMENT- 1-1-1900 OFFICE CLOSED-
OFFICE RE-OPENED-

CHANGES IN NAME

FORMER NAME Dog Pound DATE OF CHANGE 1-4-1900

NAME OF POSTMASTER	MILITARY STATUS	DATE OF BIRTH	DATE OF APPOINTMENT	DATE OF VACANCY	CAUSE OF VACANCY
Mrs. Amy E. Smith			1-1-1900	3-3-1903	Resignation
James Fairbrooke			1-6-03	2-6-04	Res.
H. A. Grain			1-9-04		

CHANGE OF POSTMASTERS

Dog Pound (NAME OF OFFICE)

Bow River Alberta (ELECTORAL DISTRICT AND PROVINCE)

DATE OF ESTABLISHMENT- 1-1-1900

OFFICE CLOSED- 10-3-1970 closed

OFFICE RE-OPENED-

Elevator Grain

CHANGES IN NAME

FORMER NAME Dog Pound DATE OF CHANGE 1-4-1900

Brattonvale 1-3-1905

NAME OF POSTMASTER	MILITARY STATUS	DATE OF BIRTH	DATE OF APPOINTMENT	DATE OF VACANCY	CAUSE OF VACANCY
Mrs Anne E Smith			1-1-1900	3-3-1903	Resignation
James Firstbrooke			1-6-1903	2-6-1904	Resignation
C. A. Grains			1-7-1904	16-9-19	Dies.
George Lucy Lapsley	OAS		19-10-19	6-4-32	Res
John Caldwell Jack	OAS	13-2-1886	31-8-32	2-12-60	Resn (adv age)
Samuel Osman		5-6-1912	3-12-60	acting	
Samuel Osman		5-6-12	7-3-61		

CHANGE OF POSTMASTERS

Inglis (NAME OF OFFICE)

West Calgary Alberta (ELECTORAL DISTRICT AND PROVINCE)

DATE OF ESTABLISHMENT- 1-4-1912

OFFICE CLOSED- 30-9-1921

OFFICE RE-OPENED-

CHANGES IN NAME

FORMER NAME DATE OF CHANGE

NAME OF POSTMASTER	MILITARY STATUS	DATE OF BIRTH	DATE OF APPOINTMENT	DATE OF VACANCY	CAUSE OF VACANCY
A. A. McCrady			1-4-1912	30-9-1921	Closed

CHANGE OF POSTMASTERS

Lochend (NAME OF OFFICE)

Calgary West Alberta (ELECTORAL DISTRICT AND PROVINCE)

DATE OF ESTABLISHMENT- 1-6-1905

OFFICE CLOSED- 31-12-1924

OFFICE RE-OPENED-

CHANGES IN NAME

FORMER NAME DATE OF CHANGE

NAME OF POSTMASTER	MILITARY STATUS	DATE OF BIRTH	DATE OF APPOINTMENT	DATE OF VACANCY	CAUSE OF VACANCY
Joseph K. Laidlaw			1-6-1905	25-6-1908	Resignation
Robert Knight			20-11-1909	23-3-1911	Resignation
J. K. Laidlaw			6-10-1911	31-12-1924	(Closed)

Mitford
(NAME OF OFFICE)

Calgary Alta.
(ELECTORAL DISTRICT AND PROVINCE)

DATE OF ESTABLISHMENT— 1-5-1889 OFFICE CLOSED— 1-4-1924 15-11-1915
OFFICE RE-OPENED— 15-6-1913

CHANGES IN NAME

FORMER NAME..... DATE OF CHANGE.....

NAME OF POSTMASTER	MILITARY STATUS	DATE OF BIRTH	DATE OF APPOINTMENT	DATE OF VACANCY	CAUSE OF VACANCY
James Carstairs			1-5-1889	1-5-1896	Resignation
J. H. Crocker			1-7-96	30-12-97	Dec'd.
Lieut. H. H. Cochrane			1-4-98	22-1-98	Dec'd.
Lady Edith Cochrane			1-4-98	1899	(Closed)
Miss Margaret Evans (re-opened)			15-6-1913	15-11-15	Res.
Thomas Drummond			23-2-14	1-9-14	Res.
John Russell			6-11-14	10-8-15	Res. (Closed)

The mail wagon en route to Bateman's Post Office at Jumping Pound, around 1906. John Bateman driving.

THE TELEPHONE SYSTEM AND BARBED WIRE PHONES

The first rural telephone lines in the Cochrane area were built in 1906. Line number one was south of the Bow River, number two was up the Grand Valley road, number three went up the Horse Creek road, and number four was south of the river. The main line north to Bottrel and Cremona was built about 1908, with a central office at Bottrel. Cremona's exchange was later connected to the Crossfield office.

The first exchange in Cochrane was located in the Fisher Block. Miss Belle Truman was one of the first switchboard operators. William Topham was lineman from about 1910 until 1922; later the repair service operated from Calgary.

As settlement of the area increased, new lines were built, and a new telephone office, a brick building, was built east of the present site of Bow Ridge Motors. The building is now used as a residence.

The Alberta Government owned and operated the telephone lines and exchange until 1936. At that time the new Social Credit Government found that the lines needed so much repair that it decided to abandon them. The lines were offered to the rural subscribers, who were to form Mutual companies to rebuild the lines and maintain them on their own.

The subscribers north of the Bow River formed the Cochrane North Mutual and those on the south side, the Cochrane South Mutual. Alberta Government Telephones kept and operated the central exchange and town telephones. The organizers of the North Mutual Company held about 15 meetings to set up the company. Members of the company appointed a board of directors and hired a secretary and lineman. The first directors were: Gordon Hinde, Arthur Turner, George Skinner, Joe Taylor, William Beynon and Duncan Kerfoot. R. C. Burns was legal advisor for the duration of the company. Ernie Crowe, the A.G.T. operator, was secretary until his retirement about 1946.

From the time the North Mutual Company was formed, very little actual work was done on the lines, other than essential repairs. Until the start of the Second World War there was hardly any money to spend on poles and maintenance. During the war, there was no available manpower to do the work. During all this time, Ernie Crowe practically ran the whole system single-handed, with the help of various part-time linemen, in addition to being operator. By the end of the war, lines were in very bad shape; poles were rotten and falling down, and some had been reset so many times that the wires were barely higher than the fence tops. At this time many returning veterans wanted telephones, and other new subscribers were also wanting service. The number of subscribers increased from just over 50 to 150. New shareholders paid $32, by installments, and received a telephone box and a set of batteries. With the condition of the lines and the increase in subscribers it became necessary to rebuild much

of the system. A new board of directors, one for each line, was elected and given the task of rebuilding. Rates were raised from $1.50 to $2.50 per month, poles bought, and it was decided to require each subscriber to donate five days work or $25. New subscribers had to build their own lines.

During the 1960s, the Cochrane South and North Mutual Companies amalgamated to form the Cochrane Mutual Telephone Company, which operated until the Alberta Government Telephones took over the system and plowed in underground cable, and installed modern dial telephones. The new system came into operation in the fall of 1967, and the Cochrane area became one of the first in Alberta to have underground telephone lines. The Cochrane Mutual Company sold their assets, which included poles and wire, and the company was dissolved. The familiar landmark of telephone poles along the road allowances vanished. A photograph of them is on the back of older one dollar bills. When the first telephones were installed, the central office operated from eight a.m. to eight p.m.; during the First World War continuous service was started. There was a couch in the office so that the night operator could rest between calls. The telephone operator was everyone's friend. Messages were relayed through the operator about activities in the district, or road information if there was a storm. Often help was summoned in an emergency by an alert "Central." Ernie Crowe, who was the operator in Cochrane for over 20 years, seldom failed to recognize a caller's voice, and would reply with their name. One operator received a call at three a.m. and heard a sleepy voice say, "What time is it? My clock stopped."

News was not so easily received, and people were often lonely for the sound of a voice in the early days of settlement, so it was a temptation to lift the receiver and listen in on the neighbors' calls; this was a cause for some annoyance, both for personal or business reasons, and because every receiver off the hook made it harder to hear the other party. Occasionally, rubbering neighbors were helpful. One subscriber recalls receiving a call from a businessman in the city, who wished to speak to her husband. She replied that he was not at home, whereupon a voice piped up, "He's just driven by our place, he should be home in ten minutes."

All the background noises could be heard through the receivers off the hooks. Another subscriber recalls the annoyance of one particular rubberer's loudly ticking clock. He decided to have some fun with the culprit, and started a discussion with the person he had called, about Jock and his clock. Finally, Jock couldn't stand it any longer, and shouted, "It's a lie! It stopped two days ago."

Ten short rings was the emergency call used in case of fire or other trouble, and everyone was supposed to listen.

If there were more than 15 subscribers on a line, it would be quite busy and it was hard to have good service. On some lines there were 20 or more subscribers. Each had his own number; from this he knew which ring to answer. If your number was 617, 6 was the number of the line, and 17 the ring. 17 was broken down into tens, ones and fives; ten was a long ring at the beginning, one was a short ring and five was a long ring at the end. Thus 617 was one long, two shorts and one long. Anyone on the same line could be rung by cranking to make the rings. To call a person not on one's own line it was necessary to ring the operator, who then put the call through. If one's own line was "out", a trip to a neighbor's on a different line was necessary, in order to put a call through.

BARBED WIRE PHONES

By 1947 there were still many homes in Grand Valley without telephone service. Mr. Christie suggested to Audrey Tempany that she should buy two Army Surplus telephones, one to be placed in her home and one in her mother's. The phones were hooked to the fences between the two places; this meant putting in high posts at gates and on either side of roads, so that the connection would not be broken. The success of this system prompted Mr. Christie to buy two more telephones; one was connected to the Keith's house, as Mrs. Keith was very ill, and the other to Mr. Meggitt's cabin, as he was cutting posts on his land, and lived alone. The same number system as that used by the North Mutual Company was used; Audrey had both telephones and used the same number for each. The rings had a different tone, so she usually answered the right phone. The telephones were sold for about $5 a pair, and within a short time there were 22 connected within a six-mile radius. Beyond that, reception was not good.

Audrey was the originator of the idea, and made the ruling, that everyone should listen in on all conversations, or be cut off. On cold winter days the telephones were in almost continuous use. Visiting would start in the afternoon, with several people talking to each other. Some would sign off to do chores, for supper or to go to bed; others would come on the line, and the hardy ones would talk far into the night. These barbed wire phones served not only to while away lonely hours in the winter, but to relay information about road conditions, who was going to town that could bring out mail and groceries, and were very valuable in emergencies such as accidents. Since Audrey had both telephones she was often asked to make outside calls for her neighbors, and she passed on many messages.

The rings did not come in very clearly, and connections were poor in warm wet weather. However, the barbed wire telephones fulfilled a very real need in the winter, in an area that was often badly snowbound.

CALGARY POWER

Cochrane, being almost on the right of way for Calgary Power's second transmission line from Horsehoe Falls/Kananaskis plants to Calgary, was well situated to get electric power long before most Alberta towns of its size. Cochrane's representative in the Legislature, C. W. Fisher, then Speaker of the House, first wrote to the Department of Public Works on June 9, 1910, pointing out that if the transmission lines were to be built on public road right of way, the public along the way ought to be served.

Mr. Fisher wrote, ". . . . regarding granting permission to the Company to run their transmission line between their works at Kananaskis and Calgary on certain road allowances, I do most certainly object. Any Company receiving privilege from the people should be made to serve the people. Cochrane is most anxious to obtain light and power and this line should be made to come through here on the same basis as they are supplying Calgary."

The first line to be built was south of the Bow River. 2 Line was in 1912, and thanks at least in part to C. W. Fisher, Cochrane was served in 1915. Parts of 2 Line are still in service in the area between Ghost and Cochrane.

Bob Armistead of Cochrane worked on construction of 1 Line and was present when the first electricity surged over the wires.

OIL AND GAS RESOURCES IN BIG HILL COUNTRY

In 1914 there were ten oil companies drilling in the Jumping Pound area. Natural gas had been leaking out of fissures in the ground in the district since earliest times but had attracted little attention until 1914. Some idea of the availability of the gas pockets may be gained when the experience of the Purity Gas Co. in 1914 is considered. This company drilled to a depth of 890 feet and discovered three large gas deposits in that distance. Throughout 1914, 1915 and 1916 various companies drilled wells. Some of them went to a depth of 3000 feet, but, although great quantities of gas were discovered, there was little crude oil. In 1927 Imperial Oil drilled a well 5200 feet and still did not find oil.

Since the Second World War, the Shell Oil Co. has drilled two wells to a depth of ten thousand feet but has been unable to find oil in commercial quantities. This company turned its attention to the natural gas in the district and constructed a large scrubbing plant to purify the gas for export. The gas contains large amounts of sulphur compounds, and methods were developed to purify the gas and make the development of this natural resource profitable. A pipeline to Calgary was completed in 1950, and work then began on a line to Exshaw and Banff.

The Shell Plant is located 11 miles southwest of Cochrane on the west bank of the Jumping Pound Creek. The original plant was officially opened May 7, 1951, with a treating capacity of 20 million cubic feet per day of sweet natural gas. It employed 15 men. A Sulphur Recovery Plant was added and went into production on February 2, 1952, with a capacity of 27 long tons of sulphur per day. The Sulphur Recovery Plant has the distinction of being the first of its kind in Canada. Four wells supplied the feed stock to the plant

Oil well on Big Hill Creek, 1914.

Jumping Pound well — CL No. 1, 1927.

Official opening of the Shell Plant at Jumping Pound, 1951. L. to R.: Clarence, Percy and Frank Copithorne, Hon. N. E. Tanner, Minister of Mines and Minerals, Mr. Ash, President, Shell Oil Co., Mr. Robinson, Area Manager, Shell Oil, Calgary.

from the Jumping Pound field during the first year of operation.

Over the last 22 years, the raw gas supply has been increased by the drilling of another seven wells in the Jumping Pound field as well as the addition of the Jumping Pound north, Sarcee, Jumping Pound west, and Bragg Creek fields. At present there are a total of 29 wells.

During this period, the plant has undergone four major expansions and five minor and medium sized expansions, increasing production to 200 million cubic feet per day of sweet natural gas, 500 long tons of sulphur per day, plus propane, butane and pentane as additional products.

The installation of continuous operating, monitoring and control facilities to preserve the environment have been a significant factor included in the various expansions.

The Jumping Pound plant supplies more than 70% of the domestic and industrial requirements of the city of Calgary and 100% of the requirements of Cochrane, Morley, Exshaw, Canmore and Banff.

The plant employs 69 Shell personnel as well as a contract maintenance group averaging 23 personnel. All personnel commute daily from Cochrane and Calgary.

The Wildcat Hills gas field, situated about 10 miles west of Cochrane, was discovered in December 1958. The field initially contained seven producing wells and development drilling has continued over the past fifteen years to the point where eighteen wells now produce gas to the plant.

The Wildcat Hills gas processing and sulphur recovery plant is located nine miles west of Cochrane, on the north bank of the Bow River. It is operated by Petrofina Canada Ltd. for a group of five owner companies, including Petrofina. The plant was started on January 1, 1962, and processes a sour gas stream from the Wildcat Hills gas field, to the northwest of the plant. The sales products from this plant are sweet natural gas, liquid hydrocarbons and sulphur.

With over ten years of production from the field, the natural pressure in the underground reservoir has dropped considerably. In order to

maintain a high rate of production, it has become necessary to lower the field pipeline pressure. Since the plant has to operate with an inlet pressure of 1,000 pounds per square inch, the pipeline had to be boosted ahead of the plant. For this reason, in 1972, two 1,670 horsepower compressors were installed, being the first major addition to the plant.

While the plant requires only three people a shift to run it, the total number of persons working in the plant and field is 38; of these, 16 live in Cochrane and district, the remainder in Calgary.

A third plant, the Alberta Natural Gas Company Cochrane Extraction Plant is located one and a half miles northwest of Cochrane. It is the second largest of its kind in the world. The plant is designed to process 830,000,000 standard cubic feet of pipeline gas per day. This is enough to heat eight cities the size of Calgary for one day. From the pipeline gas, propane and other liquid hydrocarbons are extracted. All plant liquid hydrocarbon production has been contracted for a forty year period.

Installation of new equipment to the value of approximately 60 million dollars is expected to begin in 1977. This equipment is necessary to accomplish the recovery of ethane in addition to the present production of butane and propane.

During construction of this plant in 1969, 400 men were employed. This highly automated plant went on stream in 1970, and presently employs 23 people on site, many of whom are Cochrane and district residents.

In 1962 the first producing oil well near Cochrane was drilled in the Lochend area. There are presently eight oil wells in production in the Lochend-Inglis field. It is classed as a "stable field;" the oil is recovered from a seven foot pay zone in the Cardium formation.

An excerpt from a book entitled "Oil Finding," by E. H. Cunningham Craig, and printed in London in 1914, is interesting in regard to the discovery of oil and gas. E. H. Cunningham Craig was the man J. A. W. Fraser had as a guest at Jumping Pound when the oil boom was on in Calgary. It was on this man's advice that Mr. Fraser formed the company Petrol Limited, with headquarters in Belgium. Plans fell by the wayside with the invasion of Belgium in 1914. Mr. Cunningham Craig writes.

"It is, of course, in the case of the first test-well of a new field, or presumed field, that the importance of carefully selecting a site is more forcibly brought home to us, and it is this aspect also which appeals most to the general public. The geologist who undertakes oilfield work will soon weary of the oft reiterated question, "How do you know where to put a well?"

"There are many methods of actually making a first selection. It is told of one well-known and very successful exploiter and driller in the United States that he frankly stated that his method was to put on an old and cherished hat and to gallop a rough horse about the country side or farm till the hat dropped off. On the spot where it fell he drilled the well. The story is at least "ben travato," and it is possibly quite true.

"The writer knows one highly productive and very valuable field, miles from the nearest surface indication, where the first test-well site was selected in almost as haphazard a fashion. Drillers and field superintendents had met to make the location, and the area in which a spot was to be selected was generally determined, but with characteristic caution none would venture an opinion before the others as to what exact spot should be fixed upon. At last, one bolder spirit than the others, spoke up and said, 'Well, boys, if it's all the same to you, let's put the well where that crow sits down,' pointing at the same time to a crow which was flying about them. The crow alighted, the spot was marked, and the well drilled with remarkably successful results; it is still producing after eleven years. A flight of a hundred yards or so further to the eastward would have put the well beyond any hope of striking oil."

In 1914 and part of the year 1915 a well was drilled on Sec. 11-26-4-5. It was drilled by National Oil and Gas Company and called Cochrane No. 1. They went to a depth of 1400 feet using standard cable tools. There are no records showing it produced gas or oil and the site was abandoned in 1915.

WATER WELLS AND WITCHING FOR WATER

The early settlers arriving in Big Hill Country found it very important to find a good source of water near which to build. The water supply and its source played a very important part in the settlers' choice of land, because the amount of water available determined the number of stock they could own. They tried to settle close to a spring or creek, if possible. As more homesteaders moved in to the area, other sources of water had to be found, so wells were dug. This was hard work and generally required two persons; one was down the hole digging, and filling a bucket, which was then hauled to the surface by his partner, using a rope or a windlass. Often the settler's wife was the person hauling up the dirt. In many areas the wells were over a hundred feet deep and required cribbing as they were dug, to prevent cave-ins. Once water was found, the well had to be cribbed regardless of depth. Flat rocks, rails or planks were used. The wells had to be covered to prevent accidents, and a pump installed, if the settler could afford one. Otherwise, a rope and windlass system was used.

The art of witching or dowsing for water is a very interesting subject. There are many people who do not believe in it, hence the probable origin of the name "witching", but if those same people have to have a well drilled, the first thing they do is to start looking for a well witcher. One witcher in the Cochrane district witched over twenty wells in the area in 1976.

Some water witchers use a forked willow branch and by gripping the two forks firmly, the willow rod will move up and down when placed over and underground current of water. Some people use two metal rods called divining rods, or even wire. Sometimes when the willow rods are held tight, and the pull from the underground stream is strong, the witcher's hands will strip the bark off the willow. The witcher generally tries to find the intersection of two streams of water as a suitable place to drill for water. He can tell how deep the stream is, and how many gallons of water per minute a well can be expected to produce.

Witching does not work for everyone, but when the wrists of an unsuccessful person are held by a witcher, the rod will turn to indicate an underground stream.

An encyclopedia states, "Persons using this device are sometimes successful only because they have a common sense idea of where water is usually found." This statement has not always been true; the ability to witch for water seems to be inherited.

Some people call witching magic; others, voodoo; it is even suggested that it is a form of extra-sensory perception. In any case, many of the wells dug or drilled in the Cochrane area through the years have had their location chosen by a water witcher.

WATER WELL DRILLING — by Ramsay Parsons

Most farms today have running water piped into their homes and barns, and take it for granted.

I worked with my father in the 1930s on an old well drilling rig that took a day or two to move from job to job, as we pulled it with a Water Lou Boy tractor. We had no fancy tools or welders to help with repairs; they were always done the hard way and as cheaply as possible. The cost of drilling a well then was one dollar per foot, cribbed with galvanized screw joint casing which could be bought for 48 cents per foot. Today the cost of a well is between 9 and 12 dollars a foot, plus extra for this and that!

I really thought in 1944, when the price was up to between $1.25 - $1.50 per foot, that my money worries were over. How little I knew! I purchased a well machine on an old hard rubber tired truck for $700.00, which took quite a few years to pay for!

Today many things have changed, and interest in water is one of them. The provincial government is taking a big part in our search for water, and the Department of Environment is becoming more involved. We hope the water supply will hold out. As a water well driller, I take a very dim view of wasting water, our most important resource, as we may see the day when we will have very little of it.

THE CHINOOK — by Margaret Maw

There is a mannerism peculiar to the people who live in Southern Alberta, which consists of a sudden jerk of the head as they scan the southwestern horizon. This is caused by a phobia called "Chinookitis," and it's very noticeable on a frosty day. These people don't cringe into their coat collars, or frown at the icy road, for they are intent on detecting that lovely belt of sky-blue light which is the forerunner of a warm Chinook wind.

A great deal of Alberta folklore centres around the Chinook. An Indian legend runs that Chinook was a beautiful maiden who wandered from the tribe, and was lost in the mountains of the southwest. The bravest warriors searched for her without avail, but one day a soft and gentle wind blew from the west. The Indians gazed at each other and whispered, "It is the breath of our beautiful Chinook." The tales of the pioneers lack this poetic whimsy. For instance, one of

A familiar view of a chinook arch as seen in Big Hill Country.

them claims he was running a dog team into Calgary on a cold day. A Chinook started to blow, and while the lead dogs were plunging through deep snow, those behind were smothering in dust! Then there was the man who tied his team to a post sticking up in the snow; in came the Chinook, and in the morning his horses were dangling from a church steeple! These tall tales illustrate in their own way, the rapidity with which cold and snow disappears in the path of a Chinook wind.

These sudden warm winds which raise the temperature as much as fifty degrees in a few hours are not only peculiar to Alberta, they are also experienced in Greenland and Switzerland. The simplest explanation of a Chinook is that when a mass of warm air moves inland from the Pacific, it is forced upwards by the Rocky Mountains. Then as it drops downward towards the Alberta plains the pressure increases, since the air is denser at lower altitudes. Every one thousand feet the air descends, warms the temperature by 5.4 degrees, thus the temperature of air that is forced down ten thousand feet rises fifty-four degrees.

Living in the banana belt isn't always popular with the youngsters who like winter sports, and many older people blame their aches and pains on these sudden changes in temperature. Trees and shrubs too, suffer occasionally from too much June in January, but most people agree that it makes a pleasant break in a long winter season.

The Chinook area in Alberta extends south beyond the United States border, runs north to around Olds, and east to Medicine Hat. It's a weather freak, a mixed blessing, but when the weather forecast is for a "warm, dry wind from the southwest" — when the sky lights up with an arch of heavenly blue, and the air becomes mild as spring, well — it's pleasant weather!

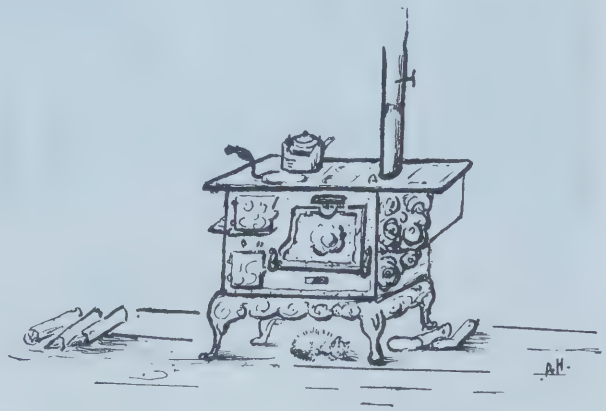
Mrs. Perrenoud, 1972.

THE KITCHEN QUEEN — by Jo Hutchinson

Our old cookstove was called "Kitchen Queen." What a suitable name for the appliance that indeed reigned over our house!

My parents bought their Queen at one of Joe Taylor's first auction sales. She was huge, measuring about eight feet from warming ledge to reservoir. It must have been a fair load in the wagon coming home from the sale, for she was solidly built, and I can't think how they got her into the house.

A temperamental lady, she had to be continually fed with firewood. Not too damp, or she would smoke sulkily; not too dry, lest she flare up and threaten to set fire to accumulated soot in the chimney. She disdained green poplar wood, requiring that it be dried in her oven before it was offered to her for consumption.



Unlike the Quebec heater in the sitting room, whose warm smile gleamed through the mica windows in its door, day and night, our Kitchen Queen refused to work overtime, and loathed a lump of coal. No amount of persuasion with the bellows would coax her to burn the stuff. She refused to burn even paper until her ashes were emptied, and once a week her flues had to be carefully scraped clean of soot. Not satisfied

with being clean, the Queen would threaten to rust if she were not polished to a shiny black with stove blacking and plenty of elbow grease.

My mother was the Queen's Lady in Waiting. She learned how to coax the Queen to maintain the right oven temperature; the correct size, shape and type of firewood was her only thermostat. Mother persuaded her to simmer a pot of beans, or keep a meal hot in the warming closet, or warm a pan of curds for cottage cheese on a little shelf between the top of the stove and the warming closet. A pan of bread dough, or cold toes, were gently warmed on the Queen's ledge above the ash box. With Mother's patient handling she turned out the most delicious food, from delicate eclairs to sturdy stews.

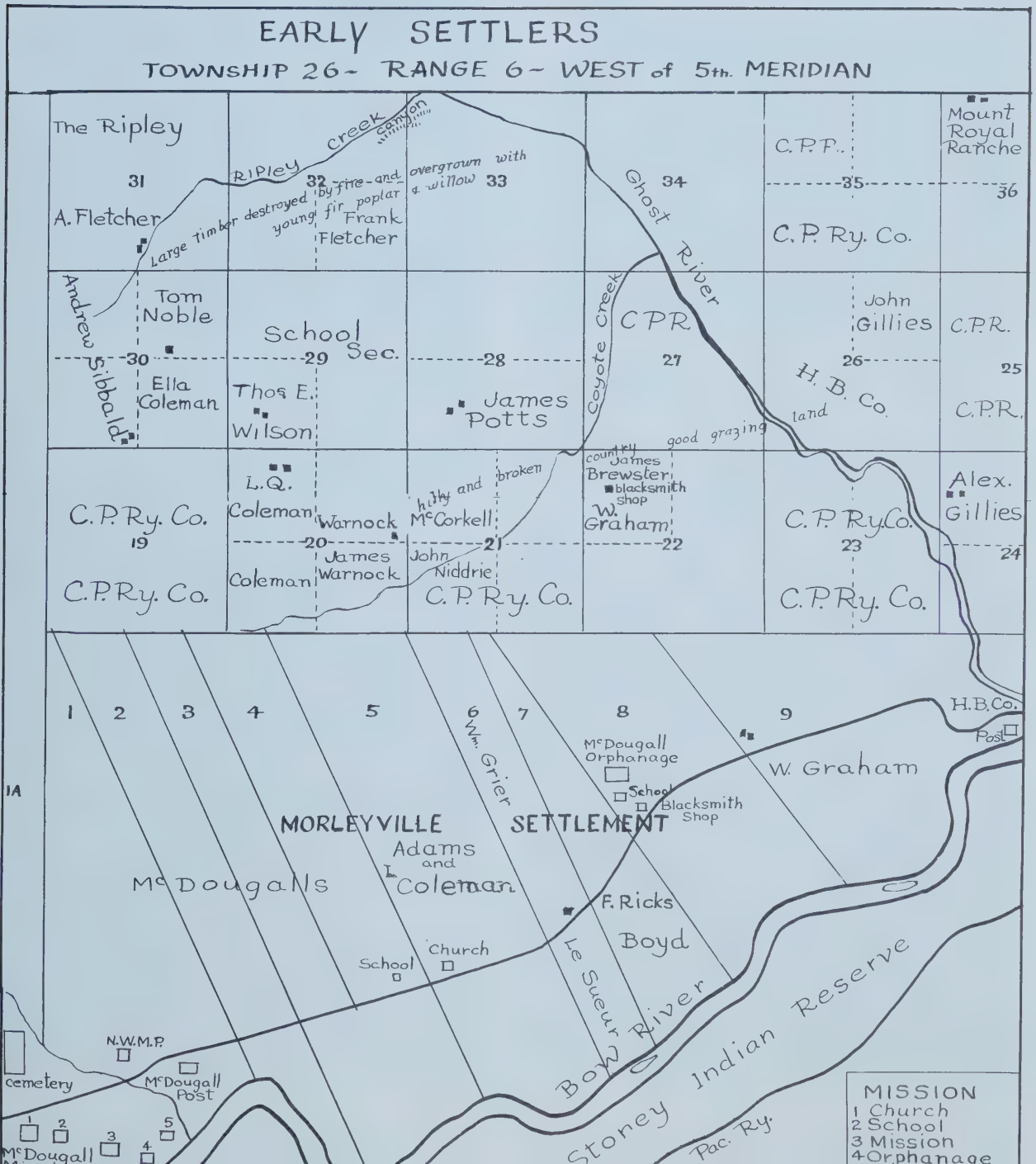
I often used to think that the Queen liked to torment me on hot summer days. She seemed quite willing to keep the irons almost red hot, as long as I stayed alongside her to also keep red hot while I did the ironing.

Our Queen's reservoir was versatile; if kept replenished, it could provide boiling water on baking day or ice cubes on a winter morning. Once it sprung a leak; that was a major catastrophe and the Queen seemed to remind us of her importance in our lives every time we heated water in a wash boiler on her lids.

Yes, our Kitchen Queen was important. The pungent aroma of a wood stove and the delicious flavor it imparted to food cooked on its top or in the oven, are part of my cherished memories of the past.

Bringing home the firewood.

MORLEYVILLE



THE MORLEYVILLE SETTLEMENT — by Jean L. Johnson

The tract of land known as Morleyville Settlement lies along both sides of what is now 1A Highway, between the Ghost River on the east and the Stoney Indian Reserve on the west. Its north boundary runs through the centre of Township 26-6-5 and extends one mile west of the range line. Before the official rectangular survey reached the area, Morleyville Settlement was laid out in long lots of different widths and acreages, all fronting on the Bow River. The Settlement was six miles wide and the lots, from west to east, were numbered 1A to 9, making ten in all.

In 1865 the Rev. George McDougall visited the Stoney Indians on the Bow River, and in 1873, he and his son, the Rev. John McDougall, established a mission there, first, up on the hill beside the Hudson's Bay Post but shortly after, on the flats just north of the Bow. Another son, David, opened a trading post and began setting up a ranch. With the McDougalls came their wives and families, their assistants and workers. Thus, a small village had gathered around the Mission a year before the N.W.M.P. started West. In 1875 Andrew Sibbald and his family came from Ontario and a school was built with Andrew Sibbald both builder and teacher. The McDougall ranching operation predated the arrival of the Cochrane Ranche herds by almost a decade, for John and David brought with them from Fort Edmonton a band of fifty horses and cattle. The following year they bought one hundred head of cattle in Montana.

In the early days letters came addressed: Millward Post Office, Morleyville, Northwest Territories. The Millward Post Office was in David McDougall's Trading Post and the Millward Cemetery was close by, just west of Jacob Creek. The name came from that of the Rev. George Millward McDougall — just as the name "Morley" is found in that of Dr. William Morley Punshon, President of the Conference of the Wesleyan Methodist Church of Canada.

The McDougalls were the founders of the Morleyville Settlement. Their long experience in the West, their creditable achievements and their boundless self-assurance inspired confidence in their relatives and acquaintances. And so they were followed to Morleyville, not only by relatives, but by many from Cobourg, Ontario, where the McDougalls had attended college, and by people whom they met in Winnipeg on their trips to that town for supplies. Some of these took up land north of Morleyville Settlement although better land was available farther east.

The McDougalls had great influence among the Indians. Their intrepidity and physical prowess impressed the Stoneys who admired

anyone who could equal them in their own pursuits. The Rev. John McDougall was largely responsible for the formation of the Stoney Reserve. All the Stoney Indians hunted along the eastern part of the Rocky Mountains and the foothills, but each of the three bands once had its own territory when the hunt was over. The Chiniki Band was on the Bow River, the Bearspaw Band was on the upper reaches of the Highwood River and the Kichipwot or Jacob Band (Wesley) claimed the Kootenay Plains on the North Saskatchewan. John McDougall brought the three bands together at Morley.

ROBERT RUNDLE — by Jean L. Johnson

In 1840 the Hudson's Bay Company sanctioned the establishment of Wesleyan Methodist Missions at three of their forts. The Rev. Robert Rundle, who was sent to Fort Edmonton that fall, was the first Protestant missionary in all that territory. In 1841 he was among the Stoney Indians at Rocky Mountain House and was warmly received by them. The old Indians were unanimous in saying that he was the first missionary to reach the Rocky Mountains, in British territory.

He preached to the Stoneys on the banks of the Bow River and close to the mountain which now bears his name. Although he did not establish a mission at the place later called "Morley", he had a great effect upon the Stoney Indians and smoothed the path for the McDougalls who were to come later. Old Chiniki, a Stoney Chief, said that from Rundle's first visit there was a great change for the better in the behaviour of the Stoneys.

From Rundle's journal: "27th March, 1841, I discoursed to the Indians twice on the Decalogue, which produced great effect amongst them."

In 1848 Robert Rundle's health broke down and he was forced to leave the West, but his influence upon the Stoney Indians was still evident for many years. In 1858 James Hector, who camped among the Stoneys beside the Bow River, wrote in his diary, "This being Sunday we were awakened at an early hour by the hymns of our Stoney friends, who joined in worship every morning and evening, but, several times upon this day. None of them went hunting as it was Sunday."

A few years later the Rev. George McDougall and the Rev. H. B. Steinhauer met a large band of Stoneys in the Red Deer River Valley north of Morley. They found them to be so friendly and so interested in the Gospel, that George McDougall decided to start a mission among them.

OLD TRAILS — by Jean L. Johnson

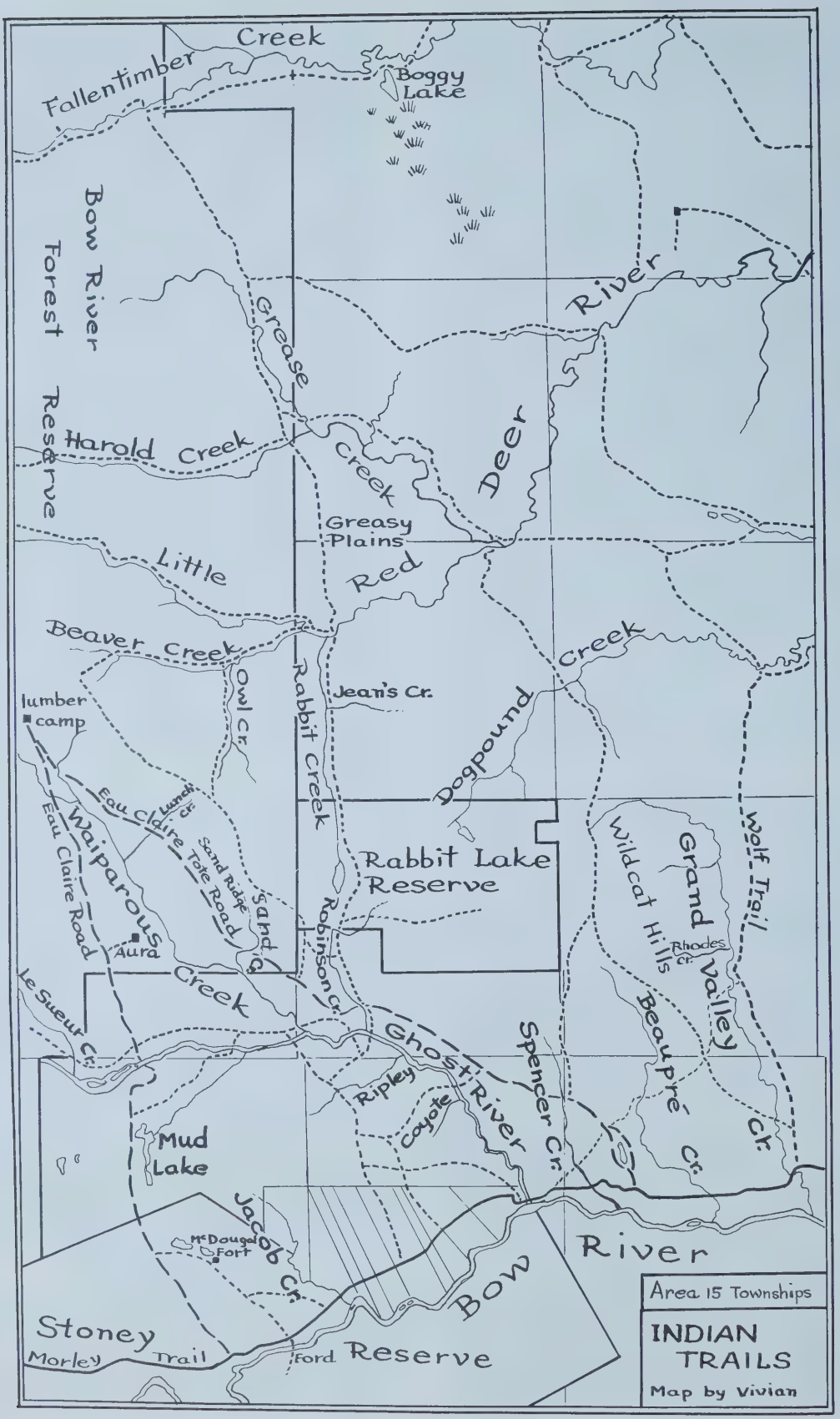
The best ford on the Bow River was at Morleyville. Because of the ford the Stoney Indians returning from hunting along the foothills and mountains or from wintering further south, converged on this point, and many old Indian trails radiated out from there. The early explorers looking for passes through the mountains, came that way. The early fur traders, too, followed the old Indian trails.

One of the most clearly marked trails was the one from Fort Edmonton to Morleyville. David Thompson took this trail in 1800, camped near the mouth of the Ghost River and then proceeded west up the Bow River. He called it the "Wolf Trail", but years later it was known as the McDougall Trail. It crossed the Red Deer River by a good ford at the mouth of the Little Red Deer, followed up along the Dog Pound Creek to a wide gravelly ford. It turned down Grand Valley, then went west to the ford at the mouth of the Ghost River. This is the trail that the N.W.M.P. took from the Red Deer River, south, in 1875.

A bulletin of December 17, 1881, says that the mail service from Edmonton went south to Morleyville by this route, then to the Cochrane Ranche and finally to Calgary — a distance of 230 miles. At that time sixty white people got their mail at Morleyville, forty at the Cochrane Ranche and thirty at Calgary. One old cart trail from Edmonton crossed the Red Deer River above the mouth of the Blindman River, passed through present day Olds and finally came down Horse Creek and then west. In 1841 Sir George Simpson followed this trail for part of the way on his tour around the world but left it to follow up the Ghost River, through Devil's Gap, around to the south side of Lake Minnewanka then south over a height of land and down Carrot Creek. The Simpson pass named after him is up Healy Creek.

Another old Indian trail led north from Morleyville, went across the Ripley and down to the Ghost River, either to the Buffalo Crossing or the Indian Crossing a short distance west. It led up the Keystone Valley, along the east side of Rabbit Lake and crossed the Little Red Deer River at the mouth of Rabbit Creek. It then led up the Squaw trail to the Greasy Plains. Sir James Hector followed this trail south from Rocky Mountain House in 1858. He took side excursions up the Fallen Timber Creek and up the Little Red Deer, and he referred to the great boggy tract which lies between the two creeks as "Prairie la Graisse." The Stoneys call it "Sna Tinda." Hector left the trail to follow down Waiparous Creek to the Ghost River and then over Dead Man's Hill to the Bow Valley. In later years this trail was called the Graham Trail because it led to their trading post on the Red Deer River. Professor Coleman took this route in 1892 when he explored the east side of the Rockies looking for Mount Brown and Mount Hooker.

Two trails coming from the east have been known as the "Morley Trail" — one on each side of the Bow River. On the south side it passed through Springbank, Brushy Ridge and Jumping Pound, while on the north side of the river the old ruts may still be seen in the Bearspaw country.


Fallentimber Creek
Boggy Lake
Bow River Forest Reserve
Grease Creek
Harold Creek
Deer Creek
Red Deer River
Greasy Plains
Little Beaver Creek
Owl Cr.
Rabbit Creek
Jean's Cr.
Dogpound Creek
lumber camp
Eau Claire Lunch Cr.
Eau Claire Tote Road
Eau Claire Road
Waiparous Creek
Aura
Sand Ridge
Sand Q
Robinson Cr.
Rabbit Lake Reserve
Wildcat Hills
Rhodes Cr.
Grand Valley
Wolf Trail
Beaupré Cr.
Le Sueur Cr.
Ghost River
Spencer Cr.
Ripley
Coyote
Mud Lake
Jacob Cr.
McDougal Fort
Bow River
Stoney Reserve
Morley Trail
Ford
Area 15 Townships
INDIAN TRAILS
Map by Vivian

Lumber camp, Ghost River. I. K. Kerr's Eau Claire and Bow River Company.

In 1906 I. K. Kerr, President of the Eau Claire Lumber Company, purchased a timber limit in the Ghost River country. The Tote Road to Number One Camp came up from Cochrane, past the Mount Royal and over Robinson Creek. It then swung northwest along the north side of Waiparous Creek, the north fork of the Ghost. In the early days automobiles used this road. Now it is obliterated in places by fallen timber; the little bridges have been washed out and the corduroy has rotted and sunk into the muskegs.

Where the trail through Fuller Pass joined the Tote Road, a ranger's cache was built. It too, is gone, but as long as a few logs were left, the cattle liked to congregate there as though they found a sense of security in some sign of man's abode in the wilderness.

Close to Number One Camp the Waiparous was dammed. When the floodgates were opened, the logs, piled during the winter on skidways beside the river, were swept down to the Bow and the river drive was on. Hughie Johnson was in charge of these drives for many years.

Later on the Eau Claire road was built and the supplies were hauled up from Morley. From a point on the highway about a mile west of the Morley bridge the road ran north and crossed the Ghost River on a log bridge south of the Bar C. The Eau Claire halfway house was a cabin across the road from the Bar C, but later it was moved down beside the Ghost. One remarkable feature of this road was the high bridge built of logs, across a deep canyon that ran down to Waiparous Creek. On both sides of this little tributary, four-sided log structures were built to a great height and the log bridge rested on them. Another rather low log bridge crossed the Waiparous farther up. On all the Eau Claire bridges the bed pieces were large logs supporting the smaller logs which formed the floor of the bridge. Both sides of the floor were held down by large logs chained to the bed logs to hold them in place and give the bridge greater strength. There were four camps, one up Meadow Creek, and trails branched off leading to them.

In 1935 the Eau Claire built the first bridge at the forks of the Ghost. It was of logs. Previous to this, the company had built a foot bridge across the Waiparous at this point for use during their river drives, but it was washed out in the flood of 1915. The log bridge, too, was washed out by high water in the 1940s.

An attempt has been made to describe the Eau Claire bridges because all are gone, and the old trail from the Bar C, north, is obliterated by the Forest Reserve Road with its cuts, fills and culverts.

THE HUDSON'S BAY TRADING POSTS — by Jean L. Johnson

In his manuscript entitled "Journey to Bow River and Rocky Mountains in November, 1800", David Thompson tells of camping near the mouth of the Ghost River. He went on west and it is believed that he chose the site for a trading post at Bow Fort, although a post was not built there until 1832. "Piegan Post" or "Old Bow Fort" was on the north side of the Bow River

beside Bow Fort Creek (sometimes called Old Fort Creek). The Blackfoot Indians attacked the post and some of the Company's men were killed defending it. As it was not a profitable operation, it was abandoned by the Company in 1834, and it was burned by the Indians. When James Hector saw the ruins in 1858, only the stone chimneys remained. It was rumoured that two kegs of rum were buried in the vicinity of the old post, but in spite of painstaking research, this has not been verified.

Later, two Hudson's Bay Posts were built in the Morleyville District. The first was about three miles northwest of the Bow River Ford, up on the hill in what is now Stoney Indian Reserve. When the McDougalls came to start a mission among the Stoney Indians, they built up beside this trading post. After the mission was built on the Bow River flats, David McDougall opened a trading post which may have lured the Indians away and made it necessary for the Hudson's Bay Company to build a post further east. The following is part of a letter from Trader Bunn to Richard Hardisty of the Hudson's Bay Company:

"Bow River
March 22nd, 1875

To Richard Hardisty
Dear Sir,

In accordance with your instructions to me I now forward to you a report on the best locality for a trading post in this part of the country. To judge from the experience of this winter I should say that about 8 or 10 miles further down the Bow River, say below the Ghost River is as favourable a place as being sufficiently near the general range of the Plain Indians and not too far removed from the Stonies who hunt and trap in the Mountains during certain seasons of the year. It has also the advantage of being within that tract of country whereon the snow does not remain for any length of time all winter and therefore most favourable for keeping stock. I would also suggest that temporary or inexpensive buildings are all that are necessary."

He goes on to say that the following supplies are needed: "60 gallons of molasses, 60 bags of flour, 50 horses, 30 repeating carbines and 8,000 cartridges. One carbine would buy 12 large prime buffalo robes. Six dollars for one robe or a 3 point blanket for two." . . .

The new trading post was located just west of the mouth of the Ghost River. Before the Ghost Dam was built the remains of an old building could be seen there.

From Frank White's Diary: "Aug. 10th, 1886, Saw Creighton and walked with him to old Hudson's Bay Post to look for cartridges. They were gone."

He referred to the post at the Ghost which was on Lot 9 of the Morleyville Settlement. It was abandoned as soon as Fort Calgary was well established, and a post was built down there.

FIELD NOTES OF WESLEYAN METHODIST MISSION SURVEYS N.W.T.

Surveyed by F. W. Wilkins D.L.S.
Commenced November 1, Ended November 27, 1887.

REPORT:

To the Honorable Minister of Interior, Ottawa
Sir:

I have the honor to submit the following report on the Survey by me of several Methodist (Wesleyan) Mission Properties in the N.W.T. as per instructions received, dated Sept. 17, 1887.

As will be seen on consulting the Maps accompanying, the Morleyville Mission is a very irregular piece of ground — or is several irregular pieces, and is found on both sides of the Bow River just at the junction with it of Jacob Creek. That part of it on the north side of the river (170 acres) is mostly of a hilly nature, and tract on the south side (150 acres) quite level. There is no timber on either portion, other than a few scrubby clumps of small poplar of no value, and a few spruce and pines also of no value except as firewood.

The land is very stony and gravelly as a rule, and is of little or no value in our agricultural sense.

Being situated, however, in the Valley of the Bow, just where the climate is tempered — more perhaps than any other place in the N.W.T. — by the famous Chinook Winds. This locality is well adapted as a grazing country and to the raising of stock. This mission is taken **inside** of the Stoney Indian Reserves, and is comprised of a total area of 320 acres of land and forms part of Section 3 and 32 Tp 25, part of Sections 5 and 6 in Tp 26 Range 6 and also a part of Section 1, Tp 26 Range 7 West of the 5th Judicial Meridian.

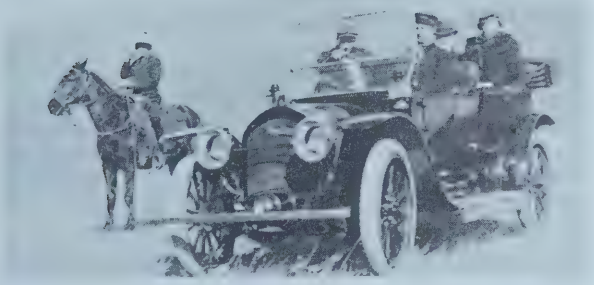
THE McDOUGALL FAMILY — by Mrs. L. D. McDougall

Indelibly marked into the history of Canada, and of Alberta in particular, are the names of George McDougall and his son, John. Not only were they faithful pioneer Methodist missionaries — they were also truly patriotic nation builders.

Geo. McDougall was born at Kingston, Ontario, in 1820. Circumstances demanded that this boy grow up into an efficient outdoorsman who cleared land, hunted and fished with a great love for all of it. He was converted to Christianity at an early age and in 1842 he married Elizabeth Chantler. John Chantler was their first child. George McDougall began preaching all over Ontario and very soon rose to a position of authority in the Methodist church. In 1860 he was appointed chairman of the Hudson Bay Missions and moved out to Norway House to take charge of the mission there. Travelling further west on a visit he was so enchanted and overwhelmed with the land now known as Alberta, and so impressed with the spiritual need of the fierce and warlike Indians, that he returned to the land permanent-

Rev. George McDougall.

Rev. George McDougall's house at Morley.



Rev. and Mrs. John McDougall, passengers in a Rambler Cross Country touring car, 1910.

Miss Elisabeth Boyd. Taken in Meaford, Ontario, 1872, prior to her marriage to Rev. John McDougall.

Rev. John McDougall at the first Calgary Stampede, 1912.

ly in 1863. A mission was established first at Victoria, on the North Saskatchewan River, downstream from Edmonton. In 1864 it was followed by a school and mission at Whitefish Lake. Here it was that young John, now a mature Christian and an unexcelled pioneer and

woodsman, met and married Abigail, the daughter of the native teacher, Rev. H. B. Steinhauer. She died of smallpox in 1870 leaving him with three small daughters. In the same year Rev. George McDougall and his wife, who was worn out for a time by the strain of rugged pioneer living, moved to the Hudson Bay Post at Edmonton and here, in 1871, Rev. McDougall built its first church. Restored, it stands today in the heart of Edmonton's business section; a memorial to the outstanding contribution made by the McDougall family to that area.

By 1872 John was now an ordained minister; he went East on a preaching mission and returned with a new bride, coming to the Pigeon Lake Mission established by Rev. Robert Rundle in 1847. In the fall of 1873, George and his son, John, made another move into the wild and dangerous region of the Bow Valley. At the request of the Indians, to whom they had fearlessly preached, a mission was established at Morley. A younger son, David, who accompanied the family to Morley with his wife, opened a trading post which he operated for many years. He became, in his own right, a man well respected in that vast area. He passed away in 1928.

To the Stoney Indians the Morley Church established so long ago was then, and still is, their church. When Rev. George and Mrs. McDougall went to England on a lecture tour in 1874, John, having been appointed the resident missionary, began to distinguish himself in Canadian government affairs. Not only the Stoneys, but also the surrounding Indian tribes, began to recognize him as "The Peacemaker." Very quickly a village of about 500 Stoneys sprang up around Morley. Besides the necessary dwellings which were built, a school and an orphanage were built and brought into full use. All of this labor and unceasing selfless activity was shared equally by the McDougall wives.

It has been said that "the Stoneys loved and trusted these McDougalls." It was a very sad day for them when upon Rev. George's return from England in 1875, he lost his life in a raging blizzard while on a buffalo hunt. The brave hunters, who accompanied him, did not find his body for two weeks. When they did, he was buried on the windswept hill in the Indian cemetery just north of the church. Mrs. McDougall carried on her good work with the orphanage and with the Indian families at Morley, for 29 years after her husband's death. She died in 1904 and is buried beside her husband.

After that fatal buffalo hunt John carried on his devoted work with the Stoneys at Morley for many years. He established the mission as one of the most successful of its kind in the country.

The Rev. Dr. John, as he became known, was a remarkable influence for good among the Indians. Because of this the government appointed him Special Indian Commissioner for Western Canada. He also acted as a Commissioner for the Doukhobors and because of his vast geographical knowledge, he acted as a guide and adviser to Sir Sandford Fleming and Col. Rogers who were directing the surveying of the country for the first transcontinental railway.

"After a selfless life of devotion and service to God, his church and his country, Dr. John passed away and was buried at Calgary in January 1917." His wife, five sons and four daughters survived. "The whole nation paid high tribute to this man of many missions. When the funeral cortege passed through the streets of Calgary, crowds of sorrowing citizens thronged the route. The R.N.W.M.P. formed a guard of honour. Also present were veterans of the North West Rebellion and many Indians in full dress." To the Mountain Stoneys who mourned and missed him, he had been a trusted friend, a counsellor, sometimes a judge, often a physician and always their spiritual leader and adviser.

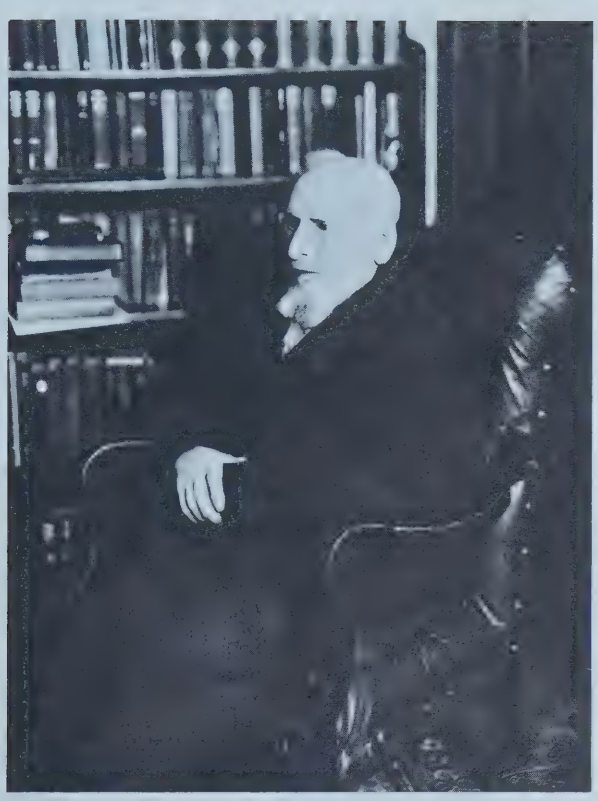
"Now the stout little church at Morley stands as a memorial to the missionary McDougalls, father and son — not forgetting their courageous wives." There are other monuments which bear their name — the McDougall School in Calgary is one of them — the books, many and varied, which John wrote over the years are silent witnesses to lives lived well and in the faith.

"A few miles distant from the church at Morley, on the Kananaskis River, is 9,000 foot Mt. McDougall, named by Dr. Geo. Dawson of the Canadian Geological Survey as a perpetual monument to the Rev. George and his sons John and David."

ANDREW SIBBALD (1883-1934) — by Jean L. Johnson

In 1875 Andrew Sibbald of Barrie, Ontario, came West to teach the Indian School at Morleyville. The story of that journey is partly written in his own hand, and partly told. He wrote:

"July 9th, 1875. I, with my family, left Bramley Station on the Northern Rail, bound for Bow River in the 'Great-lone-land', now known as the North West Territories. We proceeded to Collingwood, where we took passage on the steamer, "Frances Smith", and proceeded to Owen Sound where we joined the rest of the party, consisting of Rev. George McDougall, wife and son George, Mrs. Hardisty and two children (Clara and Richard), Miss Young of Montreal, Rev. Wood, R. G. Sinclair and wife and two of Mr. McDougall's nephews, George and Moses McDougall. At Prince Arthur's Landing, now Port Arthur, we changed to the 'Quebec' of Sarnia Line, for Duluth. We then left by the Northern Pacific Junction to Moorhead on the Red River, 212 miles from Duluth, where we went aboard the steamer, 'Dakota'. Sometime in the night the steamer pulled out from Moorhead and proceeded on her journey down the crooked and muddy Red River to Fort Garry, a distance of 500 miles.



Andrew Sibbald, 1934.

"Our journey down the river was rather slow owing to two large barges being lashed along side and laden with between four and five hundred Mennonites. On the eleventh day after leaving home we arrived at Old Fort Garry. Here we met Mr. David McDougall and wife — Mrs. McDougall being on her way to Ontario. As soon as possible after arriving we moved into camp and began preparations for our trip across the plains, a journey of nearly nine hundred miles. We had supplies to purchase, horses and oxen, waggons and Hudson's Bay carts. I purchased a horse and light waggon and an ox and cart. Mr. McDougall and his son David purchased quite a band of oxen and native vehicles. Mr. David McDougall had come down by way of Benton; consequently, he had to purchase an outfit in Winnipeg to convey his year's supply for his store. (Rev. George McDougall had gone on ahead.)

"After all was ready we pulled out in regular order on our journey across the prairies. Our friend, Mr. David McDougall was our Captain, Pilot and Engineer and sometimes fireman, too, and he fired us up pretty lively by times. He whooped and hollered and gave us the war cry, and on we went, day after day and week after week — every night pitching our moving tent a day's march nearer home.

"During our Journey we met in with lots of game in the shape of chickens, ducks and geese. I killed lots of chickens and ducks. Once we came to a small lake literally covered with geese and David McDougall started off with two or three guns and crawled through the long grass until he got pretty close then banged away and if I remember right, he killed eleven."

Andrew Sibbald's first ox was used up and at Fort Ellis he traded for a younger one which proved to be rather unmanageable. He made light of their troubles but it was an arduous journey. About sixty miles east of Buffalo Lake on October 3, they ran into one of the early fall blizzards. They were forced to seek shelter and camp. Wood was exceedingly scarce but they gathered buffalo chips to cook their meals. Next day the chips were so soaked by the snow that they had to do without a fire and dine on pemmican, dried meat and bannock. On the 21st of October, they arrived at Morleyville having taken one hundred and four days from Barrie, Ontario.

Often in these stories of the early days little or no mention is made of the part played by the women. It would have been interesting to hear Mrs. Sibbald's story of the journey, for she had in her care their three young children, Howard, who was nine years old, Frank, six, and Elsie, three. Their youngest son, Clarence (Bert), was born after they came to Morleyville. Early photos show Mrs. Sibbald to be a very beautiful woman.

For a number of years Andrew Sibbald taught the Indian children in the little log schoolhouse on the Stoney Indian Reserve. He taught them the subjects which would help them most, the Three R's, and he earnestly stressed manliness, honesty, trust in God and respect for one's fellow men. His own children attended the school. Their playmates were Indian children and they learned to speak Stoney fluently. Andrew Sibbald was a loved and trusted friend of the Stoney Indians. He was also superintendent of the Sunday School. He retired from teaching in 1896.

Andrew Sibbald having lost his left hand in a sawing accident in the East, had a hand made of wood and covered with a glove. Nevertheless, he could do more with his right hand than many men could do with both. He was a skillful carpenter and did a great deal of log work on the Reserve. He loved to tell of the pioneer days when all the lumber had to be sawn by hand with a whipsaw. He helped to build the first Methodist Church in Calgary, a log structure.

He homesteaded up on the hill north of the settlement, on the W½ 30-26-6-5. Ripley Creek rose from a spring on his north quarter. On the home quarter, he built a large log house finished on the inside with V-joint and on the outside with siding. He also built long log stables, one on each side of a large square corral. The hayloft floors were notched into the log walls which were continued up for several rounds and the roofs were made of troughed logs. His brand, the

Triangle, was a happy choice for him — the apex a right angle.

Andrew Sibbald spent his last years in Banff. He was honoured by all on his one hundredth birthday, which he reached well in mind and body. When he died he was buried in the Millward Cemetery at Morleyville. The Elementary School in Cochrane is named in honour of this early schoolteacher.

Two other schools in Alberta have since been named after Andrew Sibbald.

Report on Indian School in 1882

"Mr. Sibbald is the teacher. I visited it during school hours and there were twenty girls and twenty-three boys present. The roll showed an average of thirty-eight children. I heard them read and spell. Some had advanced to words of four letters, some could write very fairly and I judged that most of the scholars had gotten over the worst and in another year would make rapid progress. Indians are quick in their perceptions. By the use of the blackboard they learn quickly. The schoolroom here is cheerful and well lighted."

SAMUEL CARSON BOYD — by David Robert Boyd, Olds, Alberta

Samuel Carson Boyd was my great-grandfather. At the age of fourteen, he came to Canada with his parents and sister in a chartered sailing vessel. It took six weeks to cross the ocean. Later he married Elisabeth G. McDougall, a sister of Reverend George McDougall, and they settled at Cape Rich on Georgian Bay in Ontario, then Upper Canada.

Sam was very musical, played the flute and sang tenor. He was also a ventriloquist.

Elisabeth was a typical Scottish woman, who was kindness itself, but very firm. She travelled the countryside on horseback aiding people in sickness and in need.

Samuel Carson Boyd.

The Samuel Carson Boyds had a family of six boys and two girls.

The Boyds and their daughter Mary came West to Morleyville in 1880. Their daughter Elizabeth had come West several years before as

Samuel Carson Boyd's six sons: Left to r.: Samuel Jr., Bill, Dave, George, John, and Albert.

the wife of Reverend John McDougall. Mary later married James Brewster.

The land where the Boyds lived at Morleyville now lies beneath the lake formed by the Ghost Dam west of Cochrane.

Albert and Sam Jr. were the only two sons to come West. Albert came with his sister Elizabeth. Once when a doctor was needed for Mrs. Andrew Sibbald, he rode to Fort McLeod and drove back in a rented democrat with the doctor.

Albert and his wife Avaloo later went north to Alaska, where Albert became the General Manager of Alaska Telegraph and Telephone Company.

Sam Jr.'s son Arthur used to ride the range for Trader David McDougall. Once, when riding in the Morley area, he was picked up by the R.C.M.P., who were looking for Ernest Cashell, a man wanted for murder. When they stopped at a ranch nearby, the cowboys soon convinced them that they had the wrong man.

Sam Jr. did not stay at Morleyville very long. He homesteaded southeast of Bowden, Alberta.

Samuel C. Boyd passed away on December 17, 1894, at the age of 82 years, and Elisabeth G. Boyd passed away in November 1899, at the age of 68 years. They are both buried in the cemetery across the 1A Highway from the McDougall Church at Morley.

Like many others, this pioneer family did much to pave the way for the settlement of the West.

PIONEER DAYS IN MORLEY — by Annie Niddrie

I, Annie Niddrie of Edmonton, am the only surviving child of William and Hannah Niddrie who came to Morley in 1890. Prior to this time they lived in Winnipeg for seven years. Three sons were born while they lived there: Willie, born November 3, 1885; John, born October 2, 1887; and Fred, born March 27, 1890. Two daughters were born in Morley: I, Annie, born February 18, 1892; and Fanny, born February 18, 1894.

At Morley my parents decided to start a cattle ranch. They bought a quarter section of land from Andrew Sibbald for $700.00. The land was partly improved. I think it was fenced and had a three-roomed hewn log house on it.

Andrew Sibbald rates among the truly great pioneers of the West. He was the first teacher in the territory of Alberta, long before it became a Province. Although Mr. Sibbald had lost part of one hand in his youth, he and my uncle, John Niddrie, became famed axemen and could build a log structure with dovetailed corners, probably better than anyone in the area.

My father's place joined the Stoney Indian Reserve on one side. Mr. and Mrs. Sam Fletcher and their son Arthur, who neighbored with my parents in Winnipeg, came to Morley in 1889 and had a cattle ranch three miles away. The Potts and Warnocks also played a noble part in pioneering at Morley. Reverend George McDougall was the first missionary to settle at

Morley in 1909.

Cordwood piled along the C.P.R. tracks at Morley. Photo courtesy Canadian Forestry Services, Edmonton.

The Leeson and Scott store and dwelling, Morley, 1902-07.

Morley Trading Post. James Potts, center.

Morley Ranger Station and pack outfit during the 1920s. Photo courtesy Canadian Forestry Services, Edmonton.

Morley and his son John followed in his footsteps.

There were Indians everywhere. They all rode horseback. Often the mother rode in the center and had a child in front of her and one at the back. After giving birth, a mother often named a new baby after the first object she saw such as: Mark Poucette, Johnny Powderface, David Bigstoney, Johnny Two Young Man and Walking Buffalo.

There were no modern conveniences. The washing had to be done on a washboard. There were no bathtubs or indoor bathrooms. The mothers usually sewed all the children's clothes, dad's shirts, and knit all the stockings and mitts by hand. Everybody burned wood in the stoves. The wood had to be cut with an axe or sawed by hand. The water had to be pumped from the well and carried to the house in pails and heated on top of the stove for washing and scrubbing.

Times were hard. There wasn't any income except for the sale of a few fat steers in the fall, which sold on foot for three or four cents a pound. It took a large animal to sell for thirty-three or thirty-four dollars.

Tuberculosis had never been heard of in Canada until the white people came to live among the Indians, then it spread like wildfire. The Indians called it: "The White Man's Plague." It was many years before "Sans" were built and this dreaded disease came under control.

We had several dry years in the Morley area so my parents decided a change must be made. Feed for the cattle couldn't be had and the cattle were bellowing for water. It all had to be pumped from the well for them as the river was several miles away. The McDougalls had a large herd of cattle on the north side of the Big Red Deer River. My dad also moved his cattle there but took a squatter's claim seven miles away from McDougall's ranch.

My parents sold their ranch in Morley for six hundred dollars to Mr. Graham in 1894. Every cent had to be traded out at Graham's store. Not one cent of cash was given out. Hundreds of dollars' worth of work had been put on the place.

Three Morley families moved to the Big Red Deer area: Lucius Coleman, Arthur Fletcher and William Niddrie. Mr. Coleman, a Justice of the Peace and graduate of Victoria University at Cobourg, Ontario, was a gentleman in every sense of the word.

At our new location there was hay and water everywhere and the cattle thrived. We milked cows and raised chickens and had milk and butter for our own use.

My uncle, John Niddrie, came to Morley in 1889. The Reverend John McDougall invited him to come and start work among the Indians. He helped on the ranch and also with the Church work. He taught the Indian day school for four years and supervised the Indian orphanage for seven years then taught day school again. He preached the gospel and was a real blessing to Morley. My grandmother, Jane Niddrie, had lived with John, her son, for some time and died in 1894, just eight days before Margaret Fletcher passed away. They were buried side by side in the Morley graveyard.

Later, John Niddrie received his ordination in Winnipeg. After twenty years in Morley he was transferred by the Methodist Church to Oxford House, Manitoba. He spent five years there and was then moved to Island Lake. He spent another five years there and again moved to Berens River, which is one hundred and fifty miles north of Winnipeg. He remained there twenty years. He mastered three Indian languages and was known all over the North. He had helped to raise seventeen Indian boys. His picture hangs among those of other pioneers in the McDougall Church at Morley. His work was finished when he passed away at Berens River, May 4, 1940, at the age of 76, after preaching the gospel for forty-eight years.

THE McDOUGALL CHURCH AT MORLEY — by Mabel E. Jordon

Like the Indian tribe for which it was built, this historic little church has withstood the onset of civilization. Standing like a sentinel of the foothills, sharply silhouetted against the sky, it is a landmark of the adventurous days of the early West.

Generally known as the Old Morley Church, to the Stoney Indians it is their church, built especially for them in 1875 by the Rev. George McDougall and his son John. It reflects and represents the fortitude and endurance of those two men and their pioneer families. It also typifies the rugged lives they were required to live so as to bring Christianity across the prairies to the foot of the Rocky Mountains. This was the first Protestant church in what is now southern Alberta.

George and John McDougall were not only pioneer Methodist missionaries, they were also true patriots and nation builders. John in particular figured largely in Canadian government affairs and accomplished much toward the peaceful settlement of troubles in the West which might otherwise have led to bloodshed. His name is indelibly marked into the history of Canada, and of Alberta in particular.

George McDougall was born at Kingston, Ontario, in 1820, and when a boy he and his family moved to a bush farm in northern Ontario. His father was a seaman and away from home a great deal, so it fell to George to help clear the land, to farm, hunt, and trap, for the family. He loved the outdoor pioneer life which turned out to be a preparatory school for his future missionary work in the West. Academic schools were nonexistent in that area, consequently his early education was almost nil.

By the time he was seventeen he had served in the Regiment of Royal Foresters during the

The McDougall Methodist Church, Morley, built in 1875.

Unveiling of the memorial cairn at Morley on July 2, 1927. Andrew Sibbald is standing in front of the flag; Rt. Hon W. H. Cushing is giving an address.

Church time at Morley, 1930.

Renovation of the McDougall Church, Morley, begun in 1951.

1837 Rebellion, after which he took advantage of evening classes at a small schoolhouse to improve his education. At the same time he became interested in religion and attended revival meetings near Barrie, Ontario, which resulted in his being soundly converted. From that time onward George McDougall's greatest aspiration was to spread the knowledge of Christianity, and his subsequent call to the missionary field presents a striking parallel to that of Abraham. George McDougall went forth and spent the rest of his life penetrating strange territory in this great country to preach the gospel among the Indians.

At one of his first revival meetings he met Elizabeth Chantler, an English Quaker girl. In 1842 they were married and Elizabeth joined her husband's Wesleyan Methodist denomination. They went to live at Owen Sound and it was there that John Chantler McDougall was born. George had by then been licensed to preach but found himself handicapped by lack of training. His wife persuaded him to take a course of studies at Cobourg College, and she moved there to be nearby. Afterwards they moved from place to place in Ontario, where he ministered chiefly to the Indians. In 1860 he began his move westward to take charge of the Rossville Mission at Norway House on Lake Winnipeg.

Three years more and farther west they came. The family had now increased to eight children. When Mrs. McDougall arrived on the North Saskatchewan River where a new mission was to be established at Victoria (now Pakan, Alberta), she found no house to move into. Their only shelter was a skin teepee until a house was built and furnished with handmade furniture. The one luxury she had was real glass windows. Except for the Hudson's Bay chief factor's house at Fort Edmonton, no one else west of Fort Garry enjoyed such a privilege. The Indians were often seen gazing through them, with awe rather than curiosity as to what was on the other side. After several years the McDougalls moved

to Fort Edmonton where George built the first church there in 1871, which still stands in the heart of the business district.

During all those years at Norway House, Victoria, and Fort Edmonton, George, and John (who had now grown to manhood) made many excursions to isolated places contacting the natives. One of these journeys took them to the foot of the Rockies in 1865, where they first contacted the Stoneys. At a later meeting with the Stoneys along the Bow River, the Indians expressed a wish to have a mission established there for them. Some of them had been told something of Christianity by the Rev. Robert Rundle, Alberta's first missionary, in the early 1840s when he journeyed from Fort Edmonton to Banff, but he returned to England and they heard no more from him. It was for him that the familiar Mount Rundle at Banff was named. McDougall promised the Stoneys he would return and fulfill their wishes as soon as he could. This territory was a wild and dangerous region and there were no white settlers whatsoever.

Several years after their first visit with the Mountain Stoneys, the McDougalls returned with sanction from the Methodist Church to establish the mission at Morley. They found that the Stoneys had remained faithful and were untouched by the whiskey trade which had appeared in the interval. A site was chosen and a rough structure built with the help of the delighted natives, to serve as a temporary mission house. The place was named Morleyville after Dr. Morley Punshon, an eminent Methodist orator, and John McDougall was appointed resident missionary. He had been ordained at Winnipeg in 1872.

Permanent quarters had then to be planned. George McDougall engaged a man from Ontario who was willing to go West and settle with his family. He was Andrew Sibbald, a schoolmaster as well as a carpenter. He brought with him the all-important parts for a sawmill. With the help of the Stoneys the logs and lumber were soon ready to build this church and the other necessary dwellings and buildings. A village with a population of about five hundred Indians seemed to appear from nowhere.

An orphanage and school were also built at Morley and John's brother, David, opened a trading post there. The McDougall wives also shared equally in the success of the mission. They had known hardship and tragedy before coming to Morley and were well prepared to meet any emergency which might arise.

The Stoneys loved and trusted these McDougalls. It was indeed a sad day for them when, just after this church was completed, Rev. George lost his life in a blizzard in December 1875. The funeral service was held in this church. Dressed in his western garb he was interred in the Indian burial ground over on the hill north of the present 1A highway, northwest from the cairn.

Elizabeth continued to make her home at Morley where she took out a homestead so that her young son George might have a ranch. He went to Montana to buy cattle and did not return. Months later she learned that he had contracted pneumonia and died, and was buried there. She carried on for twenty-eight years at Morley, nursing the sick and mothering all who needed care.

After that fatal buffalo hunt in 1875, John carried on as missionary to the Stoneys for many years and through his fine work the Morley mission became well known as one of the most successful in the whole country. He found time to write several books, the first at Morley in 1888 which is a biography of his father. He translated many hymns into the Cree language and helped to translate the New Testament. He also did much toward the negotiation of, and was a signatory to, Treaties Six and Seven, and during the Riel Rebellion of 1885 he did invaluable work for the Ottawa Government. He also served as a chaplain and scout with the Alberta Field Force during those hostilities.

The Rev. Dr. John was a remarkable influence for good with the red men and because of this the government appointed him Special Indian Commissioner for Western Canada, including British Columbia, and also appointed him Commissioner for the Doukhobours who were then settling in the West. When the first transcontinental railway was being surveyed, he often acted as guide to Sir Sandford Fleming and Colonel Rogers who sought him out because of his wide knowledge of the geography of the country.

Dr. John passed away at Calgary in January 1917. It was during the First World War and he had one son on active service Overseas. He insisted on going to the station to say farewell to two more and caught a chill from which he did not recover. His wife, five sons and four daughters survived. The whole nation paid high tribute to this man of many missions. When the funeral cortege passed through the streets of Calgary, crowds of sorrowing citizens thronged the route. The Royal North West Mounted Police formed a guard of honour. Also present were veterans of the North West Rebellion and many Indians in full dress. John was buried in Calgary and beside him lies one of his sons who died in the War.

Today this stout little church stands as a memorial to the missionary McDougalls. This building was used until about 1921 when a new church was opened two miles west near the Indian Agency. In disuse for thirty years, it withstood wind, weather and vandals. As mentioned before, its enduring qualities are symbolic of those of its builders, including Andrew Sibbald. Restoration was not begun in earnest until 1951 when a group of United Church men met and formed the Morley Church Restoration Associa-

tion. The invaluable work of chairman Linton L. Gaetz and his faithful committee must here be commended, not forgetting the untiring efforts of the Rev. Roy Inglis who was then the resident minister at Morley. The aim of the association was to restore the ancient landmark to serviceable condition as a tribute to the valiant men who had built it. The enterprise was sponsored by the A.O.T.S. (As One That Serves) clubs of Calgary and district United churches, as well as volunteers from other denominations. Time and effort were freely and cheerfully given by skilled and unskilled workman who reshingled the roof, replaced broken windows, painted the exterior, and cleaned the interior. The damage to the original pulpit and altar rail was repaired by a cabinetmaker and it defies detection. The chairs were donated by a Masonic Lodge and later a handsome gift of pews and an organ was received from St. Cyprian's Anglican Church at Calgary. Materials and cash donations were given by many Calgary firms, and from individuals there and elsewhere. Last, but by no means least, the Stoneys did their share. They cut and peeled the logs and rails for the fence, backfilled where necessary, and dug the post holes. Their wives cooperated and some were seen lying on the ground scooping the gravel from the holes with tin saucers. The erasure of the hundreds of names which defaced the interior was no small or pleasant job. It is now hoped that the premises will be respected as one does his own church.

Each year since 1952 memorial services have been held on a Sunday afternoon in May and September, and each time the little church has been filled to capacity. At one of the services in 1955 not another person could be packed inside and the overflow crowd listened to the service from the outside through the opened windows. Most impressive was the Stoney choir, male and female, which rendered two unaccompanied hymns, one in the Sioux language and one in Cree. Among the congregation were several descendants of the McDougalls, and the lesson was read from a Bible which had belonged to George McDougall. It is hoped to hold several such services each summer in future at which all will be welcome to attend.

During the summer months the church is open to visitors and the custodian is always happy to show people around and answer questions.

The cairn at the entrance gate was erected in 1927 and the plaque on it honouring the McDougalls was then unveiled by the same Andrew Sibbald, then 94 years of age. The plaque to the Stoneys was unveiled by Archdeacon Timms who had been an Anglican missionary to Indians in Western Canada for forty years.

Such is the story of the McDougalls and the church. This restoration project is a fine example of cooperation between peoples, regardless of race or creed, to achieve a common purpose, as was done at the initial building of the church — to glorify God.

ELIZABETH McDOUGALL, 1818-1903 — by Beatrice Clink

When we are honoring the intrepid pioneers who blazed the paths of settlement in Alberta, we often forget the heroic wives who shared without complaint the sacrifices and hardships of their husbands. Elizabeth McDougall with her five children, the youngest a baby in her arms, made the long and arduous trip to Alberta in 1863. From Manitoba they travelled in York boats across Lake Winnipeg to the Saskatchewan River and then up the Saskatchewan to Victoria, near Fort Edmonton, where her husband, Rev. George McDougall, had been sent to build a mission.

On the way they encountered the first prairie natives — Indians naked except for their breech cloths. They were fine looking men who showed no hostility but an immense curiosity in her fair-haired children, the first white children they had seen.

When they arrived at Victoria there was no house to shelter them, so they lived in skin teepees until logs could be secured and a dwelling erected. There were no logs around Victoria, so the men had to go to the woods some distance away and cut the lumber for a temporary dwelling, a crude one-roomed cabin with a dirt floor.

The actual mission house and church were built the following year, but not without delay. The men cut the logs in the woods and sawed the lumber with whipsaws, then left it to dry. The Blackfoot, in an angry mood, burned this lumber and the work had to be done over again.

However, when the mission house was completed, Mrs. McDougall had a pretentious residence containing eight rooms — living room, dining room, bedroom and kitchen on the ground floor, and four bedrooms above. The furniture was made by hand, table, benches and chests of drawers as well as cupboards. Making furniture from the tree to the finished article was a tedious task and the finished product crude and awkward in appearance.

An open fireplace heated the house, after a fashion and served for cooking purposes as well. Glass windows let in the light. These windows were a great novelty to the Indians. They would stand outside, hold their robes up to the level of their eyes and peer over them into the house, often shutting out the light from the rooms within.

It is hard to realize the isolation of the pioneer life the McDougalls lived. When her men folk were away on their long journeys visiting Indian camps, hunting or freighting in supplies from Ft. Garry, the lady of the mission knew, no matter how dire her need, it was impossible to reach them.

The Indians around them were very excitable, ready to go to war on the slightest

provocation. Often the lonely mother and her children, with perhaps one manservant, spent days and nights of semi-terror because of the wild conduct of these people.

In her husband's absence, Mrs. McDougall was often called upon to act as peacemaker when the Indians became restless. She also conducted informal religious services. She did not preach, but read the Bible and talked to her congregation with her daughter, Georgina, acting as her interpreter.

Cooking was often a problem in this pioneer Missionary's home. Tea, coffee, sugar, vegetables and bread were scarce and often unobtainable. One-dish dinners were a common feature of their life. The dish might be meat or fish, eggs or potatoes, without bread or vegetables, often without salt and more frequently without tea or milk. Sometimes there was very little of anything. Did the patient mother ever utter a word of complaint? No.

It was a simple life, but one which in spite of fortitude, sometimes palled on the head of the home. In 1869, Mr. McDougall wrote to a friend.

"For years pemmican has been a staple dish on our table, yet I must confess I have very little relish for tallow and pounded meat. My wife says it is better not to think of bread which we cannot have."

That was the drought year in Central Alberta. The seed of grain and vegetables which they had sowed, dried in the ground. For months they lived on meat and wild fowl. The men hastened away to the buffalo country to get meat to avert a famine. The family at home, when their supplies were exhausted, had to wait until Indians happened along with meat to sell — and sometimes they were long in coming.

After the first year a garden was made and vegetables grown. Mr. McDougall later built an ice-house and a root-house on the river bank, thus providing storage facilities.

For many things the McDougalls had to depend on the Hudson's Bay Company's imports and the Great Company did not care to bring in very much food. Even at the forts there was no luxury. A Hudson's Bay factor got three bags of flour yearly and a clerk, one bag. One year Mrs. McDougall was able to secure a bag and a half of flour. Little cakes were baked for Sundays.

Mrs. McDougall devised ways of conserving the wild fruits which grew abundantly in Alberta. These she dried in the sun and wind as sugar was too precious to be used for preserving them. The dried fruit was stewed in winter.

Instead of butter, they used marrow fat which was plentiful and easily obtained. When the buffalo were killed and the meat was taken off the bone to be dried, the Indian women chopped the buffalo bones and removed the marrow. It made an excellent substitute for butter and a good shortening. A cow was eventually obtained by the mission and Mrs. McDougall made some butter and cheese which were rare treats indeed.

Her longing for chickens induced her son, John, to buy a few from the Catholic mission at St. Albert on one of his trips in 1866. All her cooking was done at the open fireplace and she became adept in the use of the Dutch oven and the crane and pots. Later on an oven of stones and clay was built outside.

After the Hudson's Bay territory was ceded to the Canadian Government in 1870, it was easier to get supplies from "outside", such as, sugar, bacon and canned goods. The country was opening up and more people were coming in. As a result, more freighting was done.

The first Christmas spent in the country, that of 1863, was not celebrated because there was nothing to celebrate with, her daughters say. But the next year made up for this omission. From Fort Edmonton came Christmas guests, Richard Hardisty, Malcolm Groat, Donald McDonald and a Mr. Savage, all Hudson's Bay men who missed the home touch, particularly at Christmas.

Mr. McDougall was the missionary, but he did not work alone. His wife played an equally important part in teaching the Indians and in ministering to all the sick who came her way. When the great epidemic of smallpox swept through the West, Mrs. McDougall nursed seven of her own family who were smitten by the disease. She, herself, was immune having had smallpox when a young girl. Two of her own children, Georgina and Flora, were taken. After nursing her own household, she found strength to minister to the sick in the Hudson's Bay Fort at Victoria. Finally she collapsed and for some time her life was despaired of, but her vigorous constitution prevailed and she recovered. The recollection of the two absent ones, whose newly-made graves lay outside covered with the first snow, saddened the house of the missionaries the next Christmas.

Mrs. McDougall organized what was the equivalent of the Women's Missionary Society. A number of Scottish half-breed families drifted into the little settlement from Manitoba. The newcomers made gardens, hunted, and lived happily with no taxes to pay and no laws except the moral codes of the few white pioneers. Mrs. McDougall gathered all the women together for a sewing meeting, half-breeds and Indians meeting on equal footing. Prayers and Scripture Reading preceded the sewing.

One hardship which is seldom mentioned in connection with the life of the women pioneers was that of keeping the home fires burning and the houses warm in winter for their children. While her husband was on his travels, Mrs. McDougall had to struggle to keep her home and young children reasonably comfortable with only an open fireplace.

Her patience never failed. When things went wrong, she would say in Cree, "Ah-ke-am", meaning "Don't worry" or "never mind." Her children never took advantage of her gentleness. She was careful to teach them to be respectful to

the Indians and this the Indians always appreciated.

After the McDougalls moved to Edmonton in 1871, her life was a little easier, though still isolated. There were no white women in the country except those of her own family and the nuns at St. Albert and Lac La Biche.

In 1873 Mr. and Mrs. McDougall settled at Morley, west of Calgary. Mr. McDougall had developed heart trouble and it was his intention to rest there. After his tragic death while on a hunting expedition, she made her home at Morley. She took up a homestead so her youngest son, George, could have a ranch. She was one of the first women homesteaders in what is now the Province of Alberta. After building and settling there, it seemed as though her life might run peacefully for her. But another tragedy was to strike her family. Her son, George, while on a journey to Helena, Montana, to buy cattle, developed pneumonia and died.

For the remainder of her life Mrs. McDougall made her home at Morley. A granddaughter lived with her. Year in, year out, she tended her household, nursed the sick and mothered all in need. Settlers were coming to the country and opening up ranches. The wives felt the isolation of their lives keenly and often became despondent. Something seemed to tell Mrs. McDougall when anyone was in trouble, and she would drive across the prairie to see them and brighten them up. The ranchers and their wives soon learned to love their gentle visitor who had the gift of saying the right word at the right moment. Indians, too, enjoyed her visits and loved Mrs. McDougall wherever she lived.

In March, 1903, her last illness came. A terrible blizzard raged round Morley during the last days of her life and on the day of her funeral her body was conveyed to the church on a bobsleigh. Six white men were pallbearers. The Indians were waiting at the church, and when the pallbearers started to carry the casket into the church, six Indian Chiefs of the Mountain Stoney Tribe quietly took it from their hands and carried it in themselves.

Mrs. McDougall, who had been born in England, was eighty-four years old when she passed on, March 9, 1903, and was buried beside her husband, George McDougall, in the cemetery at Morley. Few women have left such a record of quiet service and self-sacrifice. Her life was unassuming and its story largely unchronicled. Her husband and family all played important parts in the upbuilding of Western Canada, but it was the gentle mother who played the most important role of all.

David McDougall's house, Morley, 1900.

Mrs. David McDougall.

TRADER DAVID McDOUGALL

David McDougall (son of Rev. George McDougall) first came to the Calgary-Cochrane area in 1865. For many years he was chief of the Hudson's Bay Company's Oxcart Brigade used for transportation between Fort Garry (Winnipeg) and Fort Edmonton.

In 1871, as a bride, Mrs. McDougall accompanied her husband on one of his hazardous trips. Her honeymoon was spent travelling 960 miles in an oxcart across unchartered prairie inhabited by warring Indians.

Mrs. McDougall spent the winter of 1872-73 at a little log mission at Morley; at that time she was the only white woman between the U.S. boundary and the North Saskatchewan River.

Later Dave McDougall started a Trading Post at Morley.

ELIZABETH BARRETT: FIRST WOMAN TEACHER IN ALBERTA — by Madeline Freeman

Tall prairie grasses screen a neglected cemetery plot on the Stoney Indian Reserve in the foothills of the Rockies. One of the headstones marks the grave of Miss Elizabeth Barrett, a gently-reared school ma'am who, at the age of fifty years, ventured across the trackless plains in 1875, to take her place in Western Canadian history as a pioneer missionary teacher who was one of the signers of the famous Treaty No. 7 at Blackfoot Crossing.

Elizabeth Barrett was a teacher in Orono, Ontario. When the Rev. George McDougall stumped up and down Eastern Canada in 1874, raising money and helpers for mission outposts in the West, Miss Barrett answered the call.

She alternately shivered and sweltered in June and July of 1875, as the wagons jolted over the endless plain for five weeks of primitive travel. On arrival at Prince Albert, the party transferred to the York boats on the North Saskatchewan and made their slow passage upstream to Fort Edmonton. Here she again climbed aboard a prairie schooner. Her final stop was Whitefish Lake, the stockaded mission of the Cree missionary, Rev. Henry Steinhauer.

Elizabeth needed the white heat of missionary zeal to sustain her over that first year in the great lone land. In January of 1876, she writes:

"As regards myself, I thank God I can say by His Word and by His Grace, I am living and growing. Only for the sustaining strength of these, I think existence itself to me here would be unendurable . . .

"As for letters, I have never received one from Ontario since last June, nearly seven months ago. I have written again and again, and am confident that my friends have done the same, but for some reason the letters have failed to reach here . . . seven long months and not a word from home."

Elizabeth Barrett talks about her work with the Indians in that same letter:

"My not understanding the language has been the greatest drawback to my usefulness among the people. Just think, dear Sir, for a moment, of my position. Here I am surrounded entirely by Crees, speaking Cree always among themselves, almost without exception. I find the Indians' hearts cannot be reached except through their own language. Kindness will win their favour and esteem . . . but their hearts . . . no, not till you approach that citadel through the avenue of their own language can you find entrance."

Fellow missionaries subsequently reported that Elizabeth won the Indian's love as she broke through the language barrier. Her homesickness gave way to enthusiasm. When Rev. Steinhauer despaired of raising enough money for a desperately-needed new church, Miss Barrett contributed the princely sum of one hundred dollars from her meagre earnings.

She lived in a rough frame building with a clay floor and windows made from stretch-dried hides. When the hunters were unsuccessful in bitter weather, the precarious food supply dwindled to nothing but pemmican, rabbits, fish, even incubating eggs.

The plucky teacher stifled her lonliness as she fought physical cold and monotony but she couldn't overcome her longing for the refinements of the life she had left behind. On receiving some magazines she writes:

"But to me here now, in this lone land, there was a deeper interest attached to them (the magazines) than ever before. I confess that never had pictures such charm for me as I now find in gazing on the many lovely forms and faces in those illustrated papers we received last month. It seems to bring me back again into refined and cultivated life, at least for the moment."

Elizabeth Barrett left Whitefish Lake early in 1877 to join the Rev. John McDougall and his family at Morleyville in the foothills of the Rockies. Once again she faced the hardships of prairie travel before the days of roads and bridges. Travelling south to Fort Edmonton and then taking the Blackfoot Indian Trail, the party made camp each night in coulees that would give them shelter from the bitter winds of the prairie winter.

At the new mission, Miss Barrett coped with a new language, that of the Stoney Indians. She again experienced the hardships and discomforts of a frontier mission. But she was now tougher in body and spirit, and, working with the magnetic John McDougall she experienced the challenge of those earliest days in southern Alberta.

The last great historical pageant of the West was held at Blackfoot Crossing in September of 1877, and a full party from Morleyville made the long trip for the occasion. The Rev. John McDougall was anxious that his Stoney Indians be given equal treatment with their natural enemies, the powerful Blackfoot, when Treaty No. 7 was signed between the Government of Canada and the Indians of the southwest prairies.

Rev. McDougall pitched his camp on the north side of the Bow River with the Stoney and Cree encampments. From her tent, Miss Barrett looked across to the orderly tents of the Mounted Police and the white tents of the Treaty Commission, pitched on the south side. Hundreds upon hundreds of Blackfoot lodges spread through the valley, and the preparation of meat, tanning of hides, the singing and the feasting went on, uninterrupted. On the hillsides 15,000 or more horses of the Blackfoot grazed untethered. The fully-armed Indians were resplendent in smoke-tanned war shirts trimmed with ermine or fringes of otter and fox. Intricate beadwork

adorned their moccasins and head dresses. Thick shields of buffalo hide were as gaily painted as their teepees in the valley. If trouble erupted here, the Blackfoot Confederacy had all the advantages.

But the one hundred and eight officers and men of the Mounted Police were accepted as representatives of the Great White Mother's authority. The signing of the treaty took several days and Elizabeth Barrett took her place in Western history when she signed her name to the document as one of the official witnesses.

In 1878, John McDougall sent Miss Barrett to Fort Macleod to open a Methodist Mission and School. Accompanied by Gussie McDougall, daughter of the Rev. John's first wife, she forded challenging rivers such as the Ghost, slithered in the mire and slept on grass saturated with rain as they travelled the open prairies to her new post. Unprepared for the lusty life of the Fort, she looked askance at the thirsty freight cadgers and gamblers who rolled through the swinging doors of the saloons. But she concentrated on the business at hand, and it is recorded that the children of the famous scout, Jerry Potts, were among those on her school register.

Miss Barrett continued teaching at Macleod and then again at Morleyville until 1885, when she returned to Ontario for a well-earned furlough. She could not be persuaded to remain in the East and she returned to the mission in the shadow of the Rockies where she gave two more years of devoted service. When she became ill she was nursed by the McDougall family and died at their home on February 7, 1888.

There is peace in the cemetery overlooking the old church at Morley, but the browneyed susans and tall grasses have started to encroach on the old headstones.

Elizabeth Barrett was one who treasured the elegancies and refinements of life as she wrestled with this raw, new land.

NOTE: Mrs. Pat (Madeline) Freeman of Toronto, Ontario, is a great-great niece of Elizabeth Barrett.

THE McDOUGALL ORPHANAGE — by Jean L. Johnson

The first orphanage was on the mission site in a building intended for a hospital. In 1886 about twenty children attended and the grant amounted to $700 per year. James A. Youmans was the principal in 1887. Rev. John McDougall claimed Lot 8 for a new orphanage. He needed about two sections of land so that they might raise cattle because the land was too close to the mountains for farming.

In a letter to the Minister of the Interior, dated 12th April, 1893, John J. McGee, Clerk of the Privy Council, wrote as follows: "The Minister is aware that during the past six years

This receipt, unless the entry to which it refers be revoked or cancelled, entitles the homesteader to take, occupy, and cultivate the land entered for, to hold possession of the same to the exclusion of any other person or persons whomsoever, and to bring and maintain actions in law or equity against any wrong-doer or trespasser on the lands, as effectually as he could do under a patent of such land from the Crown, but not to sell any of the timber thereon to persons other than homesteaders.

In case of the death of the homesteader before the completion of his homestead duties, his legal representatives succeed to the homestead right, but they, or some of them, must complete the necessary duties; and in no case will a patent issue for a homestead unless the person applying is a British subject by birth or naturalization.

A homestead entry is liable to be cancelled at any time that the homesteader is found to be in default in the performance of his duties.

Such duties may be performed in one of the following ways:—

1. By residence on homestead for at least six months in each year, dating from time of perfecting entry by becoming an actual resident, for three years and cultivation of the land to a reasonable extent.

2. By continuous residence for 12 months, after date of entry, 30 acres of cultivation, the erection of a habitable house, and payment for the land at current Government price per acre.

3. Residence for 6 months in each year, dating from time of perfecting entry by becoming an actual resident, for 3 years within a radius of two miles from the homestead; 10 acres of breaking to be done on the home-tead within one year from date of entry; said 10 acres to be cropped the second year and 15 acres additional prepared for crop; 25 acres to be cropped the third year and 15 additional prepared for crop; a habitable house to be erected on the homestead before the expiration of the third year after entry and the homesteader to reside therein for three months NEXT PRIOR TO DATE OF APPLICATION FOR PATENT.

4. By commencing cultivation of homestead within six months from date of entry (or if entry obtained after 1st of September cultivation to be commenced not later than 1st of June following), 5 acres to be broken within one year and said 5 acres cropped; 10 acres additional breaking done and a house erected on the land within the second year from date of entry; at the commencement of the third year after the date of his homestead entry the homesteader to go into *bond fide* residence and to reside upon and cultivate the land for six months in each year of the three succeeding years.

5. If the land is an "abandoned pre-emption," a habitable house must be built and residence therein commenced within six months from date of entry. After that, residence is required for at least six months in each year, dating from time of perfecting entry by becoming an actual resident, for the three years next succeeding, and permanent improvements must be made on the land to the aggregate value of at least $1.50 an acre.

Six months is allowed in all cases for commencing the performance of duties, and where entry is obtained after 1st September in any year the time is extended until the 1st of June following.

Residence on homestead cannot be done by proxy.

Any special leave of absence that may be granted shall not count as residence.

At time of entry the homesteader is required to elect in what manner allowed by law he intends earning a patent for his homestead, and he must faithfully fulfil the prescribed duties in such manner or forfeit his entry.

Any assignment or transfer, or agreement to assign or transfer a homestead right, or any part thereof, before the homesteader shall have received a certificate of recommendation for patent in proper form is forbidden, and operates not only to forfeit the entry but also to disqualify the person assigning or transferring from obtaining another entry.

Proof that a settler is entitled to a patent must be made before the Local Agent of Dominion Lands, a Homestead Inspector or an Intelligence Offi[illegible]

Rev. John McDougall wanted additional land for the Orphanage and was interested in obtaining Lot 7. Frank White had a lease on this land, but when Lot 8 was taken from him, he gave up his leasehold. Mrs. Elisabeth Boyd paid Frank White $168.40 for his rights and filed on a homestead of 160 acres on Lot 7 and agreed to buy the balance of the lot at one dollar per acre.

Dec. 23rd, 1899

To Dept. of Indian Affairs
Sir,

With reference to your letter of the 20th ultimo asking to be informed how much longer time Mrs. Boyd is to be allowed within which to make homestead entry for 160 acres of Lot 7, Morleyville Settlement; I beg to say that it now appears that Mrs. Boyd has no interest in this Lot, but disposed of it some years ago to one Frank Ricks . .. who is prepared to carry out the conditions of the Department relative to the disposal of this Lot. Mr. Ricks has, therefore, been given a period of thirty days to close up the matter and if it is closed up to the satisfaction of this Department the lot in question cannot be transferred to your Department in connection with the McDougall Orphanage at Morleyville.

P. G. Keyes
Sec. Department of the Interior

improvements to the value of several thousand dollars have been made on the lot now claimed, chiefly in the way of buildings and fences, and that the work performed by the Rev. Mr. McDougall through the instrumentality of the orphanage has been of the highest importance to the cause of civilization and progress among the Indians of the North-West. The Minister recommends that he be authorized to issue a free patent to the Missionary Society of the Methodist Church of Canada for Lot 8 of the Morleyville Settlement . . . containing 1,176 acres, more or less, for the purpose of an Orphanage for Indian Children, and for such use only."

Later this was amended to read, "for the purpose of an orphanage or a 'training school' for Indian children."

This bill of sale shows that cattle were raised at the orphanage:

INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL
Morley, Dec. 21st, 1900

Sold to A. Jamieson Esq. Morley
8 Spring calves and 3 heifers branded bar F5 right ribs
Recd. payment in full for same
John Niddrie for McDougall Orphanage.

The Department of Indian Affairs obtained that portion of Lot 7 containing 262 acres from Frank Ricks, and in exchange he was given the N½ of Lot 18 and the N½ of Lot 20-25-5-5. This land is so described but "Lot" may mean "Section."

There was a constant turnover of staff at the Orphanage. All were overworked and there was a great deal of illness among the children. The General Board of the Methodist Church sent men to inspect the Orphanage and their report to the Department of Indian Affairs revealed these facts: (June 20th, 1905).

"The Principal's duties are too heavy. The money paid for an assistant or farmer has failed to procure an efficient man.

The Assistant Matron has her hands full. The laundry work, of nearly 60 people (including staff), is in itself a heavy item with so little assistance as can be rendered by four or five girls under fifteen years of age.

The Cook has enough to do to cook for sixty people including the making of bread with only one child assistant.

The Seamstress makes and mends the clothes for both boys and girls. None are bought ready made."

Teachers and pupils, McDougall Orphanage, Morley, 1890. Back row, L-R: Jessie Rider, Mrs Moses Jimmy John, Libby House, Eliza Hunter, ?, Sarah Fox, ?, Gussie House, Flora Twoyoungmen. 2nd row: John Bearspaw, Abraham —, ?, ?, — Wesley, Philip Beaucett, Jonas Ear, ?, ?, Tim Beaver, David Big Stoney. 3rd row: Jake Twoyoungmen, ?, Moses Wesley, ?, Morley Beaver, ?, ?, ?, ?. 4th row: Becky Beaver, ?, ?, two teachers, — Wesley, Sarah Wesley, ?. Centre front: I. M. Butler, Principal, Rev. John McDougall, Mrs. Butler.

J. W. Butler, Principal of McDougall Orphanage, Morley, and Mrs. Butler.

The following is a statement of unpaid accounts as furnished by the Principal. (1905)

Leeson & Scott, $728.00; P. Burns & Co., 212.50; C. W. Fisher, 131.07; D. H. McDougall, 50.40; David McDougall, 2949.31; Adams & Coleman, 407.68; A. K. Sibbald, 52.00; A. McBride, 55.20; Josiah Apow, 370.55; Calgary Hardware Co., 10.50; Neilson Furniture Co., 20.65; J. Niddrie, 242.50.

In November 1908, all the staff at the Orphanage resigned and in July 1910, the Orphanage was closed because of mismanagement.

In 1912 the Indians signed a petition (witnessed by E. R. Steinhauer) re a school on the Indian Reserve and applied for the school in 1913.

In 1919 the Morley School District No. 172 was formed for settlers' children and school was held on Lot 5, in the Methodist Church (the pink church) which had been built for the white people. This church had stood empty for some years. As more settlers moved in, they petitioned the Superintendent of Indian Affairs to be allowed to use the school at the Orphanage. This was opposed by Frank Wellman who held a lease on the

Indian boy at McDougall Orphanage.

Christmas Day, 1900, in the McDougall Orphanage.

1901. Stoney Indian pupils at the McDougall Orphanage.

Orphanage land but lived west of the old church. They were allowed to use the Orphanage School. In 1925 the Orphanage was torn down and the lumber used in building the large Indian School south of the Bow River. The Orphanage School was still standing in the late 1930s. To-day only the log wash house remains.

In June 1924, Carl Sundgren took a ten-year lease on Lots 7 and 8. In 1958 the Stoney Indians purchased the land for $15,140.

THE STEINHAUERS — by Jean L. Johnson

When Mr. Steinhauer of Philadelphia educated a little Ojibway boy, he helped found a line of men who were not only a credit to his name, but a credit to two races, the red and the white. Mr. Steinhauer had lost his son who had been destined for the church, and he asked the Rev. William Case to send him a native boy so that he might educate him in place of his son. Missionary Case showed that he was an excellent judge of character in the one he chose from the Rama Indian Reserve in Ontario.

The lad, now known as Henry Bird Steinhauer, was educated at Grape Island School and at Cazenovia Seminary in the United States. He was brilliantly clever and took a great interest in biography and history. Seven years later Mr. Case sent him to the Upper Canada Academy in Cobourg, Ontario, a Methodist College founded by Egerton Ryerson, and later renamed Victoria College. There Henry became proficient in Latin, Greek and Hebrew and eventually he was graduated at the head of his class. But his education was spread over many years because the Methodist Church kept calling him away from college and sending him out to various posts to teach Indian children. Henry persevered; his thirst for knowledge was so great that he continued studying even while on buffalo hunts. For a while he had the advantage of teaching under Egerton Ryerson, who had great influence on this remarkable man.

After Henry's ordination, Rev. James Evans, the superintendent of Wesleyan Missions in the West, sent him to establish missions at several points, from Rainy Lake to Lac la Biche. In the 1840s, he married a Cree girl and eventually moved with his wife and family to White Fish Lake where, free from Methodist manoeuvring, he was able to devote the remainder of his life to his people. He died in 1884.

Henry Bird Steinhauer and his wife had ten children, two of whom, Egerton R. and Robert Bird, became clergymen. One daughter, Abigail, married the Rev. John McDougall at White Fish Lake in 1865. Egerton and Robert Steinhauer went East to school, first to the Cobourg Collegiate Institute and then to Victoria College. Egerton left university to help his aging father. Later he returned to college and was ordained.

Robert, by working during the summers, helped to put himself through university. In 1887 at the age of twenty-six years, he became the

Rev. Henry B. Steinhauer.

Ralph Steinhauer, Albert Cardinal, Gus Steinhauer.

first Canadian Indian to receive a Bachelor of Arts Degree, and in 1937 he received from the University of Toronto the degree of Doctor of Divinity. He has been described as "A quiet unassuming Christian gentleman of refined tastes and cultured manners." He married a native woman in 1893 and they had ten children.

After his ordination, Rev. Egerton R. Steinhauer (1858-1932) came as a missionary to Morley. He was a tall, striking looking man who exhibited the same qualities of character as his brother, Robert.

On August 6, 1889, he was married by Rev. John McDougall to Miss Sarah Elisabeth Helliwell of Toronto, a teacher at the Indian School. Lucius Coleman was best man and Sarah's bridesmaid was Elizabeth McDougall. They were very happy together, and Sarah was so proud of her husband that she took him East to meet her parents. The parents rejected them and Sarah was heartbroken, but the motto of the Steinhauer wives has been, "Wither thou goest I will go — thy people shall be my people." They returned to Morley, where they are well remembered by some of the old-timers who knew them or heard the Rev. Steinhauer preach in the Mission Church or the little "pink church" on Lot 5.

Arthur (1852-1929) was another of Rev. Henry Bird Steinhauer's sons. Arthur's son James played a part in the history of Alberta and Morleyville. He too, was a good citizen, a churchman, carpenter and farmer. In the days when the McDougall Orphanage was in operation, a Cree Indian, Josiah Apow, came there as blacksmith. His shop was a little south of the Orphanage buildings, near the trail, on Lot 8. Josiah Apow married Miss Mumford, who taught at the Orphanage. Their son Ralph was born at Morley in 1905. After Josiah died, Mrs. Apow married James Steinhauer and Ralph was given the Steinhauer name. The child had an excellent father in James Steinhauer, who was so devoted to his eldest son, that he quite forgot that the boy was his stepson. In more than name, Ralph was his son and was brought up in the Steinhauer tradition, which included a respect for honest work.

The family made their home on the Cree Indian Reserve at Saddle Lake. In 1928, Ralph Steinhauer married American born Isabel Davidson who was teaching at Vilna, Alberta, close to the reserve. At that time Ralph was Postmaster at Vilna. In 1929, he established a farm near Brosseau, on the Indian Reserve. His farm has an area of 1800 acres under cultivation and pasture for his 300 head of cattle. Mrs. Steinhauer is a member of the Indian band and takes treaty. They have five children, four girls and a boy: Muriel, Doreen, Kay, June and Ken.

For thirty-four years Ralph Garvin Steinhauer was a councillor of the Saddle Lake Indian band and for three years their chief. He helped to establish the Indian Assoc. of Alberta of which he is past president, and he has played a part in every organization dedicated to the betterment of the Indians' lot. He received the Medal of Service of the Order of Canada in 1967 and became an officer of the Order in 1972. All

the accomplishments and involvements of this public spirited man are too numerous to mention here.

On April 30, 1974, Prime Minister Trudeau officially announced in the House of Commons, Mr. Steinhauer's appointment as the ninth Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Alberta. His Honour was an excellent choice for the high office he holds as our Queen's representative.

A MAN FOR THE TIMES — by Mary B. Mark

Dominion Day, 1974, has a special significance and one with many satisfactions for the citizens of Alberta, marking as it does the first day in office of the new Lieutenant-Governor, the Honourable Ralph Garvin Steinhauer. His appointment has proven a stimulating and happy choice for Albertans.

Ralph Garvin Steinhauer was born on the Morley Indian Reserve on June 8th, 1905, the year Alberta became a province. He lived also at Brocket and in residence at the Red Deer Indian Industrial School for his primary grades. Early memories are centred around his life on the Saddle Lake Indian Reserve where his father, James Steinhauer, had come with family and friends to establish a new community. Their home was built on that part of the nineteen and one-half sections of the reserve later purchased from the native farmers by enterprising white men.

The Steinhauer family, greatly influenced by the life and teachings of their grandfather, the Ojibway missionary, Henry Steinhauer, knew the value of education and the benefits of agricultural practices. James Steinhauer, however, had no mind to send his children away to the residential schools. They must attend Doucet School, a public school where mostly French was spoken, a good six-mile hike from home. Ralph Steinhauer and his sister Winnifred were the only two children from the reserve to attempt this integrated type of schooling. (At first they were given a bad time by the other children but soon they were accepted.)

Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Ralph G. Steinhauer.

Mr. Steinhauer recalls: "Later we went to Roseneath School, south of Ashmont, again the only two children from the reserve. We had a regular League of Nations there — a good teacher, good discipline. I liked history and geography best of my studies, and we had outdoor sports — lots of fun.

"My father, who also acted as interpreter on the reserve and did a lot of carpentry work, had established quite a farm by this time. We children had our share of chores to do. After threshing in the fall, we had the long haul to bring grain to the elevator at Two Hills. At 18 I was one of the first members of the Alberta Wheat Pool." He proudly shows the leather plaque presented to him as a founding member.

Another vivid memory is the arrival of the railway to Ashmont in 1919 and to St. Paul in 1921. He recalls when many acres of the reserve land were sold.

"I was about 20 when white buyers came with many ten-dollar bills in their pockets. I didn't like to see the land sold. I told my elders that it would be a great loss to my generation, but because I was not 21 they didn't allow me to speak at the meeting."

Many a moccasin mile he pondered, knowing full well the land was worth much more than the paltry sums paid.

The next year after threshing he found winter employment in the General Store and Post Office at Vilna. It was there he met Miss Isabel Davidson, the soft-spoken and lovely schoolteacher.

"I didn't see him until late in November," Mrs. Steinhauer says with a laugh. They skip lightly over this time, but it was a romance, a love match. To be brought "home" to the reserve, to live the first summer in a tent, cook in a granary, to help with the building of the first log home, are happy memories today. Many pioneers can share such memories with them . . . the frogs chorusing in the nearby slough in the evenings, the fresh spruce-scented air, the strawberries and other wild fruit, fried partridge, roast duck . . . making tea, making lunches, suppers . . . summer at Saddle Lake. The young teacher, born in Buffalo, New York, who had come west to Edmonton at the age of 15 with her widowed Scottish mother, would wonder and marvel.

"It took me a little while to get used to being a farmer's wife," Isabel Steinhauer says, "But I finally adapted." She had become a teacher after taking business training at McDougall Commercial College in Edmonton.

"Mr. Percy Page was my teacher. I worked as a bank teller at Provost for a couple of years and then went to Normal School. I taught school at Vilna, and I loved it, but Ralph wanted to farm, make our home here. It has been a good life, a busy life — a real home." Mrs. Steinhauer

states simply the sum of their 47 years of married life.

From the beginning the young couple had much to do. There were people to meet, to understand. The Steinhauer family had several branches, notably Uncle Robert who maintained the Mission Church located at the far end of the reserve. For Ralph and Isabel it meant a 13 mile trip in a lumber wagon when weather permitted. Also when weather permitted, Ralph coached his baseball team.

In 1929 their daughter Muriel was born and a year later, Doreen. The birth of Kay, in 1932, came at the end of a sports day in St. Paul, when Ralph's Saddle Lake baseball team won the day. "It was a great day," Ralph remembers, "Winning the ball games — and another beautiful daughter at night!"

At 25, Ralph Steinhauer was increasingly concerned and affected by the problems that affected the reserve. Without adequate fences, stray cattle pastured on the reserve and their own cattle often became lost. Too, the farm advisor provided by the government was a man who "didn't know a neck yoke from a singletree, or anything about the handling of livestock."

A native person wishing to speak to the Indian Agent had to talk to him through a wicket. If the agent didn't like the discussion or if he thought it went on too long, he shut the wicket down in the face of the speaker. Also at that time the Indian Agent did not meet with the native band councillors. Chief Moses acted as the go-between in those early years. Progress and communication did not exist.

After much frustration Ralph decided to call a council meeting. The councillors came to the waiting room. "We're here to have a meeting," he told the Indian Agent. "We want you out here with us." Each band member had his say. They wanted regular meetings and open discussion of problems with the Indian Agent. Maybe this could be arranged.

"The council meetings were the beginning of change. People began to take an interest in their own affairs. A new Indian Agent came, Mr. Bill Pugh. He brought more changes. He welcomed the council meetings, had the councillors in for lunch!"

(The Indians had to have a permit to sell a load of grain or a calf. Through the efforts of Ralph Steinhauer this was changed and permits are no longer in use.)

The little girls were now well past school age. With no day school on the reserve, Isabel Steinhauer had to send her children away to the residential school at St. Albert. This went on for three unsatisfactory school terms. Not at all pleased with the quality of education her children were receiving, Mrs. Steinhauer applied to the Correspondence School Branch and taught the children at home. Later the girls were registered in the Duclos Mission School at Bonnyville and went on to complete their education in their chosen fields of teaching and nursing. In 1937, the fourth daughter, June, was born, and in 1945, their son Kenneth arrived. By this time a day school had been built on the reserve, taught by Catholic sisters.

The years have been filled with active community work both on and off the reserve. Neighbors and friends have always found a warm welcome in the Steinhauer home, built close to the highway in the corner of their 1800 acre farm, where cattle and grain crops are raised.

Ralph Steinhauer's work with the band council, begun in 1932, was to continue for 37 years. Three of these years were served as Chief. Active for many years in the work of the Indian Association of Alberta, he travelled the province, a well-known and respected figure. Later he sat on the board of the Alberta New Start Program and in 1971 the Alberta Indian Development Systems Limited. For his valuable contributions to Indian and agricultural organizations and his community, Ralph Steinhauer was invested with the Order of Canada in 1967, and made an Officer of the Order in 1972.

Remarking on the progress and changes over the years, Mr. Steinhauer notes the population of the Saddle Lake Band is now 1600. There is a library, a playground, a kindergarten and a day school with seven grades, with Cree teacher aides helping the youngsters. There are sports facilities for the active young people, and graduating students may choose to go to the Blue Quills Residential School, now programmed and staffed by the native people, or to surrounding schools.

"We are just as much a part of the farming community of Brosseau — all are friends and neighbors," Mr. Steinhauer added. "We've known each other and worked on projects together for many years now."

Their family now includes 16 grandchildren and one great-grandchild. Messages from the grandchildren, bursting with pride in their grandfather, have come as posters and cards, carefully written and decorated. The hand-carved sandalwood chest they had bought two years before in Zanzibar is filled with letters and cards all bearing good wishes and congratulations from friends near and far.

Bit by bit the pattern emerges, the pattern of the past that has shaped the present and the future and made Ralph Garvin Steinhauer the first native Canadian to become the Lieutenant-Governor of his province. The story is one of heritage and destiny, courage, intelligence and far-sightedness; and the great good humour and wisdom of this kindly and generous-hearted man who now becomes a historical figure in Alberta.

Beside him, his wife Isabel gives her wholehearted and loyal support to every decision of this remarkable man who clearly is a man for the times.

TOM WILSON — by Jean L. Johnson

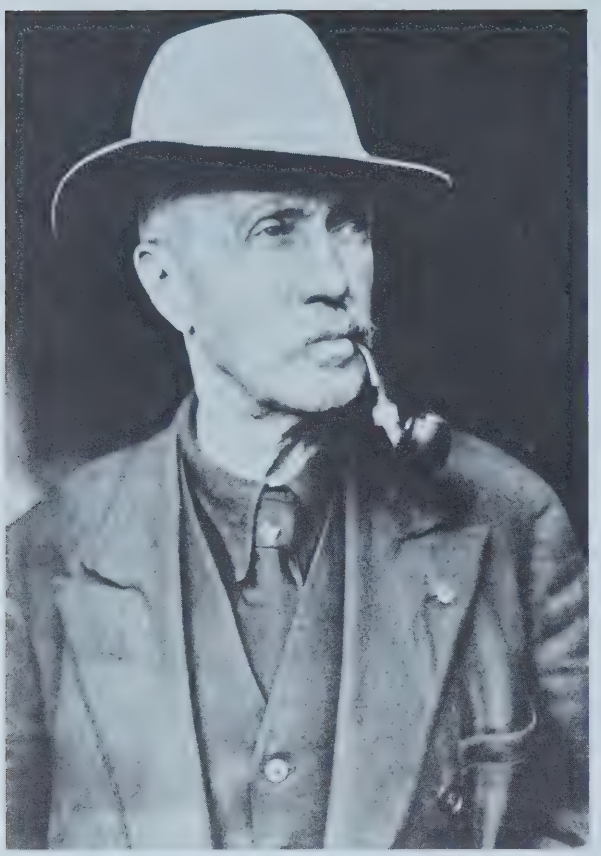
One of the best-known characters to live in the Morleyville Settlement, in the early days, was Tom Wilson, though he is more widely remembered as a guide and outfitter of Banff, where he moved in 1893. For a time, in 1881 and 1882, he worked with survey parties planning the route of the C.P.R. through the mountains.

Pierre Berton, in his book The Last Spike (Vol. 2 of The Great Railway), describes in dramatic detail how Tom Wilson saved the engineer, Major A. B. Rogers, from drowning when he made a foolhardy attempt to ford a swift and swollen stream, in July of 1881. This stream, which flows into the Bow River from the Daly glacier near the eastern end of the Kicking Horse Pass, has been known ever since as Bath Creek. This occurred before Rogers had discovered the pass through the Selkirks which bears his name, so it is quite possible that had Tom failed to pull the Major from the icy waters, the railway would have followed a different route and the subsequent development of Alberta and eastern British Columbia might have taken a very different course.

Tom Wilson was born at Bond Head, forty miles north of Toronto, August 21, 1859, of pioneer stock. Like many Ontario farm boys, he had read romantic tales of the Northwest, and heard the yarns of soldiers returning from the Red River Rebellion. At the age of sixteen, he set out looking for adventure, heading for the Canadian West, via Detroit and Chicago. He got as far as Sioux City, Iowa, when a surge of homesickness sent him home again. However, four years later the urge for adventure was strong in him again. This time he joined the North West Mounted Police and was sent to Fort Walsh in the Cypress Hills. He started from Barrie, Ontario, and went to Sarnia. From there he went by steamboat to Duluth, Minnesota, where he boarded the Northern Pacific to the end of steel at Bismarck, North Dakota. From Bismarck he travelled by boat up the Missouri River to somewhere above Fort Benton and then across the prairies to Fort Walsh.

In April of 1881 the talk and the excitement was all of the coming railway and Tom Wilson felt he had to be part of the action. He applied for, and was given, his discharge from the Mounted Police and took a job as a packer with the I. G. Baker Company, which had a contract to supply the party searching for a route through the mountains. He proceeded south with the freight company to Fort Benton where there was a wait of a week, for the arrival of Major

Tom Wilson's homestead at Morleyville, around 1889.



Tom Wilson.

Rogers' survey crew. He was hired by Rogers' deputy, a man named Hyndman. At nineteen, Tom was the youngest of the crew.

The party started out for Bow River Gap where they were to rendezvous with Major Rogers. It took three weeks for the party of nine prairie schooners, pulled by twenty-four teams of horses, as well as eighty pack animals, to reach Old Bow Fort. Crossing the Old Man River at Coalbank, (now Lethbridge) they had to convert the wagons into boats. When they reached Fort Calgary, they found some semblance of civilization — four log buildings: Mounted Police Barracks, Hudson's Bay Post, I. G. Baker store and a mission. They left Fort Calgary on July 5 and camped that night on Big Hill Creek, at the site of the present town of Cochrane.

Here they were joined by Rev. John McDougall, the Methodist missionary, who offered to guide them, as the wagon trail ended at Morley. From there west there was only an Indian trail. At Bow Fort, where the Baker Company's contract ended, they pitched camp, and next day, Sunday, heard a sermon by Rev. John McDougall who took for his text, "As sure as Christ." This was not taken from the Bible but from the words of a Montana packer: "Just as soon as the snow begins to fall, I am as sure as Christ, getting out of this Godforsaken country."

Tom became a great friend of Major Rogers who wanted him to go on foot alone to explore Howse Pass. Tom quit. Later, guiding for the C.P.R., he discovered Lake Louise. The next day he again met up with Major Rogers and he did explore Howse Pass. He was the first white man to view Takakkaw Falls in Yoho Park where, later, a bronze plaque was erected in his honor.

The fall of 1882 he left the mountains and spent the winter with Mr. and Mrs. David McDougall at Morley. Possibly it was about this time that he built the little log cabin on land taken later by James Potts.

In April 1885 he received a wire from Major Steele asking him to join Steele's Scouts, organized to assist in putting down the Riel Rebellion. When the rebellion was over he returned to Morley and homesteaded the SW¼ 29-26-6-5, on the School Section west of the James Potts place. His buildings are long gone but there is a spot in a hollow up on the School Section hill that shows some faint signs of human abode. And there one day, I discovered rhubarb growing among the grass. During the three years we lived on the old Coleman place, I went up regularly to pick the stunted stalks. Strangely enough, I discovered Tom's rhubarb the year he died.

> From Frank White's Diary: "Sept. 29, 1885, Wilson informed me that the object of his trip to Edmonton was to marry Miss Minnie McD."

The lady that Tom married was Minnie McDougall, a niece of the Rev. George McDougall. They had four children born at Morley, Ada, John, Rene and Thomas E. Jr.; Bessie and Dora were born in Banff.

The family moved to Banff in 1893 where Tom became renowned as a guide and outfitter. In 1898 another well-known outfitter and mountain man, Jimmie Simpson, became one of Tom's men and cooked for him on the trail when they took a party of Philadelphians in to Emerald Lake, another lake which had been discovered and named by Tom.

About 1901 Tom Wilson established a horse ranch on the historic Kootenay Plains. This beautiful ranch was on the flats of the North Saskatchewan River, surrounded by mountains. The plains were rich in hard grass and were swept by Chinook winds in winter so that there was excellent winter range and no cultivation of the land was necessary. Tom had A fences and good log buildings and corrals close to the river. He packed his water up from the river with a yoke across his shoulders. This yoke was carved from a log and a pail was hung from each end, making the load very easy to carry.

Tom wintered his horses on the Kootenay Plains and in the summer took his saddle horses and pack horses to Banff where he carried on as an outfitter and had a pony stand at Lake Louise. In 1919 the Government took over his ranch and made it part of the Forest Reserve. He was

forced to part with his Powder Horn horses which had greatly increased in numbers. Frank Wellman bought the horses.

Tom Wilson went back to Banff and his beloved mountains. There he worked for the C.P.R. giving information to the tourists. He became a Justice of the Peace in Banff and there on September 20, 1933, he died. The bronze plaque was brought from the Yoho and placed over his grave in Banff.

ARTHUR FLETCHER — by Jean L. Johnson

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Fletcher and their son, Arthur, immigrated to Canada from Ripley, Derbyshire, England, and settled in Winnipeg where they operated a dairy. In Winnipeg they were neighbors and became close friends of the Niddrie family and when, in 1889, the Fletchers moved West to Morley the Niddries were not long in following. Arthur Fletcher took up land on a C.P.R. Section: 31-26-6-5. This land which adjoined Andrew Sibbald's place on the north has been known, ever since, as "The Ripley." It is watered by Ripley Creek which runs northeast, plunges into Ripley Canyon and flows into the Ghost River.

Arthur Fletcher and his father built a good home, finished on the inside with V-joint, and a good stable for their milk cows and horses. They made a lime kiln to burn lime for chinking their log buildings, and years after they left, signs of the lime kiln were still visible. Their shallow dug well, carefully cribbed with flat limestones, was still in good repair in the late 1930s. The Ripley had the most reliable water supply on the "Hill." At first Arthur raised Galloway cattle but later he went in for registered Herefords. He bred useful horses by crossing a Hackney or a Coach horse with hardy mares from the Stoney Indian Reserve.

A. P. Coleman wrote: "Passing through Fletcher's ranch, sleek cows eyed us placidly, and men at work in the yellow oatfields stopped to look at us." Professor Coleman was on his way back to his brother's ranch in the fall of 1892 after exploring the eastern slopes of the Rockies.

Arthur Fletcher, in common with most pioneers, kept a few milk cows. In 1894 he sold some of them to a man at Didsbury and trailed them up there. On this trip to Didsbury he first met his future wife, Margaret Jane Edwards.

Dry years came and that area, close to the timber and never a very good grass country at the best of times, now failed to produce enough forage for the livestock. On some nearby ranches the wells and springs went dry. The McDougalls had a large ranch up on the Red Deer River close to Sundre on what is known as the McDougall Flats. They ran their cattle up there and sang the praises of the district. In 1894 Arthur Fletcher, Lucius Coleman and William Niddrie gathered their livestock and drove them up to the "Big Red Deer." They liked what they saw and, later that year, they loaded their belongings on wagons and drove north. It was a long rough trail but the three men were equal to every problem. They were resourceful, industrious and enterprising. Also they were fine citizens and an asset to any community. They all settled along the southeast side of the Red Deer River. The survey had not yet reached that part of the country. They were squatters on land which proved to be in Township 33-5-5. The Niddries held church in their home every Sunday for several years. Lucius Coleman taught the Niddrie children in the evenings and helped them with Bible Study.

In 1895 Mrs. Samuel Fletcher died and was buried in the Millward Cemetery at Morleyville. William Niddrie's mother, who attended the funeral of her old friend, died eight days later and was laid beside her in the graveyard.

In 1899 Arthur Fletcher married Margaret Jane Edwards. That year Lucius Coleman returned to Morleyville, but the Fletchers and the Niddries never looked back. The Fletchers took over the Coleman land on the Red Deer River and Lucius Coleman acquired the Ripley.

Arthur and Margaret Fletcher had three children, Minnie, Pearl and Frank. Arthur Fletcher was a public-spirited man, involved in everything that would benefit the community. He was a very successful rancher. His CX brand was well known throughout the West, the Hereford bulls which he sold at the Calgary Bull Sale made a name for him and his heavy horses won ribbons at exhibitions.

His father, Samuel Fletcher, died in Armstrong, British Columbia, in 1916. Arthur's wife, Margaret, died in 1951, and the following year Arthur, too, passed away. They are buried in the Olds Cemetery. Minnie (Fletcher) Cook lives on the home place and Frank still ranches near by (1975). Pearl married Fred Jeannott and lives in California.

FRANK RICKS — by Jean L. Johnson

Frank Ricks was born near Placerville, California, in 1857. He was a noted bronc rider in the Western States and in 1878 he won first prize at a rodeo in Sacramento, California. For this he received a beautiful saddle and bridle and one hundred dollars in gold. In the spring of 1883, he was hired to trail two hundred and fifty head of horses from the Hay Stack Valley in Oregon, to Alberta. He brought the horses through the Crowsnest Pass in a drive that took over three months.

He decided to stay in Canada and for a while he worked at the Mount Royal Ranch which, at that time, belonged to A. P. Patrick. He then took over Lot 7 of Morleyville Settlement from Mrs. Elisabeth Boyd who had filed a homestead on it. He and Isabella Jane Potts were married in April, 1887, by the Rev. John McDougall. They moved into a log house on the south part of Lot 7. For a while Mrs. Ricks' sisters, Jessie and Lucy Potts, stayed with them to be closer to the little log schoolhouse which had been built for white

A glimpse into the past. The sitting room of Frank Ricks' home on the Jumping Pound.

children. This school was on Lot 4 of the Settlement.

The Rev. John McDougall needed more land for his Orphanage so a deal was made whereby Frank Ricks traded this land for a section of good land south of the Bow River in the Jumping Pound district. There he built up and stocked a fine ranch. About this time he also acquired the Alberta Hotel in Banff. He added a dance hall to his ranch house, and there he and Mrs. Ricks gave fabulous parties for their friends and neighbors. From Calgary, they hired orchestras to play for the dances, and singers and musicians to entertain their guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Ricks made several trips back to the United States and in 1889 their only son, Walter, was born in Corn Cob Valley, Grant County, Oregon. Their only daughter, Jessie Isabella, was born at Morley in 1897. It was a sad blow to the couple when this beautiful little girl died of polio in 1904. Walter's health was not good and he was never strong.

Frank's reputation as a rider was as great as that of John Ware so a competition was arranged at a gathering at the High River Horse Ranch. This was an impromptu affair instigated by Fred

Frank Ricks.

Stimson of the Bar U. Tom Lynch had a formidable horse, Dynamite, which had never been ridden. He brought his horse over for the event and a coin was flipped to see which man should ride first. John Ware won the toss and put up a great ride on the hard-bucking, sun-fishing horse. He jumped off so that there would still be some buck left in the horse for Frank. But Frank said, "Give John the award. No one could make a better ride." Certainly the horse could not put on a better show — nor was there any doubt that Frank could ride him. He had ridden worse horses.

Frank Ricks and Ebb Johnson were old friends, having known each other south of the Border. Possibly Ebb was the only one who knew that Frank and Jesse James were cousins. The resemblance in feature was very striking but Frank had the size and strength of the Daltons and, like them, he was an excellent horseman. Often when Frank came to Cochrane the two old friends would seat themselves where no one could eavesdrop on them and talk of the old days. No one knows the tales told, the adventures recalled or the dark deeds discussed — for if anyone came near they fell silent. Frank Ricks was suffering terribly from what he called "indigestion." One day he told Ebb that he had taken it as long as he could. On May 22, 1914, he took his own life.

JAMES IRVING BREWSTER — by Jean L. Johnson

James Irving Brewster, another old-timer of the Morley district, was born at Kingston, Ontario, in 1857. He came West via Winnipeg in 1877 and freighted between Winnipeg and Edmonton. During the Riel Rebellion he freighted for the army. It was during his freighting days that he first met the Rev. John McDougall and Tom Wilson. He located at Morley on the NW¼ 22-26-5-5 and had a blacksmith shop there. The old trail from Morleyville to Calgary ran through his quarter and was considerably north of the later trail along Highway 1A, for it lay up on the hill then followed down along the Ghost River to the ford.

From Frank White's Diary: "September 27th, 1885, Albert Boyd tells me that Brewster is laying out a homestead.

"July 20th, 1886, Jim Robertson got Brewster to shoe horses."

James Brewster was a senior member of the Brewsters of Banff. On December 14th, 1887, James Brewster and Mary Jane Boyd were married by the Rev. John McDougall in the little church at Morley.

Mary Jane Boyd was born in 1865, at Meaford, Ontario. She came West with her parents, Samuel Boyd and Elisabeth Craig (McDougall) Boyd, in 1879. Her mother was a sister of the Rev. George McDougall. They came from Georgian Bay via the Great Lakes to Duluth, Minnesota, and up the Missouri River to Fort Benton. At Fort Benton they were met by the Rev. John McDougall and Andrew Sibbald. Andrew Sibbald was there to meet Mrs. Sibbald and their children, Howard, Clarence (Bert), and Elsie who had been back to Ontario for a visit. They were on their way home and were travelling with the Boyds.

Mrs. John McDougall, the Rev. John's second wife, was the former Miss Elizabeth Boyd so it was a happy family reunion. They all had exciting stories to tell of the trip and they were very impressed by their first sight of the buffalo. They told that a herd of buffalo crossing the river had, at one point, stopped their boat.

The Boyd homestead was south of the present highway and possibly much of it is now under the water of the Ghost Lake. Evidently James Brewster did not prove up on his homestead for it was homesteaded later on by William Graham. Brewster moved away and homesteaded at Bowden, Alberta, where he died in 1937.

DAVID McDOUGALL AND FAMILY — by Jean L. Johnson

David McDougall, the trader, was born at Owen Sound, Ontario, the son of the Rev. George and Elizabeth McDougall. All the McDougalls have been men of action and courage, ready for any adventure and able to cope with any situation. David McDougall's grandfather, a native of Argyll, Scotland, was a sea captain who came to Canada in the early 1800s. He and his son, George, fought in the Rebellion of 1837 and were, undoubtedly, supporters of the Rev. Egerton Ryerson, an influential Methodist minister.

David McDougall received his early education in Owen Sound and later he attended Victoria College in Cobourg, Ontario, a Methodist Theological University, founded by Egerton Ryerson. He came West with his parents and was still a boy when he accompanied his brother, the Rev. John, to the mission at Pigeon Lake in 1864. When the McDougalls came to Morleyville in 1873 they built a fort up on the hill beside the Hudson's Bay Post. In 1874 they established their mission close to the Bow River about three miles southeast of there, and David opened a trading post beside the trail just east of the mission. There he traded with the Indians and supplied the white settlers with provisions which he hauled from Fort Garry or Fort Benton. Later he became involved in other enterprises, owned the Mount Royal Hotel in Banff and built the McDougall Block in Calgary.

He married Annie McKenzie of Aberfoyle, Ontario, and they had five children: Georgie, who married N. K. Luxton of Banff; Jean, who married Fred Graham; David, who married Annie Hall; May, who married Senator George Ross of Calgary and Annie who married Gordon Carling from Ottawa.

Before their marriages the eldest girls used to help in the trading post and some, who were children then, remember the kindness of the McDougall girls who used to slip them handfulls

Annie Hall (later Mrs. D. H. McDougall).

Mr. and Mrs. David Hardisty McDougall's 50th Wedding Anniversary, 1959. L. to R.: Alfred May, May Ross, Jean Graham, Georgina Luxton, Mrs. Mackie, Norman Luxton. Seated: Mr. and Mrs. McDougall. May, Jean and Georgina are David's sisters.

of hard candies. The girls adored their only brother, David Hardisty McDougall, and attempted to guard the adventurous youngster from all danger.

David Hardisty McDougall was a true scion of this remarkable family. He was a born athlete, light on his feet and amazingly active. In the East where he received some of his education, he played hockey and could have become a professional if his interest had lain in that direction. Raised in McDougall tradition and surrounded by McDougall land, he chose to carry on the ranching interests of the family. His cattle brand, the Circle, is one of the oldest in Alberta.

He loved the foothills country and eventually took over the five western lots of Morleyville settlement and a section of land which adjoined them on the north. He settled on his land west of Cochrane, land watered by Beaupré Creek, Coal Creek and Horse Creek, land along the north bank of the Bow River. He built a beautiful home of red brick set in landscaped grounds. At one time the walls of his home were adorned with the trophies of the hunt for he was an excellent shot. He kept adding to his holdings and owned smaller ranches scattered northwest of the home place. His love of the land and his interest in preserving it are evident in the fact that the greater part of his land was left in the natural state, covered with that miracle, prairie wool, which he cut every third year. He brushed and broke land where there was little grass. His knowledge of cattle was quite incredible. When he had once seen an animal he never forgot it and he knew where he had seen it last and where it was likely to go.

David McDougall always rode a good horse and although he did not ride the tremendous distances that his father and his uncle covered in trips to Fort Edmonton, Fort Garry and Fort Benton, it is quite certain that, altogether, he rode as many miles. He was almost constantly on horseback and no matter where you rode in all that territory you were almost sure to see him, or, even more likely, he was sure to see you.

David's wife, Annie, was a wonderful hostess and a charming lady who was loved by all who knew her. David was a devoted husband and father. They had seven children, and many grandchildren. Their elder son, David the third, married Muriel Poyser. Georgia married Frank Copithorne and the children are: Richard, Anne, Kenneth, Joan and Thomas. Elizabeth married Wilfred Costello and their children are: Maryann, Elizabeth, Catherine, Margaret and David. Jean married Cliff Sabin and had one son, John. Gwendolyn married William McKendrick and their three are: Anne, William and Patricia. Robert married Virginia Southern, and they have three children: Sally, Robert and Jean. Virginia married George Dutchik. Their children are: David, Virginia, Georgina and Nancy.

The first break in the family circle came in 1952 with the death of Jean Sabin. David Hardisty McDougall passed away on December 29, 1960. He was followed by his wife, Annie, on August 30, 1972. Georgia Copithorne died on January 29, 1973.

FRANK WELLMAN

Frank Wellman was born at Kingston, Ontario, and came West in the early days with his mother. They settled first at Anthracite

where his mother ran the hotel. For a while Frank worked for Tom Wilson and later for the Brewsters in Banff. He bought the Brewster dairy at Banff and in 1911 or 1912 he bought the store at Morley. Fred Scott worked for him in the store, and Frank took over part of the McDougall Ranch at Morleyville and leased the Orphanage land. There he ran a large number of horses and became an outfitter.

Frank Wellman married Edith Potts and they had three children, Lorna, born in 1908, Edith, born in 1914 and William, born in 1918. Lorna boarded with the Tom Wilsons while she went to school in Banff.

Frank always had a fast horse or two which he raced at Cochrane and at some of the bush tracks. Horace Holloway rode for him.

In 1919 Frank bought the Powder Horn ranch horses from Tom Wilson and brought them from the Kootenay Plains down to his Morleyville ranch. That year he outfitted several parties for trips into the Rockies. His brother-in-law, Bill Potts, was the guide. In 1920 Frank Wellman, a fine man, fell ill with influenza and passed away.

Lorna Wellman married an American, Mr. Oliver, and went to live in New York. She now makes her home in Banff. Their only daughter, Larri, married young Jim Simpson of Bow Lakes.

Edith married Alvin Hobles. They have one daughter, Leslie. William married Lorraine Matthew and they have one son, Frank.

WILLIAM GRIER — by Jean L. Johnson

William Grier was an old prospector who was in Morleyville in 1884, and possibly, some years before then. In 1884 when A. P. Coleman came to Morleyville to arrange for his first trip of exploration into the Rocky Mountains he wrote that he "secured Grier as companion."

On that occasion Professor Coleman took the construction train to the end of steel — which at that time was Laggan (Lake Louise). There he spent two nights before William Grier and Severin, the young French Canadian cook, arrived with the four horses they had trailed up from Morleyville. Coleman found both men to be of great help to him as they had been used to roughing it and were able to contend with every situation.

On the trip back, Grier and Coleman, the old prospector and the geologist, were asked to stop at Silver City, near Castle Mountain, to visit a copper mine. After inspecting the mine and deciding that it was of little importance, they walked six miles to catch the train back to Morley.

In 1900 the William Grier family received title to the north half of Lot 6, Morleyville. William and Priscilla Grier had two daughters, Rita (or Rettie) and Alma. Rita married Howard Sibbald on November 23, 1887; the witnesses were Robert Scott of Morley and Elsie Sibbald. Alma married Hugh McClelland on January 30, 1889; the witnesses were Frank and Elsie Sibbald. Both couples were married by the Rev. John McDougall at Morleyville.

William Grier died in 1895. Mrs. William Grier was Priscilla Chantler. The four Chantler sisters, who had come to Canada from England, were Quakers. Elizabeth Chantler married Rev. George McDougall. It was undoubtedly because of this connection with the McDougalls that the Griers came to Morleyville.

JAMES D. WARNOCK — by T. A. Jamieson

In the early 1880s James Warnock came West with a carload of cattle for a man named Geddes who ranched near Calgary. At that time the C.P.R. had only reached Winnipeg so he trailed the cattle over the prairies to Calgary. He came on to Morleyville and for a time he worked for the McDougalls. In 1883 or thereabouts, he homesteaded the E½ 20-26-6-5, which is on the west side of the trail that led up to our homestead.

In 1885 he joined up during the Riel Rebellion and was engaged in hauling supplies to the troops. After his return he was married on December 20, 1888, at the age of 31 years, by the Rev. John McDougall, in the old Indian church on the Reservation. His bride was Barbara A. Draper, age 19, of Morley, and the witnesses were George Brewster and Emma Draper, both of Morley. Barbara may have been a teacher at the Orphanage. They had one daughter, Florence, who was a great friend of my mother.

James Warnock sold the place to Frank Fletcher who lived there but homesteaded the SE¼ 32-26-6-5, up near Ripley Canyon. This land had been burnt over so the pine trees were not very large but were suitable for posts and rails. The Fletchers had two daughters, Bernice, who married a schoolteacher, Fred Reid, and Evelyn, who married Eddy Simpson, whose mother was a Gillies. The Castle quarter was now part of this ranch making three quarters in all. The Fletchers had the place from the early 1900s to 1919 when they sold out to Mrs. Wynne and moved to Cochrane.

Mrs. Ethel Wynne came from British Columbia with her manager, Bill Bingaman, alias Marshall. Bill did not stay long so Guy Gibson took over as manager.

About 1925 Mrs. Wynne sold the place to Pat Render, an Englishman. He milked cows and sold cream or butter for a living. Perhaps he is best remembered for a fight he had with Jack McDonald. It was a dispute over a fence and poor Jack was vanquished when Mrs. Render entered the fray with a hammer. Around 1929 or thereabouts, he left the place and rented it to various neighbors. In the early thirties Olie and Ruth Armstrong lived there. Although Pat Render only lived there for a short time, perhaps his land is best known as the Render Place. It had a good spring, unusual on the Hill. Coyote

Creek starts there and is a tributary of the Ghost River.

EXCERPTS FROM "FAR FROM THE BUSY HAUNTS OF MEN" — by Rev. John W. Niddrie at Berens River, Manitoba, January 27, 1937.

It was near the end of July 1889, when we left Winnipeg and, for the second time, strained the western prairies. Upon this occasion, Morley, on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, our objective, pointed 900 miles to the westward and almost under the very shadow of the Rocky Mountains.

Our train rushed westward and soon we reached our destination. Morley is named after the great preacher and lecturer of English fame — Reverend Morley Punshon D.D. who visited Winnipeg, or rather Red River as it was known at that time, and opened the first Methodist Conference west of the Great Lakes. This was in the summer of 1873. Prior to this, very little was known of the Morley district. It was called, in the native tongue, "Mun-u-chaban", meaning the place from which wood was secured for bows and arrows. Here in the days of tribal wars, many of the Indian people went to seek the wood for their implements of war.

There is one name that will ever be inseparably connected with this place and that is the name of the Rev. John McDougall D. D., a young man who was ordained at the first Wesleyan Methodist Conference at Red River and commissioned to open a mission somewhere along the base of the Rocky Mountains.

Morley was eventually mentioned as needing a Church dignitary. It was late in the fall of 1873 when the first move was made towards permanent occupancy in this cause. Many people living in the Far North were pessimistic regarding this undertaking on account of the unsettled state of the Indian people.

We found that the Stoney Indians had a great reverence for the Sabbath day, the Lord's house and the Bible (which they demonstrated in their language, "The Thick Book"). All through the Red River Rebellion in 1871 and again in 1885 these people remained loyal to the Canadian Government. Indeed some of them went in the capacity of scouts with our troops. For thirty-three years or more Dr. John McDougall and his wife labored with untiring energy for the uplift of these people.

When he left them they had made great strides towards Christianity and were earnest worshippers of the true God. Only eternity will reveal the good done by this devoted and consecrated man and his no less noble wife.

Morley, as already stated, is nine hundred miles west of the city of Winnipeg, nestling amid the beautiful foothills in the valley of the Bow River, and about twelve miles from the base of the eastern range of the Rocky Mountains. It has an extended range of vision. It surely ranks as one of the greatest beauty spots in Western

Rev. J. W. Niddrie, taken at Morley.

Canada. During the months of June, July and even August the beautiful rounded hills appear at their best. In many places the whole hillsides are covered with the beautiful pink wild rose while the aroma of the same inflates your lungs. As you ride along the grassy hilltops with the valley at your feet, and again two or three hundred feet lower, the Bow River winds its way eastward like a silver ribbon.

Looking westward, the mountains present no even chain of serrated peaks, but the eye seems to rest upon the jagged wall with sunshine and yonder shadow and yet again a snow-capped peak towering heavenward, like a fragment of a petrified eternity. There are other valleys and hills to the rear of the Bow Valley which as we write, has a fringing of settlement, but have long ago been appropriated by stock raisers. This hilly land is exclusively a stock country right up to the mountains. The night frosts forbid anything like agriculture. Even here the stock ranges have been overcrowded. Much might have been written of the old days and the sturdy pioneers who paved the way for incoming settlement. Many were the hardships endured prior to the coming of the railroad.

It was an auspicious day for the western settlers when the first locomotive whistle screeched along the Bow River Valley, and yet it was somewhat amusing to witness the childish curiosity with which the native people looked upon the fact, as the train slowed down to approach the station. The Indians ran away to what they thought was a safe distance if pursued.

Tons of prairie wool were stacked using this method.

The Bar C Ranch, around 1909.

Stallions at the Bar C.

GEORGE CREIGHTON AND THE BAR C — by Laurie Johnson

One of the more colourful characters to settle in the Cochrane district was George Creighton, who came West from Ontario, where, in his youth, he had worked on the Ottawa River log drives. He was a generous man and highly patriotic, but, though there is no record of his having injured anyone, he could be fierce when he felt his rights or his territory were being invaded, and he would go to great lengths to scare away those he wanted to get rid of. I did not work for George Creighton but I knew him well, had some dealings with him and found him to be a real gentleman.

He homesteaded the W½ 28-26-5-5 and moved into the cabin built by Beaupré. In 1876 Beaupré had come with his wife and squatted on the land beside the creek which bears his name. He built a little log cabin and a long, low stable. The logs were skillfully dovetailed and the sod roofs were covered with troughed logs. He gathered together a little herd of cattle, but in 1883 he sold out and moved away. Shortly after he left, George Creighton settled on the place.

In the late 1890s Creighton took horses to the Peace River country and packed for a survey party. It is believed that he went to the Klondike in the gold rush of 1898. After his return he hired Downey, in 1903, to build the large square house that used to stand on the Beaupré Creek Ranch. His second wife died in childbirth, and both she and the babe were buried beside the house. Later they were moved to the Cochrane Cemetery.

Creighton's great ambition was to own a thousand head of horses. With this in view, he bought the Le Sueur ranch, which, from that time on, has carried the name of Creighton's brand, the Bar C. The Bar C Ranch was ideally situated and blessedly remote before the building of the Forest Reserve road. In George Creighton's day the Eau Claire road had been built south to Morley. The Bar C was almost encircled by creeks and rivers; both the Waiparous Creek and the Ghost River have their source behind Black Rock Mountain which stands guard over Bar C territory. On the Bar C range, Meadow Creek with its many small branches flows into the Waiparous, and Le Sueur Creek into the Ghost. The Waiparous joins the Ghost just four miles east of the ranch buildings, and that triangle is known as the Forks field. Besides the deeded land Creighton held some Crown land under lease.

When the Forestry Department sent a man named Flack into Creighton's territory to build a log ranger station at Aura spring, Creighton burned the cabin and scared the man out of there. He felt justified in doing this because un-

der the terms of his lease he was not to cut timber nor allow anyone to do so. The Forestry Department then hired Archie Howard to move up to Aura spring and build a cabin. At this time I became slightly involved as both sides borrowed weapons from me. Archie Howard knew of Flack's experience and asked me for my 32 revolver. He said he would need it for protection. Not long after, Creighton came and asked me if I had a 45 with black ammunition. I had just what he wanted — a gun which would make a loud noise and a lot of smoke. When he brought it back to me he said, "It worked!" No further attempt was made to build a ranger station there till after his death!

If Creighton wanted to get rid of anyone he could scare the hell out of them. He never swore, but he would get up in the night and roar around and roll the cylinder of his six-shooter. John, a Russian, who worked for him, was one of his victims. John slept in a little room off the kitchen. When he heard those terrifying sounds in the night he dived through a small window, taking the sash with him. He took off east, running as if the devil were after him. D. P. McDonald used to say that the window sash was still around his neck when he reached the Mount Royal Ranch. D.P. put him to sleep in the bunkhouse, but John insisted that trunks be piled around him where he lay in the corner. He was still afraid that Creighton would come for him.

Mr. Austin, at one time editor of the Cochrane Advocate, once spent a few days at the Bar C and was forced out of there by Creighton in much the same way. Fearing that he would die before he reached safety, he wrote a note and left it on a tree by Waiparous Creek. The note stated that Creighton was responsible for his death, but he reached the Glenfinnan Ranch safely.

Creighton's horses never numbered many over 650 head. He kept about ten stallions, Rock, a Thoroughbred, and one, Saxon, was a Coachhorse. He occasionally left a few good colts uncastrated, to roam the range. Each horse had his own territory, more or less. Two might run with their mares in the Forks field. One old stallion, Donald, a Shire by Old Willow, was never brought in from the Devil's Head camp, summer or winter, till the ranch changed hands. Another bunch ran on Meadow Creek and a couple of bunches up the Waiparous. Drift fences were almost unknown but Creighton did some fencing around the Devil's Head Camp. (This camp was east of Black Rock and several miles from the Devil's Head.) Dave McDougall used to push his horses up to this open range so Creighton wanted to build a drift fence there. He hauled some rolls of wire up to the top of the hill, by the old road no longer in use, and left the wire there — about two miles west of Le Sueur Creek. Dave McDougall came along and rolled it all down the hill and into the Ghost River.

Corrals were spotted here and there over the range: one in the Forks field; one on the bank of the Waiparous, just below the Sand Ridges; one above Squaw Flats; one at Le Sueur Creek and one at the Devil's Head camp. Ed Thompson was foreman and at times he had quite a few riders helping him. When they ran into a bunch of horses they corralled them and branded the foals. Some of the horses ran as far east as Robinson Creek and the head of the Dog Pound Creek. When these were gathered they were always taken to the Beaupré place. Generally there were a couple of men at each place, in the summer, breaking horses.

In 1914 after the outbreak of the First World War the Government was buying remounts. George Creighton hired Clem Edge and George Gordon to break horses along with Thompson. When he had a carload of good horses ready to go, Creighton called up Colonel Fry to come out and inspect them and pick out those he wanted. Creighton refused to put a price on them but said he would deliver them to Cochrane on a certain day. This he did, and he donated them to the Government as his war effort. He donated to every local cause during the war. Every year he gave an equal amount of money to each of the Cochrane churches, the Anglican, the Catholic and the Presbyterian.

The year 1914 brought more tragedy into George Creighton's life. The trouble all started over a little bay mare. George Ward, who was working for Creighton, claimed this slick and planned to put his brand on her. One day when Ward was away, Creighton branded her with the Bar C. In revenge, Ward reported Creighton for horse stealing. Creighton wanted Paddy Nolan to defend him but they were on the outs, and he was too proud to ask him. So he asked Charlie Grayson to get him a lawyer, knowing that he would get Nolan. In the long drawn out trial Nolan defended him so well that Ward, the only witness, left that part of the country and Creighton was acquitted. The stress and worry was too much for George Creighton and he died in March, 1915.

* * *

When George Creighton died, his brother, Tom, came from Eastern Canada to take over the ranch. He had been a timber cruiser and admitted that he knew nothing about horses. Ed Thompson hired me to help him break horses and do the other ranch work. We worked together all summer and then Thompson left to visit his brother in the States and I became foreman. Tom's son, Ernest, came from the East and did his best to help with all the work.

Just one year after George Creighton died, the ranch was sold to P. D. Bowlen. I hired Marshall Baptie and Jack Fuller to help me gather the horses. Later Eddie Rowe came from Saskatchewan to the ranch. Altogether we gathered 650 horses and as fast as they were gathered P. D. Bowlen sold all that were saleable. After the horses were gathered Eddie

Bowlen and I broke horses down at the Beaupré Ranch.

I tried to get Ed Thompson to come back to the Bar C but he was building up the Little Red Deer place. He did ride over once in a while to visit. One day when I was away, P.D. and Rowe decided to butcher a pig. P.D., with a little pocket knife in his hand, was chasing the pig around and Rowe was killing himself laughing, when Ed Thompson rode in. "What are you trying to do?" asked Thompson. "Kill this pig!" said Bowlen. "Why don't you poison him?" said Thompson.

Mrs. Bowlen stayed at the ranch most of the time and P.D. was often away. One day she asked me to drive her to Morley in their Studebaker. I had never driven a car so I backed it from the shed into a large paddock where the gates were shut, and I drove it around and around trying to get used to the gears. I didn't notice that Thompson had ridden in and was watching me, till I heard him yell, "If you're afraid to take it out why don't you tie up a leg?"

While I was at the Bar C, Ed Bowlen, P.D.'s brother, came for a visit. He was an engineer on the building of the Panama Canal and was a remarkably versatile man. Ed Thompson showed him how to dovetail the corners of a log building, and, although he was not an axeman, he built the stable which still stands and made an excellent job of the corners.

In the spring and early summer of 1915, it rained for forty days and nights. Boney Thompson and I rode day after day in the rain and for three weeks we were stranded there unable to cross the flooded rivers. I tried to get out over the Le Sueur crossing but my horse rolled over in the swift water. Fortunately we came out on the same side of the river. This was just after Bowlen bought the ranch.

On three occasions, at least, the Bar C was threatened by fire and much of the range was burned over. Luckily the buildings always escaped. In 1910 a fire came from the south, jumped the Ghost River, Waiparous Creek and the Little Red Deer River and burned the Greasy Plains and beyond. In 1914 a fire was started by lightning up Waiparous Creek. George Creighton, Boney Thompson, Jerry Fuller and his son, Jack, fought this fire and almost had it under control when the wind changed and took it west to Black Rock and south to the Bar C hay meadows. In 1919 a fire started in the Broken Leg Lake country, jumped the Ghost River, where the gravel flats are a quarter of a mile wide, and came so close to the Bar C buildings that P. D. Bowlen took everything out of the house and stacked it in a pile in the big paddock.

In 1912, Brady, a prospector, who had discovered gold in California, caused more excitement when he claimed to have discovered gold on the north bank of the Ghost, just south of the Bar C. Cochrane went wild. Many parties were outfitted there and guided up to the strike. It is estimated that five hundred claims were staked but they only produced fool's gold.

The Aura Ranger Station.

In 1924 P. D. Bowlen sold the Bar C to Mr. Duncan and his sons, Cecil and Jack. They kept sheep as well as cattle and horses. They branded their horses quarter circle D, and horses with that brand could still be seen running wild on the Forest Reserve in the 1950s, years after Duncans left.

In 1935 they sold the Bar C to Mrs. Merriman and her daughter. By this time more deeded land had been added to the ranch: the Hudson's Bay Section at the north and some C.P.R. land in the Forks Field. Mrs. Merriman's grandchildren, Gina and Jack Souther took correspondence courses for a while before continuing their schooling in Calgary. Jack is a geologist and Gina is a talented artist and bronze sculptor. She married Robert McDougall and they have three children, Sally, Robert and Jean.

The ranch has changed hands several times since Mrs. Merriman bought it and it is now owned by Lester Beck.

LUCIUS Q. COLEMAN — by Jean L. Johnson

Lucius Quincy Coleman and his aunt, Miss A. M. Adams, came to the Morleyville Settlement from Iroquois, Ontario, in the early 1880s. They built on that part of Lot 5 which was north of the trail and was around 900 acres in extent. Lucius Coleman's brother, Professor A. P. Coleman of Toronto, visited him in 1884, coming to Morley on the C.P.R. which had reached that point. In his book, "The Canadian Rockies", he gave this description of the Bow Valley: "The air was chill as my baggage was loaded on a creaking Red River cart, built all of wood, and we turned down winding coulees and over a silent, dewy plain to the Bow River. A clumsy boat was unchained and pushed off, the snorting pony swimming behind. There was a rush and swirl of strong, mysterious waters, against which the oarsmen pulled heavily, and then the bow grated on the half-seen shore. The pony scrambled splashing up the bank and was harnessed, dripping, to a buckboard; presently we rattled over stony plains as the earliest dawn began to break. The

scattered log houses were only dots on the broad hillsides, all the world was rosy and warm with level sunshine when we reached the log house of the ranch, low, sod-roofed, and without a tree to shelter it on the wide hillside. It and the other log buildings and the log corral crouched with proper humility on the broadly sculptured foothill sweeping up to a crest of rock."

Later, a two-storied log house was built with one large room on the first floor and a stairway leading up to two bedrooms above. This was always known as Miss Adams' house although eventually L. Q. Coleman owned all the land. The only good spring on the property was near the buildings.

From Frank White's Diary: "Sept. 22, 1884. Called on Miss Adams and settled her account."

"May 17, 1885. Walked with Mr. and Mrs. McDougall to see Mr. Coleman at Adams'. His broken leg is not progressing very favorably."

Lucius Coleman and his aunt were partners; their cow brand, the big A on the left ribs, was registered in both names and together they built up a good herd of cattle. Lucius Coleman homesteaded the NW¼ 20-26-6-5 and bought the SW¼ of that section which joined Lot 5 on the north. He also bought the quarter of 30, east of Andrew Sibbald's homestead. When drought hit the district and his wells went dry, he drove his cattle up to the Red Deer River and took up land there which he held from 1894 to 1899. He sold out to Arthur Fletcher, returned to Morleyville and bought the Ripley.

From Frank White's Diary: "Sept. 26th, 1883, Calgary. Fine but cold and smoky. Hear that country around Big Hill and all north of Morleyville has been burned off."

The charred pines from the fire were used as fence posts on the Ripley and between Andrew Sibbald's and Coleman's. Some of them were still sound in the 1930s. Fire-killed pine made good fuel to heat the large house which had only two wood-burning stoves for heat. Lucius Coleman built this large two-storied log house on his homestead. The living room was twenty-four feet square with a ten foot ceiling and a hardwood floor. The whole house was finished on the inside with V-joint and covered by a high, steep roof that curved out into the wide, overhanging eaves so common in Quebec. In later years the eaves sheltered hundreds of bats. The stables were similar to those of Andrew Sibbald and may have been built by him.

Fifteen miles north of his homestead, Coleman had a camp on the Little Red Deer River and a lease on the Rabbit Creek Valley. This was his summer pasture. Until the last vestiges of the old trail were obliterated by an oilwell road, stretches of corduroy could still be seen in the boggy places, the poplar poles fairly sound where they were sunk in the water and mud.

On October 22, 1896, at the age of 43 years, Lucius Coleman married Ella, a girl from Guelph, Ontario. They were married by the Rev. John McDougall. The witnesses were Miss Adams and Jean McDougall. They had one daughter, Frances, who was partly crippled by a childhood illness. She became a very good pianist.

When Professor Coleman made his fifth trip to the mountains in 1893, his brother joined him and supplied the horses. Lucius was a valuable addition to the expedition in that he was familiar with the foothills. He was also accustomed to horses and competent at handling them. The brothers started their journey on a familiar trail, the one to the Little Red Deer. Young Frank Sibbald was their packer and much the best man that the Professor had found for the job. He is highly praised in A. P. Coleman's book for his ability in packing, tracking and cooking and for his pleasant disposition and his knowledge of Stoney and Cree.

Speaking of Lucius Coleman an old neighbor said, "He was a man of sterling character and a gentleman in every way."

About 1916 he sold out to Lorenzo Smith.

Miss Adams died May 1912, at the age of 83 years and is buried in the cemetery at Morley.

JAMES A. POTTS — by T. A. (Sandy) Jamieson

My grandfather, James Potts, was born in Locherbie, Dumfriesshire, Scotland, in 1828. On coming to Canada he settled in Cobourg, Ontario. There he married my grandmother who was Jessie Johnston of that town, and there they raised a family of six children: William (1862), Isabella (1865), John (1867), Walter (1870), Jessie (1876), and Lucy (1878).

In 1884 James Potts, accompanied by John and Isabella, came West with a trainload of cattle for John Graham of Morleyville Settlement. By 1887 all the family were together again in the West. Grandfather worked for John Graham for several years and during that time they lived in a log house belonging to the Grahams. This house was south of the highway about where the Ghost Village is today.

In 1893 Grandfather homesteaded SW¼ 28-26-6-5 and in 1905 he took a second homestead or pre-emption on the SE¼ of the same section. On the home quarter there was a log cabin which had been built earlier by Tom Wilson, and there the family lived until Grandfather and his sons, John and Walter, could build the large house in which we lived for many years.

All the buildings were of logs, cut in the bush a mile or so north. Where they got the lumber for the roofs and flooring, I do not know. Later the log house was sided with lumber over the logs and painted white. They built A fences of posts and rails and they even split some of the rails as they used to do in Ontario. The land was broken with a team and walking plow, and at first little open patches, two or three acres in extent, were ploughed up. Their water supply came from a dugout or spring.

FORM K.

This Certificate is not valid unless countersigned by the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, or a Member of the Dominion Lands Board.

Certificate of Recommendation for Homestead Patent.

1071.15

10958

DOMINION LANDS OFFICE NOV 25 1905 CALGARY, ALTA.

Department of the Interior,

Dominion Lands Office,

23rd November 1905

I Certify that James Potts

who is the holder of a Homestead Entry for South East 1/4

of Section Number 28 Township 26 Range 6

West of the 5 Meridian, has complied with the provisions of the law required to be conformed to, in order to entitle him to receive a patent for such Homestead, and that I have recommended the issue of such patent.

Countersigned at Ottawa, this 26 day of December 1905

J. R. Roche
~~Commissioner~~ of Dominion Lands.
Deputy Commissioner.

W. W. Stuart
Acting
Local Agent.

James Potts with his grandchildren, Sandy, Jimmy and Jessie Jamieson.

If I remember right, my grandfather and my uncles, Jack and Watt Potts, used to buy their Shorthorn bulls from Ontario. How much they paid for them I do not know, but in the early days they raised a fine type of Shorthorn cattle. They ran their cattle together, at my grandfather's in the summer, and at my uncle's ranch, south of the Bow River, in the winter. My grandfather only kept a few at home in the winter as he did not have much feed. He leased the north half of 28 and the section of C.P.R. land which lay north of his ranch.

William Potts had two sons, Bill and Wattie, and a daughter, Edith, who married Frank Wellman. Bill was Chief Warden in Banff for seventeen years. He served in the First World War and was taken prisoner by the Germans. He died in 1963 and is buried in the Field of Honor in Calgary.

Isabella was married to Frank Ricks by Rev. John McDougall in 1887. They had one son, Walter, and a little daughter, Isabelle, who died at the age of seven.

John married Ethel Howlett. They had a daughter Jean. Walter married Mary Margaret (Tiny) Mickle, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler Mickle. They had four children: John, Julia, James and Gwendolyn. Jessie married John Bateman of Jumping Pound in 1895. They had nine children.

Lucy married Alexander Jamieson.

ALEXANDER JAMIESON — by T. A. (Sandy) Jamieson

My father, Alexander Jamieson, was born in Cobourg, Ontario, and came to the Calgary district in 1890. He was a painter by trade and had had some experience in carpentry and brick laying. I distinctly recall him telling us he worked on one of the C.P.R. stations — I believe the second one to be built in Calgary.

In 1891 he took up a homestead in the district south of Shepard. The next few years, between farming on the homestead, he worked at a variety of other jobs. For a time he worked on the Waldron Ranch. Also along with my uncle Jack Potts he packed dynamite from Banff to Castle Mountain.

My father was also a surveyor engineer's assistant and worked in that capacity in Southern Alberta and in British Columbia. He and my uncle Jack were on the survey party that established the boundary between Alaska and the Yukon for the Dominion and U.S. governments. Later when gold was discovered my father and uncle went back and surveyed a route from Skagway on the west coast to Dawson City in the Yukon interior. A year later this route was known as the Trail of 98. My father had a bad case of scurvy while in the Far North.

I believe my father's and mother's people were acquainted when both lived in Cobourg. It is said that my parents eloped from Grandfather Potts' ranch house, Mother climbing down a ladder in the traditional way. They were married in Calgary in 1908. Mrs. McDougall of Morley said that one day my mother came to visit her and said, "I have good news for you, I am Married!" They went to live on the farm at Shepard and there I, Sandy, was born in November, 1909.

In 1911 my grandmother died and we went to live with my grandfather and care for him at the Morley ranch. Jimmy and Jessie were born there.

Grandfather had a black horse, Fred, that did not like children on his back. Grandfather put my brother Jimmy, age five, on him but when the horse started running around in circles Grandfather grabbed Jimmy by the leg and pulled him off.

I remember one time my grandfather was going riding and he took me and Jimmy along. He led our horse as we were riding double. When he got off to open a gate he got his foot caught in the haltershank on our horse and he fell on his side, bruising it on a rock. Later this developed into cancer which eventually led to his death. I believe I was the last one to speak to him before he died. I had just come in from chores and he asked for something. He was ninety years old.

In 1916 we had the telephone put in. There were just three phones up on our hill at that time, Fletcher's, Coleman's and our own. Consequently when Fletcher and Coleman sold their places

Mrs. Lucy Jamieson.

everybody in the neighborhood came to our house to phone. And anyone wanting a message sent to one of our neighbors called us. I remember one party for whom we delivered messages for twenty-two years. When the Government bought the telephone lines from the farmers so that they could put in the underground cables some of the original poles were still standing and sound.

In 1916 my dad bought a Model T Ford car, the first car in the neighborhood. That car gave us lots of trouble or lots of fun whichever mood it happened to be in. Many a time we had to walk from the highway, home, a distance of three miles, and get a team of horses to haul the car home. Sometimes the car refused to run and sometimes it couldn't make the hill when it was muddy. We used it mostly to go to Morley to shop and get the mail. We would go to Cochrane maybe two or three times a year. This was quite a trip in those days. I remember, my mother would make some sandwiches and fill a thermos with tea before we left. Then we would all pile into the car and away we'd go. Maybe we would get to the highway and the car would stop. Then my dad would have to crank. Usually the car would start but then my dad would have to have a cup of tea and a sandwich before we could start off again. It was an all-day trip. We never used the car to go anywhere in winter as the road in those days was just a wagon trail which would be blocked by snow. I believe the old Model T lasted us into the early thirties. Then we bought a later model Ford from the Gillies. We traded two steer

calves for it and hauled them over to Gillies' with a team and sleigh.

In the 1920s we started milking cows and selling cream which we shipped from Morley to a creamery in Calgary. In the 1940s we took the cream to the Cochrane Creamery.

We used to go to the gymkhanas at D. P. McDonald's Picnic Grounds. I took part in some of the races and won the odd prize. We used to go to Beaupré School to dances. In the winter we generally rode horseback as the roads were poor or the car wouldn't run. We occasionally went to dances in Cochrane with the Richards brothers and we had parties in the homes about the neighborhood.

Back in the hungry thirties I worked for wages at ten and fifteen dollars a month. We sold good calves for eight dollars a head, good two-year-old steers for fifteen dollars and canner cows for a cent a pound.

In 1936 my father passed away. In 1939 Jessie married Jeff Bateman and moved to Calgary. In 1942 Jimmy moved to Father's farm at Shepard. In 1956 he married Ada Bowers and in 1964 they sold the farm and moved to British Columbia.

After Mother and I were alone on the ranch we went into Hereford cattle. In 1949 my mother passed away and a year later I bought the Noble place. In 1971 I married May Courville and in 1973 I sold all my land except the home quarter and I kept a few of my cattle.

TOM ROBINSON — by Jean L. Johnson

Tom Robinson, who was born in Nova Scotia, came West in his youth and made his way across the prairies to Fort Edmonton. There, in 1874, he joined the Rev. John McDougall who had been commissioned by the Government to visit various Indian tribes and pave the way for the coming of the North West Mounted Police. Tom proved to be so helpful to John McDougall and found the adventurous life with the missionary so much to his liking, that they were together for some years. According to the missionary no more faithful man ever came into the Western Country.

In 1875 the Rev. John made a trip to Fort Benton. On the way home they found that the Indians were unfriendly. They were not only in danger of the Indians but of the whisky traders who resented missionaries in that territory. John McDougall wrote: "We still recognized the necessity of constant vigilance and as Tom remained with me and was developing as a frontiersman and had proved himself most reliable, we relieved him of any day work and put him on as an extra and constant "night man." From sunset to sunrise he was always on duty. The rest of us travelled and slept when we might, in our clothes and with our arms forever with us."

Later that year Tom again accompanied John McDougall when they went to meet the Rev. George McDougall who was returning from the East and trekking across the prairies. When they learned that Andrew Sibbald and his family were following some miles behind, John and Tom went to meet them.

In 1882 Tom Robinson did some work for the Cochrane Ranche. He helped put up racks in the corral and helped with the building of the ranch house.

In 1886 he was witness at the marriage of the station agent at Morley. There is no mention of Tom marrying.

He settled on the SE¼ 8-27-6-5 just north of the Ghost River and built a house there. This was Hudson's Bay land and he may have squatted on it. He filed on a homestead a mile and a half north of his house in what we call the Goat Valley. (Noah Goat had a garden up that draw.) He did not prove up on this quarter and it reverted to the Crown and is now part of the Rabbit Lake Indian Reserve.

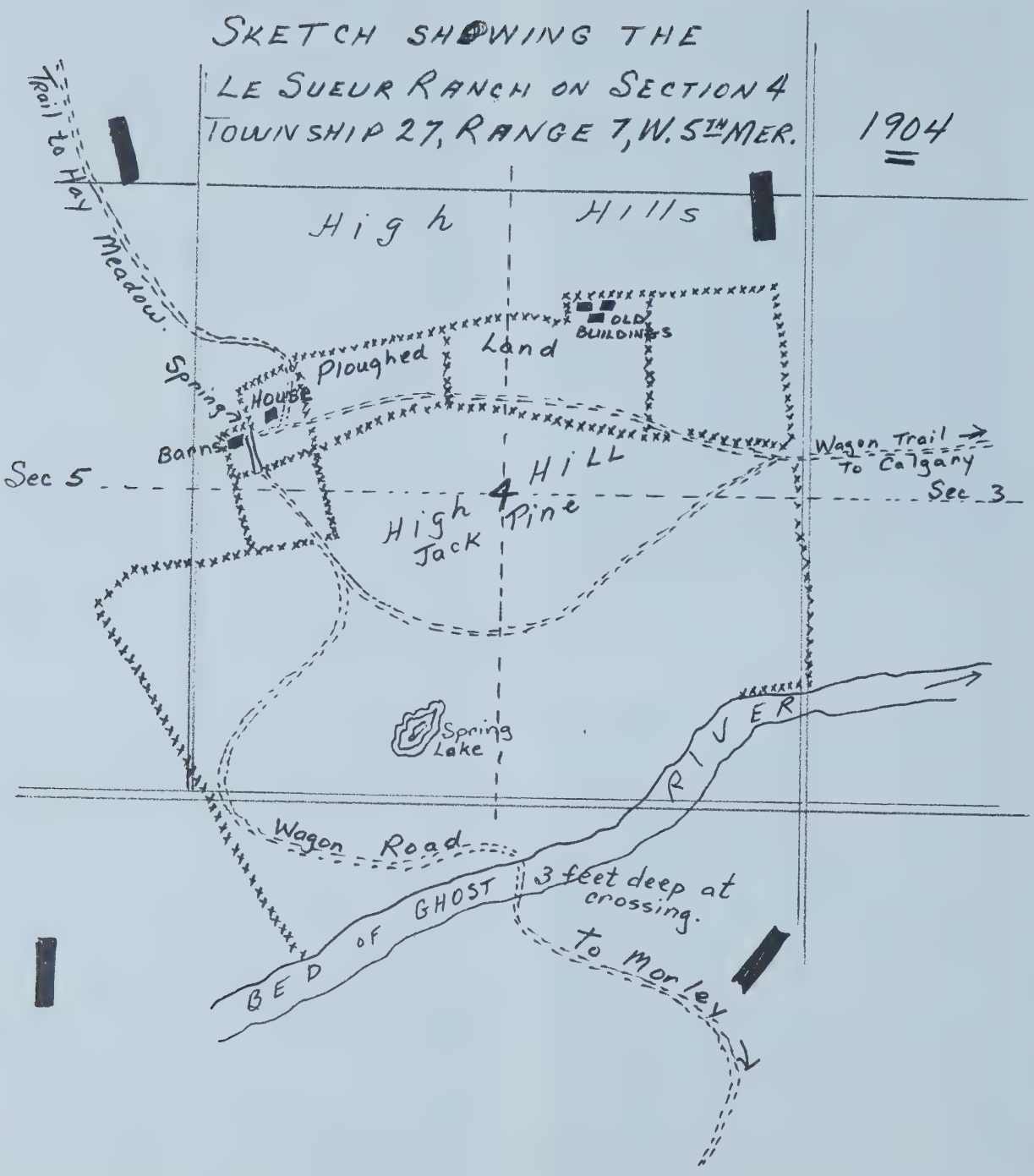
D. P. McDonald moved Tom's house from Section 8, to the Mount Royal Ranche and used it, first for a bunkhouse and later for a woodshed. A few years back, the little dugout that was under Tom's house was still visible in Section 8, but it is now filled in. Tom is remembered, for he gave his name to the creek which was close by his home. Robinson Creek flows into the Ghost River a quarter of a mile from where his little house stood. The Stoney Indians called it Chaba Waptan (Spruce Creek), but oldtimer Charlie Perry always called it Tom's Creek.

THE LE SUEURS — by Jean L. Johnson

The Le Sueurs were from the Isle of Guernsey and had been in the coffee business in Brazil before coming to Canada. In 1902 Walter Payn Le Sueur bought the north half of Lot 6, in Morleyville Settlement, from Priscilla Grier. William Grier the first owner of this land, had bought it but died shortly thereafter and Priscilla was administrator of the estate. Arthur William Payn Le Sueur filed on the NW¼ 4-27-7-5, but built west of there beside a good spring. Later he moved the buildings to the land he had homesteaded and for which he received the patent on December 3, 1908. This quarter section became the home place of the Bar C Ranch. Two miles north of there the Le Sueurs took up another homestead on the SE¼ of Section 20. This land was known to oldtimers as Miss Le Sueur's quarter. It became part of the Bar C Ranch, and years later it was taken into the Bow River Forest Reserve in exchange for Crown land farther south.

In August of 1907, Walter Payn Le Sueur transferred his part of Lot 6, Morleyville to Edward Payn Le Sueur. The latter also bought the south half of Lot 6 which ran down to the Bow River. He was the first owner of this land although it is possible that others had lived on it previously. In 1908 Edward sold all of Lot 6, Morleyville, to John Fleming McCorkell.

These early settlers have given their name to the creek west of the Bar C Ranch. Le Sueur Creek flows down swiftly from a small lake and



runs east and southeast until it enters the Ghost River about two miles west of the Eau Claire Trail. The trail which the Le Sueurs took between their ranch and their land at Morleyville, crossed the Ghost River about a quarter of a mile above the Forks, and this ford, although little used today, is still called the Le Sueur Crossing; the grade they built up the steep south side is known as the Le Sueur Grade. From there they crossed the Ripley and hit the trail used by the Sibbalds and other settlers on the Hill.

Harold Payn Le Sueur homesteaded on Spencer Creek, and he and Edward lived on the Glenbow Ranch and played polo with the Glenbow team in 1909.

THE MORLEY DETACHMENT OF N.W.M.P. — by Jean L. Johnson

The first connection between the North West Mounted Police and Morleyville came about

when Lieutenant-Governor Morris, the first to hold this office in the N.W.T., requested Rev. George McDougall to proceed on a mission to the Blackfoot and other Indian tribes and explain to them why the Queen was sending a police force to the North West Territories. The McDougalls were very successful in this venture and justified the high opinion in which they were held by both red man and white.

In 1875 the N.W.M.P. had assembled at Tail Creek on the lower crossing of the Red Deer River to await the arrival of General Selby-Smyth. One part of the troop was moved to the upper crossing of the Red Deer and ordered to the confluence of the Bow and Elbow Rivers where a fort was to be established. They struck off on a well-marked trail which led them to the Ghost River and on to Morleyville. They then struck east down the Bow River and arrived at the site of their fort. The fact that they were at Morleyville before going on to the chosen location was not an error on their part; this was the regular trail. Other travellers have preferred this route although it was longer than going straight south to Calgary.

On September 22, 1877, the Stoney Indians signed Treaty Number 7, the Chiefs who signed being John Cheneka, Bear's Paw and Jacob Ki-chi-pwot, while among the Stoney Councillors who signed were the familiar names of James Dixon and George Crawler. They received their first treaty payment in 1880. This money was paid out to the Stoney Indians by Inspector Francis Dickens of the N.W.M.P. He was a son of the famous English novelist, Charles Dickens.

The first serious crime from the Morleyville centre occurred in September, 1881. Rev. McDougall reported that a large band of horses had been stolen from Morleyville, presumably by Indians from farther south. Investigation showed that the horses had been driven southward towards Fort Macleod, and word was sent to Supt. Crozier to keep a sharp lookout for them. A small party of N.W.M.P. members was dispatched at once and soon 23 stolen horses were recovered and three Indians arrested. One miscreant turned out to be Jingle Bells who had killed a Cree Indian at the Blackfoot Crossing and had escaped custody at Fort Macleod in the summer of 1880. Another was Marrow Bones, an accomplice of the former and a well known trouble maker; the third was a youth named The-Only-Wood.

When the three were placed on trial for horse stealing they were all found guilty by Magistrate Macleod who was the recently retired N.W.M.P. Commissioner. Jingle Bells was sentenced to three years in Stony Mountain Penitentiary, Manitoba. Marrow Bones drew 18 months in jail at Macleod while The-Only-Wood was given one year.

In 1883 the first actual N.W.M.P. detachment was established at Morleyville. The Post was a log cabin on the north side of the Bow River just

Deserted N.W.M.P. Detachment Building in Morley, 1920.

north of the Mission down beside Jacob Creek. The main reason for the detachment was the grading and tracking of the C.P.R. as it pushed its way from Calgary. Constant patrolling was kept up along the line with a view to preventing prairie and forest fires. The contractors took little care to keep fires from spreading and much valuable timber was destroyed. Innumerable fires were put out by the Mounties and a large number of arrests made but in most cases it was impossible to obtain conviction due to lack of evidence.

As the grading went on into the mountains the necessity for further maintaining the detachment at Morleyville disappeared and the non-commissioned officers and men from there were moved to the detachment at Padmore, eighteen miles west of Morleyville.

In the distribution sheets for "E" Division, Calgary, in 1888, Morley is shown as a detachment with a strength of two constables and two horses. It is only presumed that when this detachment was re-opened in this year, its location was the same as in 1883. There is no definite information on this point. The detachment remained active until 1907, at which time it was closed.

Morley Detachment was re-opened in 1912 with one constable and one horse on strength. The buildings for this Detachment were built on the flat on the south side of the Bow River and the first Mountie there was Constable Barber. On March 1, 1917, the Province of Alberta relieved the Force of police duties and formed the Alberta Provincial Police.

In 1932 the Force absorbed the Alberta Provincial Police and re-opened a detachment in Morley. One corporal and one horse were on strength at the establishment. This posting was lowered to a constable position in 1935. Constable Solway was the last man to patrol from that

detachment, mounted. The last R.C.M.P. there was Constable Brian Wright who was in charge of training and handling a Police dog. That was in 1945. In 1946 there were no men at this detachment and only one vehicle on strength. In 1947 the detachment was closed.

In 1935 the old log N.W.M.P. post was moved to Victoria Park in Calgary.

In 1905 the name of the force was changed to Royal North West Mounted Police (R.N.W.M.P.). In 1920 it became Royal Canadian Mounted Police (R.C.M.P.).

THE SCHOOLS OF MORLEYVILLE SETTLEMENT — by T. A. Jamieson

The first school for white children was built, I believe, about 1890 on Lot 4 of the Morleyville Settlement. My mother, her sister, Jessie, Dave McDougall, Mae McDougall and Bert Sibbald were some of the pupils. At that time Mother's people were living in the Graham house and Bert Sibbald lived nearby.

The first school that we Jamieson children attended was on Lot 5 of the Morleyville Settlement. This was in a church built for the white people. After one term there we went to school at the old Indian Orphanage on Lot 8. There were seven pupils in all including some Camerons who lived on Lot 6 of the Morleyville Settlement. This Orphanage was no longer used for Indian children.

The first teacher we had was Miss Crawford who may have boarded at Camerons. Next we had Mrs. Buschard. She had one daughter and they boarded with us. We used to drive to school with a horse and buggy, the schoolmarm doing the driving. One day we were all in the buggy ready to drive home when the teacher got the lines crossed and the outfit began going around in circles. She hollered, "Everybody out." So we all jumped out including the teacher and the horse took off for home. We started to walk but my dad spotted the horse and buggy at the gate, and he came to meet us.

In 1924 the Camerons sold their place leaving only us three kids in the district so the school was closed. From then on we held school in our front room at home. Our first teacher there was an Irishman, Mr. Walsh. After a term and a half he took sick. We sent him to the hospital in Banff where he died. Then we had Miss Brown and next Stuart Grayson from Cochrane. Later he joined the R.C.M.P. and had a very successful career with that force. Our last teacher was Miss Hart from Calgary. Jimmie and I finished school in 1929.

My sister, Jessie, went to school at the old Coleman Ranch, then owned by Miss Ruth Laycock, and rented to Tom Lauder. He had four or five kids and Tillie Zuccolo (later Tillie Richards) came to teach them. She boarded with us for a year or so. Then my sister, Jessie, went to Jumping Pound to finish her schooling and stayed with our aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. J. Bateman.

THE BLAKELEYS — by Jean L. Johnson

Mr. Blakeley lived at Morleyville close by the settlement in 1884 and possibly before that. This is obvious because he is mentioned so often in Frank White's diary. But exactly where he lived — on what quarter section — is a mystery. One notation in the diary seems to suggest that he was a neighbor of the Warnocks and the Sibbalds. Frank White lived in Blakeley's cabin while the latter was building a new house and while White was building up Lot 8 for his sheep ranch. Blakeley's first name is not given.

It is doubtful if Mr. Blakeley was married at that time or Frank White would have mentioned Mrs. Blakeley. He took a chaste and naive interest in women and mentioned the names of all those he met, even more frequently than he mentioned the names of his horses.

Blakeley and Jimmie Robertson got out rails and timber for the sheep ranch. Blakeley and Jimmie put the roof on the new cabin and Blakeley got $26.00 for thirteen days work. He also worked for Miss Adams.

Ed Thompson was told by George Creighton that Blakeley, now married, once lived for a while just east of the Bar C home quarter, milking cows for a living. Certainly there are signs that someone once built there but it is, and always was, Crown land. Then they were supposed to have lived up at Meadow Creek. In those days a man could lease Crown land and live on it. This may have been Blakeley's practice. There were strange tales told of the Blakeley girl who was so shy she took to the woods whenever a rider showed up.

JOHN McCORKELL — by T. A. Jamieson

John McCorkell was an Irishman who had served in the Life Guards in the British Army. When he first came to Canada he managed the SL Ranch for Leeson and Scott. He homesteaded the quarter section just south of our home quarter. This was the NW¼ 21 and he called it the Castle Quarter, a name which stuck over the years. The other three quarters of this section belonged to the C.P.R.

This McCorkell, when he was on the Castle Quarter, was quite a man for his liquor. I remember my mother telling me about my uncle Watt slipping over to his place when he wasn't home and putting some cold tea in his whisky bottle. He thought it was good whisky as the bottle never got empty. And when it came time to brand the calves McCorkell would say, "Bring on your two-year-olds!"

I believe he sold the Castle Quarter to Grahams who sold it either to Jim Warnock or to Frank Fletcher. McCorkell bought Lot 6 of Morleyville Settlement from the Le Sueurs and lived there. I remember my mother telling me about this McCorkell when he was courting one

of the Le Sueur girls; he once locked her in the pantry and wouldn't let her out till she promised to marry him. But, he didn't get her. He married a girl who cooked at the orphanage. The large white house was on the north side of the highway and the stables on the south side. It has been said that Ralph Connor wrote his book, "Black Rock" (1898) while staying at the house on Lot 6, possibly with the Le Sueurs.

About 1920 McCorkell sold the place to a party named Cameron who was a married man with four children. He in turn sold it in 1924 to a fellow named Martin who raised pigs there. He had it for four or five years when it was bought by Calgary Power.

In 1931 Mr. and Mrs. Rolph Parsons rented the McCorkell place and set up a store there. They had come from Regina in 1930 and that year operated a small store that had been built by Rob Butler at Spencer Creek. John and Irvin Parsons spent the winter of 1931 and 1932 on the McCorkell place with their parents who returned to Saskatchewan in 1934. After they left Mrs. Frank Fletcher operated a store there for a short time. Later it was made into a Youth Hostel and finally it burned down. Only the fireplace remains and can be seen from Highway 1A.

ORIE BEDFORD — by T. A. Jamieson

About 1915 Orie Bedford bought a quarter-section of C.P.R. land just west of the old Andrew Sibbald place. He was a married man with some children. He had pigs and cows and a Hereford bull that liked to roam. He sold the bull to someone near Cochrane. Bedford's neighbors had christened the bull "Orie Bedford."

One morning Mrs. Frank Fletcher phoned my mother and said, "Guess who is back!"

My mother asked who it was. "Orie Bedford", said Mrs. Fletcher, referring to the bull.

Bedfords moved away and the place was deserted except for a huge grey cat that lived there for years all by himself. Finally each log of the house was marked and the house was taken down and rebuilt on Bill Richards' homestead, several miles west of there.

LORENZO LOT SMITH — by T. A. Jamieson

Ren Smith, as he was known, moved up to the Coleman Ranch about 1916. He had the Graham Ranch at the same time. He was a Mormon and a good cattle man; possibly he came from south of the Border. He added a thousand head of cattle to those he got from Lucius Coleman and he took over the Coleman brand, the Big A. His cattle swarmed all over the country as far east as D. P. McDonald's Mount Royal Ranch. I remember when we got up in the morning big old steers would be eating the clothes off the line.

He had the Little Red Deer place, too, and Tom Noble, who worked for him for a while, used to tell of all the rides he made up there after cattle.

Ren Smith's sister lived with him, as I remember when my grandfather Potts died in 1918, she came and looked after us kids while our dad and mother went to the funeral.

About 1920 Ruth Laycock and Jack McDonald bought the ranch but did not live there. Hugh McDonald, Guy Gibson and Edgar Richards worked there at different times. In the 1930s Ruth Laycock leased the ranch to Laurie Johnson. Around 1940, when Ivan Lougheed was working for Ruth, the large Coleman house burned down. They moved Tom Noble's little house over there and used it. When Mr. Brusset owned the ranch he built a big new house. This ranch, now known as the "Stah Wapta," is owned by Dave Robinson.

WILLIAM GRAHAM

William Graham came with his wife and family of four boys to Morleyville from Cobourg, Ontario, in 1886. He was Secretary of the Board of Trustees of the Methodist Church, an office which put him in touch with the McDougalls of Morleyville.

He settled on Lot 9 and according to the practice of the times probably homesteaded 160 acres of the Lot and bought the remainder on time. His second homestead was the NW¼ 22-26-6-5 on which other families had lived but had never received title. He had an excellent site for a ranch, lying as it did in the Chinook country, with good grazing on the open sidehills and river flats. It had the benefit of the Ghost and the Bow Rivers for water for his livestock.

His son, William Jr., homesteaded up in the Bottrel district. He remained a bachelor. Another son, John, had land about where Ghost Village is today. His first wife was Clara Hardisty and his second wife was Lily McDougall. He left the district without proving up on land and went to live in Calgary.

After William Graham Sr. died, his son, Harry, ran the ranch for a while before taking over the place on the Red Deer River. Another son, Fred Graham, eventually became the owner of the ranch at Morleyville.

FREDERICK M. GRAHAM — by Betty Jean Banks

Fred Graham was born in Cobourg, Ontario, in 1873, and came West to Morleyville with his parents and brothers in 1886. For a while he worked with his father on the ranch which he ultimately owned. He bought the Morley Trading Company store from Norman Luxton. It was operated for him for many years by Jimmy Rodger. Fred and his brother, Harry Graham, had another trading post up on the Red Deer River about ten miles east of Coal Camp. This post was a well built log cabin with the logs hewed and dovetailed. There they traded with the Indians, many of whom were Crees from as far east as Olds. They sold out to Morgan and Heaton, and the ranch there was bought later by Dick Brown. The trail between the two trading posts was known as the Graham Trail.

On January 7, 1903, Fred Graham married Jean McDougall, a daughter of David McDougall. She was one of the first white girls born in Southern Alberta. The marriage was solemnized by the Rev. W. H. Wood. Besides operating the store and the ranch, Fred found time for his interest in geology.

In 1904 he gave up ranching to become Assistant Sheriff in Calgary. At that time the boundaries of the Calgary Judicial district extended from Cayley in the south, to Lacombe in the north, and from the Saskatchewan border to the border of British Columbia. In 1911 he became Sheriff, an office he held for twenty-eight years, till he retired to become Magistrate of the Small Debts Court.

In Calgary he was one of the first members of Central Methodist Church. He was one of the founders of the Old-Timers' Association in 1923 and one of its most active members. For many years he was President of the Western Canada Petroleum Association, and he was a Rotarian and a member of the Masonic Order, Perfection Lodge.

Fred Graham played an important part in the development of the social and economic life of Calgary and the foothill country west of Cochrane. He personified in his life most aspects of the history of Southern Alberta. He traded with the Indians at his trading posts, and his wife was raised among the Indians and well loved by them. The church, too, played a great part in his life and he came from one of the pioneer ranching families of the West and ranched, himself. His interests kept pace with the development of Alberta; he organized several oil companies and took an active interest in the oil business up till his final illness. He died in 1951.

All who knew Mrs. Graham had a warm affection for her — she was so alive and so witty. Although she lived in Calgary for many years, the Stoney Indians never forgot her. Often when she went down town she would discover that a procession of Stonies was padding along silently behind her, waiting for the opportune moment to speak to her.

Mr. and Mrs. Graham had one daughter, Dorothy, who married Mr. George Ingraham and one granddaughter, Betty Jean, who married John M. Banks.

Fred Graham sold the Bow Valley Ranch to Calcut (?) and Harris who kept fierce dogs to discourage visitors and fenced the place with chicken wire to keep the coyotes from their sheep. They sold the ranch to Ren Smith who had the Coleman Ranch at the same time. Francis Reeves was the next owner. Mrs. Reeves wrote a novel, "Cattle", under the nom de plume, Anoto Watana. Her son, Charlie Babcock, by a previous marriage, and Perry Reeves went to school at the old Orphanage School with the Jamiesons. Dick Wright, Bill Coleman and sons and Barney Lindner were other owners. It is now owned by K. K. Paget.

TOM NOBLE

When Tom Noble first came West, around 1903, he worked at Richards' sawmill. About this time he filed on the NW¼ 30-26-6-5. There he kept a few cows but later it appeared that he abandoned his homestead for it went back to the Crown. At one time he was the Indian Agent at Morley. He also worked for L. Q. Coleman.

He opened a little store on the Morley Indian Reserve. It was on the north side of the Bow River against the hill opposite the bridge. He left that and started another store in William Snow's house. This was up on the hill near Richards' sawmill. When he was hauling his supplies from Morley he would get Jim Richards to follow his wagon up the steep hill and place a rock behind the wheel when the horses were halted to get their wind. The third store he operated was in what had been the old Indian Hospital south of the Bow, near the bridge.

About 1920 he moved to Jumping Pound and lived at the Frank Ricks ranch were he milked cows and sold cream. After other moves and several years at Jumping Pound he moved back to the north side about 1940 and lived at the old Warnock place till his death in 1949, at the age of 77 years.

THE KIDD STORY — by Frederick Kidd

My father, Stuart Kidd, came to Alberta, then the North West Territories, in 1903.

He was born in 1883 and first came west to Saskatchewan as a harvest excursioner in 1901 or 1902. His parents were Irish and Scottish and emigrated from Ireland to Canada in 1818. They settled on a farm about 25 miles southwest of Ottawa, near the small hamlet of Ashton. My cousin, John Kidd, still resides and farms at the original homesite.

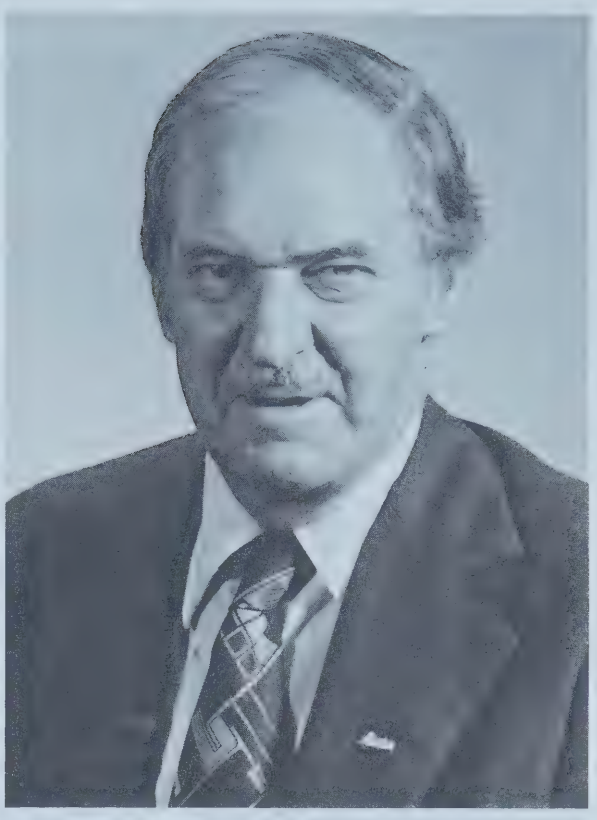
The land my father homesteaded in 1903 was the NW¼ 12-26-2-5, about seven miles up the Simons Valley from the present city limits of Calgary and on the west branch of Nose Creek. His shack was in the creek valley but from the height of land on the east side of the valley, he could see the Rocky Mountains. He told me that he could not resist their attraction so he moved west to Morley in 1907. He became the storekeeper there for Leeson and Scott. George Leeson was a distant relative of his. He replaced his brother John Alfred (Fred), who operated the store from 1902 to 1907. Mount Kidd on the Kananaskis Road south of Morley is named after my father, Stuart Kidd.

An interesting story about Uncle Fred is as follows:

One day when Fred left Morley for Calgary to get supplies, the Indians, knowing he was gone, rode around the house all night. This scared the wits out of his wife. When Fred returned the next day, the Indians proudly told him they had guarded his wife well while he was away.

Uncle Fred and his wife had seven children, George Stuart, Alfred Edgar (deceased),

Stuart Kidd, Honorary Chief Tah-Osa (Moose Killer) of the Stoney Indians, in 1927.



Fred Kidd, MLA, Banff-Cochrane.

Dorothy Elizabeth, Kathleen Margaret, Allan James, John Robert, and Evelyn Winnifred. They left Morley and moved to Vancouver because of the lack of schooling for the children.

I wish I had listened to my father more carefully when he told me of his experiences in running the store. However, Elliott Barnes knew him at that time and has provided the following information: "He took lots of Indian ponies in trade and put them on the Leeson and Scott ranch run by Elliott's father in Jumping Pound. He rode a big brown gelding which had the Indian name of Chunday-see-jay, meaning "Wicked Heart." He visited the Barnes often, both to get a good meal and to help with their cattle roundups."

The business at the Morley Store at that time consisted of buying and selling furs and trading with the Indians. Many surveyors also obtained supplies at the store. In 1903 to 1904, Surveyor Dowling obtained his supplies at Morley.

I know little more about my dad, except that he learned to speak Stoney fluently. He left Morley in 1911 to go to Nordegg as a purchasing agent for Martin Nordegg. The story of the Nordegg coal mines is told in the book, "The Possibilities of Canada Are Truly Great," being the memoirs of Martin Nordegg, edited by T. D. Regehr.

Dad married Robena McKelvie, a Scottish girl, in 1915 and they had three sons, Stuart James, Frederick Alexander (myself), and George Thomas, and one daughter, Elizabeth Catherine, all born in Nordegg.

In 1927 Dad was made an Honorary Indian Chief of the Stoneys, Chief Tah-Osa (Moose Killer). To my knowledge he was the first white Chief of the Stoneys.

In 1939 Father moved from Nordegg to Edmonton, where he died in 1956 at the age of 73.

Stuart (Jim) married Dorothy Harkness and they live in Calgary. They have two daughters, Barbara (Mrs. Mel Lehan) in Kelsey, British Columbia, and Susan (Mrs. Kenneth Vair Anderson) in Calgary.

George married Virginia Hardy and they live in Edmonton. They have two boys, Scott and Jamie, and a daughter, Karalee.

Elizabeth (Dunn) passed away and her son, James, lives in Calgary.

I married Helen Brown from the Cochrane district and we lived in Calgary and now in the Cochrane area, in Lochend district. We have two sons, Alan and John, and two daughters, Robin and Jo Anne (Britton). Both girls are living in Yellowknife. I am presently the M.L.A. for the Banff-Cochrane Constituency for the Progressive Conservative Government of Alberta.

IVAN AND HELEN LOUGHEED — by Ivan Lougheed

My family moved to Didsbury in the spring of 1900. My father, Robert James Lougheed, took up a homestead seven miles northeast of the town. There I was born, the youngest of three boys and two girls. We moved to Alsask, Saskatchewan, in 1911, where the folks homesteaded and bought land just on the border between Alberta and Saskatchewan. The folks moved to Calgary in 1921 and in 1923 I went back to Alsask where I farmed in the Acadia Valley district for three years and then I came back to Calgary.

In the spring of 1930 I married Helen Eckel of Swift Current. We had known each other since childhood, as her parents had homesteaded close to my parents.

I worked as a mechanic in Calgary and in the fall of 1936 we moved to the Laycock ranch northeast of Morley. In February 1944 we went to work with Mr. and Mrs. Rodgers at the Morley Trading Company. The Rodgers were at Morley 27 years. Mr. Rodgers passed away in 1945 and in February 1946 Lloyd and Madge Kidd purchased the store and we stayed on with them.

We enjoyed our friendships with Rev. and Mrs. Staley who were missionaries at the Reserve for the United Church. They spent 28 years there. Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Leppard were also good friends. They were associated with the Indian Residential School for many years.

We enjoyed working in the store and our lives at Morley were very busy and happy among the Indians. Many of them had great character and honesty and some of the friendships formed will never be forgotten.

On August 11, 1950, a tornado struck the Reserve about seven miles southwest of the store which was a real tragedy for the Stoney People, as two older ladies were killed as well as a baby and a twelve year old girl. It was a terrible shock to the Indian population on the Reserve.

We left the Morley Trading Company in February 1962 and I went to work for R. E. Moore at the Foodmaster store in Cochrane, and remained there until 1964. Helen and I then took over the Morley Store and were there until 1968 when we sold out the business. We moved to Cochrane where we have our home, and we are both enjoying our retirement.

JACK McDONALD — by Jean L. Johnson

Jack McDonald came West in 1894 from Maitland, Nova Scotia. His father had come to Calgary in 1890 and opened a boot shop. Jack's brother, Art, was also a shoemaker and "McDonald" riding boots were very well known in the early part of this century. At one time Jack worked for Harry Critchley, but for many years he was in partnership with Ruth Laycock in a dairy farm northwest of Calgary on land which is now part of that city. Ruth also owned the old Coleman Ranch north of Morley. When she and Jack dissolved partnership she deeded 320 acres to him. This was a narrow strip of land along the west side of Lot 5. He used to say, "She has the trunk but I have the key." He meant that the one good spring was on his land.

Jack lived there in Miss Adams' log house close to 1A Highway. He milked a few cows and had some hens and a good garden. He remained a bachelor for years and was a neat housekeeper, a good provider and a most hospitable man. Many cowboys old and young, ate at his table. Walter Candy, a rather mysterious man, as all well-educated wanderers seem to be, stayed with him from time to time for several years. Bill Gillespie, who drove the bread truck, always ate lunch with Jack on his trips west and left him some bread and buns. Jack insulated the walls of his house with bread cartons.

Many good dances were held at his place during the Depression. The ladies brought the lunch but the host supplied the coffee. As it neared midnight Jack would come to me with a serious look on his face and say, "I have just found that I am out of coffee!" I was always fooled and my expression of dismay gave him a good laugh. He was never out of coffee.

Jack had four brothers and two sisters, none of whom married. Rather late in life Jack married Mrs. Bill Neely. He sold his land to the Stoney Indians and moved to Calgary. He was the last one left of all his family and he, too, died in 1966.

JACK AND MYRA HARRIS

Jack was born in Wales. He loved adventure and in 1922 went to live in Australia for awhile, then New Zealand, and finally came to Canada and the Morley area in 1928. He bought the NE¼ 33-26-7-5 from the C.P.R. but worked as a licensed guide in Banff for several years before settling on his land permanently.

In 1940 Jack joined the Army and went Overseas. In April 1943, he married Myra Tibbott, who was born in Powys County, Wales. Shortly after their marriage Jack was sent to Italy, and was stationed there until the end of the War.

Jack returned to Cochrane in 1945. War brides had to wait their turns, and could come to Canada on board ship as soon as passage was available. Myra left Wales in the summer of 1946, and arrived at Morley by train on July 2, the day after the Morley Stampede, which for years was held on July 1. Jim Richards and Jack met her at the Morley station, and took her to the Morley Trading Post. Myra was somewhat awed, as the store was crowded with Indians. The Indian ladies made her welcome, and it wasn't long before she was fitted out with a pair of knee-high beaded moccasins and other Indian apparel.

Jack proceeded to buy groceries in what seemed to Myra as huge lots of everything, and

all in tin cans! They then went to their home, and a completely new life began for Myra. She had taught in Wales for seventeen years before her marriage.

The first Canadian home Myra visited was Harry Chapman's. It was a beautiful little log cabin, with huge pansies growing in window boxes at every window. Harry and his housekeeper, an elderly lady called Buffy, lived there. Buffy was from the Yukon and was believed to have been a stage dancer there. She was a marvellous person, and an avid fisherman. Buffy taught Myra how to cook and how to make delicious bread. Harry Chapman had been in a train accident and had had both legs severed at the knee, so Buffy used to help fence and do other heavy jobs for him. He did all the shopping and just "sailed" everywhere in his small car. After his death, Buffy stayed on at the cabin until she could no longer manage alone. She moved to Calgary and the land was sold to David McDougall.

After a few years, Myra Harris returned to the teaching profession and taught at Morley for fifteen years. Jack and Myra have sold their land and are now retired and living in Calgary.

DEPRESSION YEARS AT MORLEYVILLE — by Jean L. Johnson

In the spring of 1933 we left our place on the Bow River and moved up to the old Coleman Ranch, north of Morley. There we found ourselves in a community with clearly defined boundaries. The large log house and other log buildings were on the high rise of land which lies between the Ghost River and the Bow. To the west of us lay Edgar Richards' Triangle E Ranch where he lived with his father and bachelor brothers, Audley, Jim and Bill, in the house built by Andrew Sibbald. To the east lay the ranch of the Jamiesons whose sons, Sandy and Jimmie, and daughter, Jessie, led rather quieter lives than the neighbors to the west.

These were depression years but we were all in the same boat with a community of income and a community of interests. We milked a few cows and traded butter for groceries at the Morley Trading Post. We dealt in horses and we chased horses. Firewood was there for the taking. Game and wild fruit were plentiful and in spite of the drought we grew a garden. We were not unaware that others were less fortunate; throughout the Depression always we had two or three extra people living with us. Wandering cowboys rode in and stayed for a night or a week. Lucy Landale caught up with me when I was taking the cattle north to the lease and stayed with us till she married Percy Kerfoot almost a year later.

Only the Jamiesons had a telephone so we all called there to use it. Only the Jamiesons had a car so they brought the mail from Morley for all of us, every Saturday. Bill Gillespie, the bread man, always stopped for lunch at Jack McDonald's before going on to points west, and once a week Mr. Richards rode down for their supply of bread. In this tight knit community where everyone was willing to help the others, there was a feeling of security. You did not stand alone.

For entertainment we held dances regularly at Richards' or at Jamieson's, at our house or at Jack McDonald's. None of us owned a radio but Carl Sundgren played his button accordion and Frank Johnson played his fiddle. We had a piano and the Richards had an old gramophone. No expense was involved. Ladies brought cakes and sandwiches and people came from miles on horseback or in sleighs or democrats. My husband, Laurie, was M.C. and after the first waltz he would call, "Get your partners for a 'Percy and Lucy'." As those two blithe spirits led off, as always, (hence the name) in the Military Schottische, Mr. Jamieson would make his perennial remark, "There they go, leather pounding lumber!" Guy Gibson, torn between his roles of old-time cowboy and fine upstanding military man (World War One) sought to bring to his performance something of both. It is an uncouth dance; Dave McDougall was the only one who would give it a touch of grace and elegance — but how we all enjoyed it, and the other old dances: the Log Cabin Jersey, the Rye Waltz, the French Minuet and the Heel and Toe Polka. Laurie used to sing the Waltz Quadrille and call some of the square dances — "swing 'em around and away you go, heavy on the shoe pac, boot jack joe." We danced till dawn.

When a guest at the Triangle E took ill Mr. Richards came over and asked me to come and see what I could do for her. He said that she was in great pain and might have pleurisy. I rode over and Audley and I undertook the nursing. I suggested a mustard plaster and Audley assembled the ingredients and a flour sack. She fought like a tiger but we got it on her and it is a wonder that "Robin Hood" in reverse, was not emblazoned on her chest forever. I asked if they had a thermometer. Audley said they had one and produced a dairy thermometer a foot long and half an inch thick, made all of glass. We were afraid to put it in her mouth for fear she would bite it off. So, after some thought, we decided to put it under her arm. I leaned over and held her arm down tight while Audley watched the glass. A full minute passed and then I asked, "What is her temperature?"

He said, "She's up to cheese."

In spite of us she recovered and was able to go home next day. It was just a touch of acute indigestion.

Even after we homesteaded several miles north of there I drove with a team to Morley every month or so to get the groceries. In an all-day trip I forded the Ghost River and followed an old pack trail over hill and dale and through forest till I came out on the hill opposite the bridge and finally climbed the rocky road up to

the Trading Post. If I broke through the ice on the Ghost, Guy Gibson was there at the Buffalo Crossing to help me. If I froze up I could always stop at my halfway house, the Triangle E, and on the Stoney Reserve help was near at hand if I needed it. We dealt at Morley until after Jimmy Rodger's death; and when, with a car, we began to deal at Cochrane it seemed to be the end of an era.

CARL SUNDGREN — by Jean L. Johnson

The Sundgren family came to Canada from Sweden in 1902. Of the five boys and two girls, all but the two youngest, Martha and Ernest, received their education in the Old Country. They settled at Conrich, Alberta, where each member of the family took up a homestead and engaged in grain farming. Carl Sundgren was a giant of a man, affectionately known as "the Big Swede". He preferred ranching and built up a good herd of Hereford cattle. In 1926 he rented the Orphanage land at Morleyville for summer pasture for his stock. Altogether he had about 1400 acres, that is, Lot 7 and Lot 8, of the Morleyville Settlement. For this land he paid a rent of 25 cents per acre. He held the land till 1937 and during the Depression, neighbors were of the opinion that, at the "terrible price" he was paying to the Methodist Mission, he was really buying the land.

He ran about 150 head of cattle there and these for the most part were under the care of his faithful retainer, Andrew Hedlund. Andrew was short and powerfully built, the best stooker who ever picked up a sheaf. But his real love was for the big Percheron horses that Carl raised. His stallion, "Radnor", was bred by Hubert Peck who lived on the south side of the Bow River at Radnor.

Carl's brother, Axel, was a familiar figure around that part of the country. He walked and led his roan OK saddle horse, only mounting him to cross the Ghost River or a creek too wide to "yump". At one time Axel owned a good half section at Bottrel.

When the cattle were moved to the prairies for the winter, Audley Richards and young Richard Butters were the cowboys and Andrew would follow along with the wagon.

In 1938 Carl's nephew, Richard Butters, bought some Hudson's Bay land just north of the Ghost River. Carl gave up the Orphanage, made his summer headquarters there with Richard and ran his cattle on the Forest Reserve. He passed away in 1943, and the faithful Andrew returned home to Sweden. Martha is the only surviving member of the Sundgren family.

Richard Butters is the son of Gordon and Esther (Sundgren) Butters, both of whom died several years ago. His grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Butters were old-time ranchers in the Balzac district. They came west from Woodstock, Ontario, in 1883, when their only son, Gordon, was a baby. Mrs. Harry Butters was a wonderful woman and all went well as long as she was by Harry's side. Unfortunately, she died when Gordon was quite young.

Richard, who had been on his own since the age of sixteen, added to his deeded land and leased Crown land east and west of his home section. He built a good frame house and a large log barn, doing most of the building himself. He married Donna Johnson, the daughter of his nearest neighbor. His original log cabin became a bunkhouse for his hired help. He brushed and broke a large acreage on Section 8-27-6-5, and built up a good herd of Hereford cattle. Richard's sister, Evelyn, married Bill Wasson, a nephew of Guy Gibson, and they have a place on the Ghost River, just west of the forks of the Ghost.

THE STONEY INDIANS AS FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS — by Jean L. Johnson

The Stoney Indians have been mentioned in so many books — their early history recounted, their trials and troubles explained and their old way of life described, that there is little point in repeating it here. Nevertheless, we lived between the Morley and Rabbit Lake Reserves for so long that our Stoney friends played an important part in our lives and I must mention a few of them.

My best friend was Elizabeth Hunter. She was very fine looking and having been educated in the Mission School she spoke perfect English. She was a real lady in the best sense of the word. She undertook to teach me her language and we had many pleasant sessions. When Jacob Swampy began adding to my Stoney vocabulary she did not approve. She said, "You must not learn from Jacob Swampy. He is a half-breed." I said, "Nonsense, Elizabeth! He is a fullblood Indian." "No", she said. "He is only half Stoney. He is half Cree and he is giving you some Cree words."

One day Elizabeth and Judas Hunter drove into the yard leading a pinto saddle horse behind the democrat. Stew Cameron, the famous cartoonist, was at our place and he wanted that pinto. He went up to Judas and said, "Me wantum pinto horse. Me give you money pinto horse. How much you wantum money pinto horse?" Judy said, "Pinto belongs my wife." So Stew gave Elizabeth the same rigmarole with more added. She listened politely till he finished, then she said, "I do not care to sell my horse." Stew had a very red face.

Our most constant visitor was Jacob Swampy. Hardly a day passed that he did not ride in on his old buckskin pony. One day he informed me that there was to be a concert in the Morley church and a competition among the three Stoney bands, the Bearspaw, the Chiniki and the Wesley. Four men from each band were to sing certain hymns and the winners were to get a silver cup and each, a sack of flour. He named the hymns they were required to sing and he explained that he was the only one on the reserve who could sing bass. So, he wanted me to play the

Elizabeth and Judas Hunter at Lazy JL Ranch.

Jacob Swampy, a wandering cowboy and Tommy Wheaton, Forest Ranger.

hymns on the piano. I began to play but he was not singing. I looked at him as he sat there with his eyes shut and his lips moving. I said, "Sing, Jake!" "No", he said, crossly. "I just listen to the bass." He came almost every day to listen while I played. Most of the Wesleys lived on the north side of the Bow and were good friends of ours. Jacob was a Chiniki.

Finally the great night arrived. Jacob's bass boomed out — and the Chinikis won. Then a murmur arose among the ladies all of whom sat on one side of the church, and it swelled until these words became audible, "Mrs. Laurie Johnson no good! Mrs. Laurie Johnson gone Chiniki band!"

Noah Goat was another constant visitor. He loved to tell of happier days — how, when he and Flora were first married he had a good job as teamster around the Agency. I believe he was abandoned when he was a baby and was found and adopted by a good couple. He told me with pride, a rather touching success story of long ago, a story about these good parents. When all the Stoneys went off hunting near the end of the summer, as was their custom, his parents stayed back, alone. They got scythes and rakes and began cutting, raking and piling hay. By the time the snow fell they had a good many stacks put up. It turned out to be a very bad winter and when the rest of the tribe came back from hunting they found that they needed feed if their horses were to survive. So the good couple traded feed for horses and meat and were now better off than if they had gone hunting. Some years later the father was killed when his wagon upset as he was hauling a load of hay down the steep hill in Lot 5.

In the winter of 1935 Laurie got out a set of large logs for a house on his homestead on Robinson Creek. The following June, I rode over from the Coleman place to peel the logs. Every day I made the ride of several miles, taking Donna with me. Because the bark was so thick and hard and the logs so long, three were the most I could do in a day. Finally dear old Paul Francis came along. He said, "Mrs. Laurie, this is too hard for you. Let me finish the job," and he did. I don't know how we could have managed without the Stoneys who fenced and stooked for us. Jake Rabbit, a quiet, gentle man, got out all the logs for our two large stables. I sold him an unbroken colt which he wanted. He did not pay me and for some time I did not see him. One day out riding, I met him. I had forgotten about the colt; but he said, "I don't like to have to stay away from your place. Some day I'll pay you for the colt." I said, "You do not need to stay away, and you do not have to pay for the colt."

I was driving to Morley for grub and had just climbed the last hill when I saw an old Indian riding toward me. He stopped beside the road, looking straight ahead. This was a sign he wanted to speak to me, so I stopped the team beside him and looked straight ahead for a decent interval. Then we spoke. He said, "You are Mrs. Laurie." I said, "Yes." He paused, then he said, "Stoney women are smart — know everything, can do everything." Another pause, then, "White women are stupid; don't know nothing, can't do nothing, but all the Indians tell me, Mrs. Laurie Johnson is just the same thing as a real Stoney squaw." It was a lovely compliment. I thanked him and drove on. I did not know his name.

I cannot mention all our friends; they are too numerous. Nor tell all the anecdotes; they would fill a book. But I'll finish with a letter we received from Josiah Kaquitts when he was in the Belcher Hospital in Calgary, during his last illness.

Calgary, Alberta
Aug. 3rd/52.

Hello Lorrie and Mrs. Jean,

I am just thinking of you in this lovely morning. By gosh I am very sick Lorrie at present time. I am down here at Calgary in Col. Belcher Hospital. So while I'm in the bed my poor mind working around some times just like seeing my country Rabbit Lake. Also you good fellows which I use to like then. That's why I write this letter to you. I had operation other day but Doctor told me I am going to have another operation pretty soon. So maybe I wouldn't come back over

there any more but I hope so anyway. When I am thinking around and try who is my best friends I remember that one of best friends of mine is Mr. and Mrs. Johnson. I just remember that I was going to tell you that I had young little Joe Kaquitts. He is little over two months old. Nice boy. Now if you are in town some time would you come and see me. Hows the horses, did you see them lately Lorrie. I think that'll be all I can say . . . but I'll say that God will bless us all.

So goodbye with good luck
Joe Kaquitts

THE JACK PINE SAVAGES — by Jean Johnson

The Jack Pine Savages was a little local club organized by Mrs. Ethel Wynne and named by Guy Gibson. Mrs. Wynne — never called by her first name — was an interesting person. She was artistic, well-read and she had an active mind. She was a staunch Conservative and, at one time, she had taken a great interest in politics. She worked for R. B. Bennett in his successful campaigns of 1925 and 1926, but for some mysterious reason, when he became leader of the Conservative party of Canada in 1927, she went into what she always called the "Seven Year's Silence."

In 1934, having broken the Seven Year's Silence and having renewed her correspondence with the "Right Honourable", she cast about for a cause. In 1934 all the talk was of Social Credit. Mrs. Wynne decided to form a club for the purpose of supressing this upstart idea. So, mounted on her roan pony, Willie, she rode around the neighborhood and interviewed those she wanted in her club. The idea of a club, an excuse to get together for a social evening, appealed to all of us and we agreed to join. Mrs. Wynne was the president of the Jack Pine Savages, Jean Johnson, the secretary, and Audley Richards, the treasurer. The other members were: Walter Candy, "the common denominator of all Albertans", Mrs. Jamieson and Sandy, Jack McDonald, Guy Gibson and Maud Lewis King. A rather unlikely group to overthrow anything.

Throughout all our meetings Social Credit was never mentioned; we decided that the proper procedure was to raise some money. Each member was instructed to arrange an affair at which a silver collection could be taken. Several of us put on dances in our homes, but there was a natural reluctance to pass the hat. The music was free and the ladies brought food — so why charge?

In the winter of 1935-36, Mrs. Wynne attempted to get up a play with only Jack Pine Savages in the cast. But most of us were rather poor actors so she abandoned that project.

In 1936 Jean and Laurie Johnson put on the first gymkhana held on the Mount Royal picnic grounds. A picnic for local people, with foot races, jumping and a few horse races, had been a

Pancake feed at Guy Gibson's cabin around 1940, sponsored by the Wildcat Hills Victory Club.

yearly event, but there had never been a full-blown gymkhana such as the one now planned by the Jack Pine Savages. It was decided that the members should ask merchants and others to donate prizes. Walter Candy went to Calgary and returned in triumph with the following loot: twenty subscriptions to the Farm and Ranch Review, a flashlight, a lady's compact and a dozen tulip bulbs. Jimmie Rodger of Morley Trading donated a pair of stirrups, Laurie brow-beat Riley and McCormick into donating a bridle and Tilda Hammond donated a Navaho blanket. Word of the last two prizes generated great excitement and people started training their saddle horses.

Most of the events were of the traditional type, but Guy Gibson devised a cowboy race in which the rider lay on the ground wrapped in his saddle blanket and his head on his saddle; his horse hobbled near by. On a signal he was to arise, unhobble his horse, saddle up and ride to a given point. This race led to a horrible amount of skullduggery. All were supposed to be wrapped in a full sized blanket which had to be folded up. Some sinners disregarded this rule. Each was required to hobble his horse with a strip torn from gunnysack and tied with a square knot. One malicious character snuck in and wrapped certain knots with stout twine tied in hard knots which couldn't be untied in half an hour. But, we made some money. The gymkhana was a great success and under other auspices, was carried on for many years.

In November of 1936, a disastrous fire swept the country south of the Bow River. The Savages unanimously agreed to donate all their funds to help those who were burned out. After that no more meetings were held.

Ironically, Social Credit in Alberta outlived all the Jack Pine Savages except three, Audley, Sandy and Jean.

THE RICHARDS FAMILY — by Audley and Jim Richards, as told to Wendy Vaughan

The Richards Brothers, Bill, James, Albert (Ab), and Dave resided at McLaren's Depot, Frontenac County, Ontario, where they farmed and ran a general store.

In 1902 Bill Richards came West to Calgary, and went into the sawmill business with a man named George Hatt. The mill was located on the south side of the Stoney Indian Reserve at Morley. That same year Bill Richards wrote his brother, James, asking him to come west and look things over, which he did in 1903. James Richards purchased George Hatt's interest in the mill at that time, and in 1904 brought his wife, Agnes, and their four children, Audley, Edgar, Hazel and Gladys, West. After their arrival three more children were born to their family; Jim at Morley in 1909, and Agnes and Bill in Calgary in 1911 and 1913, respectively. The two other Richards brothers, Ab and Dave, also came West a little later.

Richards' sawmill, 1903-1920.

Hauling logs to Richards' mill, around 1916.

Agnes, Jim and Bill Richards, and Joe Fox, around 1920.

After buying out George Hatt in 1904, Richards Brothers moved the mill to the north side of the Stoney Indian Reserve near the east end. As their contract with the Indians to supply logs was not panning out, they purchased ½ of Section 23-26-7-5 (north of the Reserve) from the CPR. They were about to move the mill to the

Calgary Stampede. Jim Richards. North American Finals. 1937.

new timber berth when the Indians decided they wanted them to stay, and so instead in 1905 they moved the mill one mile west of the old site onto a small lake. This new site was the original location of Reverend George McDougall's first Fort when he moved to Morley. The mounds of the old Fort can still be seen, and the house which the Richards built also still stands there.

In 1906 the Richards Brothers, James, Dave and Bill, homesteaded some land in the Queenstown area, and in May, 1907, were caught in a severe blizzard at Gleichen while moving two carloads of equipment and horses to the homesteads. The horses were unloaded at Gleichen during the storm which lasted for three days and took a large toll of livestock in the area. At this time the Richards Brothers' families were living in Calgary as there was no schooling in the Morley area then.

In 1910 James and Bill Richards formed a company with George Wayman, owner of the City Planing Mills, Calgary, and carried on lumbering, a sash and door business, and contracting. In 1913 they expanded their operation. This was a disastrous move for the company as it came just before the slump of 1914 when

Audley and Jim Richards putting up logs on Jim's homestead, 1939.

Morley Trading Post Sold

DEC 22 1948

The Morley Trading Post, which was established in 1886, was sold Thursday to Lloyd W. Kidd of Turner Valley.

It was established in 1886 by the firm of Leeson and Scott, who also ran the stage coach from Calgary to Macleod. They conducted it until 1900 when it was purchased by F. M. Graham, former sheriff of Calgary, and his brother-in-law, David McDougall.

F. H. Wellman and Norman Luxton of Banff were subsequent owners, but in 1919 Mr. Graham bought it back again and the late James Rogers ran it for him until 1944. Mr. Rogers then purchased it himself, but his death last October has necessitated its resale.

everything came to a standstill. With their lumber business at a low ebb, in 1914 Richards Brothers took on a haying contract at Hussar and put up 500 tons of hay for P. Burns at $2.00 a ton. Machinery for haying was purchased from the Cockshutt Plow Co. and International Harvester Co. Before they could collect their money for the contract they had to buy a baler, bale the hay, and ship it out 12 miles in the spring of 1915. In 1914 when Richards undertook the haying contract, general economic conditions were terrible. For example, while they were taking their wagons and equipment through Calgary on the way to Hussar, hundreds of men out of work tried to jump on the wagons with the hope of getting a job with the outfit. In fact, so many men climbed aboard that they had to be pushed off so the horses could still pull the wagons. Eventually they were all pushed off, except for one man who was so persistent that finally the Richards allowed him to stay. This man helped them hay the rest of the summer for only his board and room.

During 1913 and 1914 Richards Brothers plowed fireguards for the CPR from Radnor (east of Morley) to Seebe. On May 16, 1914, James Richards staked a mining claim in the Clearwater area of the Forest Reserve. John Hunter of Morley and Tom Noble went with him on this venture. The claim, however, was never developed.

The Company liquidated due to the Depression, and in 1915 James Richards took a contract breaking and farming a quarter section of land west of Langdon owned by his brother Ab. The fall of 1915 he supplied Foulton Brothers of Indus with six teams and bundle racks for their threshing outfit. James' sons, Audley and Edgar, worked as helpers on this crew, as well as on a crew for Foultons in 1916. During the summers they worked the mill at Morley.

In 1917 the Richards Brothers contracted to build a barn for Robert (Scotty) White of Indus (later of the Cochrane District). Audley and Ed also worked on this project, and in the summer the brothers again moved back to Morley to work the mill.

After the Richards Brothers Company liquidated, only James Richards and his family remained in the Morley district, where James continued to run the mill. His wife, Agnes, had passed away in 1914 leaving a family of very young children. During their school years, the children went to various schools in Calgary. Some also attended school on the Reserve and at other times they had a governess right at the mill. Audley recalls a time when he went to school at Victoria School in Calgary, located near the present Calgary Stampede grounds, and that they used to go down to the race track to watch the famous pacing horse, Dan Patch, work out. In 1908, Audley also recalled seeing a type of stampede in Calgary. It was more or less a big roundup of horses and cattle, with a lot of cowboys there riding and roping.

Many stories could be told of life at the mill. One is recalled when James Richards employed a Chinese cook. This cook would set his fresh baked pies on the window sill of the kitchen to cool. Young Jim and Bill Richards and their friend, Joe Fox, would watch for the cook to go to the spring for water, then would sneak up and steal the cook's pies off the ledge and run off into the maze of lumber piles to eat their spoil. The cook would return to find some of his fresh pies missing, and would then stand on the kitchen step and look and look, but never caught them.

In 1918 Audley, the eldest of James Richards' sons went to work for Mr. Desjardine of Gleichen when Desjardine moved 500 head of cattle up to Morley. Desjardine had leased the north side of the Stoney Reserve and built a full set of corrals on the north side of the Bow River west of Morley, a location which is still known locally as the "Desjardine Corrals." The location has also become well known in the film industry as scenes from several movies have been filmed there, including those from "Little Big Man." Desjardine moved his horses and cattle back to Gleichen in 1919 and Audley, after helping put in the crop in the spring of 1920, quit and came back to Morley just before the mill burned down.

The mill completely burned down in 1920 shortly after it was started up in the spring. The mill was built to run from steam, had three steam boilers, and was valued at about $20,000. As there was no insurance on it and little was saved, the mill was never rebuilt.

The summer after the mill burned, Audley and Ed went to work haying for their uncle, Bill Richards, at Irricana. They also did a mile of road grading for him to enable him to work off his land taxes, and in the fall the two brothers

also helped other farmers in the district threshing. In 1921 Audley and Ed went in on a haying contract which T. J. Noble and Donald Cameron of the McCorkell Place obtained for putting up hay on the Ricks Ranch, southeast of Morley.

For several winters after the mill burned down, James Richards and sons supplied pilings to Alberta Wood Preservers in Calgary. They took the pilings out of their timber berth during the winter, stockpiled them at the mill site, and in the summer hauled them to Morley where they were put on cars for shipping to Calgary. All of the timber was hauled by horses. In 1924 James and his sons, Audley, Ed and Jim, hauled poles for Calgary Power for the No. 3 Line from Ozada to Chinequay. Audley also had a job stretching wire with a team from Morley to Calgary. Richards had a teepee of their own at this time and used it for camping in while working on their contracts.

The years following the mill's burning saw James' girls, Agnes, Gladys and Hazel all eventually take up permanent residence in Calgary. Hazel married Oscar Beaudry and they had three children, Joan, Victor and Louise. She resided in Calgary until her death in 1957. Gladys worked in Calgary as a legal secretary until her death in 1948. Agnes still resides in Calgary where she has her own dressmaking business. James Richards lived mainly in the Morley and Calgary areas until his death in 1956 at the age of 83.

In 1930 Ed Richards purchased some land originally belonging to Andrew Sibbald (now a part of the Stah Wapta Ranches) and the four young bachelor brothers resided there much of the time until the late 1930s. James also stayed with the boys until he purchased a section of land directly south of Ed's and moved there in the early 1930s. He later sold this section to his son, Bill, after Bill returned from the Second World War. Also during the early 1930s Audley, Jim and Bill homesteaded quarters northwest of the Morley Indian Reserve. Jim and his family still live on his homestead where they carry on ranching.

While the brothers were batching at Ed's, they raised a number of horses, and broke and sold horses. They also worked out for various local ranchers including Dave McDougall, Jim Boyce (an outfitter in Banff), Tom Noble, Laurie Johnson, and others. Audley, Jim and Bill also made improvements on their homesteads during this period.

During these years of bachelorhood, the young Richards brothers were dubbed "The Playboys of Poverty Bend" by their local neighbours. The first break-up of the group occurred in 1937 when Jim married Tillie Zuccolo. They met in 1931 when Tillie was teaching the Tom Lauder children. Tom Lauder and his family were working for Laycocks then, and Tillie lived with them and taught the Lauder children from September of 1931 through to January of 1933. The romance did not truly blossom however, until Tillie was teaching Laurie and Jean Johnson's girls in 1936.

After Jim and Tillie married they lived on Jim's homestead. They moved a log cabin which Tillie owned up to the homestead. The cabin had been located on Guy Gibson's Soldier grant down by the Ghost River. For the next five years they worked in the mountains for Fred Brewster during the summers, and lived on their homestead in the winters. While they worked in the mountains (mainly out of Jasper), Jim acted as a big game guide and Tillie cooked.

During the 1930s Jim Richards competed in Saddle Bronc Riding at various local rodeos such as Morley, Dog Pound, Sundre and Calgary. He was in the North American Saddle Bronc Riding finals five out of the six years he rode in Calgary, although he was never lucky enough to win the event. Jim recalls that in those days travelling to rodeos did not have all the luxurious conveniences of swift trucks and fancy campers. In 1937 he and Tillie, along with Laurie and Jean Johnson, packed a couple of horses and all rode to Sundre for the rodeo. They camped at Sundre during the rodeo and then packed up and rode home when the show was over. Jim recalls that he won the Saddle Bronc event at Sundre that year and that the total trip took several days.

Jim and Tillie settled down permanently to ranching in 1943 when their daughter, Wendy, was born. A son, Doug, was born in 1946. Wendy married Walter Vaughan of the Dog Pound area. They now own the Vaughan place east of Bottrel, but having pioneer blood in their veins, they rented the farm out in 1974 and moved to the Bonanza area of the Peace River country to prove up on their homestead land in that area. Doug married Jill Harries of Calgary and they reside on Jim's place, where they are building a new log house. The lumber being used for their house was planed at Brooks' sawmill and the planer which Brooks have is the one the Richards brothers had in their mill. Like Jim, Doug has become a bronc rider. He won the Saddle Bronc Riding title in the F.C.A. Rodeo circuit in 1971, and also has a small string of good bucking horses. Also, like his Dad, Doug married a school teacher.

In 1938 Ed Richards married Marjorie Eckel. They had one son, Kenneth. Ed and Marjorie ranched on Ed's place until the mid-fifties when they sold out to what is now Stah Wapta Ranches. They then moved to Calgary where Ed worked for Firestone Tire Co. until his retirement. They now reside in Creston, British Columbia.

Audley married Esther Ernst in 1945. They have a daughter, Jackie, now married and living in Calgary, and a son, David. When they were first married they resided on Audley's homestead. They then worked for Brewsters for a number of years and resided part of the time at

Black Rock where Brewsters winter their horses. During the 1950s Audley went to work for Calgary Power at Seebe and remained with them until his retirement. He still resides at the Horseshoe Dam below Seebe and works for the Parks Department in the summer time. Esther cooked for Brewsters on their Trail Rides out of Banff for many years as well. David Richards is presently building a log house on his Dad's old homestead.

In 1946 Bill Richards returned from the Second World War and brought with him his war bride, Mariette, from Belgium. Mariette, a war widow, had a small daughter, Suzy, who joined them here several years later. For a time Bill and Mariette resided on their homestead next to Audley's and Jim's. This was at first a harrowing experience for a new bride from Belgium who, at the time, could speak very little English. One of Mariette's biggest fears was bears, and Wendy recalls a time when she stayed with Mariette for a few days to keep her company while Bill was away:

"At the time, I was about 3 or 4 years old and bears were the least of my worries. I remember going outside (unseen by Mariette) to the "little house" up the trail. I was sitting there minding my own business when I heard Mariette calling my name (at the time I didn't understand much else she said). Finally, I answered and she came and gave me a good scolding. To get her point across I can remember her pointing into the woods behind the little house and stressing the word "Bears", to which I remember replying that I hadn't seen any bears, and generally acted most unconcerned."

Bill and Mariette sold their homestead quarter to Jim in 1952 after they moved to Bill's Dad's place. In 1959 they sold this place to Two Rivers Ranches and moved to Calgary for several years. When they were still at the ranch, Bill worked at different times for Poole Construction on various projects. In the mid 1960s Bill and Mariette built a new home in Cochrane and moved back to the district. After he left the ranch Bill worked for the Department of Highways until his death in 1972. Suzy married John Poynter in 1958 and lives in the Beaupré district with their three children, Rosemarie, Gary and Jerry. Mariette sold her home in Cochrane and moved back to Calgary in 1974.

The Richards could tell enough stories of happenings and events of their everyday lives through the years to fill a book. The following are only a few of those stories which bear facts of historical interest to the community or have a dash of entertainment value, as told by various members of the Richards family.

Audley recalls some of the early neighbours they had at the mill, and a couple of events in his own life:

"During the early days at the mill the nearest white neighbour was three miles away. David McDougall's family ran a store two miles east of Morley and George McDougall ranched one-half mile further east yet. John McCorkell ranched east of George McDougall, and the Graham place was the Bow View Ranch. John Niddrie was the school teacher at the Indian Orphanage, but later moved to an old school house one mile from the mill. He had a few students there for about a year. Niddrie also had a quarter of land near the Graham Ranch, and his brand was bar F5.

Other neighbours in the area were Frank Fletcher, L. Q. Coleman, and Mr. Potts (Sandy Jamieson's Grandad). T. J. Noble rented the Andrew Sibbald place, and later homesteaded a quarter just east of it.

The Kidd Brothers, Fred and Stewart, ran the store at Morley and ranched on the SL (Leeson and Scott Place) located southeast of Morley. The brothers later moved to Nordegg with the Indian Affairs Dept. Mr. Fleetham was the Indian Agent and Stocking was the Clerk. Christianson was the Blacksmith. He later set up shop in Cochrane. John McKenzie was the Indian Stockman at that time, and later moved to Exshaw.

Mr. Ings was the minister at the Indian Church. Mr. L. Q. Coleman supplied a piece of land on the main road on his place for the Methodists to build a church for the white settlers. At the time when the Richards family was living at the mill a minister came from Canmore every two weeks to preach a sermon, and would stop overnight at different places.

Mr. L. Q. Coleman had a second place on the Red Deer River and when Archie Howard came to work for Coleman, Archie homesteaded that place and ran a bunch of horses there for a number of years."

Audley also recalls:

"In 1929 I helped Gunsolly round up a bunch of horses from behind the Devil's Head Mountain. These were the last of the large number of horses which the Bar C had run. They were taken down to Gunsolly's place on Horse Creek for breaking and were then trailed to Edmonton where they were loaded on rail cars and shipped to Spirit River. After being unloaded at Spirit River they were sold to local farmers and homesteaders in that area. Raymond Shortclothes also helped with breaking and shipping these horses.

"One time, when I was still quite young, one of our neighbours went to town (Calgary) and asked me to pick him up off the train at Morley. This neighbour had a habit of "taking on a little too much" when on his town excursions, but the conductors got to know him and would let him off at Morley. Anyway, the day I went to pick him up, the train had already passed through when I got there and the neighbour was nowhere to be found. However, some Indians were there and they told me he had gone to Jake Swampy's place not far from the station, so I went over, and sure enough, the neighbour was there, but in no condition to ride home. Another old Indian, Peter

Wesley, was there. He was probably about 70-80 years at the time and had been a scout for McDougall's when they came to the Morley district. He couldn't speak English, but using Jake Swampy for an interpreter, started telling me stories of the days when they used to fight other tribes, and to demonstrate, took off his shirt to show the torture wounds and arrow scars he bore. After a few of these stories I began to get worried, as the neighbour was unaware of the situation going on around him, and it was growing dark outside. Needless to say I was most happy to leave when I finally aroused the neighbour and we got under way. The old Indian, Peter Wesley, was reputed to be one of the best "Bow and Arrow" Indians of his day."

Another bit of interesting general information on the Richards boys is that during the 1930s and 1940s they accumulated a large number of horses. They estimate that at one time they had in the neighborhood of 400 head. These horses roamed the free range north of the Morley Reservation and west to the mountains on what was then Forest Reserve. When the Forest Reserve was first leased out for cattle grazing, the Richards had to reduce the size of their herd. As horses were then virtually worth nothing, Jim, Audley and Bill went into the mink business, and began shooting these wild horses to feed the mink. They stayed in this business several years during the late 1940s, and used up a large number of their horses for mink feed. None of them enjoyed this, and when the horses were thinned out and mink prices went down, they went out of the mink business.

Tillie Richards recalls that times were not always easy back in the late 1930s and early 1940s when she and Jim were first married. Guy Gibson had given her a mare and colt for a wedding present, and in 1944 she sold the old mare with the four colts that she had by then. She had to add $2.00 to the money received for the mare and colts to buy the separator which cost $39.40.

It might be noted that over the past few years while Jim's son, Doug, has been building up his herd of bucking horses, Jim has been heard to complain about "all those damn horses eating off the grass for my cows." However, it was noticed, while Jim was thumbing through his old files, that in the late 1930s when he was reporting to the Alberta Government on the numbers of livestock which his homestead was supporting, the figures over a five year period read something like this: 1st year — 2 cows and 6 horses; 2nd year — 4 cows and 8 horses; 3rd year — 4 cows and 10 horses; 4th year — 4 cows and 12 horses; 5th year — 4 cows and 20 horses. And so, it seems that perhaps the ratio of cows to horses is actually somewhat higher now that it was back then!

I (Wendy) would like to add a few items about our family as seen from my own point of view, and during my time. I recall well the early days at home when Uncle Bill and Uncle Audley were living on their homesteads next to Dad's. The recollection I most remember is that they always rode in on horseback, and Uncle Audley, particularly, often corralled horses at our place. I recall Dad and Uncle Audley bringing in numbers of horses, especially in the spring, and pulling their manes and tails. The horsehair was then stuffed into gunny sacks and weighed and sold by the pound. I also remember that it was not taken too kindly if someone pulled the tails of another party's horses.

My brother Doug never went to school, and I only went to school in grade 12. We took all the rest of our school by correspondence. Some of the local kids wondered how we could stand doing school that way, but we thought it was O.K. as we were able to work hard some days and take days off if we wanted to go somewhere or do other things. Also, we usually had our work done at least a month ahead of kids in school and enjoyed long summer holidays to do as we wished. Our close neighbours were the Dawsons and the next closest were the Wassons (about 8 miles by horseback). We would often ride to each other's places to visit and play and as we were all in the same age group, we had a lot of good times together. One of our favourite sports was to go out on the "Point", a flat area on the south side of the Ghost River where the land was quite flat and reasonably smooth for a couple of miles. Here we would line up our ponies and have horse races, which I'm sure would not have been totally approved of by our respective parents had they known of them at the time. I remember that my old white mare, Josephine, would often win some of these races. As a point of interest, she is now owned by Hugh Wearmouth and is over 30 years old.

When we were quite young, Doug and I joined the local 4-H Beef Club which we enjoyed very much. We were in the club for seven years and during that time showed some of the calves from Dad's herd to club championships. As the 4-H Club was the centre of our social life with other people, we gained a lot of good knowledge and entertainment from it, which has benefited both of us to this day.

In summarizing, our family life was always happy and usually had a lot of funny moments. The thing that clearly sticks out to me now is that we nearly always did things together. Mum and Dad, particularly since the roads and communications have improved to their place, are quite active in community affairs. Dad has been the Councillor in the I.D. area for a number of years and is also on the Board of Directors for the Rockyview Hospital in Calgary, and Mum is on the Planning Board for the area.

One other thing the Richards boys will always be remembered for in the community is when they participated at local house parties and dances. Dad and Uncle Audley both called square dances, but the highlight of every evening was when someone would bring in the old wash

tub which Dad would used for a Tom-tom. He would sing the Indian chicken dance chant and beat the tub, and Uncle Audley and Uncle Bill would do the chicken dance. Depending on the time of night and the "spirit" of the occasion, these chicken dances could sometimes transport the audience back in time, to where they would almost believe they were at a real Indian pow-wow.

RUEL AND FRANCES DAWSON — by Frances Dawson

Ruel came to this area in 1926, after a thirteen-day cattle drive from Rosedale, Alberta, along with his father (Reed Dawson) and brother Donald. Their land at that time was a lease purchased from James L. Duncan, former owner of the Bar C Ranch. This ranch is now owned by Lester Beck. Ruel spent many years in the ranching business and in the summer he acted as a guide with Brewsters and Ralph Rink, who contracted Alpine Club camps. In mid-depression years, Ruel went to Vancouver, and worked as a longshoreman, building wrecker, dishwasher, and what-have-you. He finally returned to Cochrane and worked in sawmills, at ranches and as a tourist guide, until World War Two broke out.

One time in the early 1930s Ruel was rousted out of bed at daylight by four men travelling in an old Overland car. They wanted to know if this was the right direction to the gold rush. This being more or less the first he had heard of it, he told them he guessed it was. They asked if he had all the good claims staked and he said, "No, I haven't even been up there." This seemed odd to them as they had driven all night to get there from Saskatchewan, and it seemed the local people had not even bothered with it. This rush was on Fallen Timber Creek and many shafts were dug which remained there for years. The only "gold" found was iron pyrites, but there was much excitement and many people coming and going.

Frances Boundy first came to this area in 1939 as a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Prigge. Mr. Prigge was the district ranger of the old Aura Ranger Station. This Station has since been moved and the name was changed to Ghost Ranger Station. The Prigges later moved to Ghost Lodge at the Ghost Village and Ruel and Frances met there many times. They went to country dances, swam in the lake, went canoeing and rode horseback. At the first dance they attended at Laurie Johnson's, Ruel was so scared he had to be carried in. Later, he left under his own power in the "Flying Cloud", his Model T. One night the lights went out in this car and he drove home by instinct. Don Dawson was working at the Devil's Head Horse Ranch, and Ruel and Frances also spent weekends visiting there.

Ruel joined the R.C.A.F. the 4th of October, 1941, and Frances and Ruel were married in St. Thomas, Ontario, in June 1942. During the remaining three years of the War, they were transferred to many different places and ended war services at Sea Island, Vancouver. After that they returned home again to be reunited with other Veteran friends of the area; namely, Jack Harris, Bill Richards and Don Dawson.

Ruel and Frances put in for a War Veteran's homestead, which was granted, and after many difficulties they established title to the NE¼ 29-26-7-5. They built their own home from logs sawed by themselves, Frances acting as tail-sawyer. They started their herd with a few cows bought from Barney Lindner owner of the Two Rivers Ranch. Their homestead was built with sweat, tears and body-English. There were no schools, no power, no telephones, no roads. It was not unusual for them to be snow-bound for three months, getting out only with team and sleigh. Their children, Donnie and Fern, used to ride behind the team and sleigh in a little toboggan when they went to the Morley Store and Post Office.

Construction of a road for the area was started in October 1962; in 1967 the Alberta Government Telephones were brought in; clearing for Calgary Power was started in 1967, but hookup was not until 1968.

School was all by Correspondence. Donald finally attended Cochrane School for Grade 10, taking the Morley school bus. Ruel worked as Supervisor of Housing on the Morley Indian Reserve and Frances was a substitute school teacher at Morley that same year. Mr. Kempling was School Principal at the time and Jack Hardy was Indian Agent. Donnie later completed his education at home and at Olds School of Agriculture. He followed in his uncle Don's footsteps and is now a Forest Officer at Grande Cache, Alberta. He married Lorraine Lyda at Edson. They have three sons and one daughter. Fern took her Grade 12 at Westbrook School and later continued her education at the University of Calgary. She received her Bachelor of Arts degree with distinction and spent three years

Donald, Fern and Ruel Dawson.

working as Librarian at the University of Calgary. She married Arnold Rivett in St. Andrews United Church, Cochrane, and they have one daughter. They now live in Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Ruel and Frances have been members of the Beaupré Community Association since its inception and have worked on the social committee. They are also members of St. Andrews United Church in Cochrane. Ruel has been a continuous member of the Canadian Legion for thirty years.

EDWARD AND ALMA McCOY

Eddie McCoy was born in Minnesota in 1906 and came to Alberta with his father, Thomas McCoy, and his brother Tom in 1910. His mother

No. 21344

Department of the Interior,

Timber and Grazing Branch,

Cash, $ 1.60

Scrip, $ .....

Ottawa, 25th May 1912

Cash No. 1887

File No. 573178

Date Received 18th May 1912

Received from Mrs James Polk

of Morley, Alta.

the sum of One 60/100 Dollars,

in payment of rent Ranche No. 4021

from 1st April 1912 to the

1st October 1912.

B. L. YORK, Chief of Branch,

Per .....

Clerk in Charge of Accounts.

had passed away. He was just a lad when he worked with his father at a C.P.R. horse camp helping with the horses and with the haying. At that time the C.P.R. was putting in the irrigation ditches east of Calgary. For many years he worked on ranches in the Irricana district.

Eddie's wife, Alma Ellertson, was born on a farm at Sedalia, Alberta. She and Eddie came to the Morley district about 1943 to work for Libin and Davis, who had bought the Coleman Ranch from Ruth Laycock. Eddie was a hard worker and, as he was often without hired help, Alma did her share of the riding and other ranch work.

Eddie had competed at the Calgary Stampede of 1923 in the steer decorating, and he never lost his love of competition. At Morley he had a very good Thoroughbred named Monk which won him many prizes at local gymkhanas and at bush race tracks. He left Libin and Davis for two years during which he worked for Mr. Bond at Okotoks, but he came back to work for Mr. Davis who had bought out Mr. Libin. Later when Henri Brusset bought the ranch, Eddie stayed on as foreman and worked there until his death in 1970.

The McCoys had no children. In 1975 Alma married Robert Dawes, and they live at Nanaimo on Vancouver Island.

A wedding group, 1904.

Art Davis and a black bear he shot with a shotgun in the pig pasture on the Parker homestead, 1940.

Prairie chickens roosting in the trees — an unusual sight even when they were plentiful.

The Fry's house on Big Hill Creek.

JAMES JOHNSON

E. G. JENKINS

F. W. JENKINS

Cochrane, Alberta, N.W.T. Nov 7 1893

Mr W. Parrsaud

Bought of

JOHNSON & CO.,

General Merchants

1893

May	5th	20 lb Salt 50	1 qt Pheno 1.33	1/4 lb Pepper 10
		Spices 25	1 1/2 lb Tea 4.75	
		Corn Syrup 70	2 under shirts 1.50	2 Onions 25
	12	P.O. Stamps 16	50 lb Sugar 3.85	envelopes 10
		23 P.O. Stamps 41c	Cash 20	
June	1	To Cash 75c		
"	9	14 lb Ham 2.52	2 lbs Salt 28	2 Summer Hat 50
	23	11 lb bacon 1.65	3 Milk pans 1.50	14 lb Salt 33
		Vaseline 20		
July	18	box of pencils 50c	Vinegar 25	200 lb flour 4.90
		50 — 4.00	18 lb bacon 2.16	2 Horse forks 2.20
		1 Axle grease 20	1/2 gal oil 4.80	12 bushel oats 4.80
August	23	14 lb bacon 2.10	5 lb Ham 35	5 lb Rice 40
		Vinegar 15	bottle R.R.R. 25	
Sept	4	13 lb Shot 1.17	2 axe handles 70	box Soap 50
		brush 25	basket pair 1.20	
"	25	Carbon powder 75	10 lb prunes 1.30	50 lb Sugar 4.00
October	7	Soap 1.00	Fodder 15	2 pairs drawers 3.00
"	13	119 lb oats 2.10	15 lb Salt 25c	1 Axle grease 20
		1/4 lb Spice 15		
Nov	2	300 lb flour 7.20	80 lb rolled oats 3.00	1 lb Tea 50

	2 93
	2 45
	4 11
	0 66
	0 75
	3 22
	3 85
	10 15
	8 90
	8 40
	2 85
	0 40
	2 37
	2 70
	10 70
	76 72

July 18th By Cheque 20.00

" " " Cash 17 50

	37 50
	$ 39.22

Paid Nov 10th

Ashmore & Co

MITFORD

MITFORD, THE SAWMILL AND THE TOWN

T. B. H. Cochrane, son of Admiral Sir Thomas Cochrane of England, and his wife, Lady Adela Cochrane, daughter of the Earl of Stadbroke, were the founders of Mitford. The Cochranes were a remittance family that had come to Canada in 1883. They went to the High River area and acquired a large ranch lease of fifty-five thousand acres. This was southwest of High River, centred on Township fifteen, Range four. In 1885 they exchanged this lease for one around Township seventeen, Range six, west of the fourth Meridian. There is no record of the leases being stocked. In 1886 the Cochranes decided to enter into the lumbering business and chose the subsequent site of Mitford to set up their sawmill business.

Early in 1886 Tom Cochrane completed his sawmill. It was located three miles west of the present town of Cochrane, on the north side of the Bow River, a short distance from the point where the Canadian Pacific Railway crosses to the south bank of the Bow River. The sawmill was capable of turning out thirty thousand board feet of lumber per day. Tom Cochrane was associated with Hugh Graham, Francis White, and Archibald McVittie of the Calgary Lumber Company and contracted to supply them with lumber. Plans were made to build a rail line from Grand Valley to the sawmill but in the meantime logs had to be hauled by teamsters. The sawmill went into operation in July 1886. A small steam engine was purchased and work began on building the track. This track was laid northward up Horse Creek Valley for one mile and then westward to Grand Valley, where a turnabout for the engine was built. The remainder of the track was made of wooden rails and extended northward to the Dog Pound Creek. Small horse drawn cars were used to haul the logs along the wooden railway to the turnabout.

There were several small stands of fir on the west side of Grand Valley, about five miles north of the Bow River. However, the ties and rails required for the wooden track very nearly used them up. Further north, on the Dog Pound, the timber was mainly spruce and pine. The result was that the best timber was used for construction of the railroad and there was very little fir left for lumber. The timber limits lay in Townships 27, 28 and 29, Range five and in Townships 27, and 28 in Range six. The logs were hauled down the wooden track by local settlers who worked at a daily wage. The men were poorly supervised and the enterprise, as a whole, was poorly organized. The cars were continually jumping off the track and since the men were paid regardless of the amount of work done, no one helped the teamster whose car was derailed. The result was, hours were spent in idleness waiting for the track to be cleared. "Betsy" would be kept waiting at the turnabout and the mill would be idle. "Betsy" was the name given the engine that was used to haul the logs on the railway and the line was known as the "Betsy line." Betsy showed an alarming tendency to jump the track. This always required several hours of work getting it ready for operation again. The grade from Horse Creek Valley was quite steep and the engine often ran away when returning with logs.

In 1887 the townsite received its name. It was named in honor of Mrs. Percy Mitford, a sister of the first Earl of Egerton. Mrs. Mitford was a friend of Lady Adela and also had financial interest in the Cochrane enterprises.

The site that Tom Cochrane chose for the little town was very impracticable. It was at the confluence of the Bow River and the Horse Creek, on a low bench some two hundred yards wide and one half mile long. The steep hill to the north of the river and the townsite abutted on the river at the west end of the bench, made entrance from the north or south very difficult. Horse Creek Valley was narrow and it required considerable labor to build the grade for the "Betsy Track." On the east, the Canadian Pacific Railway occupied the only good approach to the town, and it too was on a sharp incline. At Mitford the railway and the river came together on a long angle and as a result the flat between the river and the railway was very narrow. It was on this flat that Tom Cochrane built a store, hotel and a saloon. The only ford across the river was treacherous and of course

Lady Adela Cochrane.

Tom and Lady Adela Cochrane.

horses could not be taken across the railway bridge. On the south side of the river the hills rose sharply and there were no satisfactory building sites. There is a certain picturesque beauty about the location but as a townsite, particularly a town that was hoped would expand, it was quite impossible.

The year 1888 several buildings were erected, among them a livery stable, as well as the store, and hotel. Prior to that, the Cochranes had built their own home, and several bunk houses were erected for the men working in the sawmill and the coal mine. There had been some private homes built; these no doubt were for the people that operated businesses there. In 1889 Mitford received a Post Office. The first doctor to arrive in the area was Dr. Hayden who had come in 1888. With the sawmill going and the accidents on the Betsy Line, no doubt the doctor was kept busy. He operated a small drug store in connection with his medical practise. In the year 1888, a fellow by the name of de Journal operated the store and hotel for Tom Cochrane. In 1890 the sawmill was closed down; it was not a success from the start. Count de Journal left the employ of Cochrane in 1890, and was succeeded by R. Smith in the hotel and A. Martin in the store. Mr. Smith had worked in the sawmill for three years before he started in the hotel. His daughter, Violet, was the first child born at Mitford in 1890. His daughter, Sadie, married L. V. Kelly, author of the book, "The Range Men."

In 1891 Lady Adela hired Miss Isabel Monilaws of Bruce County, Ontario, to teach school at Mitford. A school was opened in the old saloon, the first school between Calgary and Morleyville. In 1894 the following children attended school at Mitford:

Harold, Leslie, Walter and Vera Towers. Their father was a section man at Radnor, and later became a rancher at Jumping Pound. Harry Jones and George Skinner, sons of ranchers north of Cochrane. Birdie Radcliffe, whose father operated a creamery at Big Hill Springs, and Mary, Everett and Joseph McNiel of the John McNiel family.

Miss Monilaws taught school for four years and in 1895 married J. Cooper. Mr. Cooper had been employed by Tom Cochrane at the mine and the sawmill and later at the brickyard. At the time of their marriage, Mr. Cooper was living on his ranch a few miles northwest of Mitford.

The Cochranes, having failed at the lumbering and coal mining ventures, decided to go into the manufacturing of bricks. The clay was hauled from a flat, two miles north of Mitford, by the locomotive. The brickyard consisted of three

MITFORD SCHOOL REPORT

The following is the standing of the pupils in the above school for the month of September: 4th class, Ethel Bassett; 3rd class, Joe McNeil; 2nd class, Vera Towers; part II, sr., Leslie Towers; part II, jr., Dodo Skinner; part I, sr., Harry Jones; part I, jr., Violet Smith. Miss Monilaws, teacher

This school has recently purchased a new Karn organ from Mr. J. F. Eshleman.

Lady Adela, the Duke of Somerset and Tom Cochrane.

kilns, of a primitive type, and a number of drying sheds. Mr. Cooper was in charge of the yard. The bricks were of poor quality and expensive to make. The enterprise lasted two summers.

Doctor Hayden had left Mitford in 1891 and Mr. Cowley came to take over the drug store. Joe Howard built a blacksmith shop one half mile east of Mitford on the north side of the C.P.R. line. Tom Cochrane decided to build a bridge across the Bow River. It was located one hundred yards east of the railway bridge and consisted of two spans abutting in the middle of the river on a small island. It was a toll bridge for a short time, the fees being five cents for an individual to walk across and ten cents for a team and wagon.

In 1892 an Anglican Church was built on the hill northeast of the town. Lady Adela collected funds in England and she herself contributed some money to build the church. Many of the furnishings were given by Lady Adela.

The brickyard was the last business venture of the Cochrane family in this area. It was abandoned in 1893. Betsy was sold to a lumber mill near Golden, British Columbia. The track was taken up and the industrial life of Mitford came to an end. The C.P.R. had never liked to stop at Mitford at any time, and finally cancelled regular stops there in 1893. Trains proceeding east and stopping at Mitford were forced to back up a half mile in order to make the grade out of town. Westbound trains always came to a halt with the engine on the bridge and this was dangerous. The local children soon discovered that a small amount of grease applied to the track caused some worry to the track crews, especially when the trains were going west; they slid right through the town before they could stop. The next three years saw the final abandonment of Mitford. Mr. Martin and Mr. Howard moved to the town of Cochrane and started businesses there. Tom Cochrane decided to enter politics and he ran against Frank Oliver in the election for the House of Commons in 1896 and was defeated. Shortly after that the Cochranes returned to England. Tom Cochrane's sister was a Lady in Waiting to Princess Beatrice of Battenburg. The Princess was Governor of the Isle of Wight. Tom Cochrane's sister managed to get an appointment for him as Deputy Governor. By 1898 the town of Mitford was deserted, fire had destroyed many of the buildings and most of the population had left. The Anglican Church was moved to the town of Cochrane and is still there today. All that remains of Mitford is the tiny cemetery on the land where the Anglican Church once sat. The cemetery and the church was on an acre of land purchased by the church in England.

Included in this story of Mitford are excerpts taken from the diary of Mrs. Algernon St. Maur. Mrs. St. Maur was a friend of Lady Adela and came to Mitford to visit the Cochranes. After going back to England from a visit to Mitford, she wrote the book "Impressions of a Tenderfoot." The book was published in 1890 and the excerpts are from that book.

FROM THE DIARY OF MRS. ALGERNON ST. MAUR

"May 31st.-

We have a beautiful view of the Rocky Mountains here, and on a fine morning it is difficult to believe they are sixty miles away; we are surrounded by fine undulating prairie. The cattle are fat and sleek, though they have had nothing but what they could find on the range all winter. The great drawback here is the frost at night, even in summer there is often enough to injure the potatoes and wheat. Adela and I amused ourselves planting the garden; we sowed cabbages, lettuce, cauliflower, carrots, beets and beans. The soil is surprisingly rich; one digs nearly a yard deep and still it is the same good brown loam.

"The sawmill and the house are close to the C.P.R.; at the former fifty men are at work. Their wages are from twenty to thirty dollars a month, and they are boarded as well. A private railway brings the logs down from the forest, they are sawn up here and put in the cars for market.

"N——, Tom C——. and Algernon have been busy this morning making a garden fence. They are also building a new hen house; the latter requires to be well put together, to keep out the cold in winter and has double walls with sawdust filled up between. Dug out hen houses with turf also make warm shelter; only a few have stoves, and often the claws of the poor birds get frost bitten. The cat here has had her ears frozen off; fortunately they are both gone just at the same place, and give her the appearance of having her ears cropped."

(Tom C was Tom Cochrane and Algernon was her husband, Mr. St. Maur. N remains unknown, although it is possible that he was the Earl of Norbury who lived for a time with the Cochranes.)

Mitford, 1888. Back: Lady Adela and Tom Cochrane. Front: The Earl of Norbury, Algernon St. Maur, Duke of Somerset and his wife Susan, Duchess of Somerset.

"June 1st.-

Mr. Kerfoot, a neighbor, and one of the best riders and drivers in the northwest, drove Adela's ponies on the buckboard. They have been on the prairies for six months; when taken up they often require rebreaking. One of them lay down twice, bucked, and made a great fuss. Mr. Kerfoot drove them patiently and well. The harness and buckboard both of American make, were perfectly adapted to the rough roads and prairie work. These carriages, owing to the wide axle, are almost impossible to upset, and one can drive them where no English carriage could go. The harness enables the horses to go quite independently of each other; the pole pieces, instead of being, as in England, fast to the head of the pole, are here attached to a short bar called the yoke which works loosely on the end of it, and also gives the horses a straight pull in holding back.

"We all started on the private railway to see the timber limits, which are fifteen miles distant. A truck was arranged for us to sit on in front of the engine, the latter pushing us along. The men in charge drove too fast, and when we had gone about three miles we felt several great jolts, the truck had left the rails and upset; most fortunately for us, one of the wheels got wedged in the sand and the brakeman having put on the brakes, stopped the engine. For a few moments there was an awful feeling of suspense; we all expected the engine would come crashing down on top of us; happily, however, this did not occur, else we might have all been killed. On regaining our feet we found the only person badly injured was the brakeman; the poor fellow lay under the engine with three bad wounds in his head and his ear almost severed from the scalp. With difficulty he was extricated from his perilous position and while the C——s and Algernon remained with him, N—— and I went for assistance.

"The Doctor came quickly, a wagon followed, the poor fellow was soon in his little bed at the sawmill, and wonderful to relate, though so terribly injured, and with a badly fractured skull, he recovered. It is always much in favor of these men during illness that they have lived a hardy out of door life.

"June 2nd-

Drove to the British American Co's sheep ranche. The manager was away but his housekeeper gave us luncheon, afterwards we went fishing.

"June 4th-

Ten degrees of frost last night.

Algernon went for a ride with Mr. Kerfoot, and in the afternoon we all rode over to his horse ranche. The horses are most clever in avoiding the gopher holes, and if given their head they can go at any pace over them without making a mistake. At the ranche we saw more than a hundred horses. The corrals are wonderfully arranged, three opening into each other. When the band of horses has been driven into the first which is the largest, the horses required for branding or breaking are separated from the rest and the gate being opened, are turned into the second corral. The entrance into the third corral is by a very high strong gate, so arranged as to swing round against the side of this corral with just space for a horse to stand between. A single horse is now let through this gate, which is swung around holding him against the side of the third corral, so that he is helpless and cannot fight or hurt himself being branded or bridled.

"June 6th-

On the other side of the Bow River is a canyon known as the Jumping Pound, over the edge of which the hunters used to drive the buffalo, and in this canyon their bones still lie in places two and three feet deep. They are now being taken away and used for manure. A band of Blackfoot Indians passed today; the Chief, "Three Plumes", rode up to the house to show his permit, which is given by the Indian Agent to enable them to leave their reservations for a stated time; this band had been on a visit to the Stoney Indians. (We have since heard that the guests on leaving stole thirty horses.)

"June 14th-

Until this morning we have not seen the Rockies for a week. Innumerable wild flowers grow on the prairie; last month there were anemones of all colors, and in a few weeks there will be masses of dog rose and wild honeysuckle; it is a kind provision of nature that this wild rose is so hardy, it stands even the extreme cold of

winter and grows from the root each year. The doctor, who is a botanist, sent a collection of wild flowers which he had made, to Kew Gardens to be classified. We went to see the coal mine that was discovered three years ago, the first traces of coal being seen at the mouth of a badger's hole. Adela and I only went in as far as the first galley, where we met a man and horse bringing up a truck of coal to the mouth; the others all departed along a similar galley, each carrying a Davy lamp; as yet there is little danger of gas, the workings being quite near the surface.

"June 18th-

Adela's sitting hens require a lot of running after, half wild and fleet as hares, they appear to have a strange dislike to returning to the nest, so we have to get some of the men to help us run them down. Two ranchers came to luncheon today — true types, I should think, of Western men. I hear that their father in England is a rich man, but he seems to do but little for his sons. They work hard, even washing all their own clothes and cooking, and it is not therefore to be wondered at, that they look rough. The usual dress out here is a blue flannel shirt, with no collar, but a colored handkerchief tied loosely round the neck, a buckskin shirt, a pair of leather chaps with fringes down the seams, worn over trousers, boots and a broad brimmed felt hat with a leather band round it, which is generally stamped with patterns and ornamented in some way.

"June 21st-

Today we visited the forest or timber limits, starting early. The ride was quite delightful, as we cantered up and down these limitless plains of grass, with the mountains stretching away into the dim distance as far as the eye could reach, and extending in Canada alone for eight hundred miles. Tares of many shades, pea vine, wild camomile, bugle flowers and many other wild flowers we saw as we rode along, also myrtles, gooseberries and dog roses. Occasionally a few prairie hen rose in front of us, and flew away, wondering doubtless at having been disturbed. As we came into view of the log house where some of the lumbermen live, we saw the forest beneath us. We rode four miles further, over somewhat marshy ground, then after descending a rather precipitous path, we found ourselves at a place which goes by the name of Dog Pound Creek; the horses were all picketed out, the harness and saddles having been removed.

Madam d'Artigue and her husband and sister (French people from the Basque Provinces) are in charge of this ranche for someone who lives in Calgary. It was quite a pleasure to see their beautifully managed poultry yards. There were hundreds of chickens of all ages and sizes, rows of boxes for the sitting hens with one hen in each all arranged the same and in practical manner peculiar to French people. There is an excellent market for poultry in the northwest; they told me that for a capon they got one dollar and seventy five cents in Calgary.

"June 24th-Sunday

In the evening we had a service from a travelling minister, about half the men came; the hymns selected by him were not at all cheerful nor bright, and his sermon was not suitable in any way to the requirements of his listeners, which one regretted.

"June 25th-

Rather a tragic termination to our visit was caused by another accident on the railway. In the evening we heard the mill whistle blowing violently, and found that the engine, returning with four trucks of lumber, had been thrown off the rails; the engineer got jammed between the engine and the logs, and had his leg broken in two places; but such is the toughness of these men that when being carried down we heard him joking with the others about not yet needing to be carried feet first, though he must have been suffering great pain."

LADY ADELA COCHRANE AND THE C.P.R. — by Isabel McLachlan

Lady Adela Cochrane was determined that the C.P.R. trains should continue to stop at Mitford as they had done for a while. Sir William Van Horne was determined that his railway should run on time and he took stern measures against the train crew that had been in the habit of stopping to pick up local ranchers, or of obliging in other ways. The train crew lived in Calgary and knew everyone in the country in those days. Between Lady Adela and Head Office they were given a bad time.

One hot July day Lady Adela decided to make the train stop at Mitford. She got out of her buggy and stood in the middle of the tracks as the train approached. The engineer frantically blew the steam whistle but the lady, with great courage, stood her ground till the last minute. Then in jumping clear she slipped and rolled down the steep, cinder-covered embankment.

She now carried out her threat to report them to Lord Strathcona, a close friend. In her letter she demanded that he use his influence to have the train stop at Mitford, and also to have the train crew punished. Not only had they very nearly run her down, she reported, but insult had been added to injury, for, as she lay helpless in the cinders the brakeman had leaned from the last car and thumbed his nose at her. Furthermore she was sure the engineer had done something to make the train blow a cloud of

steam and cinders in her face, which might have prevented her from jumping clear.

Lord Strathcona sent the letter on to Van Horne in Montreal and asked him to investigate and do what he could for Lady Adela. Van Horne sent both letters on to the Head of the Western Division at Winnipeg, with instructions to make it clear to her Ladyship that the train would never be allowed to stop at Mitford, but, he added, no rudeness was to be tolerated, and if the train crew had done these things they must apologize to the lady and must be punished to her satisfaction. The Head of the Western Division sent the letters on to the head of the C.P.R. in Calgary with orders to investigate and carry out instructions. The latter talked to the engineer who really had not done anything to make the cloud of cinders, but it was established that the brakey had indeed given vent to his feelings in the way that Lady Adela had reported.

She was asked to come to Calgary and after a long, stormy interview, she was finally convinced that her case was hopeless. The engineer then came in and apologized profusely for nearly running over her. He managed to convince her that he had not done anything to blow cinders in her face. Then the brakey, a smooth-talking Irishman, came in beaming and smiling as if he hadn't a care. He admitted that he had been on the last car on the day of the incident, but was all surprise and innocence when told what he had done. He said he remembered the cloud of dust and cinders which had so blinded him that he did not even see Lady Adela, and if she had noticed him with his thumb to his nose that was because he was scraping a cinder out of his nose with the end of his thumb. She accepted his charming apologies and he managed to keep his job.

Shortly thereafter the Cochranes went back to England.

THE HICKLINGS

Horace Hickling came from England as a young man, to manage the store at Mitford for Lady Adela. Mrs. Hickling, the former Miss Brealey, was Lady Adela's companion. After the Hickling's marriage, they lived on the C.P.R. ranch on Beaver Dam Creek, owned by Mrs. Hickling's brother. They built a large house, furnished it beautifully and entertained frequently. The Hicklings was a favorite stopping place for people travelling to Olds.

Mary Macleod, Mrs. Hickling, Roma Macleod, 1899. The Macleod girls were the daughters of Col. Macleod.

ALEXANDER MARTIN — by Mary Yates

Although Alexander Martin only lived in the Mitford and Cochrane area for about ten years, he was fortunate to have participated in the events of a most colorful time in the history of the area.

Born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1864, he came to Manitoba as a young man and worked briefly as a farm laborer. Travelling west, he earned his living at several occupations, including teaching school. In 1891 he married Alice Foley, whom he had met in Manitoba, and a year later they settled at Saanich, British Columbia. Their first two daughters were born there.

In 1894 the family moved to Mitford, N.W.T. Alexander was employed by Lady Adela Cochrane in the capacity of foreman. The position became non-existent when the Cochranes abandoned their Mitford enterprises and left the country. Alexander bought Lady Adela's house and moved his family into it, then he took out a homestead on the SW¼ 5-26-4-5. This was across the Bow River from Mitford. He built a log house and called it the Bonnie Brae. The Martin family lived on the homestead for about four years.

In partnership with his wife's brother, Alexander bought the general store at Mitford and called it the Foley-Martin store. This building was destroyed later when fire swept through the townsite.

Alexander moved to Cochrane and built a small store; actually it was a combination store and living quarters. My mother, Gertrude Martin, and her sisters, Nellie and Marjorie, attended school in Cochrane. Alexander sold the store to C. W. Fisher in 1901. In 1906 he sold the Bonnie Brae to Dr. William Ritchie. Since Alexander had been a gunsmith by trade in Scotland, he decided to set up a sporting goods store in Calgary. He built a large home in Calgary at 1029 Hillcrest Avenue and moved his family, now numbering nine, there. Two more sons were born at this address. In 1916 his wife Alice passed away. With his family grown up, Alexander returned to Scotland where he remained until his death in 1950.

He was a leading marksman, a member of several Bisley teams. He took part in both World Wars, in the second one as a member of the Home Guard; he was over eighty at the time. He left his mark on Calgary and district in many ways. A plaque was awarded him by the Provincial Government for introducing Hungarian partridge to the Priddis area. He donated two athletic awards to Calgary High Schools, which are competed for each year, the Alexander Mar-

tin Shield for Junior Football, and a cup for track and field. His eldest son became well-known in the hockey world.

THOMAS W. ROBERTSON — by Evelyn R. Leitch

Thomas Robertson was born in Rothbury, England, the son of Rachel Rowntree and John Robertson. He was educated in England and entered the diplomatic service, serving first in Germany. Later he was sent to Russia where he spent time in the Court of St. Petersburg However the restricted life did not please him, and hearing of opportunities in the Americas, he went to Wyoming where British capital was being invested.

In Wyoming he paid to learn farming, but he soon tired of the long monotonous hours and decided to take up the more adventurous and exciting life of a cowboy and moved to Cheyenne. Here he was employed by the Powder River Cattle Company. This concern operated solely on British capital with headquarters in Colorado and a Board of Directors in England. Moreton Frewen was manager and leased seven townships of land in the North West Territories, west of Stavely in the Mosquito Creek area. He moved four herds of cattle, 2,000 to 2,500 in each drive, to this Canadian range. One hundred and twenty-five cowboys herded the cattle northward.

Robertson was one of the cowboys who rode to Canada from Wyoming on a cattle drive in 1886. The Rebellion of 1885 was fresh in everyone's mind so the cowboys were issued Winchester rifles, their destination being in the heart of "Blackfoot Country."

After the herd was delivered and the trail crew disbanded Robertson arrived at Mitford, North West Territories, where he was employed by Tom Cochrane and the latter's wife, Lady Adela. The Cochranes had a store there. Tom Cochrane, a remittance man, and Lady Adela, had lived in High River prior to going to Mitford. His cousin Bill Cochrane owned and operated the C C Ranch about twelve miles south and west of High River.

Robertson remained in the Cochrane-Mitford area until about the year 1889. He then joined Joseph Limoges, who had moved from Cochrane to High River, and together they entered business, forming what later became known as the High River Trading Company. In 1893 a large sandstone building was erected there by Robertson. In 1894 he married the former Eva Limoges. He then procured land just one mile east and a bit north of the "Crossing" (as High River was known in those days) and the Highwood Ranch was established, where Robertson went in for raising horses and cattle. This ranch is still in operation, owned first by a son, Joseph, then by Joseph's son, Thomas, and now by Tom's widow, Phyllis, who lives on the ranch with their children, Catherine and Joseph.

Thomas W. Robertson.

The year 1902 produced a green Christmas and scarlet fever was prevalent in the district. Robertson was striken with the disease and died in January 1903, four weeks following the birth of his twin sons, Jack and Joe. He was also survived by his wife and a daughter, Evelyn. Jack Robertson, one of the twins, succumbed to scarlet fever seven years later.

JOSEPH LIMOGES — by Evelyn Leitch

My grandfather, the late Joseph Limoges was born at St. Anne des Plaines near Montreal in 1846. He was engaged in commerce, in the textile business, and with his partner, Mr. Sicard, had a shop on la rue St. Laurent in Montreal. However, Grandfather's health was poor and doctors feared consumption (as it was called in those days) and advised him to go to Western Canada to a dry climate. They gave Grandfather a year to live. In later years he recalled that he had outlived the doctors that had given him the year to live. He often said he owed his long life (87 years) to a High River doctor, Surgeon General Fraser. His advice to Grandfather was to take Cod Liver oil every day and this he did for the rest of his life. He thought whiskey and gin were detrimental to poor health but he had rum in his coffee every morning for breakfast.

Joseph Limoges.

About 1884 Grandfather arrived in Cochrane with his partner Count de Journel of Paris, France, and they established a trading post. Grandmother and her children remained in Montreal. Grandfather stayed with the de Journels. The de Journels had not been married very long and they used to have little quarrels. Madame de Journel would leave the house and walk out into the dark until she heard the coyotes howl; that always brought her back to the house in a big hurry.

Grandfather often told the story of the young Kerfoot boy (Pat), who was bitten by a dog in the store, and part of his nose removed in the accident. Someone had the presence of mind to put the severed piece back and it healed with very little scar showing. Grandfather sold his store to James Johnstone and in 1887 he and Count de Journel went to High River and they purchased the only existing store there. At this time Grandfather and de Journel terminated their partnership.

Grandfather had met Thomas Robertson in Cochrane while Thomas was employed by the Cochranes, Tom and Lady Adela. Thomas became partners with Grandfather in the business in High River known as The High River Trading Company. For years this business served as a trading centre for ranchers, farmers, Indians of many tribes, adventurers from the Old Country and cowboys. The business consisted of groceries, dry goods, hardware, harness, saddles, wagons, and carriages. Thomas Robertson had a ranch and he sold cattle and horses through the trading centre.

In 1889 Grandfather received his appointment as Postmaster of High River and retained the position until his death forty-five years later. He recalled that one of the stagecoach drivers bringing the mail was Jim Scott. Grandfather was keenly interested in polo and was honorary president of the Polo Club and a charter member of the High River Club (the town's oldest organization).

Grandfather passed away in 1934, his wife Suzanne predeceased him in 1908. His two sons, Gus and Pastro, and one daughter, Eglantine, also predeceased their father. My mother, Mrs. Thomas Robertson passed away in 1946.

Note: Mrs. Thomas Robertson was Miss Limoges, daughter of J. Limoges.

FRANK AND ANNIE WHITE — by Dorothy M. Edge

Frank White, a cultured Englishman, was born in Birmingham, England, in 1844, one of thirteen children. He immigrated to Canada in 1860, with his mother and father, Sir William White, and all of his brothers and sisters, with the exception of the two eldest brothers, who by that time were grown up and established in business. They came by sailing ship and it took over three months to cross the Atlantic Ocean from Liverpool to Montreal. For several years Frank worked for the Grand Truck Railroad at different places in Quebec. He married Christina Ross from Cornwall, Ontario, and they had two sons, Frank and William, and one daughter, Jessie. Christina passed away when the children were very young and they were brought up by their aunt, Miss Marion Ross, at Cornwall. Frank Jr. became a renowned organist. He lived in New Rochelle, New York. William worked for Canadian Cottons Ltd. in the Maritimes. Jessie married William Munro and they farmed at Martintown, Ontario.

In 1882 Frank was hired to be the business manager for M. H. Cochrane, president and founder of the Cochrane Ranche Company. He came West from Montreal and arrived in Calgary September 18, 1882, and was employed at the Cochrane Ranche until the end of 1884. While living in the area of Big Hill, Frank kept a diary which contained a valuable and precise history of the early Cochrane Ranche. The diary dates from January 1, 1881, to November 22, 1890, and is now the property of The Glenbow Foundation in Calgary. During the 1940s and early 1950s, under the auspices of Alex McTavish, monthly installments from the diary were published in the Canadian Cattleman Magazine. Alex's wife Martha typed the serials each month for her husband. This was a tedious endeavor because the writing was very small in places and she had to use a magnifying glass. Many names are mentioned throughout the diary. It seems that almost everyone who was ever in the area of the "Big Hill Country" in the "good old days" was recorded in the diary at one time or another.

Mrs. Frank White (Annie) and Harold, taken in their home on the Merino Ranch.

Frank and Annie White.

In the summer of 1884 Frank anticipated he might be relieved of his duties with the Company since the ranche had suffered heavy cattle losses two years in succession and the necessity to economize was evident.

In September of 1884, Frank visited Fort Edmonton to see Annie Anderson, whom he had met in Point Levis, Quebec, many years before. Fort Edmonton was built in 1808 by the Hudson's Bay Company as a fur-trading post, and it was a five-day stage trip from Fort Calgary, which was established by the North West Mounted Police in 1875. When Frank arrived back in Calgary he took his light wagon and with his best team, "Banjo" and "Bones", whose names were reminiscent of the colored minstrel shows that were popular at the time, started out for the Mount Royal Ranch and Morleyville. He stopped for dinner at Big Hill and visited with W. D. Kerfoot and reached the Mount Royal Ranch after dark. The next day he went to Morleyville and had supper at Trader David McDougall's.

With thoughts of a sheep project on his mind, Frank looked over the countryside and called in at Boyds, Griers, Sibbalds and Rev. John McDougall's, where he met Tom Fawcett, the Dominion Land Surveyor. Richard Hardisty, a Hudson's Bay Company Factor, who was in Morleyville at the time, was interested to hear of Frank's interest in the sheep business, and Frank told him he had negotiated for a range lease. The Hardistys and the McDougalls were good friends of Frank's and they often went skating together on the Elbow River. One time when Frank had supper with the Hardistys, salmon and beaver tail were served. Beaver tail was considered a delicacy by the old Hudson's Bay Traders and was served on festive occasions.

Frank made a trip to Montreal and on December 19, 1884, he had finished his connection with the Cochrane Ranche Company to establish himself in the sheep-raising business. He spent the intervening months raising capital for his new venture, visiting relatives and buying furniture and equipment to establish a new home in the West. His aim was to locate in the vicinity of Ghost River.

In the spring of 1885 Frank visited W. D. Kerfoot, who was manager of the British American Ranche Co., at Big Hill, and they looked over the remaining burned sheep that had been caught in a prairie fire. They rode on up into the big valley (Grand Valley) to where W.D. said he would like to homestead. They rode west past Beaupré's old place and then W.D. returned to Big Hill and Frank went on to Morleyville.

Frank's furniture and belongings from Montreal finally arrived at Morley by train. He moved everything in a pouring rain storm to a cabin opposite McDougall's. He proceeded to unpack things so they could dry out. He unpacked a wild vine which he planted down in McDougall's garden. The next afternoon he rode over the range with Albert Boyd and later caught the train to Calgary to meet with Jim Robertson, a Scotsman, who had not faltered on his desire to go into the partnership agreement regarding the sheep business. A few days later Frank and Jim headed for Ghost River. It was still very muddy from all the rain and they got stuck with their wagon eight miles from Big Hill. Frank rode to get W. D. Kerfoot to come and help out with the load. They finally got to Morley and looked over the MacDonell place and the orphanage land but could not decide to pay anything for either place. Finally they decided on a place at the end of a coulee west of Ghost River. They proceeded to make ready winter quarters and got a new cabin built before going to Montana to drive up a band of sheep. Frank was the breadmaker and thought it was a real treat when "Lupino" yeast cakes first came on the market. This way he

didn't have to keep a supply of sourdough on hand.

On June 27, 1885, Frank and his party left the cabin at Ghost River, bound for Montana. The summer was spent on the trail. They spent ten days at Fort Benton then went north along the Teton River. They finally purchased a band of sheep from Mr. Graden. They followed the trail homeward along the base of the foothills where water was available. They used two wagons tandem hooked pulled by a four-horse team. This only required the use of one man. They travelled about nine miles a day with 2100 head of sheep. By September 26th, the band was being herded west of Big Hill, up along Beaupré Creek and on to Ghost River. They arrived at their established home September 27, 1885.

On October 20, 1885, Frank and Annie Anderson were married in Edmonton. Annie was born at Point Levis, Quebec, August 4, 1853, and was one of the passengers on the first passenger train to arrive in Calgary in 1883. During the second Riel Rebellion she filled cartridges for the soldiers and proved to be a real frontiersman. Annie and Frank had one son, Harold, who was born at Mitford, North West Territories, on December 17, 1888. The Whites were active supporters of All Saints Anglican Church, Mitford, which Frank helped to build.

Rev. John McDougall was prepared to protest any encroachment of sheep on what he claimed as orphanage property. The planned orphanage was to be an institution to care for orphaned Indian children. On April 1886, Rev. John McDougall made enquiries about logs that had been put near the upper orphanage field by Jim Robertson. Frank explained that they were for a lambing corral. After a two and a half hour discussion, McDougall said he would not allow Frank to use the orphanage land longer than six weeks, and that a protest to this effect was already on file. Frank was not in the position to move right then, but said since the matter was in the hands of the Federal Government he would abide by their decision. McDougall said he would not abide by their decision unless it gave him and the settlers what they felt they were entitled to. McDougall claimed that he had been promised what land he wanted for the orphanage, to the extent of 2000 acres, by Sir John A. Macdonald six years previous and that the promise had been renewed four years ago and again was being reviewed. In the fall of 1884 Frank had bought $300 worth of wire to fence the area and was expecting to get a grant from the Government by 1885 which would enable him to erect buildings of stone or at least with stone foundations.

It was strange that in a country with such vast unoccupied townships that two men should dispute over a few acres of land. Was it a resentment toward newcomers, or could it be the ancient feud between sheepmen and cattlemen?

When the Special Train from Montreal to Vancouver, with Sir John A. Macdonald and party aboard, arrived in Calgary on July 21, 1886, negotiations took place with Frank White et al. The Government settled the dispute in favor of Rev. John McDougall. Frank was to move out of the Morleyville district and in compensation was given land south of the Bow River. No time was wasted in moving the sheep, as final arrangements had been completed on that date and by July 24, 1886, the first stage of the move took place. They herded the sheep toward Big Hill and crossed the railroad bridge at Mitford, two and a half miles west of Big Hill. Frank laid boards between the rails to create a platform on which to drive the sheep across. This move was to the distinct advantage of Frank because he had more range and better grazing land, so July 1886, marked the beginning of his "Merino Ranch." By 1890 he was running about 5000 head of sheep.

Around 1901 Frank sold the Merino Ranch to C. W. Fisher, and the Whites moved to Fernie, British Columbia, where Frank was the land commissioner for the Crow's Nest Coal Company. He passed away in his eightieth year in January 1924. Annie passed away in March 1941, at the age of 88.

Harold started to work as a mining engineer for the Coal Company in 1909. He served three and a half years in the First World War. He worked for brief periods for the British Columbia Government during which time he designed the first bridge at Skookumchuk. He also worked for the East Kootenai Power Company at Bull River. On August 9, 1928, he married Marion McAllister who was born in Vancouver, British Columbia, on February 9, 1891. Harold passed away after a heart attack on July 30, 1949. Marion still makes her home in Fernie.

EXCERPTS FROM FRANK WHITE'S DIARY — as published by Alex McTavish

June 21st, 1885. New Cabin. Robertson and I rode over range going up Greer Coulee, up Warnock Coulee to site of proposed summer corral, thence through timber to creek running down from Sibbald's homestead. Started at 9 a.m., back at 2. After dinner Mr. and Mrs. McD. rode down to cabin looking for stray mare. Evening, figuring on Robertson proposition. Wrote Murdock ordering harness.

Harness was mostly hand-made by the local harnessmaker.

June 22nd, 1885. New Cabin. Eve. rode to Morley, no mail. Mr. and Mrs. Nelson and Miss Flora McDougall at D. McDougall's. Bought yeast and oatmeal.

More bread and porridge.

June 23rd, 1885. New Cabin. Albert Boyd came up to proposed site of fall corral and walked round to nearest timber. He offers to build corral 190 by 80 ft. (5 ft. high) for $65.00. Caught in heavy rain storm, Albert lent me his saddle blanket and I walked back to cabin. Boyd thinks he can trade two decent mares for the iron

grey colt, so Jim started at once on buckskin mare for Big Hill to bring the colt here. I baked and made pole bedstead and finished the table. B.A.R. Co. finished shearing and began to pack their wool.

Wool was quoted at 18½¢ per lb. in Toronto at the above date.

June 24th, 1885. New Cabin, cloudy and very warm. I finished bedstead and dug holes for corral posts and fitted in stable door. Jim got back from Big Hill without iron grey horse, the horse having been turned out with a bunch which is now astray. Camp outfit sent after them. I went to Mrs. Boyd's and got milk, wet through by rainstorm on way back.

A homesteader's bed was made of boards and covered with a hay-filled tick. Upland hay always carried its quota of speargrass, which helped to make life realistic for the sleeper.

June 25th, 1885. New Cabin. Building hay corral. Andrew Sibbald called and said he doubted if he or Warnock would work for A. R. Boyd cannot trade horses as Ricks values his mare at $75.00. Mr. and Mrs. Nelson leave tomorrow. Dr. Girard at David's, extracted tooth for Miss Ruth.

June 27th, 1885. New Cabin. Clear, fine and very warm. Straightened up poles and stuff around stable, put wagon box on end, and left key at Mrs. Boyd's. At one p.m. started with two horse team "Billy and Dick", and Mr. Kerfoot's saddle horse for Big Hill on way to Montana. Supper and camped with Mr. and Mrs. Kerfoot. Horses travelled 18 miles.

On June 27th Mr. White left his cabin on Ghost River, bound for Montana to purchase sheep to stock his new range. He spent summer on the trail, for he did not return till September 27th.

June 28th, 1885. Big Hill, clear and fine all a.m. With Mr. Kerfoot and Robertson around wool and sheep shed and stable. Mike agreed to come down to Montana with us, we to board him down and pay him $45.00 per month from time of purchase of sheep. We intended starting for Calgary today but decided to wait here a day, so as to give them a chance to find Mike's horse which has got away from him.

Mike was evidently a sheepherder from the B.A. Ranch and being taken to Montana to assist in driving the sheep back to Alberta.

June 29th, 1885. Big Hill, on way to Montana. Settled up account with Kerfoot, got Billy and Dick vented and everything ready at 11 a.m. and started for Calgary with Robertson. Camped at lake and got to Calgary at 7 p.m. Bringing collie pup for Mrs. H. and one for self. Arranged for new harness. Supper at Royal, saw Ogburn and took clothes to laundry.

A good dog is essential in sheep-herding.

June 30th, 1885. Calgary, on way to Montana. Had horses, Billy and Dick, shod, first time. Bought tent, oats and cook stove and had picket pins and swivels made. Albert Boyd and Ricks came down and Mrs. and Mr. Dave McDougall. Dinner at Royal, supper at Mrs. Hardisty's. Old Mike came down from Big Hill and we tried to persuade him to sleep with J. Robertson but he said he must have a jamboree and would surely be on hand to start at 5 o'clock tomorrow a.m. Bought ice cream and took it down to Mrs. Hardisty's. Slept at Royal after having long talk with Matt Dunn. Decided to use my pass and ride on stage to save our horses as much as possible.

The Ricks mentioned above was Frank Ricks, reputed to be the top bronc rider of early days. His ranch was southwest of Cochrane.

July 1st, 1885. Calgary. 4 a.m. with Robertson got team and outfit ready. Mike came up and tied his cayuse and dogs to wagon then disappeared. We ferried load across Elbow and I spent an hour seeking for Mike, then brought his cayuse back to Baines' livery stable. Robertson started for Montana at 6 a.m. Found that Mike had been put in guard room and broken out, had walked to head off team. Had slipped his money, $130.00, in his pant leg and police only got what change he had out — $9.00. I got his small traps from Mr. Boys. 11:30 a.m. with Hardistys to picnic on Elbow. Mr. and Mrs. McDougall and about 30 others there. Got things ready to start in the morning and at 10:30 went down to bid goodbye to Hardistys. Party of friends there, broke up at 12. Settled with D. McD. for house logs and paid him $150.00 for Boyd.

Men like Mike, who toil in back woods places, are prone to cut loose.

MERINO RANCH — by Margaret Buckley

It is believed that J. A. W. Fraser homesteaded part of the property later known as the Merino Ranch.

In 1891, Frank White purchased the SE and SW¼ of section 2-26-5-5. Here he raised a large herd of Merino sheep and gave the Merino Ranch its name. Prior to Frank's purchase of land, he resided in a shack and had some sheep sheds built on SE¼ 13-25-5-5. It was here his sheep grazed on the hills and valleys near the Jumping Pound Creek in 1890 when the land surveyors came through the area.

Around the turn of the century, Frank found it impossible to raise sheep profitably. Cattlemen were enjoying a boom, with over 1300 head being shipped from Cochrane in 1900 and 1901. The Boer War kept the horse market healthy. During this time Frank, the only sheep rancher of any size, disposed of his stock as he had been losing money steadily during the 1890s. He sold the ranch to C. W. Fisher in 1901.

Mr. Fisher imported a herd of Shorthorn cattle to stock the ranch but when he entered political life, he sold the ranch to A. McPherson. Mr. Fisher then purchased the property now known as the St. Francis Retreat.

In 1910, Mr. McPherson sold the cattle and went into the raising of horses. He was appointed one of the captains of the first Polo Club formed in Cochrane in 1909. W. Hutchinson was the other captain. Mr. McPherson also had holdings in the Argentine. He married Mary "Dumpy" Ritchie, daughter of Dr. T. Ritchie, and in 1912 sold the ranch to Countess Bubna for thirty-six thousand dollars. The McPhersons moved to the Argentine

Oct. 20, 1913.

FARMER'S ADVOCA

Sheep Breeding in Alberta.

A VISIT TO MR. F. WHITE S MERINO RANCH, MITFORD, ALBERTA.

BY A FARMER'S DAUGTHER.

Sheep breeding is one of the important industries which is yet in its infancy in the Northwest. It is receiving considerable attention from a few breeders throughout Alberta now, but as yet has not aroused anything like the interest the importance of the industry merits. In the Calgary district there are thousands of acres of undulating prairie lands which seem especially adapted for pastures, the grasses being those which sheep most delight in and thrive on, and they are not afflicted with the diseases so common in other countries. On the different farms of the C. A. C. and C. Company, extending from Gleichen to Swift-Current, there are something like forty thousand sheep. Next to them, and the largest individual breeder in Alberta, is Mr. Francis White, of Mitford. Besides these, there are a few ranches breeding on a much smaller scale, but in a country which can support its hundreds of thousands of sheep this may be considered only a beginning, and for a settler who has given any attention to the industry, and has sufficient capital to give him a good start, no better opening can possibly present itself. Merino Ranch, the property of Messrs. F. White & Co., is situated on the south side of the Bow River, thirty-two miles .west of Calgary. It contains thirty-four thousand acres of splendid pasture land, well watered by the Bow River in front, the Jumping Pond at the back, besides numerous creeks and springs which intersect the ranch, making it an ideal place for sheep farming. Mr. White's first importation was made seven years ago, with twenty-one hundred Merino sheep from Montana. Since then, finding the additional price for wool did not make up for the loss in mutton, he has crossed with Shropshires, thus securing a larger sheep, getting almost the same price for wool, and finding them better mothers. The band at present numbers 4,300 sheep and 1,750 lambs, and is always kept at much the same size. In the summer the sheep are divided into flocks of from 1,500 to 2,000 each, a shepherd and three or four dogs taking care of them as they wander over the prairie. At night they are brought under shelter, and are held by portable corrals of wire netting or hurdles, the shepherds occupying tents or log huts which are erected at intervals. Their pastures are changed as often as possible, so as not to allow any distastes for the grass over which they have frequently trodden. In winter they are held in four camps; two are called the home camps, two and a-half miles apart, where all the lambs and weaker sheep are kept and fed hay two or three times a day, in the outer camps being all the strong sheep, which are only fed during very stormy or cold weather. Each of these camps consists of sheds large enough to hold 2,500 sheep, stable for horses, and cabin for shepherds. Until last winter the dry sheep were not fed, but since then Mr. White recognizes the advantages of feeding all once a day during the very cold weather. This necessitates the putting up of from 350 to 400 tons of hay for the winter supply, but the difference is more than made up by the condition in which the flocks come out in the spring. The lambing season begins about May 12th, and lasts for about five weeks, the crop generally averaging about ninety per cent. Strange to say, Mr. White informed me they had very few twins in the band, nor do they care for them, owing to the difficulty in large bands of keeping the mother and lambs together. The market for mutton is yet purely local, the dealers doing whatever shipping is done, but as it is the demand is sometimes greater than the supply. The wethers are sold off at two years old, and at that age average, dressed, from fifty to sixty lbs. At the time of your correspondent's visit shearing operations were in progress—one of the finest sights in connection with the business. The sheep are driven into a long shed which is divided into pens, the front part, on which the shearing is done, being floored. Two shearers take up their position in each pen, and they catch the sheep, shear it and tie up the fleece, some of them being so expert that they average a hundred fleeces a day. The wool is not washed, but turned into a powerful press from which it is turned out somewhat similar to a bale of hay. These bales are sowed in canvas, sold to eastern buyers, and by them shipped to Montreal, Toronto and Hamilton. The clip this year, notwithstanding the unusual severity of last winter, averaged about 5½ lbs. Unfortunately for the Northwest sheep farmer, the price of their wool has declined during the last five years, wool which then sold for sixteen cents bringing now only twelve and a-half. Mr. White, however, considers the outlook for successful sheep farming in Alberta very bright. He has had considerable experience as a breeder and manager of live stock, and is well versed in everything pertaining to sheep husbandry, so that under his efficient management the future success of the ranch seems most assured.

where two sons and two daughters were born. The children were raised in the Argentine but the McPhersons returned to Cochrane in 1929 to visit Mary's sister, Rena (Mrs. Archie Howard). On this visit, they brought a parrot from Rio de Janeiro. The parrot swore in Spanish, and was left with Rena in Cochrane when the McPhersons returned to their home. McPhersons' sons were killed in two separate car accidents, one year apart, in the Argentine. One daughter, Betty Risso, passed away in Toronto in 1974. Their other daughter, Lucy Feldman, resides in the U.S.A.

In 1912, the Countess Bubna appointed E. L. McBride manager of the ranch. She imported a number of English Shire horses, considered to be the best quality heavy horses ever brought into Alberta. She also owned the first tractor in the country.

Countess Bubna had two very talented daughters and after arriving at the ranch the Chapman Brothers, from Cochrane, were hired to build their beautiful home. The ceilings were 16 feet high and the house had a skylight. The rooms were built in a circle, leading to a living room furnished with lovely furniture from England bearing the English family crest.

During the time the Countess owned the Merino Ranch, she added to her holdings considerably. There were a number of homesteaders who wanted to move, so she bought their land from them and built the ranch into a going concern. She stocked it with cattle and proved a very capable business woman.

Alex MacKay and his wife Annabell worked for many years for the Countess.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph C. Coppock. Note, sidesaddle.

Having come originally from London, England, the Countess was a very interesting person. She was the daughter of the Duchess of Sutherland and step-daughter of the Duke of Sutherland. She married an Austrian Count and in 1911 came to Canada to buy a ranch, satisfying an early ambition. It was hoped that the Count would be able to join her in this country, but due to the International situation at that time, he was not allowed to enter Canada.

The Countess and her daughters spent the summers on the ranch and the winters in the U.S.A. While at the ranch, she made many friends in the district. After operating the ranch until 1922, she traded it to Malcolm McLennan for his 7000 acre ranch a few miles south of Vernon, British Columbia. In addition to receiving a substantial amount of cash, Mr. McLennan took over the 4500 acre ranch and 500 head of cattle.

The Countess' ranch in Vernon was known as the Postill Ranch and was considered to be one of the best properties in the Okanagan. She remained in British Columbia for a short time, then went to Egypt so she could be near her husband. She devoted herself to writing a play but died before it was finished.

Mr. McLennan operated the Merino Ranch and during his ownership added another 2500 acres. He had bought the ranch for his son but the son was thrown from his horse and killed instantly. As Mr. McLennan had no further interest in the ranch after his son's death, he sold the ranch to Ralph Coppock and on October 20, 1930, he moved to the U.S.A.

Ralph Clifton Coppock was born in Merriam, Kansas, and ranched west of High River from 1911 to 1918, when he sold his property to F. J. Hartell. The village of Hartell was formed on the property later. He lived in High River from 1918-1921, when he and his family moved to Madden, Alberta, where he ranched until 1929.

After purchasing the Merino Ranch in 1931, he built up the 7000 acre ranch into an enterprising concern. He bred up an outstanding herd of commercial Hereford cattle and in his feedlots, produced a quality product that found favor on the South St. Paul and Chicago markets. He also topped the market in Vancouver, in the 1940s with a shipment of 110 steers from his feedlot. Along with his cattle operation, Mr. Coppock developed a hog operation, where he marketed 250 bacon-type hogs annually. He cultivated 800 acres of his own land but every year purchased thousands of bushels of grain from neighbors in the Cochrane area for his feedlot. He also bought feeder steers to supplement the steers produced on his own ranch.

Mr. Coppock was a member of the King Solomon Lodge A.F. and A.M. in Cochrane and the Western Stock Growers Association.

Mr. and Mrs. Coppock had three sons, R. C Coppock Jr., Kenneth and Gerald and one daughter, Dorothy.

Mrs. Coppock passed away in 1940 and Mr. Coppock in 1943.

R. C. Coppock Jr., (Clifton) attended Palo Alto University and was a banker. He married Marion Crawford, daughter of Dr. Crawford and niece of Arthur and Ethel Crawford.

Ken was secretary-manager of the Western Stock Growers Association and editor of the Canadian Cattleman magazine. He then owned and operated Kenway's Saddle and Western Wear store in Calgary.

Dorothy graduated from Palo Alto University and was a singer. She married Elwyn Bugge and they lived in Palo Alto, California.

Gerald went to school at Cochrane, met and married Mary Rees, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Rees. Gerald was a Sergeant in the U.S. Army Corps and after the passing of his father, he managed the Merino Ranch until 1946.

The Merino Ranch was sold in 1946 to the Federal Government Department of Indian Affairs along with the adjoining acres of Arthur Crawford. This area became an extension of the Stoney Indian Reserve. The original log house, built in 1881 was still standing and in livable condition at the time of the sale.

A big auction sale was held to dispose of the possessions on the ranch, thus ending the era of the Merino Ranch of the Cochrane district.

THE McNIEL STORY — by Iris Gittis

My grandfather, John McNiel, came west to Lethbridge, Alberta, in 1884. He had left his wife

and three children in Stellarton, Nova Scotia. He came to Cochrane, walking all the way from Lethbridge. After establishing a home at Mitford, Alberta, he went back East to get his family. They arrived at Mitford in 1886.

Four more children were born to them. One day the eldest son, Everett, went into town for supplies and on his way back home something frightened the horses. He wrapped the reins around his wrists in an effort to hold them. He was unable to stop them and was dragged to death. The shock was too much for my grandmother and she passed away a few hours later while giving birth to her seventh child. Grandmother's sister, Elizabeth, had come out from Nova Scotia and was staying with the family at the time of the tragedy. Elizabeth married Tom Scott and she took care of the family for awhile. Grandfather had previously moved their home to higher ground because of the danger of it being flooded. After the death of his wife, Grandfather went to Nelson, British Columbia, to work in the mines for the winter. In the spring disaster struck the family again. While the children were alone, the Bow River flooded and this time the children climbed to the roof of the house. They were rescued by their uncle Tom Scott. Soon after that the baby passed away. The four girls were put in a Convent in Calgary, and the son, Joseph, went to live with a family in Cochrane. The next winter Joseph had an attack of appendicitis and passed away before he could get to the hospital in Calgary. Grandfather, John McNiel, brought his son back to Cochrane for burial and he helped to dig the grave for him. Three days later he developed pneumonia and passed away in the hotel in Cochrane.

TOM SCOTT — by E. W. Costello

Born at Galt, Ontario, in 1854, Tom Scott arrived in Calgary in 1883. He brought with him a letter of introduction to Major Walker and they became lifelong friends. He homesteaded in the Hillhurst area of Calgary, and in later years traded the land for a violin. In 1885 he fought in the Riel Rebellion. I am not sure if he was a member of the Mounted Police but it is known that he wore a uniform. Tom homesteaded near Mitford in 1886 and raised horses, his land being the N.W.¼ 12-26-5-5. For eighteen years Tom Scott was in charge of pumping the water for the C.P.R. water tower in Cochrane. In 1895 Tom and Elizabeth McBain were married. He met Miss McBain at a house party in Cochrane, where he had been playing his violin. Elizabeth (Miss McBain) had come to Mitford to visit her sister, Mrs. John McNiel, in 1893. Tom and Elizabeth had two children, Murray born in 1900 at Mitford, and Mable (Mrs. Sanderson) born in 1909 at Midnapore.

The Scotts moved to Midnapore, Alberta, in 1909.

MR. AND MRS. RICHARD (DICKIE) SMITH — by Nora Prosser

My father, Richard Smith, was born at Hyde Hill, Kent, England, and my mother, the former Amy Coomber, was born at Seal, Kent County, England. Father and Mother were married on January 19, 1889.

A few months after their marriage they were hired by Lady Adela Cochrane and Tom Cochrane to come to Canada and work for them at Mitford, Father as a butler and Mother as a cook and housekeeper.

On June 29, 1890, a daughter, Violet, was born, who in later years became Mrs. Farley. Around 1892 Mother and Father became manager of the hotel at Mitford, the hotel being home to many remittance men that came out from England at that time.

Mother and Father were still managing the hotel when I was born. That was August 1895. In later years I became Mrs. Prosser.

The Anglican Church that is in Cochrane at the present time, used to sit on an acreage of land just up the hill from Mitford. The graveyard was on the same piece of ground, just the way it was done in England at that time. The land, the Church and all the furnishings were donated by friends of Lady Adela Cochrane, in England. Both my sister and myself were christened in the Church while it was in Mitford. I was the first baby christened with the new font. My father, who had been a choir boy in England, was able to sing the responses for any Anglican Minister that was in charge.

In 1898 Mitford died, with a fire beginning in a Chinese restaurant, so Father and Mother decided to go ranching. They bought a ranch up on the Dog Pound which later became known as "The Virginia Ranch." Mother ran the Post Office there; it was called the Bradbourne Post Office. In 1899 Mother and Father bought some cattle. A son was born that year.

Father's health started to fail, and Mother found the work on the ranch very difficult. In March 1902 Father passed away; the treatments he was taking in Calgary did not help him. He was laid to rest in the Mitford cemetery. The church had been moved from there by then.

Mother sold the ranch on the Dog Pound, and she and her children went back to England. She took training for a midwife, realizing the great need for that type of service here in the West.

She trained in one of the best hospitals in London, and after receiving her diploma she came back to Cochrane with her three children.

She rented a log house owned by Mrs. Walter Jones, and used it for a nursing home. Dr. Toronto used two rooms in the front of the house. One of the babies born at Mother's home was William Laidlaw who, I believe, lives in the Cochrane area still.

In 1905 Mother remarried and moved to Didsbury. She still carried on with her midwife duties, helping to bring many children into the

world. My mother was a very wonderful person, always doing things for people. She only charged $5.00 for a confinement case; many times she didn't take that, feeling that the mother needed it more than she did.

NOTE: The log house mentioned by Mrs. Prosser was later owned by Yee Lee who operated a Chinese laundry there for several years. Graham's Pharmacy is now on that site.

ANDREW AND MARY TOWNSEND

Little is known about this family but there is a headstone in the badly neglected Mitford cemetery bearing the words: Arthur S. Townsend, Died Oct. 22, 1902, age 41 years. Evelyn Annie and Mary Elizabeth, infant daughters of A. S. and Mary Townsend.

H. B. ATKINS AND FAMILY — by Dorothy J. Shand

My father, Henry (Harry) Burns Atkins, was born at Leeds, Yorkshire, England, in 1867. He was active in football and athletics after graduating from York College in 1885. In 1888 he came to the Cochrane area and began ranching on land which later became known as the Cremona district. His ranch, where he raised Clydesdale horses in the very early years, was located near an excellent spring which continued to flow even in the driest years. His mailing address was Mitford, North West Territories, but later changed to Cochrane. Dad's homestead was the SE¼ 4-30-4-5.

Dad's sister Frances Atkins, also born at Leeds, came to her brother's ranch in 1891. She later married Dan McNeil and lived on their ranch north of the present hamlet of Dog Pound, where Dan raised Aberdeen Angus cattle. Frances was well known for her flower garden. Uncle Dan passed away in 1928 at Dog Pound. "Dantie" as Mrs. McNeil was affectionately known to her nieces and nephews, visited in England for a time and returned to live in Calgary, where she passed away in 1948 at the age of 83 years. Uncle Dan and Dantie are both buried in the Carstairs cemetery.

Dad's pioneer life was sometimes lonely and fraught with danger, but tremendously adventurous. Caught in a blizzard when riding from Mitford to his ranch, he owed his life to his saddle horse. Despite his efforts to change the direction his horse was taking, it continued on its way and delivered him safely home. Another time while sitting in his lonely log shack, miles from anyone, he was astonished to hear a woman scream outside. But it was not a woman, only a lynx, possibly informing him that he was an intruder in its wild rangeland.

In 1895 Harry Atkins married Miss Jannet (Jessie) McEachen, sister of Donald McEachen of Grand Valley. Jessie passed away in 1901 leaving two very young daughters, Mamie and Marjorie, and a new-born son Henry Burns Jr. Harry's sister Frances, and his Aunt Mamie, who came from England to help, assisted in the care of his children. But tragedy struck again when Harry's daughter Mamie passed away in 1902 from pneumonia, at the age of 6 years. She and her mother are buried in the Cochrane cemetery.

With his children nearing school age and settlers beginning to arrive my father began agitating for a school to be built nearby. A school was built one-half mile from his buildings in 1904, and named Atkins in recognition of Dad's pioneering in the area.

However, in 1904, Dad, Marjorie and Harry Jr. moved to Didsbury, where Dad established a business which included implements, hay and grain. The farmers for miles around could buy J. I. Case threshing machines, Case steam engines, and Cockshutt farm machinery from him. Dad had one of the first cars in the area. He also built the first grain elevator in Didsbury in 1906.

Over the years Dad accumulated many mounted heads of animals and stuffed birds which he had shot himself. Among them was a deer head with a perfectly matching set of antlers, a snarling wolf head, and a lynx head with teeth bared.

In November, 1907, Harry Atkins married Miss Ada Doak from Hamilton, Ontario, who was teaching school at Didsbury. As well as caring for Marjorie and Harry Jr., Harry and Ada had five children, John, Eric and Rex (twins), Maxwell and Dorothy.

Dad was a Notary Public and Justice of the Peace for 12 years. He was a member of the Town Council of Didsbury for four years. In 1910 he was elected Mayor of Didsbury and served in this capacity for two terms. In 1915 Dad was elected Liberal Member of the Legislative Assembly of Alberta, representing the constituency of Didsbury. He was also a member of the Didsbury Masonic Lodge.

In 1919 Dad brought his family back to his homestead at Cremona. I, Dorothy, the youngest child, was born two years later.

My parents were both musical and played our organ and piano. My mother played our piano many times for Christmas concerts held at the Atkins School. In the late 1920s Dad was instrumental in organizing the Atkins High School which was held in the hall (originally a cheese factory) at Old Cremona, located about two miles southeast of the present village of Cremona. When the railroad came in 1930 the Cremona townsite was located on Dad's land (NW¼ 3-30-4-5).

A few years after the family returned to Cremona, Marjorie went to live with her uncle, Donald McEachen, and his family in Grand Valley. In 1947 she returned to Cremona and lived with her brother Jack until she married Robert Baptie. They lived in Calgary with Rob's daughter Ethel and son Bobby. Ethel married Tom Church, who is now retired from the R.C.M.P. Tom, Ethel and their family live in

H. B. Atkins with four of his five sons 1913. Back r.: Harry and Harry Jr. Front: Rex, Eric and Jack.

1914. Harry Atkins, Harry Jr. with dog Grit in the front seat. Jack, Marie Chambers (friend), Eric, Rex and Marjorie Atkins in the back.

Calgary, where Tom is presently employed. Bob married Margaret (Peggy) Madill. Her father was the American Consul in Calgary. Bob and Peggy and their children reside near Cochrane. Rob passed away in February 1976. Marjorie continues to reside in their home in Calgary.

Harry Atkins Jr. worked in Calgary after 1920. He married Mary Wakaryk, a Calgary hairdresser, formerly from Wayne, Alberta. In 1928 Harry was an accountant for Excelsior Collieries at Wayne. In 1941 he was employed with Drumheller Coal Operators Association and Castle Collieries. He was a member of Drumheller Masonic Lodge. After 1951 he was with McColl Frontenac Oil Co. In 1953 Harry retired to Banff and passed away that year. Mary resumed hairdressing in Banff, is retired and makes her home there. Their son John Maxwell works and lives in Calgary. He married Margaret Driscoll and they have two sons Kim and Danny.

Jack Atkins lived and worked on the farm at Cremona until it was sold, then moved east of the Village of Cremona, where he built on his own land. He married Marie Jones of Cochrane. They moved to Calgary in 1952 where Jack was employed with the city. They have one daughter, Ada Marie, who received her B.Ed. at University of Calgary, where she works.

Eric and Rex participated in the foot races at Sports Days at Cremona and surrounding areas. Eric would very often win and many times they won the three-legged race. Eric and Rex attended high school at Cremona, worked on the family farm, and attended Calgary Normal School, becoming teachers.

Max also attended high school and spent many happy hours working with his homemade forge. He fashioned a "bug" from an old car which really was transportation. He trucked for various people, eventually driving for Dench of Canada out of Calgary.

Eric, Rex and Max were Commissioned Officers in the Royal Canadian Air Force and served Overseas in World War II. Eric was invested with the Distinguished Flying Cross (DFC) which he won during the War "for completing numerous operations against the enemy in the course of which he invariably displayed the utmost fortitude, courage and devotion to duty."

Eric married Dorothy Mayes, a secretary from Ontario. He is retired from his position with Emergency Measures Organization in Ottawa and they reside there.

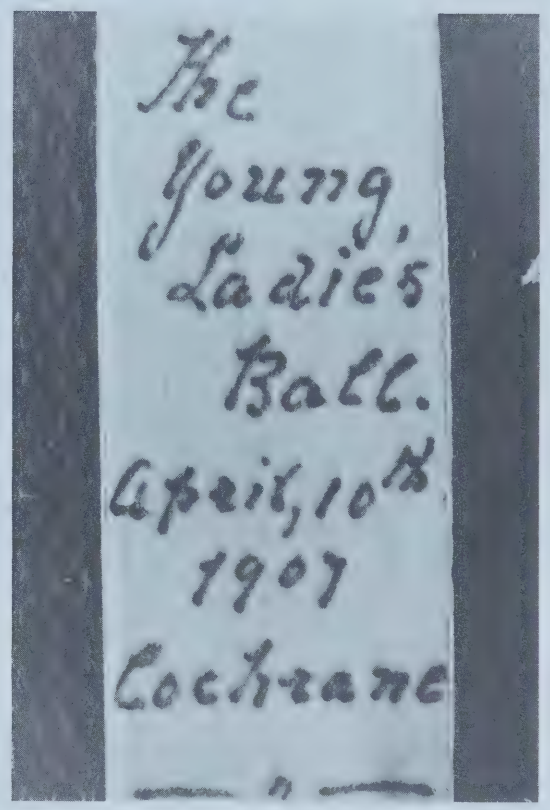
Rex married Rita Goodenough, a Registered Nurse, from Hamilton, Ontario, where they resided until his retirement from the Customs Department of the Civil Service. They live near Lion's Head, Ontario. Their son Charles, who has a Bachelor of Education degree, and their daughter Patti, who is a Registered Nurse, live in Burlington, a suburb of Hamilton. Both are married and Patti has one daughter. Charles teaches high school. Rex and Rita's younger son, James Maxwell, passed away accidentally.

Max married Ardell Haga, a stenographer who worked in Calgary. She came from Vulcan, Alberta. They farm northwest of Vulcan and Max is a member of the Flying Farmers of Alberta. They have three daughters, all residing in Calgary; Maxine (Mrs. J. W. deGama), who has a B.Ed. degree from University of Alberta and taught in Calgary before her marriage. They have two sons; Diana (Mrs. Howard Parsons), who has a Master of Arts from U. of A., worked with computers in Edmonton and Toronto, and is now working in Calgary; and June, who trained at S.A.I.T., is a Lab technician at the Foothills Hospital. One son, Gene, is attending high school at home.

I attended Atkins School where I won the Bennett medal. In 1939 I received my high school diploma from Roosevelt High School in Seattle, Washington. While there I stayed with my mother's sister. During World War II my brother Jack and I looked after our parents and the family farm at Cremona. I married George Shand of Bottrel area, where we farm. We have two sons, John and Brian.

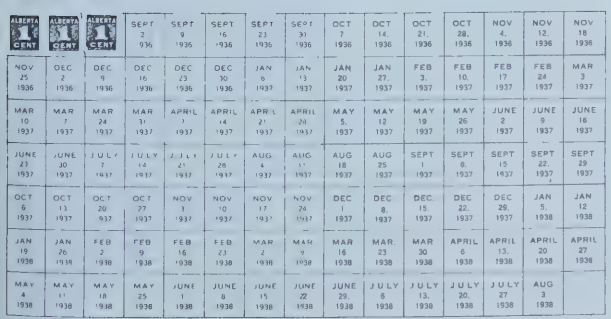
My father passed away September 28, 1941. His name is engraved on the Oldtimers Plaque in Calgary. My mother passed away April 28, 1945. Both are buried in the Carstairs cemetery.

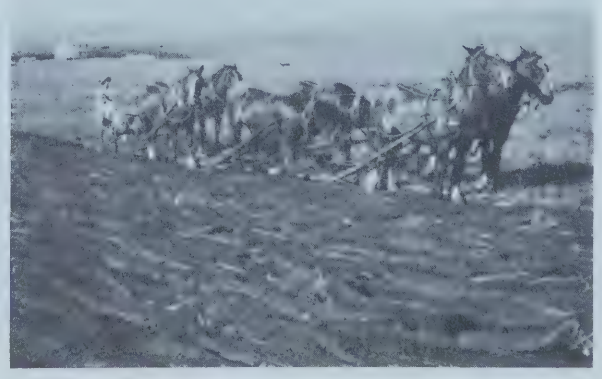
Al Mottet and Jim Dolen at the Klondyke Valley lumber mill, 1941.



One of the social events of the year in Cochrane.

Social Credit's "funny money." Quite a deal when $1.04 would net you $1.00 in two years! Photo courtesy of Dan Storey, Twin Butte, Alberta.





"Power for a prairie plow."

Clem Gardner was well known around Cochrane.

Indian camp near Horse Creek, after 1912.

Breaking a horse to drive.

COCHRANE

COCHRANE — by Marjorie Spicer

Cochrane came into being with the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Its name was given by the C.P.R. in honor of Senator M. H. Cochrane, who established the first large leasehold cattle ranch in southern Alberta, then the North West Territories. The C.P.R. came west to Cochrane in the early 1880s. A townsite was granted to the C.P.R. on portions of the west half of section 2 and the east half of section 3 in Township 26-4-5. The North West Land Company, a subsidiary of the C.P.R., parcelled the site into lots.

The townsite has a mixture of advantages and disadvantages that have become manifest at different times in the history of the town.

The one advantage that the town has, and which will always remain, is the beauty of the location. The town lies at the foot of Big Hill, which rises some 600 feet behind it. The Bow Valley stretching out to the south is some three miles wide at this point and the river bed lies along the southern edge of the valley. To the east the Big Hill, which normally runs east and west parallel to the river, has a sharp projection to the south that marks the eastern boundary of this wide valley. Cochrane lies in the angle made by these two hills. To the west the valley tends to narrow until it is little wider that the river bed at the junction of the Ghost and Bow Rivers, eleven miles away. The view of the foothills and the Rockies from the town is superb.

The second and more practical advantage is Cochrane's situation in the heart of a prosperous mixed farming area. In the early years of its history this advantage was not apparent. The town was located within the boundaries of the Cochrane Ranche, later the British American Ranche, and rural settlement took place some distance away. When the Ranche gave up the leasehold in the late 1880s, settlers were able to take up land nearer the townsite. Mitford had

A view of Cochrane in 1904. The railway station and water tower are at far right.

Taken about 1912.

Mrs. George Bevan at the doorway of her husband's store.

sprung up in 1886 and the settlers did their shopping and business there, but when the town was abandoned in the 1890s, Cochrane became the centre of the rural area and the town began to grow.

The history of the Cochrane area, although in many respects similar to that of most other sections of Alberta, displays some characteristics that are unusual. Insofar as the Morleyville settlement was a part of this district for a time, the region around Cochrane has been distinguished from others in southern Alberta by the fact that the first nucleus of settlement was a mission among the Indians. Then, too, Cochrane was the site of the first of the great company cattle ranches that were to have such an important influence on the development of the southern half of the province.

The history of the Cochrane area also presents an interesting example of the influence of geographical position on the development of a local society. To begin with, there were the hardy pioneers, travelling with teams of horses and oxen into an isolated section of the land and laying the foundation of a tightly knit community. The railway followed and established a much closer link with the rest of Canada both east and west. It brought new settlers, with the result that the social structure of the area was modified. The early community feeling was partially broken down by the influx of great numbers of homesteaders, who were regarded as somewhat inferior socially because they were unpropertied newcomers and a threat to the open grazing that some of the ranchers had free use of. The earlier concept of ranchers being more aristocratic than farmers began to wane, partly because farmers proved their enterprise could be just as profitable as ranching.

Around 1898 the people living in the hamlet showed signs of progression. Industries started to spring up and by 1900 signs of a self-sufficient

Fisher Block.

industrial community were showing up; brickyards and stone quarries started to operate as well as lumber yards and sawmills. The residents applied for Village status in 1903. It appeared that the Village did not have to depend on the rural population for survival. This all ended when World War I broke out. The scarcity of manpower caused the brickyards to shut down and the stone quarry was unable to sell its product; methods in building were changing. The village did not show any signs of progression until after World War II. The oil boom came to Cochrane and the town started to grow once again.

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Groceries Flour Feed
Phone 52

COCHRANE BUSINESS ENTERPRISES
One Hotel
One Bank
One Blacksmith Shop
Two Livery Barns
Two Garages
One Shoemaker
Three General Stores
One Hardware Store
One Drug Store
Two Butcher Shops
Two Restaurants
One Brickyard
One Feed Store
One Creamery
One Lumber Yard
One Pool Room
One Weekly Newspaper

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Cochrane Drug Store
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SHIPMENTS FROM COCHRANE
For the four months ending April 15th, 1925
Hay and Green Feed ..... 218 Cars
Livestock ..... 150 Cars
Bricks ..... 15 Cars
Other Merchandise (L.C.L.) 280 Tons

RACE TRACK
The Cochrane Race Track is the only natural grass, mile track in Canada. This district has long been famous for its horses and the annual race meetings attract large numbers of visitors from all over the West.

PHONE 29. P. O. BOX 325
Cochrane Feed Store
T. CAIRNS
Dealer in
Hay Grain Flour Feed
Poultry Supplies

"A home away from home"
The Alberta Hotel
HARRY SPERRS, Proprietor.
Phone 15

DISTANCES FROM COCHRANE BY ROAD

Town	Miles
Calgary	23
Banff	63
Park Gate	36
Edmonton	220
Red Deer	117
Macleod	152
Lethbridge	149
Lake Louise	102
Vancouver	975
Sylvan Lake	156
Waterton Lakes	192

Phone 46
Chapman Bros.
GARAGE
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PHONE 49 P. O. BOX 174
Cochrane Creamery Association
Manufacturers of
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1925
Pocket Directory and Boosters' Guide
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ALBERTA
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F. L. Gainer
Agent
Canadian Pacific Railway
PHONE 32.
Information re. Tariffs, Freight, Passenger, Express, Telegraph - on request. Also Agent all Steamship Lines.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE
Going East
No. 2. 12:31 A.M. Daily.
No. 4. 12:30 P.M. Daily.
Going West
No 3. 6:05 P.M. Daily.
No. 1. 5:36 A.M. Daily.
(This time table is subject to change.)

BLACKSMITH
Horse Shoeing and Repair Work
Agent For
John Deere Plow Co.
G. HOPE, R. S. S.

A. CLARKE
Wholesale and Retail
BUTCHER
Phone 33. Res. Phone 17R3

THE CASH STORE
P. O. BOX 348. F. W. MAGGS PHONE 9.
General Merchant
QUALITY - SERVICE - PRICES RIGHT
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COCHRANE, ALBERTA.

Cochrane, situated on the main line of the C. P. R., 23 miles west of Calgary, and also on the main automobile road to Banff, is one of the oldest ranch towns in western Canada. It is now the centre of a prosperous and progressive dairy and mixed farming district. Owing to its proximity to the mountains, the entire area is well watered and a complete crop failure has never been known.

Do you know that, due to its admirable location, the facilities for marketing, both on the east and the west, enable the Cochrane farmers to obtain higher prices for their produce than in any other point in the province of Alberta.

Cochrane possesses a modern school building giving instruction in primary, intermediate and high school work.

Cochrane is equipped with electric light and other modern conveniences and has the distinction of having the lowest assessment rate in the Province.

This district, with its ideal streams and branching roads, provides every opportunity for picnic parties and camping, fishing and hunting expeditions.

"A Darn Good Place To Buy"
HARDWARE - PAINT - OILS - HARNESS
SIMPSON & CO
COCHRANE
"Try Us And Convince Yourself"

ALLAN'S
Tea Room and Confectionery
Lunches put up for Tourists
"We cater to you"
P.O. BOX 316. PHONE 19.

TOWN OFFICIALS
REEVE
F. L. GAINER.
COUNCILLORS
R. A. WEBSTER. W. CROWE.
SECRETARY-TREASURER
J. ANDISON.

TOURISTS REST
Ice Cream Soft Drinks
Tobaccos
DANCE HALL
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Phone 53. Residence Phone 35.
The Cochrane Meat Market
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BUTCHERS
Fresh & Cured Meats, Fish & Poultry
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Proprietor.

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GASOLINE RATION COUPON

Name / Nom Thomas Stanley Copy
Address / Adresse Cochrane - Alta.

Cochrane Minstrel Troupe

CONCERT

Friday, April 17th, 1936

Programme

PART I.

O CANADA

1.—Introductory Chorus, "March of the Minstrel Men," with old-time airs.
2.—Opening Chorus, "Plantation" ..... Denison's
3.—Interlocutor, Endmen, Jokes and Repartee.
4.—Solo, "What Is Wasn't, and What Was Isn't" ..... Cornelius Jones
5.—Jokes.
6.—Endman Solo, "Andy Let Your Andy In" ..... Bones
7.—Interchanges, Interlocutor and Endmen.
8.—Solo, "An Old Revival Meetin' " ..... Henry Mucilage
9.—Jokes.
10.—Solo, "In My Dream of Dixie Land" ..... Asbestos Shannon
11.—Jokes.
12.—Solo, "Playground in the Sky" ..... Uncle Remus
13.—Interlocutor and Endmen exchanges.
14.—Solo, "Can't You Hear Me Callin' Caroline" ..... Theodore Boon
15.—Jokes.
16.—Endman Solo, "That's a-Plenty" ..... Tambo
17.—Jokes.
18.—Solo, "Take Me Back to Tennessee" ..... Noisy Silas
19.—Jokes, Interlocutor and Endmen.
19.—Laughing Song, "He's the Funniest Man in the Show"—Bones and Tambo.
Soloists
20.—Closing, Dixie Chorus (Troupe), assisted by McDougall Bros. of Calgary.

INTERMISSION - ORCHESTRAL MUSIC

PART II.

1.—Houdini's Art ..... Salvadore Trembli
2.—Instrumental (Hawaiian) ..... Trio—Henry Mucilage Solon Hardy. George Dixon
3.—Solo, "Rose of Tralee" ..... Noisy Silas
4.—Comedy Stunts ..... Trembli, Bones and Tambo
5.—Step Dancing ..... McDougall Bros
6.—Nigger Spiritual, "Steal Away" ..... Theodore Boon
7.—Violin Solo ..... Mr. Joseph Marks (Calgary)
8.—Double Quartette, "Bells of Shannon"—"Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes"
Uncle Remus - Moses Blinkhorn - Mr. Johnson - John Henry Lewis
Asbestos Shannon - Noisy Silas - Theodore Boon - and Jason Moody.
9.—Instrumental—Selected.
10.—Closing Scene—April eve in Tennessee—
Solo parts - Boon, Lewis, Mr. Johnson, Uncle Remus and double quartette.
FINALE—Entire Troupe—"Land of Hope and Glory," etc.
Solo part, Jason Moody.

GOD SAVE THE KING

* * *

PERSONNEL OF TROUPE

Interlocutor

Mr. Johnson ..... Mr. A. Chapman

Endmen

Bones and Tambo ..... I. A. Brodie and S. Allan

Circle

Jason Moody	F. L. Gainer
Uncle Remus	J. Beynon
Noisy Silas	Geo. Webb
Asbestos Shannon	Jack Phipps
Henry Mucilage	W. Watson
John Henry Lewis	Ernie Crowe
Theodore Boon	Ben Skinner
Cornelius Jones	J. Rogan
Moses Blinkhorn	D. McNamee

Instrumental

Solon Hardy	Jas. McKay
George Dixon	W. Johnson

Orchestra

Piano - Miss Alice Audison
Cornets - R. Chapman and John Hocksma
Violins - Mr. Joseph Marks and Mortimer Prince (Calgary)
Saxophone - R. Klassen
Curtain and Lights - E. Simpson

Houdini Art and Sleight-of-Hand ..... Allan Dickenson

FORD PRINTING CO., 729 FIRST STREET E., CALGARY, ALTA.

THE COCHRANE RANCHE

In 1872, in an effort to encourage the settlement and development of western lands, the Dominion Government passed the first land act providing for the granting to settlers of the land adjacent to their farms, for grazing purposes. This act was broadened in 1876 to allow the granting of leases to anyone. This meant that the leaseholder did not necessarily have to establish a home site in order to get the grant. Tracts of land, generally not in excess of one hundred thousand acres, could be leased by individuals or companies at the rate of one cent per acre per year. In order to assist the leaseholders in stocking their land, the Government removed the duty on cattle imported from the United States. By 1880, options had been taken on several huge tracts of land in southern Alberta, but it was not until 1881 that the first large herds were brought in to stock them.

The Dominion Government incorporated a company in 1881 and it was known as The Cochrane Ranche Company Limited. Senator Matthew H. Cochrane was the President of the Company. Matthew Cochrane was born at Hillhurst Farm, Compton, Quebec, in 1823. At the age of 18 he went to Boston and established a leather business. In 1854 he returned to Canada and in partnership with Cassils and Company of Montreal, opened a boot and shoe factory. Ten years after returning to Canada, Matthew Cochrane purchased Hillhurst Farm from his father and proceeded to make a name for himself in the cattle industry. He stocked the farm with the best Shorthorn cattle he could obtain and his reputation for his cattle was world wide.

The Cochrane Ranche Company was formed some time prior to 1881 with the following persons in it: Senator Matthew Cochrane, President, W. F. Cochrane, son of Matthew Cochrane, as Manager. The company also included Hugh McKay, merchant; William Lawrence, manufacturer; William Cassils, Gentleman: William Ewing, Seeds man: and Charles Cassils, manufacturers, all from the city of Montreal. It was capitalized with five hundred thousand dollars. Major James Walker, a former North West Mounted Police Inspector, was appointed manager. Dr. D. M. McEachren was made resident general manager. The ranch headquarters were established one mile west of the present town of Cochrane.

Mrs. Matthew H. Cochrane.

Senator Matthew Henry Cochrane, Compton, Quebec, the President of the Cochrane Ranche Company.

The Cochrane Ranche Company was the first of the large ranches in Western Canada; their holdings here in the Cochrane area consisted of the following: Those parts of Township 24 and 25 Range 3, north of the Elbow River; Townships 25 and 26 Range 4; the east half of Townships 25 and 26, Range 5, all west of the fifth meridian. This lease contained one hundred and nine thousand acres. This was nine thousand acres more than was legal to lease at the time.

In the spring of 1881, plans were made to stock the acquired range land for the Cochrane Ranche. Major Walker was sent to Montana, where he made arrangements to purchase six thousand eight hundred head of cattle at an average price of eighteen dollars per head, with the understanding that the Montana ranchers, from whom the cattle were purchased, would deliver them to the Boundary (49th parallel). The I. G. Baker company contracted to drive the cattle from the Boundary to the Cochrane Ranche for two dollars and fifty cents per head. Foreman for the Baker Company, Frank Strong, was in charge of the drive. He was assisted by thirty cowboys and three hundred head of horses. In order to make the drive as rapid as possible, Strong divided the herd. A "dry" herd, consisting of steers, was sent ahead and was driven at the rate of fifteen miles per day. The second herd, made up of cows and calves, was moved more slowly. A number of wagons trailed behind to pick up the calves that weakened from the travelling. Many of the cattle that were too weak perished. This resulted in a big loss to the company and also to the men driving the herd. They were delivering the cattle, to be paid by the head, so many losses certainly were discouraging to the contractors.

The herds were forded across the Bow River at Calgary where the present Mewata Park is, and at that point were turned over to Major Walker and his men. Several of Baker's cowboys hired on with Major Walker and quite a number of the saddle horses were purchased from Baker for the Cochrane Ranche Company. The Baker Company had contracted to brand the cattle before turning them over to Major Walker but had been unable to do so. The speed with which the cattle were driven did not allow any time for branding along the way. The cattle were accepted after a hair brand was used. A proper branding was to take place when the cattle arrived at the Cochrane Ranche. It was late in the fall when the herd finally arrived, and branding was postponed until the following spring.

Winter came on before the cattle had a chance to recover from the hard drive, and even though it was a mild winter many of the animals died. Experience is a good teacher as many of the cattlemen of the West discovered. As a result of the long cattle drive, and the winter coming right after the arrival of the herd, valuable information was gathered as to which type of cattle had the most endurance. The Black Polled Angus proved to be most sturdy, Herefords rated second, and Shorthorns were the least hardy.

In the spring the hair brand that had been put on the cattle the previous fall disappeared. The company directors ordered Major Walker to round up every unbranded animal on the Cochrane range and brand it with the Cochrane "C". Several settlers volunteered their services to help round up the cattle but when they discovered their own unbranded stock was getting the "C" on them they soon quit helping and set about rounding up unbranded stock to place their own brand on. Had they not gathered in a few head some early settlers would have faced financial ruin. A large number of cattle ended up with the wrong brand and a good many settlers came out with somewhat augmented herds.

With the head office of the Cochrane Ranche in Montreal and Dr. McEachren managing the Walrond Ranche further south, Major Walker was not able to operate the ranch as it should have been; he was continually hampered by ill-advised orders from the East or from his immediate superior, Dr. McEachren. The orders were not based on sound ranching experience or in accord with existing conditions on the ranch at the time. During a trip to Montana in the summer of 1882, Major Walker was forced to follow a course of action that he found entirely against his better judgement, and as a result he tendered his resignation. Major Walker had arranged for the purchase of four thousand head of cattle from the Poindexter and Orr ranch in Montana. The deal was temporarily suspended when Dr. McEachren arranged for the purchase of the new herd by I. G. Baker Company. This company was planning to stock an Alberta ranch for itself, and Dr. McEachren thought that the Cochrane herd could be more profitably purchased in conjunction with the Baker herd. The arrangements were tentative and opposed by Major Walker. The Baker Company finally abandoned the idea and Walker returned to find the cattle had risen in price in his absence. The herd cost twenty-five thousand dollars more than it would have if the deal had been completed earlier and valuable time had been lost. Major Walker was so incensed that he sent in his resignation, to take effect when a successor could be found.

Poindexter and Orr undertook to deliver the new herd to the Cochrane Ranche at a cost of two dollars and seventy-five cents a head. Deliveries were to begin July 1st, but several delays occurred and the herd did not arrive until October. Poindexter was in charge of the drive and found it necessary to move rapidly to avoid being caught by an early snow storm. The plan failed. At Fish Creek near the present site of Midnapore, the weary herd ran into a bitter snow storm and could go no further. Poindexter wanted to hold the herd there for a month until they had recovered from the long drive, but Major Walker, acting on orders from the East, in-

Ernest B. Cochrane, son of Senator Cochrane.

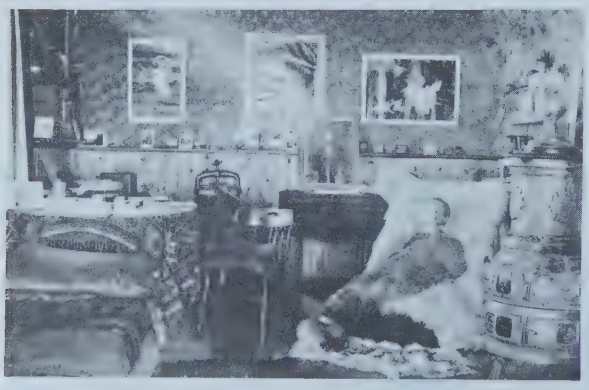
sisted that the delivery be carried out as soon as possible. Poindexter obtained a number of hardy steers from nearby settlers and sent them on ahead to break a trail through the snow drifts. The exhausted Cochrane herd was forced along behind them. The cattle were turned over to Major Walker on October 20th. Poindexter was not pleased with the way he had to move the cattle. He, being an experienced rancher, knew the danger to the cattle. On September 7, 1882, Frank White, a former railroad man and bookkeeper, arrived at the Cochrane Ranche to assume the duties of treasurer. On October 7th, 1882, Mr. W. D. Kerfoot, a Virginian and an experienced rancher, arrived to take charge of the livestock and replace Major Walker.

The winter of 1882-83 was a disaster for the Cochrane Ranche. The storm that Poindexter had encountered when bringing the herd up lasted until October 15th and was followed by a thaw that softened the snow. The thaw was followed by a severe cold spell and a hard crust formed on the snow. The cattle found it impossible to reach the grass and drifted continually. The directors in the East were advised of the condition of the range and the lack of feed but they still insisted that the cattle be held on the Cochrane lease. Camps of cowboys were established at the mouth of Fish Creek, at Calgary, and along Nose Creek to hold the herd. This blundering policy was followed in spite of the fact that there was excellent winter range at

British American Ranch Headquarters (Cochrane Ranche). L to R: William Bell-Irving, Unknown, Lady Adela, Tom Cochrane, Mrs. Kerfoot and W. D. Kerfoot.

A flock of sheep in the British American Ranche pasture between 1885-88.

Baling wool at the British American Ranche Co.



Interior view of the Cochrane Ranche Company house, 1886. Ernest R. Cochrane on the couch.

Blackfoot Crossing and the Little Bow, where only a small amount of snow fell throughout the winter.

The previous winter had been a mild one and the cattle on the Cochrane Ranche had come through without too many losses; as a result no hay had been put up in preparation for the cattle's winter feed; it was assumed that all the winters would be mild and the cattle could graze out. The inability of the local manager to do what

This is reportedly the first automobile brought into Alberta. Owned by W. E. Cochrane.

he wanted to do, and realizing the necessity to prepare ahead for the cattle, was very discouraging to the local managers. The full extent of the Cochrane herd losses was not realized until June 1883, when the snow finally disappeared. The dead bodies of cattle were everywhere; thousands of head perished. Some of the long ravines were so filled with carcasses that a man could go from top to bottom, throughout its entire length and never have to step off a dead animal. Indians made a good wage skinning them for twenty-five cents a hide. Of the twelve thousand head that had been purchased, only four thousand remained, and that included the new calves that were born.

In 1882 the Cochrane Ranche started a butcher shop business as a retail outlet for their beef. They supplied beef to the North West Mounted Police, Sarcee Reserve, the Blackfoot Indians at Blackfoot Crossing and the Stoney Indians at Morleyville.

In 1883 the directors decided that the winters were too harsh in the area west of Calgary, and a new lease was taken out at Waterton Lakes. The lease west of Calgary was retained, in fact it was extended to include parts of Township 23 and 24 and the south half of Township 25 in Range 2, north of the Elbow River. In May arrangements were completed for transfer of the remaining cattle to the new lease. Mr. White and a new local manager named CaSous were in charge of the move and the new ranch. Mr. Kerfoot remained as manager of the ranch west of Calgary.

The Cochrane Ranche Company pastured horses on the lease west of Calgary through the remainder of 1883. Most of the horses had been purchased from the Montana ranchers that had sold cattle to the Company. In the course of the next few years a large herd of horses was built up. Senator Cochrane is credited with importing

the first Thoroughbred stallion into the present province of Alberta.

In February 1884, the original shareholders of the Cochrane Ranche Company formed a new company known as the "British American Company". The former company retained the leases around Waterton Lakes and sold the leases west of Calgary and improvements to the new company for the sum of fifty-five thousand dollars. This was a subterfuge to avoid losing one or the other of the leases, should the Dominion Government decide to enforce the legislation that limited companies or individuals to one hundred thousand acres of leasehold.

In July 1884, Senator Cochrane came to the West, and accompanied by Mr. Kerfoot and some hired men, purchased eight thousand head of sheep in Montana. Mr. Kerfoot drove the flock to the home range, arriving in a bad snow storm in September. Brought in at the same time were two hundred head of Shropshire rams, imported from England. Mr. A. E. Cross was hired as bookkeeper and veterinarian about this time.

Once again disaster struck. The sheep wintered well but the spring brought its tragedy to the sheep operation. A prairie fire, starting near the mouth of Beaupré Creek, swept down over a portion of the flock and destroyed a thousand head. A short time later misfortune struck again. The flock was being held on the northern portion of the lease, near the Cochrane Lakes. On April 2nd, a driving snow storm developed after dark. The snow filled the corrals, and the sheep walked out over the drifts and wandered three miles south to the Lakes; hundreds of head were drowned before the herder could get to them. A further loss was experienced when several hundred ewes died during lambing.

In 1887 Mr. Kerfoot resigned from the Company; he was a cattle man not a sheep man and he was not satisfied with the way the directors continued to ignore the manager's advice. He had signed a five-year contract with the Company, however, and so the Company withheld his salary. A law suit followed and was finally ended April 1888, with Mr. Kerfoot winning the case. Mr. Kerfoot went into ranching on his own when he left the Cochrane Ranche.

E. B. H. Cochrane, a son of Senator Cochrane, took over the manager's position when Mr. Kerfoot left. The Company decided to discontinue the sheep operation; prices were declining in wool and mutton and the enterprise had already suffered severe losses. In 1887 a new set of buildings were erected on the south side of the Bow River. A new Company was formed, known as The Bow River Horse Ranch. For awhile G. E. Goddard was the bookkeeper and later he became the manager.

In August 1888, The British American Ranch sold their sheep and leases and the land north of the Bow River was taken over by settlers. Part of the leases were kept with the Bow River Horse Ranch; the land west of the Jumping Pound was held by Mr. White for his sheep operation. This ranch became known as the Merino Ranch. In 1894 Mr. Goddard, in partnership with F. H. Warner and W. P. Warner, purchased the lease and the stock from the Cochranes and this was the end of the Cochrane's interest in this area.

Today the original ranch site has been purchased by the Provincial Government and a park is going to be made there. The original cookhouse still stands on the site. Cochrane Lakes were named in honor of W. F. Cochrane, a son of Senator Cochrane and manager of the Waterton Lake enterprise. In 1906 Senator Cochrane sold his leaseholdings, stock and equipment at Waterton Lake to the Mormon Church for six million dollars.

A LITTLE TOWN

I like to live in a little town,
Where the trees meet across the street,
Where you wave a hand and say hello
To everyone you meet.

I like to stand for a moment
Outside the grocery store,
And listen to the friendly gossip
Of the folks that live next door;

For life is interwoven
With the friends we learn to know,
And we hear their joys and sorrows
As we daily come and go.

So I like to live in a little town,
I care no more to roam,
For every house in a little town
Is more than a house, it's home.

VILLAGE OF COCHRANE

In 1903, an application was made to the Commissioner of Public Works at Regina, N.W.T. for the Hamlet of Cochrane to become a Village. The following is a copy of the letter sent to the Lieutenant Governor:

Lieutenant Governor.
Regina, Wednesday, June 17, 1903

Upon the recommendation of the Commissioner of Public Works, dated June 11, 1903, all the requirements of The Village Ordinance with respect to the establishment of Villages having been complied with, the Executive Council advises that, under the provisions of the Village Ordinance in that behalf, the west half of Section two and the east half of Section three in Township twenty-six Range four west of the fifth Meridian be established as a Village under the name of Cochrane; that Monday the twenty-ninth day of June, 1903 be the day fixed for the election of an Overseer of the said Village, and that James Quigley, of Cochrane, Alberta, be appointed to act as Returning Officer at the said election.

F. W. G. Haultain
Chairman

Following is a list of homeowners and businesses that was sent to the Commissioner of Public Works in Regina for the tax roll. At that

Main Street about 1915

Cochrane Stockyards, about 1914. The rider on the left is Boney Thompson, on the right, Charlie Mickle. The man wearing a fur coat is George Creighton.

It must have been a wet year! 1927.

time there were no livery stables in the Village. Beginning at the west end of town and moving eastward:

Mrs. Jones — house
Mrs. Phipps — shack-vacant
Mrs. Beam — shack
Mrs. Townsend — shack
Mrs. Bevan — shack
Chinese laundry — shack
C. W. Fisher — General store
Murphy Bros. — Hotel keepers
The Rev. Mr. Claxton — minister
Alex McEwan — house
R. O. Hobbs — house
D. J. Bruce — house
D. C. White — house
Jas. Quigley — house
Robert Downing — shack
C.P.R. Station — J. C. Pope agent — no family
C.P.R. Section house — W. Barrett — family of four
These two houses not taxable.

On August 31st, 1903, D. White was appointed Overseer, by Commissioner of Public Works, Government of the North West Territories. For the next four years the following men were Overseers:

1904 — A. McEwan
1905 — D. J. Bruce
1906 — D. J. Bruce
1907 — James Quigley

In 1907 the Village Act came into effect and on January 14, 1908 the following people ran for council:

George Mortimer — 29 votes
Chas. Grayson — 23 votes
A. Chapman — 30 votes
M. McCuish — 16 votes
Jos. Murphy — 6 votes
D. Alexander — 1 vote
J. C. Laird — Secretary-Treasurer

In 1909 the village sent a Petition to the Minister of Public Works and it contained the following:

To the Hon., the Minister of Public Works,
Province of Alberta.

Sir:

We, the undersigned ratepayers of the Village of Cochrane hereby ask that our present system of taxation be changed to that known as Single tax, or assessment based on the actual value of all lands, exclusive of the improvements thereon.

F. C. Butler	J. Evans
R. J. McNamee	J. A. Claxton
M. J. McCuish	Mrs. D. J. Bruce
A. W. Park	Josephine Murphy
J. Howard	M. A. Shattuck
C. M. Burnham	E. Perrenoud
M. Tesky	G. G. Fuller
A. Chapman	J. Murphy
Jas. Hewitt	Helen Murphy
Mrs. Dora Burnham	Bertha Hiller
Mrs. R. J. Baldock	Frank Brown
W. Seal	J. D. Curren
Mrs. Andison	E. Andison
M. F. Foster	J. Williams
A. R. Howard	D. McBain
G. M. Mortimer	W. F. Towers
Ralph Hobbs	S. J. Peyto
J. A. Campbell	Geo. Bevan
D. Alexander	W. J. Simpson
W. Tempany	R. McLeod
Jas. Quigley	Louisa Howard
Thos. Quigley	R. Chapman
Alvin Rellinger	R. Butler
Robert Hewitt	T. G. Ritchie
J. Murphy	I. Pepper
A. R. McKay	A. Beam
Mrs. C. Butler	W. H. Robinson
Jane Bell Irving	D. Foster
Mrs. A. Grummett	Jas. Gibson
Mrs. R. Downey	C. W. Fisher

In 1909 the following men served on the council: A. Chapman, Chairman, J. A. Campbell and G. Mortimer.

1910 —

Wm. Andison, A. Chapman and R. Hewitt

1911 —

G. Mortimer, A. Chapman and W. J. Simpson

1912 —

R. J. McNamee, R. Hewitt and W. J. Simpson

1913 —

R. A. Webster — Reeve, A. Chapman and G. Mortimer

1914 —

A. Chapman — Reeve
Population was 500

1915 —

R. A. Webster — Reeve

June 15th, 1915 — James Andison — Secretary Treasurer

COCHRANE, 1899

In 1899 Henderson's Directory describes Cochrane as a rising town on the main line of the C.P.R., on Bow River, at foot of Big Hill, 861 miles west of Winnipeg in the district of Alberta:

One of Cochrane's earliest stores.

Baldwick, John — rancher
Barnes, Robert — rancher
Battrick, Miss — teacher
Bassett, Percy — rancher
Beam, A. — rancher
Bell-Irving, William — rancher
Bruce, Daniel — section boarding house
Canadian Pacific Railway Co. — J. B. Ross — agent
Cowan, R. W. — rancher
Downie, A. — carpenter
Elliott, W. B. — rancher
Fisher, C. W. — general store
Goddard, G. E. — sec'y B. R. H. ranche
Haigh, J. — rancher
Johnstone, Jas. — Postmaster and rancher
Jones, W. — rancher
Kerfoot, W. D. — rancher
William Perry, manager
MacKay, E. D. — rancher
McEachen, D. — rancher
Martin, Alex — general store, also Mitford
Murphy Bros. (James and Joseph) — hotel and livery
Nesbitt, David — carpenter
Phipps, John — rancher
Quigley, James — section foreman
Reid Bros. — ranchers
Smith, Richard — rancher

COCHRANE SCHOOL NO. 141

In the late 1890s James Quigley and Donald Bruce decided that a school was necessary in the hamlet of Cochrane. There were ten children in the Quigley and Bruce families of school age; there were also some of the Hewitt children ready for school. Application was made for a school and a small one-room building was erected in the east end of Cochrane. The first teacher was George Bevan, as far as can be ascertained. The school soon became too small, and the saloon at Mitford, which had formerly been used as a school there, was moved to Cochrane. School was held in it for a number of years. Mr. Roxborough and Miss Quail were two of the teachers that taught there.

Records of the Cochrane School up to the 1920s are not available, having been destroyed by fire. It is known that at one time the Orange Hall was used for a school, and one of the teachers there was Miss McNaughton.

Around 1918 a new two-roomed brick school was built. It stood on the site of the present Andrew Sibbald School. In 1926 two more rooms were added. The old school was torn down around 1967.

Cochrane School, 1903. Back Row: Frances Smith, Clare Howard, Stella White, Hazel Dalgliesh, Bill Barrett, Billy Jones, Mr. Rockshurn (teacher), Norman McEwan, Harold Towers, Johnny Barrett, Jimmy McEwan, Vincent Phipps, Hugh McEwan. Middle Row: Jessie Martin, Lizzie Quigley, Pearl Howard, Olga Barrett, Pearl McLeod, Georgie Townsend, Violet Smith, Jeanie Hewitt, Roy McLeod, Joe Quigley, Tommy Hewitt, Harold Barrett, Harry Dalgliesh, Tommy Howard, Ernest Townsend. Front Row: Jessie Jones, Flossie Towers, Susie Quigley, Gertie Martin, Phoebe Howard, Dot White, Nellie Martin, Alma McEwan, Marian McEwan, Bobby Quigley, Tommy Towers, Bruce McNamee, Leslie Howard, Albert Townsend.

Cochrane School, 1907-08. Back row: Harold Wright, Ivor McNamee, ?, Miss McNaughton (teacher). Second row: Ruth Seal, Ruth Claxton, a French girl from the brickyards, John and Gerald Tweed, Cyril Evans, Marion McEwan, Maggie Grummett. Front: ?, Hazel White, Grafton McNamee, ?, George Tweed, Stanley Mortimer, Johnny Claxton, Ernie, Craig, Lizzie Quigley, Katie Taylor, ?.

Cochrane School Class starting at bottom row, left to right: Grafton McNamee, William Pitter, Ivor McNamee, Sidney Pitter, Ernie Craig, Leslie Maggs, Gerald Tweed. Two girls in middle, Katie Taylor, Dora Wright. Top Row, left to right: Ruth Seal, Marian McEwan, Mildred Turner, Ruth Webster, Gladys Coatsworth, Lila Webster.

ALL SAINTS ANGLICAN CHURCH — by Jo Hutchinson

The history of All Saints Church can be said to officially begin with the following petition:

"To the Right Reverend Father in God, Cyprian, by Divine Permission, Bishop of Calgary.

"The humble petitions of the Rev. W. F. Webb, B.A., Curate-in-Charge, Thomas Cochrane, Lady Adela Cochrane, Robert Cowan, Frank White, W. D. Kerfoot and others resident of the mission district of Mitford, Alberta, N.W.T., whose names and signatures are hereunto subscribed, for themselves, and in the name of the members of the Church of England in Rupert's Land residing in and around Mitford . . . members of All Saints Congregation, within Your Lordship's Diocese and jurisdiction, Showeth:

"That a certain parcel of land containing half an acre, as fully described in deed of same, has been given absolutely and entirely by Thomas B. H. Cochrane, and William Brabizon Lindsay Toler, Earl of Norbury, Trustees of the Canada Northwest Coal and Lumber Syndicate Limited, for purposes of a burial ground and erection of a church in connection with the Church of England in Rupert's Land, and are desirous to have it set apart from all profane and common use whatsoever.

"Your Petitioners, therefore, in their own names and in the names of their constituents, do humbly beseech Almighty God to accept of this their sincere intent and purpose and do humbly pray that Your Lordship will be pleased to separate the said portion of land from all profane uses, and to dedicate and consecrate the same for the purposes of Christian burial in connection with the parish of All Saints Mitford.

"And your petitioners will ever pray."

The following signatures are listed on the petition:
W. F. Webb, B.A.
Thomas B. H. Cochrane
Adela Cochrane
Adriana Macbean Kerfoot
W. D. Kerfoot
Ella M. Cowan
Robert W. Cowan
F. White
H. C. Hickling

Bishop Pinkham evidently received the petition favourably, for in 1892, All Saints Anglican Church was built at Mitford. Lady Adela Cochrane was instrumental in raising money for its construction. Funds were collected in England, a grant of 20 pounds Sterling was sent by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, and a few of the parishioners gave donations. The building, which was constructed of native wood sawed at Tom Cochrane's mill, cost $1,500. It was probably erected, at least in part, by volunteer labour.

Eleven pews, the altar and lectern, were built by Tom Cochrane. Stephen Brisco made the motto, "Cease not to give thanks", which was hung above the altar. Some years later, the motto was carved on a piece of polished wood and hung in place of the original.

Stained glass windows were shipped out from England, and Lady Adela's friends and relations contributed many of the furnishings. The beautifully carved bishop's chair was given by Mrs. King, who lived in the Beaupre district in later years. The carved seat at the back of the church was one of Lady Adela's gifts. A purple cloth was embroidered by Mrs. John Phipps. The white lace Communion cloth was given by Lady Adela's sister, and Mrs. Hickling embroidered a white silk cloth. A Communion set was given by Mrs. Carr Rayden, mother of James Rayden, who homesteaded on Horse Creek. Mrs. Rayden may also have given the pair of candlesticks.

The new church, of which the parishioners must have been understandably proud, was consecrated on All Saints Day, November 1, 1892. The churchyard was also consecrated at this time. At a meeting of the parishioners on May 10, 1896, it was moved by R. W. Cowan and seconded by R. Smith that the churchyard be surveyed and laid out in a proper manner, for a permanent burying ground.

Evidently the church was used before consecration, since records state that the first baptism was held on October 23, 1892, when James William, the infant son of Walter and Frances Jones, was christened. His sponsors were Alfred Foster and Annie Shaw, and the service was conducted by Rev. A. W. Cooper, Rural Dean of Calgary.

The parish register lists 24 other children who were baptised at All Saints, Mitford.

The history of All Saints Church is, to a great extent, recorded in the minutes of meetings held since January 1, 1893. Unfortunately, the minutes of the 1894 Annual Meeting were not copied into the book, and it was found impossible to hold a meeting in 1895. Again in 1897 and 1898, no minutes were entered in the book, thus information about operation of the church at Mitford is scant.

From the Minute book:

"Following is a list of Clergy who have worked in the Mitford district:

Rev. H. B. Collier — part of 1889 (uncertain).

Rev. T. B. Outerbridge — from March 1890 to Sept. 1891.

Rev. W. F. Webb (1st Incumbent) from Nov. 1892 to Feb. 1899.

Rev. S. C. C. Smith, Curate — from Nov. 30, 1894 to Sept. 1896.

Rev. Wm. Eugene-Perrin — Priest-in-Charge from Sept. 1896 to Sept. 1897, and from Easter 1898 to Easter 1899."

Evidently, services were held somewhere at Mitford before the church was built. Possibly they were conducted in a private house or in the

school. There is no information as to whether the clergy were resident at Mitford, or whether they rode, drove, or came by train from Calgary to serve the parishioners. However, the 1896 annual meeting of the parish was held in the Rev. S. C. C. Smith's rooms at Mitford. We can only speculate as to why the Incumbent, Rev. Webb, would require the assistance of the Curate, Rev. Smith, unless it was to serve the parishioners in outlying areas.

Excerpts from the Minute book:

"A meeting of the Parishioners of the Parish of All Saints Mitford, Diocese of Calgary was held in the church at the closing of Divine Service on Sunday, January 1, 1893. The Rev. Cooper, Rural Dean of Calgary, was in the chair when the following steps were taken for the purpose of organization:

"The Chairman appointed as Incumbent's Warden, Mr. Thomas B. Cochrane.

"The parishioners thereupon elected Mr. F. White of the Merino Ranch, People's Warden.

"The following were elected Vestrymen: Mr. Horace Hickling, Mr. R. W. Cowan, Mr. S. Hambly.

"Mr. Hickling was appointed Secretary to the Vestry and the meeting was then brought to a close."

On a page following these minutes is written the following:

Declaration

"I do hereby declare that I am an attendant at All Saints Church, Mitford, Diocese of Calgary and member of the Church of England in Rupert's Land."

Signed: Thomas B. H. Cochrane
Norbury
Robert W. Cowan
J. S. C. Rayden
H. Hickling
C. W. Grain
F. White

"Declaration to be signed by all Parishioners, to entitle them to a vote at Parochial meetings, in accordance with clause 5 of the Canon on Parochial organization of the Diocese of Calgary.

"Note: Only males of the full age of twenty-one (21) years, are qualified to sign this declaration."

Presumably the regulations were not strictly adhered to, or else they were subsequently changed, since few of the eligible parishioners signed the declaration.

"The first Annual Meeting of the parishioners was held in the church at the close of Divine Service on the afternoon of Sunday, April 9, 1893. The Rev. W. F. Webb, Priest-in-Charge, was in the chair. Mr. F. White, the People's Warden, gave a report of the offertories from January 1. Service had been held on four Sundays, and the total offertories had amounted to $22.75. The Churchwardens and Vestry were re-elected; James Rayden was also elected to the Vestry.

"It was decided to leave to the disposal of the Vestry, the funds provided by Lady Adela Cochrane, being the proceeds of a concert in England."

May 10, 1896, Meeting of Parishioners:

"The People's Warden, Mr. F. White, presented a report of the finances for the past two years, which showed a cash balance to the credit of the Parish of $115.63.

"The Incumbent appointed Mr. T. B. H. Cochrane as Clergyman's Warden, and Mr. Frank White was elected People's Warden. Messrs. R. W. Cowan, R. Smith, J. Haigh and W. Haigh were elected as Vestrymen.

"Votes of thanks were accorded Mrs. Jas. Cooper and Mrs. Glen Healy for services as organists, Mr. J. K. Hammond for preparing the church for services, to Mr. and Mrs. R. Smith for hospitality at the Deanery meeting, and to the trustees of Mitford School for the use of the School House for Church history lecture.

"It was moved by Mr. J. Haigh, seconded by Rev. Smith, that a shed for horses be built at the Church before the next winter. Carried."

Records show that the only Confirmation service conducted at All Saints, Mitford, was held on December 1, 1895. The candidates were John Haigh, Mary Alice Haigh, Thomas Haigh, William Thomas Haigh, Walter George Bestwick, Laura Phipps and George Wills. The Bishop of Calgary, Right Reverend Cyprian Pinkham, conducted the service. There were five marriages solemnized at All Saints Church, Mitford. The first marriage was that of William Gray and Maggie McMullan, both of Springbank, on April 23, 1893. Andrew Franklin Sibbald of Morley, and Janet Emily Johnstone of Cochrane, were married on November 23, 1893. On June 11, 1894, Charles Mortimer and Emily Wainwright, both of Mitford, were married; another marriage that year, on December 26, was that of James Sweet Carr Rayden and Agnes Evelyn Phipps, both of Mitford. The last couple married at Mitford were Richard Copithorne of Jumping Pound and Sophia Wills of Springbank, on June 12, 1895. Rev. W. F. Webb officiated at all the services. Rev. Webb also conducted the first marriage ceremony after All Saints Church was moved to Cochrane, when Charles Perrenoud and Laura Phipps were married on April 2, 1902.

According to the Register of Burials, the first burial to take place at Mitford cemetery was that of Frances Bell-Irving, aged three, who died on March 21, 1896. Two previous burial services were conducted at All Saints, Mitford, but the bodies of Elizabeth and Clara Webb, who died on March 19 and May 8, 1894, respectively, were interred near Wm. —'s (name indistinguishable) house, Elbow River. Reason given: no cemetery near. Mitford cemetery was used until 1910; the last burial there was that of Francis Coombes on June 22 of that year.

April 2, 1899:

"The Annual Meeting of the Parishioners was held in the dining room of the Murphy House, Cochrane, at the hour of 3 p.m. on Easter Monday. The Incumbent-elect, Rev. Wm. Eugene-Perrin, was in the chair. There were present Mr. Fry, Mr. W. Carr, Mr. W. Bell-Irving, Mr. R. Molyneaux, Mr. H. Hickling, Mr. G. Reid, Mr. Henry Breerly, Mr. Jones, Mr. Martin, Mr. R. W. Cowan and others, a large representation of the parish. The Wardens, Mr. White and Mr. Cochrane, being absent, no account could be presented. The Chairman gave from the Service Register the following facts: Offertories since last Easter: $62.86. Number of Communicants 17. Number of congregation at other services 306. The Chairman stated that he had received no subscriptions during the past year and had drawn no grant from the Diocese. The members then said that they had all been willing to pay their subscriptions, but that they had not been asked for them.

"The Chairman then stated that since the town of Mitford was dead, and All Saints Church left alone by itself, he had sounded the feeling of the people with regard to its removal to Cochrane; the Bishop had just telegraphed authority for the removal, and the Cochrane Townsite Co. had presented a lot. After rather a lengthy discussion it was decided to let a contract for church removal, and the Chairman and Mr. R. Molyneaux were asked to see after it. A subscription list was at once opened and promises of over $100 received at once.

"It was then decided that the Chairman should ask the Townsite Co. to change the Lot 2 Block 1 they had promised, to Lot 1 Block 2.

"It was next decided (for the Bishop's approval) that the name of the Parish should be changed from All Saints Mitford to All Saints Cochrane.

"The names of the Vestrymen elected at the meeting are as follows: Mr. R. W. Cowan, Mr. Martin, Mr. G. Phipps, Mr. Jones, Mr. H. Breerly, Mr. Fry, Captain Inglis. The Chairman nominated W. Bell-Irving as the Incumbent Warden and the meeting appointed Horace Hickling as the People's Warden."

These minutes would seem to indicate that the Parish of All Saints nearly died along with the rest of Mitford. Finances were low, financial support was nil, church attendance was poor, and the secretary even neglected to record the minutes of the two previous annual meetings. Had it not been for the drive and initiative of Rev. Eugene-Perrin, who had succeeded Rev. Webb at Mitford only two months previously, the church might never have been moved.

There are no records to indicate who moved the church, but it is believed that twelve teams were used, and that the building was transported on log rollers. This meant that it was a slow journey, since the logs would continually have to be placed in front of the building, once it rolled over them. There is one report that says the church became stuck on the Big Hill Creek bridge, west of Cochrane; this is certainly possible, but not a proven fact. Various other reports suggest that there was considerable delay and a great deal of difficulty involved in the move. Lady Adela Cochrane, then living in England, is said to have refused to believe that Mitford was dead, and vigorously opposed the removal of the church.

At any rate, the minutes state that the first service following the relocation of the church was held on April 30, just 28 days after the decision to move it was made.

From the Minute book:

"On the 4th Sunday after Easter, April 30, 1899, His Lordship Cyprian Calgary reopened the Parish Church of All Saints Cochrane, which had been moved the previous week from Mitford. The services on this day of reopening at Cochrane consisted of sung Matins and a celebration of the Blessed Eucharist at 11 a.m. There were 7 Communicants. At 2:30, Evensong was said. After the 3rd Collect the Bishop presented the Rev. W. Eugene-Perrin, Clerk, Incumbent of St. Paul's Fish Creek, with Springfield, with the instrument conferring upon him the Incumbency of the Parish Church of All Saints Cochrane. The Incumbent's Warden, William Bell-Irving and Vestryman Captain Inglis, representing the People's Warden Horace Hickling, then came forward and presented the Church key to the Bishop, who, having received the same, presented it to the Incumbent.

"The Congregation numbered 32. The smallness of the Congregation was owing to a stiff blizzard and snow, which may be calculated when it is stated that it took Richard Smith and George Reid four hours to come from two miles the other side of the Phipps ranch to attend the baptism of R. Smith's son. The Incumbent drove His Lordship to Calgary at 4:30, the blizzard still blowing."

Consider the last sentence in the preceding paragraph. Rev. Eugene-Perrin would have driven the Bishop back to Calgary with a team and buggy (or sleigh). They had to travel the 20-odd miles on a trail partly obliterated by drifting snow, across the unsheltered, unfenced prairie in the raging blizzard, a journey lasting anywhere from four to six hours. Some contrast to the journey from Cochrane to Calgary in 1975!

Presumably Rev. Eugene-Perrin lived in Calgary; certainly he would have been accustomed to a great deal of travelling, since he also served the parishioners of the Fish Creek church.

No records were entered in the Minute book between 1899 and 1905. A new trend then becomes evident; for the first time, ladies were present, and took part in the business of the meetings. However, their presence was not officially recognized until the annual meeting of 1908,

when Mr. Staughton moved that the ladies be allowed to vote. The motion was carried.

Either because of changing times, or the ladies' active participation in church affairs, social gatherings began to be organized. They were held for entertainment and/or for fund-raising purposes. Evidently there was no rector at All Saints in 1905; John Lyons, Lay Reader, took the chair at the meeting held on August 11, 1905. Mr. Wilkinson acted as secretary pro tem. It was moved by Mr. Towers and seconded by Mrs. Jones, that Messrs. Chapman Bros.' estimate totalling $34, be accepted for placing stone foundation under church and putting front doors on the church. If the church required raising, an extra $10 was to be added to this estimate. The congregation thought that a bee might be held and save the extra expense. The doors were estimated to cost $8. It was then moved by Mr. Towers and seconded by Miss Daisy Ritchie, that the church be painted, the men of the congregation to join in and do the work. Miss Rena Ritchie made a motion, seconded by Mrs. Jones, that an entertainment be held in the form of a basket social on September 21, 1905, admission 25¢. Mrs. Hobbs, Mrs. Pope, Miss Daisy and Miss Rena Ritchie, Mrs. Towers and Mrs. Jones were asked to form a committee to look after the social.

On April 15, 1907, the Incumbent, Rev. A. W. Sale, took the chair at the annual meeting. He was a popular rector, known throughout the country. It is believed that he lived on a place near Angus McDonald, and rode miles to visit his parishioners on both sides of the Bow River. Joseph James Andison was elected People's Warden at this meeting, a position he held until 1911. Vestrymen elected were John Tweed, H. B. Staughton, George Towers, F. O. B. FitzGerald and W. D. Kerfoot.

Mr. J. K. Hammond, Lay Reader, presided over the 1909 annual meeting, at which J. Bruckshaw and J. Williams were elected to the Vestry. The question of securing a lot for the purpose of building a parsonage was discussed; it was put to the meeting and a motion was carried. A concert was proposed to raise money for the purpose.

The question of building a parsonage was discussed many times over the years, but a house was not purchased for the Incumbent until 1966.

It was decided to insure the church for $1,000; it is interesting to note that fifty years later, in 1959, the church and contents were insured for $15,000.

Rev. Sale summarized the history of the church between March 1907 and November 1908 in the Minute book: "Weekly services were held almost without a break at All Saints; E. H. Abell was licensed as a Lay Reader to serve at Cochrane during the absence of the Incumbent at Exshaw. Monthly services were held at Exshaw, The Gap, Springbank, Jumping Pound and Weedon by the Incumbent. At Weedon, fortnightly or more services were held by J. K. Hammond, monthly at Westbrook Schoolhouse and Atkins Schoolhouse for the last few months. A weekly choir practice was held at Cochrane. Mr. Hammond started regular services in his shack N.W. of Cochrane. Though the congregation was small in number at first and always rather uncertain, probably owing to the number of bachelors in the district, frequently off their lands, yet both in the spirit of the rendering of the service and reverence and devotion, we all felt the progress.

"Mr. J. Andison also persevered with a monthly service at Brushy Ridge during the summer months.

"A brick chimney was built in the church. One saddle and bridle were purchased, from the proceeds of a lawn social. One cocoa drugget was presented by the ladies, also 36 kneeling pads worked by the ladies of the congregation."

(Note: a drugget is defined in a 1906 edition of a dictionary as "a coarse woolen cloth, thick and strong, stamped on one side with figures, used as a covering and protection for carpets, a rug.")

The first mention of the Ladies' Guild of All Saints is made in the minutes of a public meeting held on July 30, 1909. Rev. Harrison, Curate in Charge, asked that the secretary be instructed to arrange a meeting for Wednesday, August 4, at 3:30, in Mrs. Phipps' log house.

Included in the business of a meeting in May 1910, is the proposal by Rev. Harrison that a Gymkhana be held in the early summer. A committee named to organize it included J. G. Tweed, W. Sargent, W. Cook, and J. Andison.

At a Finance Committee meeting in 1911, it was agreed upon to address letters to Anglican ranchers in outlying districts, soliciting subscriptions for the Rector's stipend. The Ladies' Guild offered to supply funds to purchase paint for the church.

August 12, 1912:

"Electric lighting of church — a meeting being held in Council Chambers to discuss possibility of procuring electric lights for Cochrane. Moved by Mr. Staughton, seconded by Mr. Strickland, that Mr. Tweed act as our representative at the meeting to see if light can be procured for our church.

"Suggested we have booth at Cochrane Fair. If Ladies' Guild undertake to have booth, this meeting will heartily support them.

"Remarks re Ladies' Choir."

Between June 1909, and January 1913, Rev. Harrison held 62 baptisms, 15 funerals and 8 marriages. He also reported that during his stay in the parish, many changes took place in church membership; "Many of the prominent members of the Ladies' Guild left town for their ranches, or moved to Calgary, new families moved into Cochrane, and several moved away. Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Maggs became staunch supporters. A Sunday School was started, owing to an influx of children of suitable age."

W. C. Wright was organist from 1909 to 1912. Mrs. Tempany was organist during part of 1912.

Rev. Sale returned to the parish for a six month period following Rev. Harrison's appointment to a Calgary church in 1913. In June, 1914, the financial statement showed a deficit of $12. Mrs. D. Robinson, Mr. J. Cook, H. Staughton and F. Watts promised contributions to balance the books.

Despite the church's shaky finances, later in 1914 there was a general meeting called to discuss the possibility of lighting the church wholly with electric light. The cost would be one cent per watt, and it was agreed that 400 watts would be required. It was moved and seconded that electric light be installed, providing that the cost of installation did not exceed $20, and the cost of lighting be not more than $3 per month. The churchwardens were to conduct a private subscription to pay for the cost of installation and lighting.

A month later, it was announced at a Vestry meeting that response to the appeal did not warrant at present the installation of electric light. A vote of thanks was tendered to Mr. W. Dean of the Alberta Hotel for his hospitality to the visiting clergymen.

At a Vestry meeting in 1915, "special reference was made to the Bishop's charge to the clergy to introduce the subject of political and social corruption at Church meetings." No explanation of this matter is given, so we can only draw our own conclusions as to its meaning.

Services at All Saints were conducted during 1914 by Archdeacon Hogbin, in 1915 by Rev. Tyers, and in 1916 and 1917 by Rev. J. P. Dingle. The advantages to the parish of having a resident minister were discussed frequently at meetings during these years, but evidently finances were too low to make it possible to build a parsonage.

At a Vestry meeting held at the Mounted Police Barracks in May, 1915, "there was a discussion re a letter received from Mr. J. T. Boucher, re the idea of the two churches in Cochrane uniting to hold a Prohibition meeting. Mr. Tyers, Incumbent, considered that the church services could not be cancelled for any such meeting, and that this matter should be left to each man's personal consideration. Moved by F. W. Maggs, seconded by Mr. Ripley, that this Vestry as a body pledge its support to the Prohibition movement. After discussion Mr. Maggs withdrew the resolution."

Rev. Dingle chaired the annual meeting in 1916, at which he expressed his thanks to all officers and members for kindness shown him during his visits to Cochrane. He made "special mention of the help rendered me by the late Vicar's Warden, the late J. G. Blake, and by Mr. H. Staughton, who had enlisted. We may not wish them back, but it is permissible to regret that one was removed by death and the other enlisted."

H. B. Staughton was a vestryman and devout worker in the parish for many years; he is mentioned in the minutes every year from 1907 to 1916. It is he who planted the trees that today form a border around All Saints churchyard; they stand as a living memorial to him.

At the 1917 annual meeting, Rev. Dingle remarked that "1916 was for us a year of just carrying on, and keeping things going. We feel the loss of familiar faces, some removed by death, others away doing their duty. Our church has been hard hit by the war in many ways."

In May, 1918, Rev. W. C. Marsh presided at a meeting of the parishioners. F. W. Maggs moved and A. Turner seconded a motion that "the amount standing to the credit of the Building Account be transferred and applied toward the purchase of a car." The same men also moved that "an amount of $100 be allowed for upkeep of car, the rest to be paid by Rev. Marsh."

A little over a year later, in August 1919, a special meeting was called. "It was moved by E. Andison, seconded by W. Andison, that we wish to recover the $200 borrowed from the building fund to purchase a car for the Parish, to be returned either in money or the car brought back to this Parish, also a bookcase taken from this Parish to be returned. The secretary was instructed to write to Rev. Marsh, giving him two weeks to straighten the matter out before it be sent to the secretary of the Diocese."

Unfortunately, the minutes do not reveal the outcome of this affair.

From 1920 until 1927, Rev. Henderson, Rev. G. D. Whitaker and Rev. E. A. Davies successively conducted services at All Saints. Rev. Davies, from Canmore, took the services at Cochrane from 1924 until his retirement in 1939. The Bishop announced at a meeting in 1939 that All Saints would no longer be attached to Canmore, but would be served from Calgary until further arrangements were made. The Incumbents serving the Parish of St. Stephens, Calgary, took the services at All Saints for the next several years. Archdeacon C. C. Swanson, Canon Jackson, Canon Maddocks, Canon Herbert, and Rev. John O'Neil served the Parish successively until 1949.

At the Annual Meeting in 1950, the congregation was assured by the Archdeacon of Calgary that as far as was humanly possible, a preacher would be found for the second Sunday in each month. Rev. Houghton conducted the services, until the church was closed from 1953 until 1955, when Rev. O. Foster, Incumbent from Canmore, took the services once a month. When Rev. T. F. Wright was appointed to St. Michael's, Canmore, with Exshaw and Cochrane, in 1956, services were held twice a month at first, and soon weekly services were regularly held at All Saints once more. Rev. Wright retired in 1965, at which time Rev. D. J. Carter, of the University of Calgary, was asked to conduct the services and the affairs of the Parish until a more permanent arrangement could be made.

Following the purchase of a rectory in May, 1966, All Saints has been served by a resident Incumbent. Rev. D. Blackwell became the first resident, followed by Canon A. Howes, who was succeeded by the present Rector, Canon L. R. Hill in 1972.

Anglicans of Cochrane and area have worshipped at All Saints for 84 years. During this time, faithful workers have continually maintained and improved the church. Financial problems have been frequent, but somehow they were always overcome. One year ended with a $12 deficit, and at the 1949 Annual Meeting the treasurer reported a balance of three cents. The minutes of several annual meetings acknowledge that the financial contributions of the Ladies' Guild enabled the church to carry on. The members of the Ladies' Guild throughout the years have contributed greatly to the spirit of fellowship among the parishioners, in addition to their sponsorship of fund-raising activities.

It would be impossible to list all the people who have served on the vestry, or otherwise assisted with the affairs of the church in the past 84 years. However, several men were vestrymen for 25 or more years. Joseph Andison and his sons, William and Ernest, served on the vestry for a total of 97 years; Joseph served for 19, William for 37, and Ernest for 41 years. In addition, William's daughter Alice was organist for about 10 years. More recently, Henry Whitfield has served on the vestry as secretary-treasurer since 1948.

All Saints is a small, humble church, but it is one to be proud of. The record of devoted service by its rectors and parishioners is also one to be proud of.

HISTORY OF ST. ANDREWS CHURCH, COCHRANE — by Edna Copithorne, assisted by Ruth Davies

About 1962, Mrs. Sara Robinson, who was living with her daughter Annie in Banff, invited a few older Cochrane-ites in for tea. I gleaned some interesting bits of history of the church from this group.

They all agreed that the first minister in Cochrane was Mr. Ternie, who held church service in the tiny schoolhouse, and later in the section house. This section house was a spacious, two-storey frame building painted "CPR red", housing the C.P.R. foreman and his family. The first Presbyterian church was built between 1901 and 1902, and was located on the site of the present church. Mr. Simpson was the pastor. The Rev. J. A. Claxton arrived in 1903. Mrs. Claxton taught Sunday school and played the organ every Sunday. Mr. Claxton purchased a team of ponies and held services at Mitford, Grand Valley, Lochend, and in homes in the area called the "Burnt Ground." I remember a barn behind the church, where there was a nice yard with a pump in it. That area is now taken up by the Andrew Sibbald School. In 1904 a frame two-storey manse was built beside the church and the Claxtons lived there. This manse was torn down in the 1960s, and the space is now used as the church parking area. The church was a wooden structure, heated with two wood stoves. This church was so crowded at times that latecomers were obliged to stand during the service, so it was decided to build a new one. The old church was hauled to the back of the lot, where it was used as a gymnasium for years and sometimes as a schoolroom. Later it was sold to Bill Beynon Sr. and moved to his farm, where it is still being used as a barn. The original church windows are still in it.

The new church (the present one) was built by Robert and Andrew Chapman, built with local bricks from the Collins Brickyard. The drop lights in the church were taken out of the hotel and donated to the church. The cornerstone was laid in October 1908, by Mrs. James Quigley, and the trowel she used was framed and hung by the door inside the church. While she was laying the cornerstone, Billie Wright dropped a coin under it just for fun. In 1934 Mrs. Quigley was given the honor of burning the church mortgage.

On February 10, 1909, the new church was dedicated. The first organist was Mrs. Park (the Doctor's wife), and she was assisted by Mrs. Claxton. Rev. Claxton invited the following speakers for the dedication: Rev. Bacon Hillocks; Rev. Hollingsworth, of the Methodist Church at Springbank; Rev. R. Harrison of the Anglican Church in Cochrane and Rev. Kennedy. In 1925 it became the United Church. Ministers down through the years were: J. A. Claxton, 1903-1912; W. A. R. Whiteman, 1913-1914; W. F. Burns, 1915-1916; 1917 — vacant; W. A. Greer, 1918; A. W. K. Herdman, 1919; in 1920 and 1921 — vacant; W. S. Brooker, 1922, student supply, Percy Halstead, 1928-1931; Doctor McKeen Reid, B.A., B.D., 1932-1933; A. R. Aldridge, 1934-1935; E. Pow, B.A. (was at Springbank also), 1936-1939; W. Little, B.A., 1940-1943; 1944 — vacant; W. B. Leard, 1945; C. W. MacKay, B.A., B.D., 1946-1948; J. R. Brown, B.A., 1948-1951; L. A.

Cochrane Girls' Club. Back r.: Violet Mickle, Ruth Brown, Dorothy Grayson, Annie Burnham, Genevieve McNamee, Helen Mickle, Angela Fisher, Edna Hockley, Miss Jeffery. Front r.: Verna Stankie, Annie Robinson, Mabel Crowe.

St. Andrews Church and Manse, about 1912.

Thompson, 1952-1956; W. E. Julian, B.Sc., 1957-1963; K. G. Syer, 1964-1966; William Dickson, Murray Armstrong, 1967; Rev. Randy Naylor, B.A., B. D. Honors, 1971 to the present year of 1976.

During Rev. Julian's service, a fine church hall was built onto the back of the church, and in 1974, church offices were added to this building.

The first couple to be married in the new church was William Beynon and Chris Davies.

At the dedication service in February 1909, the Ladies' Aid gave a "New England Supper" and a program of music and addresses.

The earliest history of the Ladies' Aid is scarce. Mrs. Sarah Robinson said, "I joined it before I was married, going to it with my mother (Mrs. James Quigley). I was married in 1902." Members she could recall were: Mrs. Adam Baptie, Mrs. Bruce, Mrs. McEwen, Mrs. James Quigley and herself, Miss Sara Quigley.

Members of the Church Board will always be remembered with gratitude. Bob Beynon was secretary for 42 years. Ed Davies was on the Board and Session for 22 years. Hugh Wearmouth has now taken their place.

The Sunday school superintendents with their staff of teachers have served this community since the year 1886; 89 years of volunteer service teaching and guiding our young people! The earliest superintendent the Quigleys could remember was Mrs. Morophy, the blacksmith's wife. Incidentally their blacksmith shop was located where Jimmie McKay's store now stands. Alex Quigley said, "Mrs. Morophy was so religious she would peel her potatoes, and do all the other work she could do on Saturday instead of on Sunday."

Vivian Riddle, nee McNamee, contributed this information: "Thomas Davies was superintendent and teacher about 1915. He wore his hair longish and it and his beard were white." Vivian, a very young child then, thought God must look like Mr. Davies. He travelled in a buggy pulled by his buckskin pony.

Hazel White and Dorothy Grayson were both active teachers in the early Sunday school. Sunday school picnics and garden parties were held in Mrs. White's or Mrs. Bruce's beautiful gardens, amid tall shady trees. The Crawfords later were hosts to the annual Sunday school picnic, held in their field near the Jumping Pound Creek — an ideal spot! In the church you can see a plaque in memory of Arthur Crawford, a generous supporter of the church.

Andrew Chapman, one of the first superintendents, taught a Bible Class of senior

St. Andrew's United, Cochrane.

boys and girls, and was a strict disciplinarian. His class would get out of line sometimes, especially at Hallowe'en, and he did not hesitate to bring them into court, as he was also the Village Magistrate. The church had a little vestry at the back, which was used for classes as well as the sanctuary. At times there were more than one hundred children attending. Mr. Chapman carried on his good work until the mid-forties, when he and Mrs. Chapman retired and moved to the Coast. The children saved their extra pennies and bought a lovely chair for them as a parting gift.

J. T. Boucher and George Bunny were also very good leaders in the Sunday school. Nancy Boothby was secretary and leader for many years.

June Morris was the next leader. June was quite young and introduced new and different ideas.

Winnie Neilson was the next leader and proved to be an excellent choice. Her music was a great help to the children. Every Christmas, we had a Christmas party with Santa Claus and candy bags for all. Everyone enjoyed this, especially the little children.

Rev. L. Thompson, our minister in the fifties, was leader of the Sunday school and taught a class of boys.

Later on George Woods, the bank manager, took over the reins. His wife was C.G.I.T. leader and taught a class of girls. Their two daughters also helped with church work. Mr. Woods took the pulpit in the absence of the minister. He retired from the bank and the family moved to Calgary. This was Cochrane's great loss, but St. David's gain.

Betty MacDonnell then became the superintendent, and leader of the C.G.I.T. This was no small task, by this time the Sunday school had about 125 to 130 pupils. Betty also belonged to the U.C.W. The MacDonnells (Jack and Betty) went to England, where Jack taught school for two years.

We had had an education building added on to the church, and a new curriculum was introduced. Clarence McGonigle, the new leader, was very active in many organizations that helped children. Clarence was one of the first men to work at the new Shell Oil plant south of Cochrane. The Sunday school picnic was then held at McGonigles.

At present, our minister, the Rev. Randy Naylor, is leader. We also have a baby-sitting service so the young mothers can go to church and leave their wee ones in competent hands.

The first St. Andrews church choir had 17 members; some were: Mable, Ivor and Bruce McNamee; Myrtle, Lila, Bessie and Ruth Webster; Steve, Charlie and Lily Peyto; George Bunny, Bill Beynon, Margaret Chapman, Dot White, Dr. Park, and Andrew Chapman. This choir, along with an active Bible class, raised money to install the church bell still being used in the tower. Mrs. Brooker and daughter Dorothy organized a choir in the 1930s, especially for Easter and Christmas services.

Andy Chapman later organized a choir with Kelly Siple as leader; Dorothy and Maybelle Colgan; Florence and Freda Getty; Pat and Doreen Flynn; Cathie, Vivian, and Don McNamee; Bill Graham, Tom Pratt, Muriel Raby and Bernice Fletcher.

Later, Mrs. White, the school principal's wife, became choir leader. The Cochrane relief camp, established by the Government in the 1930s, provided work for the unemployed men during the depression years. Some of these men joined the church choir and Ben Skinner, a well-known Calgary tenor, sang with them. On special occasions F. L. Gainer, a member of the Cochrane Roman Catholic Church, who sang tenor, would sing a solo. Many names should be mentioned here in connection with the later choirs such as: Vi Desjardine and her daughter Donna, Miriam Callaway, Claudia Edge, Winnie Neilson, and the present Ecumenical or Inter-Faith choir conducted by Claudette McLenahan of St. Mary's Church, Cochrane.

There were many fine organists throughout the years. Bessie Webster played for a couple of years; then Ruth Seal (who later married a student minister, F. R. Vanderburgh) played for 15 years. She also played occasionally in the Anglican Church. During 1929-30 she played at 22 funerals held in the church. The Ladies' Aid gave her two of J. D. Curren's paintings. In 1921 she was given a watch inscribed, "To Ruth M. Seal By Church Friends, Cochrane, Alberta." This she used until 1953, when it wore out! Her sister, Margaret Chapman, also played for years; then Vivian and Cathie McNamee. Dorothy Brooker played when her father was minister. Alice Moore and Aileen Copithorne also played for a number of years. Vernice Wearmouth now plays for the church and the choir. Dolly Callaway and Helen Scott also deserve thanks for playing the piano at Sunday school.

In 1953 we bought a new organ and Fred Gaskell from the Ghost Dam played for us. In

1974 this organ was sold and Alice and Bob Moore gave their organ to the church in memory of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Andison, and Mr. and Mrs. Alex Moore.

There have been many youth groups in the church. Dorothy Grayson and Julie Carscallen were two excellent leaders. Mrs. McKeen Reid and Mrs. McBey started the first C.G.I.T. in Cochrane. Other leaders were Mrs. Clare McKay, Margaret Klassen, Mrs. Woods and her daughter (Marilyn Whittle).

The first Boy Scout group was formed in 1912 with Andrew Chapman as Scout Master. He took a group to Calgary to see the Duke of Devonshire.

In 1962, when the Boy Scouts celebrated their 50th anniversary in Calgary, two of Mr. Chapman's 1912 Boy Scouts, Ernest Craig and Ivor McNamee, were honored by the Governor-General of Canada, Roland Michener.

There have been other groups established since, such as: the Hi-Cs, Tuxis Groups and a "Drop-In" for young marrieds.

The people of Cochrane and district can look back into the Church history with honour and respect. Missionaries of every faith, with great courage and devotion, zeal and patience, established the foundation for the present churches. The St. Andrew's United Church has added much to community life.

HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE COCHRANE AREA — by Marjorie Spicer

The latter part of the 19th Century witnessed the invasion of the white man to the wild and unknown country of the Blackfoot and Stoney Indians.

In 1832 the Hudson's Bay Company had built a trading post at Bow Fort but it had to be abandoned due to the hostility of the Indians. In 1840 missionaries started to come into the area. Explorers and surveyors were already here. Before the Palliser Expedition was sent west to seek a pass through the mountains, Rev. Father Pierre Jean DeSmets came to the valley of Bow by way of the Whiteman's Pass. This was in 1845. He spent some time with the Stoney Indians, and while among them performed what were perhaps the first baptisms in the Calgary diocese, when he brought six Indian children and one elderly man into the church.

Eleven years before the hamlet of Cochrane was founded, the first manifestation of Catholic life in Southern Alberta began when, on October 19, 1873, Reverend Fathers Fourmand and Scollen with their guide, Louis Dazé, left St. Albert (now a district in Edmonton) and travelled to the Elbow River, taking up residence in a log cabin built by Alexis Cardinal. This was a small cabin, 12 x 12. It was heated by an open hearth built of flat stones. The one window in the cabin was a thin parchment, and for a door they used a tightly stretched rawhide. The parishioners were Blackfoot, Metis, and some trappers and traders, most of them having arrived in the area from the United States.

When winter was over Father Fourmand and Louis Dazé returned to St. Albert, while Father Scollen left to visit the camps of the buffalo hunters, who were mostly Metis, and other Indians who were scattered over the vast prairie. It took Father Scollen six months to make the trip ending at St. Albert on August 5, 1874.

The summer of 1874 another great event was taking place; the North West Mounted Police were establishing themselves in the Northwest Territories. Having assisted at the annual retreat in St. Albert, Father Scollen, in company with Father Bonald and Louis Dazé, arrived back at the Elbow River Mission on November 2, 1874. Father Bonald was put in charge of the Mission, while the others organized a hunting party to get provisions for the winter. During this hunting trip, Louis Dazé was frozen to death in a snowstorm November 22, 1874.

Louis Dazé's body was taken to St. Albert for burial in the spring of 1875. Father Bonald and Alexis Cardinal took the body back, leaving on March 8, and arriving on March 22.

Two new priests were given their obediences for the Elbow River Mission, Fathers Touze and Doucet. They arrived at the Mission, May 18, 1875.

In the fall of 1875 Father Scollen, who had been visiting at Fort Macleod and St. Albert, returned to join Father Doucet at the Mission. The North West Mounted Police were establishing a fort, and it was decided to close the Elbow River Mission and move to the same area as the Police Fort, which was twenty-five miles further east on the Elbow River. They felt that there would be a need for their services at the Fort, as there would be more white people arriving and more Indians would visit the post regularly. Thus, after two years, the missionary centre of Southern Alberta moved to Fort Calgary in October 1875.

The invasion of the whites, when it did come, was fast and furious. A number of ranches were being taken up in the Cochrane district. Some of these ranchers were Catholic immigrants from the Highlands of Scotland. In 1883 the arrival of the C.P.R. made transportation easier for the missionaries. They were able to visit mining and lumbering camps in the area, as well as hold services in the private homes.

During the winter of 1894, a census was taken of Catholics in the Cochrane area, and it was found that there were eighty. Father Comire was asked to build a church. This was approved. James Johnstone, father of Mrs. Frank Sibbald, donated one acre of land for the church. On September 25, 1895, Father Comire and Brother Patrick Bowes set to work building the church. Residents of the area, including many Protestants, were very generous, and the church was built free of any debts. The church was

St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, Cochrane.

St. Mary's, Cochrane, taken during the Second World War.

Taken at the 50th Anniversary of St. Mary's Church, Cochrane, 1945. Angus McDonald, Mrs. Jessie Perry, Mrs. Joanne Phipps, Mrs. Katie Rowe, Miss Annie Gillies, Father Hermes, Mrs. Flora Garson, Mrs. Jessie McPhail, Enie Gissing, Roland Gissing, Father Perry.

blessed Sunday November 24, 1895. Father Lestanc performed the ceremony.

Father Comire was transferred from Cochrane and was replaced by Father Fouget. He remained until 1899. During his stay, he erected the Way of the Cross and started collection for an organ loft. Father Culerier attended the Cochrane Parish for a few months in 1899.

On January 15, 1900, Father Seltman took charge of the Mission west of Calgary. In 1901 he built a small rectory at St. Mary's in Cochrane. He obtained permission to take up residence there, remaining for only a few months. In October 1907, Father Hubert Hermes had charge of the missions west of Calgary. He remained with the Mission until 1921. During the summer, he would reside in Banff, and in the winter would alternate between Canmore and Cochrane. In 1908 an addition was added to the church. This was made necessary by the influx of Belgian and French workers at the Cochrane brickyards.

During his long tenure of ministry, Father Hermes was highly respected for his genuine concern for the human race. He had a charming manner and was a popular participant in sporting events.

After the departure of Father Hermes, diocesan priests took over the missions. First Father Greene and Father Stavinski resided at Cochrane. They were followed by Fathers McLaughlin, Dunbar, Cunningham, and Clancy. The last four visited Cochrane from St. Mary's in Calgary. Father Jacob resided here for one winter, and Father Fitzpatrick for two years. Father Lyons made bi-monthly visits from St. Mary's, Calgary.

In 1940 Bishop Carroll authorized the return of the parish to the Oblate Fathers and Father Lessard took up residence at Cochrane. Father Lessard, well remembered by all who knew him, was dedicated to helping the young people in the district, and through his efforts a young people's

This tiny church at Mount St. Francis Retreat was built from lumber taken from the old St. Mary's church in Cochrane when it was dismantled.

club was formed. Both Catholic and Protestant youngsters attended the weekly get-togethers, and enjoyed many good times together. With his help and encouragement a newspaper came into being in Cochrane. It was called the Old Timer and was circulated to the four corners of the globe. Father Lessard took a great interest in all sports and was truly a sportsman. In 1946 he was transferred from Cochrane to a mission among the Blackfoot Indians. He passed away in 1966 and was laid to rest at St. Albert.

In 1939 a cairn was erected, nine miles south of Cochrane, at the site of the first Catholic mission in Southern Alberta. The land in the Mission Valley was owned at that time by the Mickle family. Charles Mickle donated the land for the cairn. It was dedicated to the memory of the first hardy missionaries that braved the wild country to help bring religion to the native people, as well as to the white settlers. When the cairn was dedicated, records of the mission were enclosed in a vault on the cairn. Someone broke into the vault, destroying all the valuable papers.

In 1945 St. Mary's Church at Cochrane celebrated its fiftieth year. In 1959 a new church

was built. A replica of the first St. Mary's Church was built by the Franciscan Order and can be seen on their spacious lawn at the Mount St. Francis Retreat, north of the town of Cochrane.

Part of the information for this history comes from material written by Father Lessard in 1945.

COCHRANE POSTMASTERS

The first Postmaster was James Johnstone, during the years 1887-89. He was succeeded by C. W. Fisher, 1889-1905; T. S. Fisher, 1906-12; Andrew Chapman, 1912-1949; Mrs. Margaret Chapman, during the latter years of her husband's service, as Assistant Postmaster; Cyril Camden, 1950-60; Mrs. Evelyn Lambert, part of 1960; Gordon Hall, 1960 —.

THE COCHRANE STATION - by Marjorie Spicer

When the hamlet of Cochrane was named, one of the first buildings erected was a railway station, located south of the tracks. It was a building 30' by 16' and included a waiting room, living quarters for the station agent, telegraph office and a freight shed.

In the late 1890s a new station was built on the north side of the railway line. The living quarters were upstairs over the main office and waiting room.

Mr. Johnstone was station agent when James Quigley was section foreman in the 1890s. Since the railway was completed through Cochrane in 1883, there were probably other agents before Mr. Johnstone, but their names are not known. Mr. Pope was station agent from around 1900 to 1912, and was replaced by F. L. Gainer. Mr. Pope was fond of bird hunting and raised hunting dogs as a hobby. He and his wife retired to Vancouver. There is a street in Cochrane named after him.

The Cochrane station was an important stop on the main line between Calgary and Field, British Columbia. All trains stopped at Cochrane with the exception of some passenger trains and the silk trains. The station was open 24 hours a day.

The station was renovated in the early 1920s with larger living accommodation provided for the agent. The Gainer family lived there for a number of years, as well as other agents in later years.

Over the years many interesting people stopped at the railway station, including the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip. When George VI and Queen Elizabeth toured Canada in 1939, their train slowed down when going through Cochrane so that people could see them as they stood out on the platform of the rear car.

When the C.P.R. railway engines were converted from steam to diesel the station ceased to be a 24-hour stop. It was closed, and was bulldozed down in 1968.

The section house was built in the late 1890s. It was home for many section foremen, among

1912: The C.P.R. Depot, Cochrane.

them W. Barrett and his family, who resided there in 1904. Other families who lived at the section house were the Dans, and the Steve Matkaluks. The house was partly destroyed by fire and the remaining boards were given to a family in Calgary.

The C.P.R. water tank was sold to Mount Saint Francis and moved to the Retreat for water storage. Dan McBain was pumpman from 1904 to 1908. He lost his life in a drowning accident. Jim Maguire was pumpman for over 30 years.

A large pile of cinders was always beside the water tank. The cinders were used for filling in the sidewalks in Cochrane for many years.

THE COCHRANE ADVOCATE — by M. E. Spicer

The Cochrane Advocate began publication in March 1909 with Mr. J. Mewhort as the owner and editor. The office was located in the Fisher Block.

It was in no way an outstanding small town newspaper but it helped to form a communication between the rural folk and the townspeople. In the course of its existence, which was sixteen years, it had fourteen editors. Nearly all of them owned the paper, and nearly all of them went bankrupt.

For five years from 1909 until 1914, the Advocate consisted of eight pages, six of which were known as "Boiler Plate"; that meant the six pages were prepared and set up in print by outside concerns. The editor set up two pages of local news and advertisements. The local news occupied two or three columns and took the form of a series of short paragraphs each dealing with a separate topic. The remainder of the front page was devoted to advertisements of the local merchants, the back page carried announcements of strayed animals, livestock for sale, and general notices from local ranchers and farmers. Occasionally an editorial on a local matter was included, depending on the political tendencies of the editor. The townspeople were pretty much Liberal and the rural folk were a

Cochrane Park Races.

JUNE 26, 1913

Commencing 12 a.m. Sharp.

$1000 in Prizes

BAND IN ATTENDANCE.

ENTRIES CLOSE JUNE 21st.

Get Forms from Secretary.

STEWARDS:
M. S. McCARTHY.
A. K. MORRISON.
W. HUTCHINSON.

O. A. CRITCHLEY, Pres't Ent
Hon. F. A. MACNAGHTEN, Judge
A. MURPHY, Starter.

CHAPMAN BROS.,

BUILDERS, &c.,

AGENTS for all kinds of
BUILDING MATERIAL

Consult us for Plans and Prices of Material.

COCHRANE. ALBERTA.

Cochrane Bakery.

Now open and ready for business.

13 Loaves for a Dollar.

Charlie Pitter, Prop.

Modern Plant to ensure the absolute Cleanliness of all Bread and Confectionery.

THE
Cochrane Monumental Works.

Place of business opposite Blacksmith's Shop

Monuments, Headstones, Grave-vaults, Iron Fence, Lawn & Cemetery Fence.

Also cemetery coping and monuments made of blue native stone. People having folks buried in the country can have them removed to Cochrane Cemetery. All care and pains will be taken to handle such work as it should be.

A Line of Caskets and Coffins will also be on Stock, and Burial Material ready for the Public, and when required I will handle the funeral and take charge of all details in a courteous and becoming manner.

I have also opened a fine Quarry in Cochrane, and can furnish wall stone and building stone at reduced costs, as the Quarry is not over a quarter mile from the town or from the Post Office. My rent is only $5 a month. I own my own Quarry, and while I want to charge a living profit, my aim is not to tax my customers with useless style, and make them help pay high rents, that city people must pay for.

J. E. MALLOY, Proprietor.

mixture of politics depending on which area one was living, but for sure it was a two party area for many years. Some of the editors got in real trouble expressing their opinions during the Liberal reign in Alberta. There was freedom of the press but only if an editor was careful and did not get carried away with his opinions. The paper was printed weekly, on Thursdays, and was sold by subscription at $1.00 per year. There is no record of circulation because no editor or owner had it very long. Around 1920 the subscription was raised to $2.00 a year.

In October 1909 C. N. Austin, a homesteader in the Jumping Pound area, sold his homestead and bought the Advocate. He tried to put out his paper something along the lines of Bob Edwards' Eye Opener; like Bob, he too believed in "Spirits", the kind that were kept in bottles. He did his best editorials when he was under the influence of the "spirits" but his remarks concerning some of the politicians in the village did not go over too well and within two years he was forced to go out of business. From 1911 to 1927 when the printing press and office were destroyed by fire, no one editor or owner lasted more than three years and the most of them only a few months. Some of the other editors and owners up until 1927 were:

W. Strickland, R. Whitfield, W. A. McKenzie, F. C. Atkinson, A. Taylor, Mr. Downey, A. C. Hathaway, Hugh Farthing, and Alwyn Gissing.

The Cochrane Advocate.

Vol. V. No. 12. COCHRANE, ALBERTA, THURSDAY, JUNE, 29th. PRICE $1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

The
ALBERTA HOTEL.

The Old Home. Established 1886. Late the Murphy House. Opposite C.P.R. Station.

Headquarters for Ranchmen, Farmers, and Commercia Men.

The BEST Wines, Spirits, and Cigars.

FIRST-CLASS BILL of FARE.

Civility and Attention.

Cochrane Auto Livery.

Land Seekers, Pleasure Parties catered for by the Hour, Day or Week. Prices reasonable. Week end trips to Banff can be arranged. J. ANDISON, Prop.

When in need of anything in the DRUG Line send to

Maclean's Drug Store,

109, Eighth Avenue East, Calgary,

And your wants will be promptly attended to.

A full stock of Vaccine always on hand.

The Cochrane Butcher Shop,

HOWARD BLOCK.

All kinds of Fresh, Dried, Smoked, Salt and Corned Meats; Game, Fish and Vegetables in Season.

POULTRY DRESSED TO ORDER.

I buy Fat Cattle, Sheep, and Hogs. Also Hides.

E. C. JOHNSON, Proprietor.

OCEAN TICKETS.

To all parts of the world.

All Atlantic lines represented.

Full information on request.

Niblock & Tull, Ltd.,

Local Notes

W. A. M. Kendall held a sale on Saturday at Banff.

Mr. Alcock left for Ontario, on Tuesday. He was called East by the serious illness of his mother.

Talk about late seasons in Cochrane. It's only talk. Mr. Hutchinson has a large stand of rye cutting a magnificent crop of rye. What do you think of that? Can you beat this?

Mrs. Jessie MacKenzie has purchased her famous string of horses. They left the Exhibition Grounds, Calgary, on Tuesday for Cranfield Races on Wednesday night, and are due to arrive in Cochrane, Monday, 23rd.

Dr. Leslie has gone to Medicine Hat, where several gas boring plants are in operation. He has found water 1,050 or 1,060 feet and is ready to dredge the water bore to obtain gas in this district.

While working in the Coal on Brocketfields, Mr. Pat Dunn came across a large piece of rock with coal of the finest quality adhering to it, in a good state of preservation, at a depth of 20ft.

One of Cochrane's old-timers, Mr. Vincent Towers, has been having a good time around town. He is renewing acquaintance with old friends and out of the district friends and relatives.

Mr. W. Wells is spending a few days on Pearl on Thursday and is delighted with everything. It takes a man who travels to appreciate the good things that we have here in the beautiful valley of Cochrane.

Mr. Hutchinson reports the sale of his well-known grade Clyde stud "Laddie" to Mr. R. Brown, of Cochrane, at a satisfactory figure (satisfactory to Mr. Brown anyway) "Laddie's" colts are well-known in the district, and Mr. Brown is to be congratulated on acquiring such a useful horse.

POLO NOTES.

Cochrane Polo Team, after a [illegible] of the year, [illegible] with spirit, and [illegible] both Medicine Hat and Cook polo teams. Have won the Challenge Cup, and will [illegible] a team wins it from [illegible] Cochrane. For the winners [illegible] showed [illegible] ly on [illegible] and Cook Critchley's [illegible] No. 1 and [illegible] great deal to do the scoring. Play [illegible] Cochrane, O. A. C. Critchley, [illegible], and J. Critchley, [illegible] been decided by the [illegible] Polo Association to hold [illegible] All Alberta Tournament at [illegible] commencing July 14th. [illegible] have signified their intention of competing for four, including [illegible] presented for the [illegible] by Mrs. S. G. Alan Wart, [illegible]. The evening teams will [illegible] Calgary, Pekisko, Bar [illegible] Lake, Okotoks, and the North [illegible] Polo Club from that [illegible] Western Canada Circuit [illegible] Winnipeg next year. Play [illegible] over 180 points to be decided [illegible] the Cochrane tourney will be [illegible] to its utmost capacity, and [illegible] city will be pleased to [illegible] from anyone who can rent [illegible] as during the week commencing July 14th, as it is hoped [illegible] will join in to make this [illegible] which will [illegible] to Cochrane being chosen for the event annually.

DEATH OF MR. GEORGE PHIPPS.

[illegible] Phipps, who went to [illegible] Hospital two weeks ago to undergo [illegible] operation for the removal of a [illegible], and who was, until Friday last on the road to recovery, but [illegible] set in, and despite the unremitting care and attention of Dr. McEachnan, who performed the operation, and in spite of the strong mind and will power of the now deceased, death took place in the Holy Cross Hospital, Calgary, at 2.30 on Sunday night. Mr. Phipps was [illegible] of age

W. J. SIMPSON

GENERAL STOCK OF HARDWARE.

We have a large Shipment of

Harness and Repairs,

22 Rifles and Ammunition,

Alabastine, Paints, Brushes.

Cochrane, Alberta.

W. J. SIMPSON.

UNION BANK OF CANADA

Paid-up Capital, Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits (Dec.) $8,375,000

Total Assets (Dec.) $69,000,000

When You Take that Trip

Carry your funds in the form of our Letters of Credit of Travellers' Cheques, in denominations of $10, $20, $50, $100 or $200. The values in foreign currencies are stated on the face, and as these Cheques are payable without discount, you can always get their full value in the money of the country you are visiting, without delay or difficulty.

Cochrane Branch, - T. C. PATTERON, Manager.

Airdrie Branch, - F. V. CAVERS, Manager.

Special Attraction

COCHRANE,

Thursday, June 26th.

BY REQUEST.

STARLAND

Moving Picture Co.

The Show they Talk About.

Cochrane Rodeo

By C. D. La NAUZE, Calgary, Alta.

COCHRANE district has long been the home of good sportsmen. Many years ago it had its own polo team, and many of us remember that splendid mile race track that the Rhodes brothers owned just west of the town and now a fine wheat field. The last occasion this track was operated was in the fall of 1931 when we saw apprentice Johnny Longden ride most of the winners over the thundering turf there.

Cochrane, still true to form, put on another event on October 1st in the shape of a fall rodeo. A rodeo is a new departure for Cochrane, but the support it received is a good omen for further shows in 1950.

The setting for the event was ideal. It was up in the hills on the Cook Ranch on Horse Creek about five miles northwest of town. It was a beautiful early October afternoon as we drove through a gate onto the grounds. At first we could see nothing, but as we moved down a gentle slope we saw, nestled in the coulee below, the nicest little rodeo arena in a natural amphitheatre. The poplars and brush showed bronze and golden flames of color on the banks of the creek, and to the south a glimpse of the dark blue Rockies peeped through these winding foothills.

It was fitting that Mr. J. J. Bowlen, old rider and rancher, should open the rodeo and dedicate the program to the pioneers who made the Cochrane district.

The rodeo itself was not pretentious, but it drew a crowd of over a thousand and was a well-managed local effort with never a dull moment and just enough of it to pass a pleasant afternoon.

Twenty-one riders had a go at Gingrich's string of bucking horses and Allen Brown of Sundre put up a splendid ride to win the saddle event. Bill McLean of Kitscoty rode into second place, with Wally Lindstrom of Airdrie third and Reg Kessler of Rosemary fourth.

The bareback bucking horse event was fair. First money went to Ralph Thompson of Black Diamond. First and second money in steer riding also went to Harry and Ralph Thompson.

The steer decorating was really good and the gladiators had a difficult task in this somewhat circular arena, but they showed great courage against powerful steers and many were the upsets on both sides. Harold Crowchild of the Sarcee Indians was a speedy winner in eight seconds, with George Nelson of Queenstown second and Wilf Gerlitz of Cochrane third.

There was no calf roping. The judges were Cameron Lansdell of Turner Valley and Fred Galarneau of Finnegan. Mr. Ballantyne of Cochrane was announcer.

Some spectators might have thought they should have had a closer view of the events but in reality they were just as close to the fun as if they had been sitting at Victoria Park.

Events were concluded in good time as darkening shadows and a cool wind stole over the coulee. Then a long procession of cars, trucks, Indian wagons and led horses climbed out of the hollow in orderly fashion and slipped down the hills towards Cochrane, a town once again in the sporting world.

LIVERY STABLES OF COCHRANE — by Marjorie Spicer

The first livery stable that was on the Village of Cochrane records was the Murphy Stable, built around 1898 by William and Ike Pepper for Joe and Jim Murphy.

The Murphy Stable was north of the present Esso Service Station. Over the years of its existence it was operated by several people, among them were Ike Pepper, Bill Tempany, William Beynon, Bevan and Hewitt and Percy Bassett. Around 1922 or 1923 it was sold to Walter Crowe. He was the last owner of the stable. For a number of years it was used as a storage shed for hay by John Boothby and Frank Whittle. Then Martin Aarsby stored his trucks in it. Scottie McConachie had a welding shop in it also. Finally in the 1940s, Homer Nelson purchased the building and the land and built a house and tourist cabins, using some of the material from the old livery stable in some of his buildings. These cabins are still being used today.

Across the street west of the Murphy Stables, there was another livery stable. It was operated by C. Burnham for awhile, then Bill Tempany. Charlie Mickle was operating it around 1912, and continued to operate it for a few years. Bert Sibbald purchased the building and it became known as Sibbald Motors. When the garage business folded up, the building was used by J. Boothby, Jamieson and Kerr to store grain. Carl Lind purchased the building and turned it into a poolhall and barbershop and had rooms upstairs to rent. Mr. Lind sold it, and the building was used for a bakery. Finally the land was sold to Alberta Government Telephones, the building was torn down and a new Alberta Government Telephone building erected on the site.

The other stable in Cochrane was north of the Cochrane Hotel. This stable was added on to a feed and flour mill business operated by R. A. Webster. For some years, Al Raby operated this stable. Around 1916 or 1917 Walter Crowe took over the stable, operating it until he purchased the Murphy Stable. In 1924 Tommy Cairns became manager of the feed mill and livery business. After Mr. Cairns passed away Walter Aris used it to store coal and supplies. In the 1940s Eustace Bowhay purchased the building and the land. He tore the old stable down and built a restaurant on the site. It is known as the Range Grill.

Around 1925 the livery business was beginning to fade; the motor car was beginning to take over. A large bit of history went with the passing of the livery stables.

To go back in time, the livery stable was the meeting place for ranchers, homesteaders, cowboys and the local chaps. Ministers, priests and doctors kept their horses in the stables, ready to travel when needed.

The stables were a part of the economy of the village.

A rancher, homesteader or traveller coming into town, could stable their animals, have them watered, fed hay and grain and only be charged fifty cents for the day. If one wished to rent a team and buggy the price ranged from three to six dollars per day.

I rather suspect that the young chap paying six dollars was taking the love of his life for a drive. Can you just imagine going courting in a buggy! Ah, what nostalgia. It is noted that Dr. Exshaw paid four dollars every time he needed a horse and buggy. Maybe the operators of the stables thought that doctors had lots of money, or were making more money than the ordinary Joe.

Reverend Harrison stabled his horses for a month for five dollars; reasonable parking fees, considering the stable hands had to feed and water the horse, and clean the stable as well. One could rent a saddle for two dollars.

Wages for the hired hands around the stables varied; some men or boys got a dollar per day, while others received $65.00 per month. Could be they earned their pay by the amount of shovelling they did!

It is interesting to note that some gentlemen left their horses in overnight, until noon the next day. Maybe they didn't trust their horses to take them home or it could be they had trouble getting into their saddles after spending a few hours enjoying the company of Johnny Walker and White Horse!

It would be interesting to know just how many men used the livery stables to escape from their spouses. It just was not "lady-like" for women to go into the livery barns. Young lads hung around the barns, learning a different type of English

Outside Burnham's Livery Stable.

Reg Mundie (teller at the Union Bank), Knight, G. Pitter, Charlie Mickle, a bartender from the Cochrane Hotel, and Arthur Cope. Taken about 1912.

Murphy Livery Stable, left to right: Al Raby, Bill Beynon, Jack Beynon, Arthur Kirkland, Cliff Henry, unknown.

language as well as trying to be future cowboys. Some of those lads grew up to be jockeys, bronc busters, ranchers and no doubt all good horsemen.

Some of the greatest card games took place in the tack rooms. Fortunes were won and lost. Not only was money lost and won on cards, but bets were made on who had the fastest teams and saddle horses.

It's a part of the pioneer age that has passed on. It would be great to be able to walk into a livery barn today, just to smell the scent of the hay, and hear the horses stamping around in their stalls, and the jingle of the harness being taken off or put on.

THE COCHRANE VOLUNTEER FIRE DEPARTMENT — by Gordon Hall

The earliest facts regarding fire brigade work in the village date back to February 13, 1909. On that date the village council contacted R. Bickle of Winnipeg on the purchase of two sixty-gallon chemical engines of the Obenchain Boyer type. The council also set up a committee to procure a suitable site for a Fire Hall.

On March 13, 1909, they purchased Lots 7 and 8, Block 7, from C. W. Fisher, for $150. A tender for $419 from Robert Chapman for erection and completion of Fire Hall was accepted. This was to be completed by April 15, 1909. At this time the council instructed Mr. Bickle to ship fire engines at once.

On June 5, 1909, the council appointed R. Hewitt as Fire Chief, and requested that he choose a brigade of twelve men as assistants, and to provide a suitable building and packing cases for a fire test on June 7, if weather was favorable.

This was the start of the Brigade. Fire Chief Hewitt was to be paid $5 per month to act as Fire Chief, Constable and Sanitary Inspector.

In 1910 M. J. Teskey was made Chief, and re-appointed in 1911. In 1912 and 1913 Robert Chapman was appointed Fire Chief at a salary of $25 per year in addition to the regular fireman's fees which were as follows:

1. $2 retaining fee.
2. 25¢ per practise (24 per year).
3. $1 for the first hour of fighting fire and 50¢ for each succeeding hour.

More equipment was bought during the first three months in 1913, namely, ladders, axes, two helmets and two coats.

On December 13, 1913, Robert Chapman resigned as Fire Chief and S. Christianson was appointed in his place. The last record of payment to S. Christianson was made in 1917; evidently he was Chief from 1913 to 1917.

There appears to be a slump in Brigade activities from 1917 to 1919, when Robert Butler was asked to overhaul the fire engines and have them ready in case of fire. At a later date Robert Chapman was asked to act as Chief again, and to store the engines in the Chapman Garage for a fee of $50 per annum.

I believe that the fire engines were stored in this garage from 1921 until about 1930, when the village bought a Model T Ford chassis and two new chemical tanks. This outfit could be pulled behind a car or truck, whereas the original outfit was pulled by hand.

The first serious fire in Cochrane was the Murphy House (Alberta Hotel), which was completely destroyed on December 12, 1927. The following fall, October 1, 1928, the Fisher Block was destroyed. It housed a hardware, restaurant, bank, shoe repair shop and the Cochrane Advocate. The second storey had a dance hall and rooms. As far as is known, the old Brigade did not act at these fires, as it would have been useless. The Calgary Fire Department lent assistance in the Fisher Block fire.

All the fire equipment with the exception of the ladder wagon was lost in the fire that destroyed the old Chapman Garage in 1945. Later a new chemical fire engine was purchased and mounted on an old auto chassis.

Charles Ballantyne was made Chief about 1941, and one or two practises were held. In the late 1940s there were two fires at Graeme Broatch's Auto Court, and both cottages were lost through lack of equipment.

When water and sewer lines were laid in Cochrane in 1952-53, 8 hydrants were installed. The water supply was not enough to supply the homes, so purchase of fire equipment was shelved until 1954, when the village council made an agreement with the C.P.R. to use their pumping system from the Bow River. This gave the village a supply of sixty thousand gallons, which was quite adequate.

In May 1954, Gordon Hall was asked to take the job of Fire Chief, and was sent on a Civil Defense Instructor's Course at No. 1 Fire Hall in Calgary. He passed the course with a mark of 86%, and formed Cochrane's first mechanized Brigade. The council purchased a pumper and hose from Chidlow Fire Equipment Co. Before snowfall our Brigade burned grass on vacant lots around the village.

The original members of the first mechanized Brigade were: Gordon Hall, Alan MacDonald, Bob Cockerton, Frank Wills, George Morris, Thomas Beattie, Harry Hart, Bob Cudmore, Roy Downs and Dave Murray. Wilf Britton joined in 1955.

The first practise was almost too realistic. After dark, Gordon Hall and Alan MacDonald hauled the old double toilet from the community hall with a tow truck, and placed it in the lane behind Peverell's house (beside the Oddfellows Hall), and about 50 yards from a hydrant. They filled the toilet with about 20 old tires and poured about five gallons of oil over the works. At a prearranged time signal of four minutes to ten, the fire was lit and the alarm turned in. The night was very dark, and with the oil on the tires the fire flared up better than was expected. The firemen acted like veterans and the fire was out in ten minutes. However, the fire was still in some of the village residents. Ernie Andison arrived in his underwear with his pants half buttoned, and what he called Chief Hall didn't take ten minutes, but it blistered paint on a few buildings.

A fire prevention program for the first few years was our main objective. We inspected stores, garages, schools, churches and homes, and helped older people burn the grass on their lots. We lectured to farmers, to the Home and School Association, Boy Scouts, Girl Guides and Brownies, and helped clean up the cemetery each year.

In October of each year we would make up a Fire Department Book, or Log of the activities of the Brigade. This book was sent to Boston, Massachusetts, to be judged along with all the other fire departments in North America. Our category was Class F with a population of 2500 or less. In 1955 we won a Certificate of Merit. In 1956 we won 27th place for the whole of Canada against 696 entries in the Grand Competition. This was against all fire brigades. Vancouver was 1st, Calgary 14th, and Edmonton 19th. In the Canadian Municipal Class F, we were 3rd, being beaten by Tadanac, British Columbia, and Mason, Quebec. In the Alberta Class F, we were 1st, with Innisfail 2nd and Three Hills 3rd. We won certificates for six years, from 1957 to 1962.

Gordon Hall retired as Chief in 1960, with Ray Fraser assuming command, and officially retired from the Brigade in 1975, after 34 years service.

COCHRANE R.C.M.P. 1929-1945

1929-32 — Constable Rogan
1933-37 — Constable A. N. Brown
1937 — Constable C. T. Ross
1937-39 — Constable S. W. Thurston
1939-45 — Constable A. C. Kirkeberg

THE ROYAL VISIT — by Jean L. Johnson

In September of 1912, the Duke of Connaught and his daughter, Princess Patricia, paid a visit to Alberta. In Calgary they stayed at the home of Senator Lougheed and attended the first Calgary Stampede. They were to visit Cochrane and have a taste of western life so preparations were made for their entertainment. A camp guarded by Royal North West Mounted Police was set up for them on the northeast bank of the Ghost River, just above the land later owned by R. M. Patterson. There, it was planned, the Royal Party could fish, ride and enjoy the rugged foothill country.

Their train was met at the Cochrane station by a cavalcade of cowgirls led by Mrs. E. C. Johnson riding sidesaddle on a tall black horse. In those days many people in Cochrane kept milk cows which grazed on the Big Hill. Most of the girls in the village had a saddle horse and every evening two of the girls would round up the cows. The mounted troop which met the train included Ruth Brown, Marion (T. D.) McEwan, Hazel White, Dot Johnson, Elva Mickle, Kathleen Ritchie and Lila Turner.

Unfortunately, it rained so continuously that the Duke and his party were unable to take advantage of the camp prepared for them. They remained in Cochrane for several days, living in their private car on the siding and taking walks on the streets of Cochrane. One day when Laurie was riding his cowpony, Billy, a little fleabitten grey, the Duke and the Princess stopped him. They admired Billy and when the Princess remarked that she would very much like to ride a real cowpony, Laurie offered her his horse. The Duke said, "Splendid! Get on and try him." This she did and was able to ride him astride because of the full skirt and the large mackintosh she was wearing.

Although the Duke did not see the site, he gave his name to a crossing on the Ghost River. Thereafter it was known as the Duke's Crossing and the little flat above the Ghost River is still called the Duke's Camp.

HISTORIC OLD COCHRANE HOTEL TOTAL FIRE LOSS

This story of the fire is taken from The Calgary Daily Herald.

Cochrane, November 15 — In a spectacular blaze, which for a time threatened destruction to the whole town, the Alberta Hotel at Cochrane, a three-storey frame structure, was completely burned down by fire which broke out in one of the back rooms shortly after midnight Monday. There was no one in the building at the time.

At 9:30 Tuesday morning the building was a heap of charred ruins which were still smoldering. Heroic efforts by residents of the town, who braved the sub-zero weather all night, kept the fire from spreading to adjacent buildings. Two chemical wagons kept by the town were used by the fire fighters, who concentrated their efforts on preventing the fire from spreading.

A call was sent through to the Calgary fire department shortly after the blaze broke out but it was not answered as the Calgary brigade was busy fighting a fire at the Parish & Heimbecker grain elevator in East Calgary.

The fire was noticed by the C.P.R. station agent at 12:20 o'clock. A general alarm was immediately given and the residents of the town brought the two chemical wagons into play. The fire burned fiercely and within a few minutes of its discovery the building was blazing furiously.

Seeing that it was impossible to save the structure, the volunteer fire fighters concentrated their efforts in keeping the adjacent buildings from catching. They were sprayed with chemicals and as there was practically no wind, the volunteer's work was facilitated.

The fire was a spectacular one, the flames leaping 50 feet into the air. Dickenson, who was returning to Cochrane from the city early in the morning, noticed the blaze from the 12-mile coulee. The cause of the fire has not yet been ascertained and the amount of damage done is not certain. It is known, however, that some insurance is carried on the building.

THE COCHRANE FLOUR MILL

During the 1930s Mr. Palsky and Mr. Irvine built and operated a flour mill in Cochrane. The mill was located east of the foot of the old Dog Pound road, now the road from Cochrane Heights. Farmers hauled their wheat to the mill and had it ground into flour, and also received the by-products from the milling of their wheat. The mill was not in operation very long, and was sold to John Boothby and used for a grain elevator. The building was later purchased by George Clark and he and his family lived there after renovating the mill into a modern two storey home.

THE COCHRANE GRAIN ELEVATOR

In 1925 the United Grain Growers Ltd. built an elevator at Cochrane to serve the local farmers, as a survey indicated that enough grain was being grown to require a shipping depot to handle it. Victor Dillworth was the first elevator agent. A board of directors was set up and it was known as Local 426.

The earliest minutes available are of the meeting on October 27, 1934, the board consisting of Alex Moore, Secretary; J. Messer, Chairman; William Beynon, Claude Copithorne, Frank Brown and Mel Brown. Alex Moore was the first secretary and held that position longer than any of the other board members.

Many farmers and ranchers purchased shares in the company. Annual meetings were held and delegates chosen to represent the Local at the annual general meetings of the United Grain Growers Ltd.

Agents that served while the elevator was owned by the U.G.G. were Victor Dillworth, Joe Rushfeldt, Bob McKnight, J. Redfern and Jack McLeod. In 1947 when Bob McKnight was agent, more grain was shipped from the Cochrane terminal than any other single elevator in Alberta. While Jack McLeod was agent he built up a good bulk feed business. For a number of years farmers shipping grain in carload lots had to load their own cars from the loading platform, as loading facilities were not available at the elevator until around the late 1940s.

Harold Spicer was the last secretary, having held the position for 11 years; the last board members were Frank Dwelle, Wes Wilson, Gordon Callaway, George Perrenoud and Fred Adams. In 1961 the elevator was sold to Parish and Heimbecker.

THE BURNHAM-STAUGHTON TREK — by Jack Blanchard

On May 10, 1910, my grandfather, Charles Burnham, and his good friend, Harry B. Staughton, began a trek from Cochrane to Prince George, British Columbia. It is presumed the journey was made in the interest of the church as both men were very dedicated to the church. Trails between these points were few, so the complete outfits for travelling to Prince George were shipped by train to Ashcroft.

Here, after buying provisions, including eighteen chickens, they began their journey. Following the old Cariboo Trail, which was originally the Gold Rush Trail of 1864, for a hundred and sixty miles, they reached Soda Creek. Here the trail joined with the Fraser River which they followed for sixty miles to Quesnel. A six day wait for flood waters to recede was necessary before again resuming their journey. After ferrying the Fraser River, they took the old Blackwater Trail to Blackwater. From here to Prince George, a distance of thirty miles, only a single pack trail existed, so it was necessary for them to cut wagon trails through brush and timber. Upon arriving at Prince George, an Indian Chief told them they were the first wagon train to reach there overland. Formerly

everything was shipped up the Fraser River by steamboat.

No churches or schools existed in Prince George so my grandfather and Mr. Staughton built seats and benches in an old building for the first Presbyterian Church service.

After an eight week's stop, they sold their outfit to the Indians for a fair price, purchased a dugout canoe and began their return trip down the Fraser River to Soda Creek. Here they transferred to a wagon freight train to Ashcroft where they took the train to Vancouver.

CHARTER MEMBERS, COCHRANE EASTERN STAR

ZENITH CHAPTER No. 85

November 18, 1931

1. A. Turner*
2. C. B. Barrows*
3. Lila Cairns*
4. Winifred E. Turner
5. Irene Loughery*
6. Marion Andison*
7. Nancy Boothby*
8. Alice Andison
9. Muriel Bryant
10. Agnes Andison*
11. Grace Craig*
12. May Crowe*
13. Alfred Bryant*
14. Louis D. Nicoll*
15. David Murray*
16. Alice Bryant
17. Sarah Armistead*
18. Alice E. Bryant
19. Mary Crowe*
20. Lilian Reed*
21. Everdina van Aggelen
22. Margaret Chapman*
23. Margaret Barrows
24. Nellie Jones
25. Annie Wearmouth*

(Charter & Life Members)

26. Ernest Crowe
27. Ethel Nicoll
28. Elsie Murray

(Affiliated same night)

29. Lois M. McBey
(first Worthy Matron '31-'2)
30. Monila Waite (Russell)
(Life Member)

* deceased

KING SOLOMON LODGE NO. 41, MASONIC ORDER — by Marjorie Spicer

In 1908 King Solomon Lodge No. 41 of the Masonic Order was formed in Cochrane. Their first meetings were held in a room in the Fisher Block. When that building was destroyed by fire in 1927, the members met in the house owned by Ernie Crowe. Finally the Masons bought the old Cochrane schoolhouse, which previously had been the saloon at Mitford; it had been moved to Cochrane prior to 1900. The building is still used today for the meetings of the Masons and the Eastern Star.

Charter members of King Solomon Lodge No. 41 were: J. Sommerville Quigley (W.M.); Edward G. Gale (Sr. Warden); Daniel McMillan (Jr. Warden); Robert W. Widdies (Treas.); John D. Curren (Sec'y.); John Garson (Sr. Steward); Daniel Kinlock (Jr. Steward); George W. Wright (Jr. Deacon); Robert Knight (Chaplain); Andrew Laing (Tyler); Samuel Spicer; Dr. Andrew Park; Percy Bassett; Thomas Wearmouth; Thomas Quigley; John Edwin Laird; Francis McNey; Milton H. Phieffer.

COCHRANE LIONS CLUB

Community Betterment **We serve**

The Cochrane Lions Club was organized in the autumn of 1963 and received its charter from Lions International on February 25, 1964.

Dave Longbotham was elected the first president with a membership of 34 which has remained fairly constant through the years.

In addition to the usual contributions to various organizations normally carried on by Lions Clubs, the Cochrane Lions have built a children's playground which was donated to the Town of Cochrane. Other projects include complete renovations to the Cochrane Community Hall kitchen, garbage receptacles placed on the sidewalks of the town and each Christmas a children's Christmas Tree is held downtown with a real Santa handing out candy bags to the kids. As well, a monthly draw of two $50.00 cash prizes is held. A great deal of labor and finance from the Lions has gone into the new Cochrane and District Arena.

The Club operates a rodeo ground with race track and a twelve chute arena. The natural grandstand along with modern kitchen and washroom facilities make this spot a swell place to spend an afternoon enjoying rodeo.

The first rodeo, piloted by Lion Alf Dionne and John Powell, was held in 1965. Since that first rodeo the Club has improved the grounds and added to the facilities for handling stock and accommodating the patrons.

In 1966 Cliff Sabin was appointed Arena Director which position he has filled in a very capable manner to this date.

Normally the Club sponsors four rodeos; Little Britches, one day, Foothill Cowboys' Association, two days, Labor Day Rangeland Frolics, one day, F.C.A. Rodeo Finals, two days. In addition to this the All Girls' Rodeo is held here each year making a total of seven days of rodeo each season.

The Lions Club meets the first and third Tuesday of each month in the Legion Hall.

Cochrane School 1929.

COCHRANE DRAMA CLUB

In 1921 a Cochrane Drama Club, "The Cheerios", was organized. The director was Mrs. Mona Waite. The club travelled to Bottrel, Dog Pound, Crossfield and Cremona as well as to country schools, entertaining. Members of the club were: Mrs. Mona Waite, Irvine Brodie, Hugh Farthing, Enid Moore, Annie Robinson, Jim Simpson and Grafton McNamee.

THE BLACK CIRCLE

A ministrel group, called the Black Circle Minstrels, was formed in 1928 under the leadership of Frank Gainer. Before the community hall was built, concerts were held in the Cochrane School. Besides performing in Cochrane, the group journeyed to other towns and to schools.

The first group of minstrels were: Alice Andison, pianist; Harry Hollis, violinist; Frank Gainer, leader and tenor; Andy Chapman, Bob Chapman, John Curren, Grafton McNamee, Ernie Crowe, Bill Camden, A. Braucht, Jim Simpson, Jack Beynon Sr., George Webb, Sam Allen, and Irvine Brodie. There were others who joined later, one of them being Marshall Baptie. They worked together for seven years. The money raised by their concerts was divided among the churches in Cochrane.

THE HITCHING RAIL — by Agnes Hutchinson

Who took the hitching rail down
From our old horse town?
In days gone by one could not dream
Of Cochrane without a place to tie a team.

Long years it stood, a pioneer emblem.
Its absence did create a problem.
There, many an old timer his team did tie
When coming to the stores, his groceries to buy.

We first used Webster's or Crowe's livery barn,
A safe place to rest team or mount.
There, also, started many an old time yarn,
But, on a cheery welcome each could count.

Sometimes the team hauled feed or grain,
To be loaded on boxcar to go by train;
Many miles they pulled these loads
Through deep snow or muddy roads.

In time the barns came down, of course,
And shiny car replaced the horse.
Down came the hitching rail at last,
Erasing all horse memories of the past.

Now front street is filled with many a car.
The only place to tie a team is in C.P.R.
And Buck, his mail and groceries must pack
In a sack, across the street to his team by the track.

Please put back the hitching rail;
Do not let its memory fail.
Tie to it the memories of the past
With double knots, strong and fast.

SAMUEL ALLAN

Samuel (Scotty) Allan was born in Ayr, Scotland. He came to Canada as a young man and around 1910 arrived in Cochrane with Jack Christianson, as a helper drilling water wells. Scotty was a blacksmith and when Sam Christianson took over the blacksmith shop in Cochrane Scotty went to work for him. He also worked at the stone quarry.

In 1919 Scotty married Miss Marion (Minnie) Baillie and they moved to Rosebud, Alberta. They returned to Cochrane and in 1924 took over the tearoom and confectionery from Ruth Webster. At that time the tearoom was in the

Minnie and Sam Allen, outside their confectionery.

Sam Allan and his daughter Margaret.

Cochrane Hotel; they later moved the tearoom to a building next to and west of the hotel. In 1942 the Allans sold their business to Mrs. Enid Gammon.

The Allans had two daughters, Margaret and Marion. Margaret passed away in 1931.

Scotty was a member of the Masonic Lodge in Cochrane. He served Overseas in the First World War. He joined the Ordnance Corps in the Second World War and was in the Home Guard. Scotty passed away in 1943 while still in the service.

Mrs. Allan and Marion moved to Calgary in 1947. After finishing her schooling Marion worked as a secretary for the Lab at the General Hospital. She married Harry Keyte in 1955. They had two sons, Garth and Marshall. Harry passed away in October 1974. Marion and the boys still live in Calgary.

Minnie Allan, now 88 years, still lives in her own home in Calgary.

THE HARRY ANDERSON FAMILY — by Helen Brien

The Harry Anderson family arrived in Cochrane on March 17, 1934. We came from the Carmangay farming district in southern Alberta. Wind, drought, grasshoppers and the Depression were just too much to cope with. We started our new life in the Big Hill Country, our first home being Ben's Cozy Cabin, which was located across the street from the Catholic Church. The house is still there.

At that time the employment situation was very bad, and Dad was delighted to have the opportunity to work on the new roads that were being built in the Lake Louise and Jasper areas. He had a team of horses up there. He hauled the stumps and debris away after the blasting. It was dangerous, but a job was a job, and Dad was forever grateful to the Hogarths, who did the hiring. While Dad was busy working in the mountains, Mother had boarders, a huge garden, chickens, and last but not least, my sister Bette, brother Glenn and myself to keep an eye on. Mother cooked many a delicious meal for the Calgary Power lineman. There was never a dull moment and no one was idle.

My father was born in England and was a First World War veteran. Mother was born in Fargo, North Dakota, and was brought up in the Strathmore, Alberta, district. Her father was a veterinarian and she often assisted him, acquiring a gift for healing, be it human or animal.

My parents purchased a little white house on the north side of the 1A highway just at the foot of the Cochrane Hill, and we moved there. My older brother, Aubrey, resided only briefly in Cochrane. He worked in Edmonton for the Poole Construction Company, saved his hard earned money and ventured forth to Los Angeles, where he successfully completed an electronics course. He became an American citizen and was among the first to enlist in the U.S. Army in World War II. He was badly wounded in North Africa; however, he survived and returned to his wife in Los Angeles. He passed away in 1972.

My sister Bette completed school in Cochrane, then married Mel Kruse from Edmonton. They reside in Spruce Grove, Alberta, where they have a thriving business, Mel's Excavating. They have two sons, David, who works for his father, and Jim, who is still attending high school.

My brother Glenn is a dyed-in-the-wool Cochrane lad. He took his first steps at the back of Ben's Cozy Cabin, attended school in Cochrane then went to work at Exshaw. Later he went to work at the Shell Gas Plant on the Jumping Pound and is still employed there. He and his wife June live in our old home at the foot of the big hill in Cochrane. They have four children. Wayne, the eldest, works for a hardware store in Calgary, and resides in the city. On December 23, 1954, an exciting announcement was made; the Glenn Anderson triplets arrived, but only Sherri and Brett survived. Sherri married David Hilton. They have one son, Lance. David lost his life in an automobile accident in Calgary in 1975. Brett is a First Aid attendant and ambulance driver in Banff. Debbie, after completing high school, married Bruce Graham, who also works

for the Shell Gas Company. They reside in Cochrane.

As I had completed public school at Carmangay, I felt that getting a job was more important than going back to school; however, my good friend Elsie Peterson, who was a teacher, thought differently. She assigned me great quantities of homework, and referred to me as her only private pupil. While I was digesting all this knowledge, Ernie Crowe, the manager of the Cochrane Telephone Exchange, hired me as a telephone operator. My supervisor was Thora Brodie, who introduced me into the business world. From her, I learned that one can catch more flies with honey than with vinegar. Another gem of wisdom came from F. L. Gainer, our station agent. I was always a little in awe of him until he told me his secret. "Miss Anderson," he said, "Always act important and you will be important." This applied secret has never failed me.

While we were in the process of growing up, the Depression was still on. It was a familiar sight to see Constable Brown and Andy Chapman escort groups of men from the freight trains to the police station. The freight trains were a mode of travel for those seeking work; of course many walked too. In 1939 war was declared and it seemed that in a very short time life took on a different meaning.

In September 1942, I said good-bye to the telephone office and joined the C.W.A.C. in the Royal Canadian Corps of Signals. After basic training in Vermillion, Alberta, I was posted to the Medical Stores in Calgary until my draft to the switchboard in Mewata Barracks, Calgary. Another draft later took me to the Prince of Wales Armories in Edmonton, again as switchboard operator. I was delighted when I was made a Corporal. While in Edmonton I married Gordon Shepherd, an Air Force Corporal. After the war was over we made our home in Vancouver, where our son Douglas was born.

Dad enlisted in the Army again and was posted at several internment camps for guard duty, until the end of the war. He was then drafted to Overseas duties escorting prisoners of war back to their home country. After his discharge from service he went to work at the Exshaw Cement Company and remained there until his retirement in 1956.

My mother moved to Victoria, where she went to work for the Department of National Defence at Royal Roads Tri-Service College in 1955. Dad came to Victoria and once again the Andersons settled down, bought a cozy home, and took life much easier. After twelve years of employment, Mother retired. Dad passed away in January 1973. Mother is still in Victoria, busy with her flowers, her home and her hobbies.

History seemed to repeat itself, as my son Douglas spent his early years in Cochrane with his grandparents, and he started school there. His teacher was Miss Boyd. When I married again, Douglas came to Victoria to live with us. He completed private school in Victoria and is now married. He and his wife Heather have two children, Glenn and Gwendolyn. Douglas is working for a local radio station in the news media.

The following are some ramblings that came to mind while writing:

I will always remember Mr. and Mrs. Andy Chapman in the cold winter days with their hand-pushed mail cart, meeting the mail trains, getting the full mailbags and trundling the cart back to the Post Office.

Dave Murray's blacksmith shop and Clem Colgan's garage were great places for the local men to collect and have a visit.

During the curling season, the rink was another good place to meet friends and cheer for your favorite team. The library, which was in Hart's Drugstore, was one of my favorite places. While browsing around for a book you could buy a delicious ice cream cone for five cents.

The theatre was in the Elks' Hall and the movie was usually a surprise; it seldom showed the picture that was advertised, there were always breakdowns, but when you heard a cheer from the audience, especially the younger folk, the show would flash on, and it was well worth waiting for.

The creamery, the old brickyard, flour mill and Bunney's dairy were all interesting places to visit. The country castle (Retreat) was a beautiful place, and the saskatoons that grew on the hills, I can just taste them now! I would dearly love to climb those hills and pick berries again.

The Elks' Hall was, of course, the centre of all the good times we had at dances. Flora Garson and Janet Maguire were the chief hand-stampers.

Dewey Blaney was another grand person; he was the first colored person I had ever seen. He was a friend to everyone and I'm sure he heard many confessions and settled more disputes than the local authorities. Another dear old gentleman was Nick Cosis. What an interesting man he was. He had lived a very exciting life in Greece. Among all these interesting characters was Stanley Cope. He used to tie his horses up at the hitching post behind Andison's store. He once told me, "Horses are here to stay and the day of the motor car is nearly over, besides horses are more sensible." My memories of Father Fitzpatrick and Father Lessard are also cherished.

ERNEST ANDISON — by Alex Andison

Dad came to Cochrane in 1903, from Carlisle, England. His brothers, George and William, had arrived in the district earlier and were living on a homestead north of Cochrane. Dad apprenticed in the Old Country as a butcher and upon arriving at Cochrane went to work in the butcher shop for C. W. Fisher, later purchasing the business from him. For some time he stayed at the

Joe Andison and Irvine Brodie.

"Murphy House" where he was known as "The Port Wine Kid", a distinction he rather dubiously earned for riding a steer down the main street one day.

He married Marian Donaldson Curren Lamb in 1911. Mother came to Canada in 1905 with her mother and family, and lived in Banff, Alberta, and later, in Cochrane, where her uncle J. D. Curren resided. My grandmother was widowed in Scotland and lived her remaining life in Cochrane with her brother, J. D. Curren. The Curren house is still in the town and is presently owned by Al Mottet. Mother and Dad had four children, Joe, born 1912, Marian, born in 1915, Alex, born in 1921 and Jim, born in 1924.

In 1916 the Chapman brothers built a butcher shop for Dad. It was a brick building and is still standing on the main street of Cochrane, and houses the laundromat.

Dad was quite a famous hundred-yard dash runner in the early days. He raced at Bankhead (near Banff) and of course at Cochrane. He would race against all comers; quite a few dollars were wagered on him at various times and I have one of the cups he was presented. Dad was a great friend of the Indians; one in particular was Hector Crawler, Chief of the Stoneys. When I was a young lad we often had the Crawler family to dinner. Mrs. Crawler kept me equipped with mocassins and gloves and she loved to hold me on her lap; I was blond and blue eyed and this appealed to her.

Dad was a Mason, an Oddfellow and, when the lodge existed, was an Orangeman. His major love was the Masonic Order. Mother, who was not much of a joiner, belonged to the Eastern Star for a few years. Dad was Reeve of the village at one time.

My fondest memory of my father was his great love for people. He truly enjoyed his shop and his profession and was proud of the fact he was a good butcher. During the 1930s Dad helped a lot of people. He threw away a lot of unpaid accounts; as he put it, "No children are going to go hungry if I can help in any way."

Memories are entwined with the back of the shop; it was the meeting place for the "hot stove league" of the Village on Saturday nights, especially in the winter, with such notables as Ernie Craig, Bob and Billy Beynon, George Bunney, Syd Hall, Al Raby, Dewey Blaney, Bob Chapman, Joe Isaacs and many more sitting around that old stove and holding forth on politics, N.H.L. hockey, district gossip and a host of other subjects. My job was sweeping the floor, putting down fresh sawdust on the floor and generally doing all I could just to stay late so I would not miss anything that was going on.

My father never ate a steak in his life; not only did he not eat it, I can never recall one in the house. He enjoyed a good roast and other cuts of meat but said steak was not much of a cut.

During the hot summers of the 1930s, Dad and Uncle Bill would serve lemonade downtown, Dad supplying the ice water and the ladle and Uncle Bill the lemons and sugar. Everyone got all the lemonade they wanted and Dad handed out free wieners to the youngsters. I think every young person around town had, at sometime or other, been given wieners from Dad or my brother Joe.

Mother passed away in 1958 and Dad followed her nine months later in early 1959. My brother Joe passed away in 1968. They were predeceased by my sister Marion on September 23, 1928. They are all buried in the Cochrane cemetery.

WILLIAM AND AGNES ANDISON — by Alice Moore

William Andison was born in Carlisle, Cumberland, England, March 3, 1884. He came to Cochrane in 1907, where he was bookkeeper for the Quigley Mill, later joining the staff of the C. W. Fisher store.

In 1908 he married Agnes Atkinson (also of Carlisle); the wedding took place in All Saints Anglican Church, Cochrane. After a year or so, they moved to Cremona, Alberta, where Dad operated a store for a short time, but returned to Cochrane and the Fisher store where he remained until the death of C. W. Fisher in 1919.

He joined with Tom Fisher to take over the C. W. Fisher store and carried on as Fisher and Andison until Tom left to take up residence in California.

At that time the Co-op store closed and R. A. Webster (the former owner) came back to take over, so Dad joined him in the Alexander Block and they operated as Webster and Andison. About two years later, R. A. Webster and T. C. Patterson (Union Bank Manager) bought the Fisher Block and the store was moved back to the original location.

In 1925 Dad bought out R. A. Webster and carried on as the W. Andison store. Many were the good friends that gathered around the old-fashioned stove in the center of the store to talk about old times, discuss the weather, and argue just a bit about whose watch was closest to the right time!

William and Ernie Andison.

The Fisher Block was destroyed by fire in September 1928, so after a temporary operation in the Curling Rink, Dad reopened in a new building in the spring in 1929. His many friends rallied around after the fire and offered horses and scrapers to excavate the basement, and to work on the building.

Through the years Dad always had time to listen to people's problems, which were many and varied. Having a great sense of humor, he endeared himself to all. His generosity has been spoken of by many pioneers of the district, and he said that perhaps there were times when his heart ruled his better judgment, but to him "a man's word was his bond."

He was active in matters besides his store — he was secretary of the original Cochrane School, served on the Village Council, was a member of the Vestry of All Saints Anglican Church, a Life Member of King Solomon Lodge, a member of the Delta Chapter, Rose Croix, Calgary, and a charter member of Bow Valley Lodge of the I.O.O.F.

Curling was his favorite sport and before the curling rink was built, they had games on an open-air rink.

After Dad retired in 1955, he gave full time to his garden, which had meant so much to him through the years when he hadn't time to do all he wanted to; now he could see it finished. It remains today as a memorial in the lovely trees, flower beds and lawns that he planned and planted.

Mother passed away in August 1957. Dad passed away in August 1967. A son, Bill, lives in Victoria, British Columbia, and a daughter, Alice Moore, lives in Cochrane. Alice and Bill will ever cherish their parents' memory and be so very thankful for a wonderful mother and father.

* * *

The following is taken from an interview by Ken Liddell:

The brothers Andison — William, who runs the general store, and Ernest, who has the butcher shop, known as the Butch, were looking over the family tree. It was a tree that had its roots in Carlisle, England, but which took seed in Cochrane because of an adventuresome brother, and a mother who really went to work on her faith in Canada.

William, having come from his well-stocked basement, where he had been counting cartons of soup and the like, leaned against a sack-wrapped carcass in the butcher shop, which Butch said should be treated with respect these days, and scuffing sawdust on the floor, they came up with this score:

Brother George came to Canada in 1902 where he homesteaded near Cochrane, but being an adventuresome soul, went to the Yukon where he operated a butcher shop for 24 years. He remained there, except for trips "out" to Cochrane and the West Coast, until his death in 1969.

Ernest came in 1904, and in 1905, their mother, Mrs. Joseph Andison, arrived to visit her sons for three months. She was so in love with this country that she had her ticket extended to six months, then went back to Carlisle to influence son James to come out that year, and then "try to work on Father." James was a carpenter and while here, helped to build the Weedon School, which has been moved to Heritage Park. He married Lizzie Callaway and they moved to Britannia Beach, British Columbia. After several years they and their three sons were lost in the disastrous flood when the dam further up the mountain gave way.

The migration interested their only sister, Annie, and she came in 1908. She worked in the Telephone Office located in the Fisher Block in Cochrane. She later married Ernest Hoggard and lived in Banff until her death.

Brother Arthur picked up the torch and made the trip in 1909. He worked here for awhile then joined the Army and went Overseas in the First War. After returning he made his home in Banff, (having been married in Carlisle), living there the rest of his life.

Brother Robert decided to come in 1912. He went to Edmonton in 1913, and became Assistant Clerk of the Legislature, then Clerk, until his retirement. He still lives in Edmonton and enjoys talking over old times in "The Building."

The First World War years gave the mother plenty of time to talk things over with Father — and in 1919, the parents came. That year, Sidney, the youngest, came too, and as the whole family was here, the steamship agents stopped sending literature to the Andison home in Carlisle!

William and Ernest recalled when Cochrane had four brickyards, a stone quarry, and some of the stone was shipped to Edmonton for the Legislative Buildings. They were happy that gas and oil hereabouts were making things boom again.

They laughed over the days when a car trip to Banff meant starting out at 7 a.m. and getting there at 11 a.m., then leaving at 4 p.m. to get out

of the Park in daylight, because people wouldn't let the drivers of such crazy machines operate with headlights burning — it might frighten the animals. "It was a silly thing," said William, "but people actually obeyed it."

Their mother died three years after her arrival, but was happy to see her family all settled in Canada, except Sidney, whose heart was in Carlisle, and he returned to England.

Joseph Andison, the father, spent many busy years as secretary of the school and was interested in the affairs of the Anglican Church and enjoyed many friends. He passed away in 1942.

THE ARIS FAMILY

The first of the Aris family to come to Cochrane was Archie. He came in 1908 and took up a homestead in Jumping Pound. Walter came to Cochrane in 1911 and joined his brother on the homestead.

Both Archie and Walter worked at the Collins brickyard and when World War I broke out they enlisted in the 211th Battalion and went Overseas. Walter served as a Sergeant Clerk from 1916 until 1919 in London, England.

In 1918 Walter and Lily Thomas were married and their son Walter Jr. was born in England. In 1920 Walter, his wife and son returned to Cochrane. A daughter Margaret was born in Cochrane.

Walter was employed by Tommy Cairns and Walter Crowe at the livery stables. He then went into business for himself, having a coal dealership and delivery service. For a number of years he operated a mail route to the Glendale area. He served as secretary for the school, the Village of Cochrane, and the Legion for a number of years. In later years he delivered groceries for Andison's store and was janitor at the Royal Bank.

The beautiful shade trees along the south side of main street in Cochrane were planted by Walter, and Margaret helped him. They hauled the water for the trees in a tank, which had to be done every week from the time they were planted until late fall. The trees are a living memorial to Walter, as he spent so much time getting them to grow, since they were planted in dry years.

After the First World War, Archie returned to Cochrane. He worked around the area for several ranchers and at various jobs in the Village. Around 1939 he returned to England and joined the Home Guard. He remained in England.

Walter Jr. (Brownie) and Margaret attended school in Cochrane. Margaret attended a school in Calgary for Grade Twelve. She then worked for Mr. Hart at the drugstore in Cochrane until her marriage to Albert Jeffery in 1947. They have three sons, and lived in Exshaw for 27 years before leaving there to reside on acreage near Calgary.

Walter Jr. enlisted in the Army in 1939, served Overseas and returned to Cochrane in 1945. He married Joy Umbach in 1948. They moved to Medicine Hat and then to Turner Valley. Walter and Joy have four sons and two daughters and are presently living in Blairmore.

Walter Sr. passed away in 1961 and Lily Aris moved to Exshaw in 1962.

ROBERT AND SARAH ARMISTEAD — by Dorothy Moore

Robert Armistead, or "Gramps", as he is affectionately called, was born May 14, 1882 in Scales, Lancashire, England. He went to work at an early age, and recalls that between the ages of 12 and 20 he worked on several farms, usually being hired for six-month periods. His wages for six months generally amounted to two pounds, or four dollars and fifty cents at the present rate of exchange. Young boys and men seeking employment on farms walked up and down the village street, until they were touched on the shoulder by a farmer seeking hired help.

Gramps worked at Fourshore, building the Grange Promenade, and between 1904 and 1907 he worked at the Ulverton Steel Works. From the Steel Works he went to the Furness Railway to work as a plate layer. When younger employees were laid off due to lack of orders for steel, Gramps found employment at the Stainton Quarries, where his father had worked all his life. Gramps' wages were one shilling per ton, loading limestone onto railroad cars with a wheelbarrow. Some days four workers loaded over twenty tons.

Times were getting worse in England, so after much thought Gramps decided it was time to seek greener pastures. On December 1, 1907, he boarded the Lusitania at Liverpool, and arrived at New York eight days later. He obtained employment almost immediately at a coal mine at Vandling, Pennsylvania. In 1910 there was a bad cave-in at the mines and Gramps nearly lost his life. He was so badly scared that he decided to never re-enter a mine. He came to Canada, to visit a cousin at Ernfold, Saskatchewan. However, he was unable to locate his cousin and kept on coming west, arriving at the Gap, near Exshaw, in April, 1910.

He met a former school friend, Isaac Johnson, at the Gap. Gramps inquired of Mr. Walker, the boss at the Gap Stone Quarry, as to job prospects, but no help was needed as the Exshaw Cement Plant had just been shut down. Gramps caught the weigh freight to Exshaw. No work was available there, so he continued on to Loder's Lime Kiln. It was there that he saw his first gopher, and wondered what it was.

No help was needed at the Lime Kiln either, but in conversation with Mr. Loder, the owner, he learned that two men from Lancashire, England, were working there. They were Abel and Walter Woods, with whom Gramps had worked five years before, while building the

Grange Promenade. Shortly after this, Abel Woods and Wilfred Shuttleworth got typhoid fever. Abel died in the fall of 1914 and was buried in the first little cemetery at Exshaw, up by the Quarry.

Gramps had dinner in the Section House at Kananaskis, and continued on to Seebe, travelling on a C.P.R. hand car. The Horseshoe Dam was being built, but instead of seeking employment there, Gramps decided to walk to Morley, as he was told that the Calgary Power Company was building the first power line and had a large camp there. He was hired at an hourly wage of two bits and worked a ten hour day. The men lived in tents and slept on straw beds; board cost them $20 a month. Gramps was puzzled by the expression "two bits"; he wondered just what he was going to be paid!

Mr. Graham was the proprietor of the Morley Store at this time, and Gramps paid $4 for a blanket and $1 for a pair of overalls at the store.

Gramps worked on the line until its completion a year later, in 1911. As the work progressed the camp was moved from Morley to Jumping Pound, the cheese factory at Springbank, and finally to Calgary. Gramps was offered the job of being the first lineman, and stayed, while on this job, with Mr. and Mrs. John Bateman, who had the Jumping Pound Post Office. He was in the Power House at Seebe when the first current was turned on, on May 21, 1911.

Later that year, Gramps returned to England, and married Sarah Dickinson, who was born on January 30, 1883. Ernie Thompson held his job for him during his three month's absence. Gramps returned with his bride, and they resided for a year with the Batemans. In 1913 they moved to the Jack Pierce place, which is now owned by Percy Copithorne. During this time their only daughter, Dorothy, was born.

While living here, Gramps had a second close call. Ted Cook was Forest Ranger at the Jumping Pound Station, and Gramps went up to help him with his haying in August. Heavy rain, followed by a snow storm which lasted a week, caused the Jumping Pound Creek to flood. Gramps decided to return home, and had to cross the creek at the XC Ranch, owned by J. A. W. Frazer. He undid the britching straps to let the horses have their heads, went upstream a way to allow for the current, and, trusting to the animals' judgement, started across. They reached the other side safely, unlike Bob Watts, who had lost his team previously in the same flood.

In 1916 the lineman's post was changed to Calgary, but Gramps and Sarah did not wish to move to the city. Sarah was a home-loving person, who asked for nothing more than peace and quietness. City life had no appeal for her. She will always be remembered for her happy disposition, and her cheerful habit of whistling while she worked. Gramps quit the lineman's job, and the family moved onto the Bill Ellis place, presently owned by David Edge. Ernest Thompson took his position in Calgary.

Gramps worked with the Alberta Government from 1917 until 1920, and moved to Cochrane in March 1919. He purchased the house from George King which had been built by Frank Brown. He paid $1,500 for the house, barn and three lots. In the spring of 1922 he sold it to Jack Atkinson for $1,300.

In 1921 the Southern Alberta Institute of Technology was being built in Calgary, and Duncan Shelly obtained the contract to supply the sandstone for the window and door frames, from his quarry at Big Hill Creek. Gramps took the contract to haul the rock from the quarry to the Cochrane railway station, from where it was shipped by rail to a plant in Calgary and dressed. He hauled the rock to town by team and wagon.

In 1922 Gramps was again employed by the Alberta Government, as Road Foreman in Townships 26 and 27, Range 4, W5. That year he purchased the farm where Mr. and Mrs. Bill Boothby now live. He paid $21 per acre for the Hobbs homestead and $2,500 cash for the Jim Andison homestead. In 1943 he sold the farm to Harry McConachie.

Gramps worked on road maintenance and graded the road from Cochrane to the Calgary city limits with horses. He was paid $1 per lineal mile.

In 1923 Gramps worked for Calgary Power, stubbing the line, for a wage of $8 per day. Later that year he worked on roads around Cochrane before moving to Seebe for two years. He returned to Cochrane until 1929, after which he again went to work for Calgary Power as lineman at Jumping Pound for eight years. In 1937 the family moved to the farm. They lived there for six years, then purchased the Bow Bend Dairy from Alex Moore in 1943.

He purchased his present home in Cochrane in 1950. It is one of the oldest houses in town, and was built by Tom Quigley in 1908. The foundation and lumber is as good as it was when it was built. The lumber came from the Quigley Mill and the bricks from the brickyard at the east end of town.

Gramps' beloved wife Sarah passed away in 1966. His daughter married Allister Moore, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alex Moore. Dolly and Allister live at Seebe, and had a son and a daughter. Patricia married Kenneth Ritchie of Canmore; they have two daughters, Debbie and Sherri. Dr. Gordon Moore married Carol Beil, daughter of Charlie Beil of Banff, the noted sculptor and artist. Gordon and Carol have two daughters, Tara Sue and Kerri Lynn.

Gramps celebrated his 93rd birthday in 1975, still enjoying every minute of a life which he says has been "Wonderful." One of the things that is foremost in his memory was his first trip to Cochrane in 1910. The Cochrane races were being held, so there wasn't a vacant room in the Murphy Hotel. Mr. Brodie, who was working at

the desk at the Hotel, offered to share his room and bed with Gramps, who gratefully accepted.

Gramps recalls an incident when he and Rattlesnake Pete were supposed to be digging a well for Andy Clarke. Pete went down the well and after he had sent up several pails of dirt, Gramps decided it was sort of a hopeless job. He dropped a few pebbles down the hole. Pete yelled up, "Bob, what was that?"

"Something is moving, Pete, you'd better get out of there," replied his bored assistant.

Pete came up at a great speed, and that was the end of the job. Andy Clarke put an old outhouse over the hole and maybe it is still there.

Jack Bailey was an ardent curler, as well as an excellent baker. One day Gramps entered his store as Jack was punching dough. Jack yelled, "Give me the in turn, Bob." A piece of dough came flying through the air.

Gramps has always been interested in curling. He started playing on F. L. Gainer's team. One winter, "F. L.", Father Hermes, Gramps, and his best friend, William Andison, were competing in the Banff Bonspiel. The games were played right out in the street leading to the C.P.R. Station. Gramps recalls that the ice was so crooked that you gave the broom on the adjoining sheet to make your shot. This event took place during Prohibition, and Father Hermes had a contact somewhere down the line through which he could obtain some liquor. He made a daily trip to the station for refreshments. One day one of his parishioners came to pay Father for his services in conducting a burial. Father said that the usual payment was $10, but that anything over that would be much appreciated. The parishioner paid him and departed, whereupon Father held up two fingers and said, "Two bottles of fun, Bill, two bottles of fun!"

For years Gramps made the ice at the curling rink. Water was hauled from the creamery in a tank mounted on a horse-drawn wagon. The water cost $1.25 per tank, and it usually took around 28 tanks to make the ice. Barrels were filled from the tank, then emptied onto the sawdust base. It was a hard job, as it had to be done quickly and it was difficult to make a smooth surface on the ice. Often, just as the ice was ready for a big game, a Chinook would blow in, and the ice would melt. Despite the crooked ice and inconveniences, the old curling rink provided many hours of entertainment for residents of Cochrane and area, especially during the Depression, when so many men were out of work and had time on their hands.

Gramps was instrumental in starting the first Women's Curling Club. Some of the first women to join were Mrs. Garson, Mrs. Maguire, Mrs. Hogarth, Mrs. McNamee, Mrs. Jamieson and Mrs. Waite.

The Agricultural Fair and the School Fair were always highlights of the year. Gramps recalls buying two settings of purebred Plymouth Rock eggs from George King. His daughter showed two birds at the Fair, that she had raised, and won first prize. Gramps showed his team of horses, called Brownie and Dick, and also won first prize. This team was a familiar sight around Cochrane for years. They were used for plowing gardens, for which Gramps received from $2 to $5, depending on the size of the garden, and for delivering coal for $1 per ton. On a good day one could make $20, very good money in those days.

On Armistice Day, 1918, an effigy of Kaiser Bill was suspended on a pole on the front street of Cochrane. Wood was piled beneath, and after dark the crowd gathered for the burning ceremony. A voice from the crowd shouted, "Kill the Kaiser!" A shot was fired, the kindling wood ignited, and Kaiser Bill went up in flames. Many young men from Cochrane and area had lost their lives in the war, and Gramps recalls it as a most impressive ceremony, marking the end of the First World War.

The year 1919 stands out in Gramps' memory as being the worst winter during his life in Alberta. He was working on the road and camped near Kings on the Lochend road, when one storm blew up. The tents blew down, and the horses had to be dug out of their make-shift shelters. The trip to Cochrane took a whole day, and is recalled as one of the coldest trips that Gramps ever made.

ALFORD HENRY (IRISH) ARMSTRONG

"Irish" Armstrong was the youngest pensioner in the Royal Navy following World War I, being wounded when he was only 16 years of age.

He arrived in Cochrane in the spring of 1923 and lived with the Sydney Hall family, who at that time were living three miles west of town.

The Number One Highway in those days was a dirt road; it was a wet summer, and Irish made good money pulling cars out of mud holes. He kept a lamp lit in the house all night so people could see it if in distress, and he kept a team harnessed in the barn. He also had a shovel handy to keep the mud holes in good shape.

In his later years Irish was quite friendly with a lot of farm folk around Cochrane, and would stay a few days with each one; in this way he helped a number of farmers who were shorthanded.

Irish Armstrong passed away in Calgary in the early 1950s and is buried in the Field of Honor, Calgary.

JOHN AND AUGUSTA ATKINSON — by Alberta Finlay

My father, John Alfred Atkinson, was born June 20, 1874, at Penrith, Cumberland, England. After serving in the Boer War, he and two of his brothers came to Canada in 1904. Father came to the Horse Creek area to work for Bernard Howard of Greystoke Castle, England, who raised registered horses.

In October 1907 he married Augusta Mary Johnson, who had come to Canada with her

father, two brothers and a sister in 1894, from Nottinghamshire, England. Her mother had passed away in England.

Mother and Father homesteaded in the Horse Creek area for several years. Their first daughter, Mary Edith, died at the age of three and is buried in the Cochrane cemetery.

In 1915 I was born, and about this time my father accepted a position with the Dominion Government as Forest Ranger. He was in charge of the Aura district, which was sixteen miles northwest of Morley, a position which he held for twenty years. It was a lonely life for him during the period when I had to attend school. This necessitated purchasing a house in Cochrane, and Mother and I had to spend the school year there without him. Although we enjoyed our life in Cochrane with our friends and neighbors in the Village and the surrounding area, we looked forward to the summer holidays when we could all be together. Some of my fondest memories are of those two short months of July and August each year spent with my mother and father at the Aura Ranger Station.

Father retired in 1935 and we moved to Calgary. My parents were able to enjoy their life in the City for fifteen years and then Father passed away in September 1950. Mother passed away in July 1951 and they are both laid to rest in the Cochrane cemetery.

I married Robert Finlay of Calgary in 1965 and was widowed in 1971. I still reside in Calgary.

C. N. AUSTIN — by J. H. Whitfield

C. N. Austin came to this district in the early 1900s and took out a homestead on the NE¼ 14-25-5-5, Jumping Pound. He sold his homestead in 1909 and bought The Cochrane Advocate from Mr. Mewhort.

"Daddy" Austin as he was called back in 1910-1911, was quite a character. He was not a printer so he had to get someone to set up the type and print the paper for him. He did provide some local news however, as he met the trains coming and going. My dad Robert Whitfield Sr. worked for him as he was a printer.

Mr. Austin used to spend an awful lot of time in the "Murphy House", as it had the only tavern in town. One little amusing story concerning "Daddy Austin": he was quite a drinker of hard liquor, and when he went for his eye opener in the morning, over to the Murphy House, we used to get quite a kick out of watching him get the glass up to his mouth. His hand would be shaking so much, he would take a big red handkerchief from his pocket, place part of it between his left thumb and the glass, the other end of the handkerchief around his neck, and by pulling on the end around his neck would slowly draw the glass up to his lips without spilling a drop. After he had put away about three glasses, he could play a game of billiards as well as anyone; his hands would be as steady as a rock.

He was a very well educated man, came from a good family, and always seemed to have the dollars to carry on; never did find out where he got it as there was no money to be made on a small weekly paper.

Mr. Austin was a bachelor and sold the Cochrane Advocate in 1911 to Mr. A. Strickland.

THE BAILLIE FAMILY

The Baillie family came to Canada from Millport, Scotland. In 1911 Jack and James Baillie, their sister Isabel and her husband John Russell, arrived in Calgary. In June 1912, their mother, Mrs. Jean Baillie, a widow, arrived with her daughter Marion (Minnie) to join the rest of the family.

Mrs. Baillie, Jack and Marion came to Cochrane in 1914 and started a bakery. Their

Granny Baillie and her granddaughter Margaret Allan.

Jock Baillie, ?, Minnie Allan and Elsie Raby in the doorway of Baillie's Bakeshop.

first bakeshop was in a building owned by William Johnson and was located next door to Ben's Cosy Cabin on the south. Later the bakery was located in the hotel building and remained in operation until 1922.

In 1921 Jack Baillie married Marian MacDonald and they left Cochrane. James remained in Calgary, taking up residence in the Sunnyside district. Isabel and her husband moved to Didsbury, Alberta. Marion married Samuel Allan.

Mrs. Jean Baillie, known as "Granny Baillie," was loved by all who knew her. She passed away in July 1935, at the age of 83 years.

THE WILLIAM BARRETT FAMILY — by William Barrett Jr.

My mother, Martha Jack, was born at Strathroy, Ontario, in 1871 and my father, William Barrett, was born in England in 1860. Mother and Father moved to Cochrane in 1902. Father's job as a C.P.R. section foreman brought them to Cochrane. We lived in the section house.

My father had two brothers and one sister. They did not get married.

My teacher at school in Cochrane was Miss Quail. We all liked her very much. One day one of the students put a garter snake in her desk. It frightened her so much that she quit teaching school at Cochrane. When I was fourteen years old I left school to go to work for the C.P.R. I started out as a water boy and gradually worked my way up to become an Engineer.

My father was transferred to Calgary in 1907 and after fifty-five years of railroading, I was retired from the C.P.R. I now reside in Calgary.

JOHN BEYNON SR. — by Edgar Davies

Born in Swansea, South Wales, John Beynon Senior was a cousin to William, Robert and Jack Beynon. He was married to Annie Davies, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Davies. A carpenter and stonemason by trade, he and his wife came to Cochrane in 1907. He was foreman in the Collins brickyard until it closed down in 1913. John built his own home, also a home for the W. Beynon and Thomas Davies families on adjoining lots in Cochrane. While John worked at the brickyard his wife Annie operated a cafe and confectionery in Cochrane.

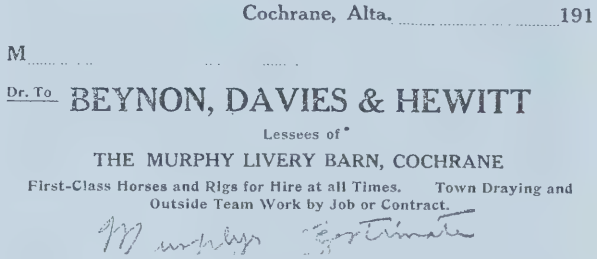
In 1914 John worked for the Government building cabins, on the Forest Reserves, for Game Wardens. He joined the Army in 1915 and went Overseas in 1916. Seeing active duty in France, he was wounded in the Battle of the Somme. He was sent to the military hospital in England where he remained for about two years. His wife went over to England to join him and became a nurse in the same hospital where he was convalescing. As soon as the Armistice was signed they both came back to Cochrane.

In 1919 John Beynon, William Davies, and I formed a company and went into the dairy business on the old original Cochrane Ranche. When the Calgary Milk Producers Association was first formed, John was elected president and held that position until 1949.

John was active in community affairs, sang with a local minstrel group and in the United Church Choir. He was an avid curler and served as secretary of the Curling Club for a number of years. He belonged to the Oddfellows Lodge, holding an office for twenty years; he was also a member of the Cochrane Legion.

We sold the dairy farm in 1949 and William and John moved to a house in Cochrane with Adele Sodonyte keeping house for them.

Annie Beynon passed away in 1944 and John passed away in 1959.



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ROBERT BEYNON — by Ada Fenton

Robert Beynon was born in Rhossille, Gower, South Wales. When he was an infant of six months his mother passed away, and Robert was raised by an aunt and uncle in Wales until he was sixteen years of age. At that time he started apprenticing for a carpenter and worked at the trade until he was nineteen years old. He joined the Imperial Army in 1915 and served in Egypt for four years as a lead driver of the Royal Field Artillery Gun Team. On completion of war duty he was held in Egypt for six months on guard duty, then returned to Wales. In 1920 he came to Canada with his brother William and his sister, Mrs. Laird, who were over in Wales on a vacation. His sister Minnie also came with them and she settled in Cochrane. He worked at various jobs, haying, road work, and at the Collins brickyard as a carpenter. His first big carpenter's job was to move the Cochrane Creamery, which at that time was located where the Texaco Garage now stands, to its present site west of town. In 1926 he returned to Wales on a vacation and in 1927 he married Edith Hill of Kettering, England. They decided to return to Canada because it afforded better opportunities for his carpenter trade. Upon their arrival in Cochrane they rented a house and one acre of land from George Bunney for eight dollars a month. They now own this property. Robert continued on with his carpenter's trade and has built numerous houses, barns for several ranchers, and many other buildings in the area.

He and his wife Edith had three children, a son, Robert, who passed away as an infant, a daughter, Mary, who passed away at the age of two years, and a son, Bill, married and residing in Edmonton; he and his wife have two children. Robert was a charter member of the Royal Canadian Legion, Cochrane Branch. He served as secretary and treasurer for the United Church for forty-two years. He retired from these duties in 1971, receiving a gold watch, a gold plate and some cash for his many years of devoted service.

A BLACK MAN SMILES — by Lloyd Dolen

Way back in South Virginia
Where the cotton blooms and grow
There grew a little black boy
With teeth as white as snow.
His parents were in slavery
Back in those early days,
Till Lincoln changed the system
And the slaves all moved away.
This boy became a house boy
Like colored boys had been,
And they landed in Alberta
Way back in about Thirteen.
They headed north from Cochrane
Where a homestead they found,
And folks learned to know
This black boy,
He was the only one around.
They learned to know and like him
He was happy as a lark,
His heart was white,
His blood was red,
But his skin was a little dark.
He grew up with the country,
And folk were soon to know
He was ready with a helping hand
From the Dog Pound to the Bow.
He made his home in Cochrane
And folks were proud to say,
"Good morning to you Dewey,
It is a lovely day."
And his eyes would kind of sparkle,
His teeth would flash like snow
When he would talk to little children
And wonda how they grow.
But the clock ticks slowly onward
And Dewey's gone away.
But here he is a legend
And we're all proud to say
"A Black Man Smiles."

DEWEY LEE BLANEY

Dewey Blaney, a Negro, was born in Roanoke County, Virginia, in 1897. He, his parents and his brothers and sisters moved to Salem, Virginia, in 1906. Dewey's grandfather had been a slave.

The Barnett family of Salem hired Dewey as a house boy and to help in their feed store. In 1915 the Barnett family moved to a farm in the Bottrel area, and they brought Dewey with them. He remained with the Barnetts for four years and then went to work for the Morgans. After leaving

Dewey Blayney.

Morgans, he worked at various jobs and places at Dog Pound and Bottrel, finally going to work for the Hogarths in 1927. While with Hogarths, Dewey drove a truck, and looked after their team of horses on the Banff-Jasper Highway construction.

For a number of years Dewey worked for John Boothby. When he left Boothbys he worked for several other farmers and ranchers in the area.

Dewey was always highly respected. He was very fond of children and a great deal of his money was spent on them. He was the town policeman on Hallowe'en night for many years; this always gave him a great deal of pleasure. He was fond of dancing, and in his younger days was interested in boxing. He loved playing cards; just mention a game of crib and Dewey was there.

In his retirement years, Dewey lived in a small house by the old race track, a mile and a half west of Cochrane. He used to walk to town nearly every day. Usually someone would make sure he got home all right. He always referred to himself as "the colored boy."

To most of us, Dewey was as white as anyone; a friend to many, and he was certainly missed when he passed away in 1970. He is buried in the Cochrane cemetery.

LEN AND MABEL BLOW — by Yvonne Callaway

Dad arrived in Canada and the Cochrane district in 1906. His father and mother, Louis and Gertrude (Alsop), had come to Canada from Birmingham, England, on the S.S. Canada. They brought their four young sons: Louis, Leslie, Leonard and Fred. Grandad was a cabinetmaker in England and so was not fitted for farm life or pioneering. He took up a homestead in the Weedon district, SE¼ 22-27-4-5, and moved his wife and family to a log shack which he built. A daughter Ada and a son Earl were born on the homestead and a sixth son, Stanley, was born in the Cochrane hospital, attended by Mrs. Timmins.

All the children, except Stanley, attended Weedon school, which was built in 1910. Dad was one of the first pupils to attend this school.

Times were very difficult as Grandad did not enjoy working the land, and the family had to get along on what was available from Mother Nature. Game and wildlife was very plentiful when they first moved out to the homestead but later on became less available. Their diet consisted mostly of rabbits and gophers.

Grandad had received a very small amount of money from his father's estate which didn't last long with such a large family. He went to work in the bush, cutting logs and hauling timber, then he sold or traded it for flour, sugar and a few staple goods. All the meat was obtained by hunting. The damp, cold climate and the conditions under which she was living were very hard on Grandma. She developed rheumatoid arthritis, which crippled her hands and eventually her legs and feet, but she still managed to raise her family as best she could. Earl was born after she had developed arthritis and it is unbelievable how she must have managed. By the time they moved to Calgary in 1918, Grandma was completely bedridden. Even though she was so crippled, she kept herself very busy with her embroidery. She was very accomplished in the art of papercutting. She made beautiful lampshade-like creations and many other beautiful Christmas decorations cut out of tissue paper. She kept up-to-date with world affairs by reading the paper and books. After many years of suffering with arthritis, she died of cancer in the early 1960s. Grandad, after moving to the city, worked for various furniture companies, picking up work when able. The Depression brought on tougher times and jobs were hard to get in his trade. He kept chickens and had a large garden, so grew a lot of food to keep the family. He helped with the care of Grandma, which was constantly needed. Grandad passed away in Prince Albert in 1956, after having moved there to stay with Ada and her husband.

Louis served Overseas in World War II for five years, during which time his wife Marj looked after her own family of small children and cared for Gandma and Grandad. Grandma needed constant nursing care and Marj, who lived about two blocks away, came over every day to care for them. She kept their house up as well as her own. Louis and Marjorie have two boys, Gordon and Ken, and one girl, Marilyn.

Leslie and his wife Irene owned a store in Calgary. They had four daughters, Audrey, Norma, Shirley and Ruth. Leslie passed away in Calgary in 1958.

Fred lives in Sacramento, California, and he and his wife have four daughters.

Ada married Clarke Ross, and they have two daughters, Muriel and Bernice, and two sons, Ronald and Dick. They now reside in Abbotsford, British Columbia.

Earl and his wife Mina live in Calgary, where Earl was a mechanic. They have one daughter Cheryl.

Stanley and his wife Dorothy live in Richmond, British Columbia, and have two sons, Terry and Wayne.

Dad left home at the age of thirteen, due to the hard times, and went to work for the Mortimer Brothers. He stayed with them for two years working and also attending school. He then worked at the brickyard for Charlie Burnham, who also had a small dairy herd. In 1917 Dad went to school in Cochrane and then went to work farming for Jack Annear.

During 1919-1920 Dad moved to the Mount Royal Ranch to work for D. P. McDonald. Here he broke horses and herded cattle. It was a very bad winter and Dad remembers riding with D.P. into the Wildcat Hills to chase cattle. There was no feed for them as the snow was so deep. There was two to three feet of snow and the cattle were starving. Losses were very heavy that year. On February 9, 1920, Dad rode back with D.P. to the Dog Pound to chase some cattle. Dad said, "There was a terrible downpour of rain, so we left the cattle and hit for home as hard as we could ride. The weather changed suddenly to below zero and we almost froze in our saddles."

Dad and his brother Louis then went to work for E. J. Callaway, off and on, for two years. During this time, the Callaways were shipping carloads of hay west. The hay, baled with a horsepower baler, was hauled to Cochrane, then loaded into the boxcars for shipment. It generally took two days to bale the hay and two days to haul it. While Dad and Louis were employed by E. J. Callaway, their parents would arrive every Sunday to collect their wages. After this happened a few times, an arrangement was made with E.J. to be paid at a different time, so the boys were able to have their own money. Their wages were $10.00 a month with board.

Dad worked for the next 20 years throughout the country, breaking horses, threshing and taking whatever jobs were to be had.

In 1925 he worked for Mr. Trottier breaking horses, and delivering them to Lake Louise. Upon reaching Lake Louise, he left Trottier, and

Robert Baptie got him a job guiding for Brewsters in Banff until 1934.

He then moved to Bragg Creek where he ranched until 1937. He started dealing in horses from the Stoney Indians until 1939, then he worked at Lincoln Park as a carpenter for a year.

Dad married Mabel McKenzie on January 20, 1936, the day that King George V died. Everyone said the King couldn't stand the shock!

Mother arrived in Canada at the age of nine years. She came with her parents, Elizabeth and Charles James Watt McKenzie, and her two brothers, Jack and Gilbert. Her father was a coal miner and shepherd and they came out to Springbank, Alberta, from Newcastle, Northumberland, with the Soldier's Settlement Board. They travelled on board the Montcalm. Mom attended school in Springbank for six years. She had never seen a horse, let alone ridden one, but she had to get to school. The kids thought it funny she couldn't ride, so they would holler as soon as she was on and the terrified horse took off. It was ride or else!

Charlie Mickle gave Mom a dog she called Dash and she was very fond of it. One day Sam Copithorne came along riding on his horse. He had his coyote hounds with him and they killed Dash. Mom was heartbroken.

Sam loaned Mother a horse to ride until her parents could buy one for her. A year and a half later a horse was bought from Charlie Mickle. She called it Gypsy and one day the horse got her foot caught in a fence. It was very badly injured. Sam came along and untangled it, then treated the wound and saved the horse. Mom was always grateful to him for this kind deed. Grandfather McKenzie died in 1937, and Grandma died in 1939.

After Mom and Dad were married, they lived at the Ellis ranch in Jumping Pound. I was born in November 1936, Larry was born in March 1937, Sharon in 1938, Dixie in 1949 and Colleen in 1956.

In 1937 Dad developed a sore under his right eye which turned into cancer. As there was nothing they could do for him in Calgary, he worked his way to Rochester, Minnesota, as a caretaker on a stock train for Adams Wood and Weiller Ltd. The journey terminated at St. Paul, Minnesota, and he had to catch a train to Rochester. He spent eight days at the Mayo Clinic, having surgery and radium treatments. The bill was $390.00. A year later the cancer returned and he had to make a second trip to Rochester. This time he received massive doses of radium. The treatment cured the cancer but caused radium burns to the eye, resulting in a gradual blindness in the right eye.

After Dad had worked in Calgary, we moved up to the Grand Valley district where Dad had a sawmill. When he and Mom went to town they left us children with Mrs. Dora Hinde. The highlight of the day at Hindes was "high tea." So elegant for us! Mrs. Hinde served us thin slices of homemade bread and butter, and on special occasions, marmalade! What a life we led her; we chased her chickens, ran away, got in the mud, but she would bath us and clean us up. When Mom and Dad came to pick us up, Mom would ask how we behaved. Mrs. Hinde always said, "Good as gold."

In about 1941 when Mom and Dad were working at the sawmill, Dad cut his thumb off in the buzz saw. It had been very wet and the roads were a sea of mud. The men took Dad eight or ten miles to the road by wagon, while Mom kept a tourniquet on his arm. They took him to the hospital in Calgary and the doctor sewed the thumb back on. It healed beautifully and he has the full use of it today.

Larry, Sharon and I attended Westbrook School and then Cochrane, where we moved in 1952. During the time we were in the Bottrel and Cochrane area, Dad had a trucking business.

In 1954 I married Robert (Bob) Callaway from Brushy Ridge and we have four children, Debra, David, Susan and Ann Marie. We reside on the Callaway homestead, "Pleasant View Farm," where we are in the dairy business.

Larry married Lauree Raymond from Vancouver in 1960, and they have two children, Raymond and Jennifer. They reside in Chilliwack, British Columbia.

Sharon married Ron Bardenhagen from Eckville and they reside in Singapore. They have two daughters, Terry and Sandra.

Dixie married Charles Kupsa and they presently reside in Singapore. They have two sons, Kerry and Robert.

Colleen is presently the Recreational Director for the Stoney Indian Band Council at Morley, Alberta.

Dad retired four years ago and Mom is the manager of the lunch counter at the Calgary Co-op Store No. 7. They reside in Cochrane and in January 1976, they celebrated their 40th Wedding Anniversary.

JOHN BOOTHBY

John Boothby was born in Cheshire, England, in 1895. His mother passed away in 1905. His father, William, came to Cochrane soon after, and obtained a job as foreman of the Cochrane Stone Quarry located up Big Hill Creek. He returned to England in 1914.

John came to Cochrane in 1911 and went to work at the Collins Brickyard. He became ill with typhoid fever a month after his arrivial in Cochrane and was hospitalized at the Davies' hospital, under the care of Dr. Park, then stayed with the Robert Dowson family for three months to recuperate. The Dowson and Boothby families had lived about seven miles apart in England.

For the next few years John worked in the Cochrane area, until he joined the 137th Battalion of the Canadian Army during World War I. He was wounded at Vimy Ridge and hospitalized in England, but returned to serve in the trenches

Nancy and Johnny Boothby, Bruce and Bill.

until the end of the War. He received his discharge in September 1919, and following a stay in England, returned to Cochrane. After working for Bob Hogarth, John bought land in the Weedon district north of Cochrane from the Soldier Settlement Board, and homesteaded the SW¼ 34-26-4-5, which was a water reserve. He stocked his farm with a flock of sheep which he bought from Bill Tempany.

John married Nancy Harbidge in September 1923. They had two sons: Bill, born in March 1926, and Bruce, born in January 1934. The Boothbys moved to Cochrane in 1927, and John carried on his farming business from there. For several years he and Frank Whittle worked together putting up hay and baling it. In those days, hay was generally stacked loose and baled from the stacks later on.

Nancy passed away in September 1962. In the early years of their marriage she worked hard on the farm, and helped to put up a good many tons of hay. A self-educated person, she was also a hard worker in the community. For many years Nancy taught Sunday School at St. Andrew's United Church; she was a charter member of the Eastern Star, Cochrane branch, and was one of the founders of the Cochrane Library. She also worked at the Library for some years.

John is retired and lives in Cochrane. When the new Legion Hall was built in Cochrane in 1974, John Boothby and Ernie Crowe took part in the sod-turning and opening ceremonies. John is one of the few members of the 137th Battalion still living in the Cochrane area.

Bill and his wife, the former Dorothy Reed of Cochrane, ranch north of Cochrane; they have three sons. Bruce and his wife, the former Dorothy Ellett of Mearns, Alberta, ranch in Grand Valley; they have two daughters.

W. H. HANK BRADLEY

I was born May 28, 1908, in the Brushy Ridge district south of Cochrane, and my birth was registered at the Jumping Pound Post Office.

Dad, William Percival (Billie), better known in Cochrane as the "Strongman", was born in Ontario about 1880 and came to Cochrane in the early 1900s. On a bet he would lift anything that wasn't tied down.

He married Mary Maude Smith of Cochrane March 16, 1904. She was seventeen and my dad was twenty-four. Mom was born May 14, 1887, in England.

My dad died August 1915, while haying at Claresholm. He developed double pneumonia and died soon after. Mom passed away January 1, 1945, in Vancouver, British Columbia.

My sister Mamie was born in Cochrane, March 28, 1905. When she was ten years old she lived with Mr. and Mrs. Bill Wallace for a short time. Mamie married Stan Jones in Calgary in 1921, and they went to live at Lakewood in Cleveland, Ohio. We didn't meet again until fifty years later when we had a family reunion in Calgary.

My brother John was born February 19, 1912, in Calgary; my mother left with the baby for Prince Rupert, British Columbia, in 1912, and we didn't meet again until twenty-five years later.

When I was about six years old, Dad farmed me out with a couple of old bachelors, Doogle and Storey, who lived just east of Cochrane. One day they decided to make some soup so they got out the frozen beef and went to chop a soup bone from the shank. I believe it was Storey who told me to hold the meat on the pine block. He swung at the shank with the axe, the meat slipped, and he cut the index finger on my left hand right off. First aid treatment, 1913 style, was to put my hand in a lard pail of salt and water and then wrap it in an old towel. Doogle and Storey had to catch a team and go to the neighbors to borrow a democrat before they could take me to the hospital in Cochrane. Dr. Steele did his best to patch me up. The doctor had to tie me down so that he could work on my finger.

After I got out of the hospital, Dad boarded me with Mr. and Mrs. William (Bill) Sargeant in Cochrane, who came from England in 1910. Bill was a wheelwright by trade and did carpenter work. He also worked for awhile in the Mitford mine. At the time Dad left me with him, I believe Bill was delivering mail up the Grand Valley road with a team and democrat. Even in winter

blizzards, 40 degrees below zero, rain or shine the mail had to go.

I started school in Cochrane. In 1915 the Sargeants moved into Calgary where I completed my schooling.

The next-door neighbor to us had a toaster in an electric shop for repairs and through them I learned the shop didn't have a delivery boy. I asked for the job and got it. Radio came into the picture while I was working there and the shop started to stock radios. Wilson Woodside, later wartime journalist, and Ken Tucker, who later became a professor and worked on nuclear power development, worked at the shop during time intervals of going to University. The company started to manufacture radio sets with the knowledge Wilson and Ken had about radio. I can remember tuning in on a crystal set to get Bill Grant's, W. W. Grant, CFCN program the "Voice of the Prairies" with earphones on and everyone ssh-ing for the other to be quiet so you could hear what he said.

Around 1926 I decided I would like to get into the electrical field. I became an electrician and worked in this field until 1930 then things got pretty slack, so I decided to see Ernie Thompson of Cochrane and ask for a job with Calgary Power.

I first knew Ernie when I was six years old when Dad was looking after Ernie's farm, five miles east of Cochrane. Ernie was patrolling the power lines from his farm through to the plants. I would be left alone for two or three days on the farm and I was forbidden to light the coal-oil lamp. I was allowed to light the fire in the stove and at night I would tilt the stove lids on the stove for light.

Sometimes I was scared and if Dad came home and found me whimpering he would say, "What the hell are you scared about?" He once gave me a licking for being scared and then he felt pretty bad. Anyway this is how we got along. For eats I could go into the old cupboard and find a Johnny cake, one of the staples of the times. I would go to the barn and rustle an egg out of the manger and cook it up.

Sometimes our neighbors, the James, would let me come down there if my dad was away too long. Mrs. James liked me to visit them and it was the only time I really got a good scrubbing. She would scrub me first, give me a good meal and then put me to bed. Tommy James had a threshing outfit and he contracted threshing jobs. Dad would finally show up and things would go on from there.

At that time we were living under a canvas roof with boards up the sides. My bed was a piece of canvas stretched over a grain bin inside the tent cabin. We thought nothing of it; we were wealthy enough. It was a good life. My dearest possession was a $1.00 Ingersol watch.

I went to see Ernie about a job in 1930. He asked me if I could climb poles. I said, "Yes," but I had never climbed a pole in my life. The man Ernie had planned to hire did not show up so Ernie decided to see what I could do. After I struggled away up the pole and had to be reminded to put on my belt before I made a change at the top of the pole, Ernie said, "You sure don't know much about climbing but you had enough guts to try so you will do." I was employed by Calgary Power Ltd. from 1931 until I retired in 1972 as a safety supervisor. I was written up in "Our Alberta Heritage" by James Hamilton as "Cowboy Lineman."

I married Ida Cooper March 28, 1931, in Banff. Ida was born in Scotland March 8, 1910. We have two sons, both born in Calgary. Sargeant was born August 18, 1932. He is living in Edmonton. Stuart Cooper was born June 14, 1936. He operates Bradville Kennels in Springbank.

THE BRAUCHT FAMILY — by Leah Turner

A. R. (Amandus) and Maud Braucht, with their children, Vance, Lenore, Theodore, Joanna, Leah and Robert, moved from Rainier, Alberta, to Cochrane in the early spring of 1925. They were accompanied by Bill Armstrong. They spent the first few days in the Alberta Hotel. For awhile they lived in the house where Mrs. Nagy now lives.

While the family were living in the Nagy house, Amandus, Vance and Bill Armstrong hauled all the steel girders, gravel and cement, with horses, for the bridge spanning the Bow River, one mile south of Cochrane.

Maud cooked for the crew of men that were building the U.G.G. elevator in Cochrane at that time.

They bought a quarter section of land along the north side of the Bow River, west of the bridge. They lived in the buildings that had been constructed for the crews who built the bridge. Their neighbors across the river were the Jerry Tweeds and the George Rattrays. While living on the farm, the Braucht family operated the Elite Cafe in Cochrane. During this time the cafe narrowly missed being burned down when the Fisher Block burned.

Maud died very suddenly in 1930 and was buried in the Cochrane cemetery. Soon after her death, Brauchts sold their farm and took over the Rose Cafe in Cochrane. They lived in the Chester house next door to Flora and Andy Garson. Flora was a real friend to the Braucht girls and her advice is still warmly remembered today.

The family moved from the Village to the brickyard, a mile west of the Village, remaining there about a year, then moving to a farm four miles west of the Dartigue hall, later owned by Kelly Reeves. From there Amandus moved to the Colpitt's fox farm where he did carpentering for a year or so.

He eventually moved to Caroline, Alberta. In 1942 he died of cancer in the Red Deer Hospital, and was buried in the cemetery at the Raven Church east of Caroline.

Vance married Dorothy Craig of Cochrane. While living in Cochrane their daughter Joan was born. In 1931 Vance and his family moved to Caroline where Vance owned and operated the Pioneer Store for many years. Joan married Sam Nelson of Caroline and they reside there. Vance and Dorothy are now retired and still live in Caroline, spending a lot of their time travelling, fishing, and gardening.

Lenore married Elmer Avery and they lived in Cochrane for awhile. Two daughters, Sandra and Arliss, were born while they were in Cochrane. They moved to a farm in New Brunswick, where their third daughter, Velta May, passed away. They adopted three children, twins, Bobby and Betty, and Dale. Bobby was killed while on manoeuvres with the Army in 1970. Lenore died of a heart attack in 1970 and was buried in Ottawa.

Theodore married Florence Stewart from Halkirk and they had five children: Audrey, Gordon, Kay, Robert and Donna. They left Canada in early 1943, living in New Mexico for awhile, and later settling in Southern California, where Ted was involved in the welding equipment and supply business. Their children are all married and have families. Audrey lives in Oregon, Gordon and Robert in Southern California, and Kay in Texas. Donna passed away in 1966. Ted and Florence are now retired and live at Lake Elsinore, California. They enjoy their acreage where they have fruit and nut trees, and they enjoy visiting their children and grandchildren.

Joanna married Arnold Rushfeldt of Vulcan in 1937.

Leah married Jack Turner and they farm ten miles from Caroline. They have two children, Jacqueline, who lives ten miles from the home place, and Daniel, who lives a half mile away.

Robert married Violet Brown and they have seven children: Robert, Sharon, Murray, Devery, Harold, Debra and Kenneth. Robert worked for many years on oil rigs and now owns a rig servicing company, R. A. Braucht and Sons Construction, at Swan Hills, Alberta. He and his wife reside on their ranch at Tiger Lily, Alberta. All the children are married and either live on the ranch or participate in running the family business at Swan Hills. Robert and Violet enjoy a close relationship with their children and grandchildren.

GRAEME AND MOLLY BROATCH

Graeme Broatch was born in Moosomin, Saskatchewan, the son of a pioneer family of that area. He came to Cochrane in 1934 to manage the Texaco Service Station. Later, he purchased the business, and has operated it as the Cochrane Auto Service Ltd. for over forty years.

In 1938 Graeme married Molly Rogers, and they built a home in Cochrane, where they still reside. Through the years they have both been active supporters of community affairs and the church. Graeme was Mayor of Cochrane for 13 years, is a member of the Cochrane Lions Club and the Cochrane and District Agricultural Society.

A keen sportsman, Graeme likes nothing better than a trip into some area of the mountains that is inaccessible except by saddle horse or on foot, there to fish, hunt, or explore.

Graeme and Molly had five children: Malcolm, born in 1940; Richard (Dick), born in 1942; Judith, born in 1947; Jocelyn, born in 1951, passed away in 1952; and Susan, born in 1953.

Malcolm attended the University of Montana following his schooling in Cochrane, and graduated with a degree in Forestry. He worked in New Zealand for a time and later went into the lumber business in Northern Saskatchewan. He married Elaine Downs of Cremona in 1964, and they have two children, Cameron and Heather. Malcolm was drowned in an accident at Meadow Lake, Saskatchewan, in 1969.

Dick joined the Royal Canadian Navy following his graduation from high school, and served for seven years. He returned to Cochrane, trained as a mechanic, then enrolled in the Faculty of Education at the University of Calgary. He is now teaching in Cochrane. He married Joan McLean of Calgary in 1964, and they have three children: Janice, Graeme and Kirsten.

Judith worked as a secretary in Cochrane prior to her marriage to Dennis Flundra of Cochrane. They live in the Horse Creek district and have two daughters, Sherri and Stacey.

Susan has a yen for travelling, and has worked in New Zealand, the Middle East, and is presently (1976) in Europe.

The Broatch family have all taken a keen interest in sports. They were all active members of the Girl Guides and Boy Scouts. Malcolm, and Michael Simpson, were the two Queen Scouts chosen from the Cochrane Scout Troop to attend the 8th World Scout Jamboree held in Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario, in 1955. They also attended the Jubilee Scout Jamboree held in Sutton Coldfield, England, in 1957.

Cochrane Texaco Service Station, 1930.

Their Royal Highnesses Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip on the station platform at Cochrane in November 1951. Mayor Graeme Broatch chats with Princess Elizabeth while Prince Philip greets the children.

IRVINE AND ISABELLA BRODIE AND FAMILY — by Ida Edge

Dad, son of William and Ida Brodie (Seyler) of Waterloo, Ontario, was born in 1886. He came to Cochrane in 1906 to work with his cousin, Dave Alexander, in the Cochrane Hotel. Dave was managing the hotel at that time.

Mother, Isabella Tweedly, daughter of Margaret and John Tweedly, came over to Canada from Rothesay, Scotland, in 1909. She was seventeen years of age when she came to visit her sister, Jessie Lowill, whose husband worked at the Glenbow Quarry as a stonemason.

Mother got a job working in a restaurant in Cochrane, operated by Mrs. Jack Beynon Sr. While working there she met Dad and they were married in 1910 in the Macleod house, now owned by Mrs. Dave Murray Sr. There were two girls in our family, myself and Thora.

When World War I broke out, Dad enlisted with the 137th Battalion and went Overseas in 1915. Mother took Thora and me and moved into Calgary to be near her sister while Dad was away. After the war was over we came back to Cochrane and Dad established himself in a barbershop and poolhall business.

Dad was a very active young man in sports of all kinds, especially hockey and baseball. When he got older and couldn't play, he refereed most of the games played in Cochrane. Dad was a very fun loving person and helped organize a drama club and later the Cochrane Minstrels. They were a great success and travelled to different towns putting on shows. I was lucky, for one season I had a part in a little skit with my dad and did I ever enjoy travelling with them!

Times were hard back then; we kept a few chickens and there was always a big garden. Dad worked from 9 a.m. until 1 a.m. nearly every day. A shave was twenty-five cents and a haircut was fifty cents. Dance nights were

Ida, Isabella and Thora Brodie.

always busy with men coming in from the country for haircuts, prior to going to the dances.

Thora and I both attended school in Cochrane and we both worked at the Telephone Office, operated at that time by Ernie Crowe.

I married Ollie Edge on November 4, 1936, in my parents' home in Cochrane and moved to Ollie's ranch in the Brushy Ridge area, where we made our home. We have two daughters, Myrna and Gail. Myrna married Bob Lathwell and they have two sons and one daughter. Gail married George Lauder, and they have one son and one daughter.

Thora married Dick Shantz July 7, 1941. Dick has retired from Calgary Power and they reside in Calgary. They had two sons Harvey and Richard. Harvey lost his life at the age of three, while they were living in Seebe. Richard is with the Edmonton Police Force.

Dad retired in 1943 due to ill health, and passed away in July 1945. Mother was active in her church and the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Canadian Legion. She loved tea parties, finding great enjoyment reading tea cups. Mother passed away in September 1968, after a lengthy illness.

My husband passed away in 1965, and I now make my home in Cochrane.

FRANK AND MARTHA BROWN — by Ruth Davies and Edna Copithorne

Frank Brown married Martha Moore Thompson in County of Renfrew, Ontario, on February 21, 1900. They lived on the family farm in Cobden, near Pembroke, Ontario, for four years, where Ruth was born in 1902. Frank's older brothers Robert and John came to Cochrane, Alberta, prior to 1904 and settled here. Frank sold the Ontario farm and with his wife and small daughter moved to Cochrane in 1904.

He purchased the NW¼ 19-26-3-5 and Robert McNamee built a house and barn on it for him, near a fine spring at the head of a coulee leading to Big Hill Creek. This land was purchased for about three dollars an acre. This same coulee had a seam of poor quality coal showing in its banks. Frank homesteaded the SE¼ 30, and obtained title to that quarter in 1909. The country was mostly open range, and looked like rich, lush land compared to his rocky Ontario farm. He said that when riding a tall saddlehorse the grass would brush his feet in the stirrups and was rich in pea-vine. However, you couldn't grow potatoes here, at that time or for several years later. Coyotes were plentiful. There was any amount of prairie chicken, and trout in the creek. He had a coyote hound that would pull Ruth on a hand sleigh. One day while doing this, it saw a coyote and took off. A tearful Ruth was picked up some distance from home. Driving to Cochrane from this home, they had to follow the trail just south from Cochrane Lakes, down Horse Creek road and across the bridge over Big Hill Creek near what is now the creamery.

At about this time smallpox broke out in Cochrane and they could go no further than the bridge. Groceries were brought to them there.

Frank and Martha Brown.

Ruth and Edna Brown.

The victims of the smallpox were put in tents down by the Bow River to recuperate.

Here are a few prices of groceries at that time:

Snowflake Baking Powder — 1 pound tin 10¢
Soda biscuits — 8¢ a pound.
Reindeer Brand Condensed cream — 15¢ a tin.
St. Lawrence Corn Starch — 8¢ a pkg.
Blue Seal brand flour — 24½ pound, 50¢
Beans — 3 pounds for 10¢
Baker's ½ pound tin cocoa — 27¢
Cheddar cheese — 15¢ a pound.
Jamaica coffee — 25¢ a pound.
Dried Apples — 20¢ a gallon.
Strawberry jam — 30¢ a quart.
White sugar — 20 pounds, $1.
China black tea — 20¢ a pound.
Yeast cakes — 4¢ a pkg.
Lard — 3 pounds 35¢.
Icing sugar — 7¢ a pound.
A good Mexican saddle cost from $27 to $35.

The Brown's first near neighbors were people from France named Arden who spoke very little English but became very good friends. There were several bachelors nearby, Ernie Perrenoud, Gordon Carling, Mac McNaughton and Harry Bullock to name a few. Later, Mr. and Mrs. Milligan from Ontario, and others, were near enough to be called neighbours and remained life-long friends, sharing the memories of those early years.

The Browns missed the beautiful orchards and flowers of Ontario when spring came to Alberta, but summer brought a wealth of wild flowers on the rolling hills, and the ever-present view of the majestic Rockies always filled them with pleasure.

The first two winters, 1905 and 1906, are remembered for their severity. The cattle from Ontario had less chance of survival and there were many losses. After that Frank raised and also bought and sold horses. He loved them to a fault and would spend his last cent on a good horse. His grey Percheron teams were his pride and joy and he often challenged their strength at pulling heavy loads, against other teams in the district. He lost a valuable team with lightning. Sometimes he would deal with Indians for saddlehorses, and made a few friends among them. A few of the people who bought his horses were the Creightons, Bowlens, Mr. Wallace and Wheeler Mickle.

When Ruth became of school age, Frank bought four lots in Cochrane and built a house and barn, a large corral, wood shed, and other outbuildings. The woodpile with its splitting block was standard equipment, also the outdoor plumbing.

Ruth's first teacher was Miss Inez McNaughton, sister of one of Cochrane's well-known ranchers.

Edna was born in 1908 in the home in Cochrane, with Dr. Park in attendance. The name Dr. Park is a dear memory to many in the Cochrane district. He was a dedicated family physician and friend.

Frank kept the ranch for a few years and brought horses in from there to break in the corral in Cochrane, and sell. It was a fascinating sight to see the gentle skill of halter-breaking those wild colts at the snubbing post in the centre of the corral. The ranch was sold to Mr. Claxton, a brother of a former St. Andrews Church minister. Frank took over the Bruckshaw homestead three miles out of Cochrane.

About this time, Martha, who could play the organ and piano, purchased a piano from Mr. Strickland, editor of the Cochrane Advocate, and started teaching Ruth to play. Until then, the only music available was on the records for the old-fashioned gramophone. The records were cylinders, and the machine had a big horn.

During the summer months, about 1910 or 1912, Frank was foreman of a crew of men constructing and surveying roads up on the Ghost River, Little Red Deer, Jumping Pound, Bragg Creek and Sheep Creek areas. Mr. Greenwood was his surveyor. The country he worked in was very wild; the game, such as mountain sheep, were quite curious and tame. During the early

summer the rivers were raging torrents to ford with all their equipment. At one time, he became very ill with rheumatic fever, and always claimed that Mr. and Mrs. Jack Bevan, who were doing the cooking for the crew, saved his life by their good nursing and getting him to a doctor — a long rough journey in a wagon. The illness left him with a heart condition. The forest rangers, Alf Bryant, Jack Atkinson and others became his life-long friends. He also knew a few of the hardy pioneers out in those remote regions. Stan Fullerton of Bragg Creek tells about helping Frank to haul logs and build the first Forest Ranger Station in that district. While Frank was away all summer, Martha rented half of her home to Mrs. Alex MacKay, who was also alone with her small son Donald, while Alex worked at the Merino Ranch.

Among the highlights of those years in Cochrane was one night of terror when all Big Hill was on fire and Brown's well was one of the few that didn't go dry. Imagine hauling water up Big Hill in buckets to put out that fire! But the town was saved.

The Twelfth of July was something to look forward to. All the Orangemen, Frank included, took their families to Banff by train to march down Banff Avenue with bands. The fun of riding on the train with so many friends, and going to the zoo in Banff were highlights to remember.

The Indians always camped up on the hill where the High School is now. During the winter we used to feel sorry for the children crying inside those thin tents. The children in Cochrane would pay friendly, timid visits to the Indian camps, sometimes taking gifts.

For many years after Edna was born, Martha suffered ill health and had a succession of nurses to care for her. One well loved one was Mrs. Mose de Repontendy, whose husband ran the bowling alley in Cochrane and later owned the hotel.

Miss Bruce was one of Edna's earliest teachers. When the Bruces first came to Cochrane there was a pile of buffalo bones as high as a hill beside the railway tracks. They were being gathered and shipped to a sugar refinery. Bruces lived where the police barracks now stands and the school she taught in is now the Masonic Hall.

Many times during the fall, in the daytime and at night, the sky would be full of geese honking and circling the town. The men would rent democrats from the livery barn, and hunting parties would go out to Cochrane Lakes.

Between 1914 and 1918, the troop trains moved slowly through Cochrane. The windows were jammed tight with the young faces of soldiers eager for the cheers and the parcels thrown to them. One time the Duke of Connaught came, and a group on horseback met his train.

The brickyards and stone quarry were operating then; there was also an oil derrick set up near the bridge below the cemetery.

Bobby Butler's first car caused quite a sensation in town; he was a colorful figure. Frank Brown bought a milk cow from him, called Sloppy, who lived for many years. Martha churned butter and Edna would take fresh buttermilk over to her friend Aunt Minnie Bailey, later Mrs. S. Allen. Jean Russell, Minnie's niece, spent almost every summer holiday with Edna during their school years. They spent many happy hours in Jock Bailey's bakery and ice cream parlour.

In 1918, Frank and Martha sold their home in Cochrane and moved out to the Bruckshaw farm, the NE¼ 14-26-4-5. The first thing needed was a quiet pony for Edna, which they bought from Mr. Ripley. Next, they bought twelve milk cows from Sid Chester, a small flock of sheep from Bob Hogarth, a number of pigs and horses, and went into mixed farming.

The first requirement was a good well and this was dug with the help of Tom Spicer and Orr Fenton. When the well reached a depth to use dynamite, Tom and Frank let Orr down the hole in a bucket on the windlass. Orr set the dynamite in a hole in the rock and lit the fuse. They pulled him up and sat at a safe distance from the hole then waited and waited. Finally, Orr, against the advice of the other two, persuaded them to let him down the hole again, as he was sure the fuse had gone out. When he got near the bottom of the hole he yelled, "Let me up! Let me up! It's lit!"

They got so excited that the rope jumped the windlass and they had to pull him up by hand. All three ran for their lives and just got clear when the blast went off, shooting rocks and boulders high in the air. The next time they had to use dynamite, the fuse seemed to go out again, and despite much pleading from the other two, Orr walked over to the hole and looked in just as the blast went off. His big hat was blown in the air and riddled with holes, but he only received a few bruises and scratches. The rocks from that well were very interesting because they were full of fossils. William Camden also helped with the well, and being a stonemason by trade, he could pick up a rock and know exactly where to hit it to make it break open.

During the winter of 1919, many cattle died of starvation. Frank had some feed to spare and Steve Peyto came over to buy some for his dairy herd. They had a long argument over the price of the feed, as Steve wanted to pay the current high market price and Frank wanted to give it to him to save his cows. They finally came to an agreement on a lower price.

Crops were good on that farm, but the knotter on the old binder gave a lot of trouble, and Alex McEwan had to be brought out in the buggy many times to fix it. The threshing was usually done by Mr. Callaway, Lloyd Fenton, or Tom James, who had a portable steam engine and a conveyor for the straw. The granary and the strawstacks were on a knoll where the prairie chicken danced. It was lovely to see and hear them doing this, and also on moonlit nights the

straw stacks were a meeting place for jack rabbits. They were so plentiful, they had well-worn paths across the fields in the winter.

Martha became well known for her fine cooking. Her Sunday dinners were enjoyed by many bachelor neighbours. The Sunday singsong around the piano was enjoyed by all. George Dodds was an especially fine singer. Phillip Eyers built the Browns a crystal radio set. It was great fun listening to W. W. Grant on CFCN with the two ear-phones, but woe betide the person who jarred the little wire off the crystal and lost the station.

Martha was also a skilled seamstress, having taken a tailoring course when a girl. She could make old clothes look like new. Throughout the years she was a faithful member of St. Andrews Church and a member of its earliest Ladies Aid. Her grandparents were pioneers in Ontario and although she suffered ill health much of the last half of her life, she had that pioneer spirit that carried her through the hardships of the depression years. At one time she had a knitting machine and knit wool socks by the dozen, to sell. Ruth and Edna helped with the milking and would take the cream to the Cochrane Creamery in the buggy. Mr. Loughery had such a pleasant personality that they always enjoyed their trip there.

The Carlson place along the Big Hill Creek was leased for more pasture and Ruth and Edna had to ride after the stock besides riding to school. Ruth quit school near the end of high school as her mother's health was very poor.

The McNamee place was purchased and the family moved over to the buildings there beside the spring. Andy Garson and Frank put up hay in nearby fields, and the Garsons camped in the yard. Flora cooked for the hay gang. There was much fun and card games with the hay gang in rainy weather. Jimmie McEwan did custom baling in the winter and his stay at the place was always enjoyed.

As Ruth and Edna grew up, most of their social life was in Cochrane where their school friends lived, but they attended dances at Weedon, and the local picnics. Ruth married Edgar Davies in February, 1927, and lived in Cochrane, while Ed walked back and forth to work on Beynon and Davies' dairy farm just out of town. Edna finished school in Calgary then worked in Mrs. Allen's confectionery store for a couple of years. She married Percy Copithorne in 1931, and they live on the Richard Copithorne place.

Frank sold all the cattle. Martha became so ill that he had to rent a home in Cochrane, and their dear friend Mrs. E. C. Johnson nursed her until her death in 1935. After that, Frank's interest in the farm seemed to be gone, and the heart just went out of him. One morning he stoked the fire and went out to feed the horses as usual before breakfast, and the house burned down. The many neighbours for miles around rallied to help build another house for him, but he soon sold the place and rented a housekeeping room in Calgary. Here, in 1942, he died of a heart attack.

Ruth and Ed have two children, Aileen, an R.N., married to John Copithorne of Whirlwind Dairy Farm, and Gordon, who is Vice-Principal of Cochrane High School. Aileen and John have three children, Lloyd, married to Clara Bakker, Sandra and John.

Edna and Percy have three children. Sheila, an R.N., is married to Ted Burger, a wheat farmer at Arrowwood; they have three daughters, Dixie, Betty and Lynn, all at school. Marshall, a graduate of Olds Agricultural College, is married to Trudy Flumerfelt and they run the C. L. Ranches Ltd. They have three daughters and one son, Cheryl, Kathy, Michelle and Ryan. Margaret, a lawyer, is married to John Ramsay, also a lawyer. They have two daughters, Melissa and Gillian.

Frank and Martha lived a quiet life, seldom in the limelight of the community. In the memories of their children, however, they were always happy to assist anyone in need and to offer a warm welcome to a visitor at their door.

THE BRUCE FAMILY — by Stuart Grayson

Donald John Bruce was born in Dunvegan, Isle of Skye, Scotland, in 1836. He came with his family, which included three generations, to Selkirk Grants, Prince Edward Island, in 1841. In 1869, he married Margaret Jane Smith of Rawden, Nova Scotia.

In 1883, he and his younger brother John, who had been born at Valleyview, Prince Edward Island in 1849, came west with the C.P.R. construction, to Lake Louise (then known as Laggan). Later they both came to Cochrane, Donald as a foreman on the C.P.R. Section west of Cochrane, and John was Section foreman at Radnor. John, who never married, was killed in an accident in October 1905. An unscheduled train ran into the back of the handcar he was operating.

Building what was claimed to be the first private home in the town site of Cochrane (the Royal Canadian Mounted Police Station is now there), Donald brought his family West in 1887, the family being his wife Margaret, children Leslie John, Catherine, Adela Maud, Ewan Mark, and Blanche. One daughter, Amanda, had passed away in the East.

Donald took out a homestead north of Cochrane on NE¼ 22-26-4-5. His original cabin is still part of the present house on the land. Donald Bruce passed away in 1909 and his wife Margaret in 1932.

His son, Leslie, was a schoolteacher, spending most of his time in British Columbia, where he was a School Principal and later, School Inspector. He married Elma Baker, a graduate of Dalhousie University, in Nova Scotia. They had no family and both are now deceased.

The Donald Bruce house in Cochrane.

George Bunney with his children, Ellen and George.

Adela Maud, unmarried, was also a long time schoolteacher, teaching in Alberta and British Columbia. After retirement she returned to Cochrane, but in 1938 she accompanied her nephew Stuart Grayson to Fort Vermilion, where Stuart was then stationed. Going up there was a thrill for Adela Maud; it was her first plane ride. When Stuart was transferred out in 1939, she remained there, because there were older children needing assistance with their education, and schools were not available. However she had a bad heart, and the climate was too severe in the winter. She moved out to Edmonton, where she passed away in 1943.

GEORGE BUNNEY — by George Bunney Jr.

My father came to Cochrane from Cornwall, England, in 1912. He worked at the blacksmith shop owned at that time by Sam Christianson. In the fall of 1913 he left Cochrane and went to work in a blacksmith shop at Pincher Creek, Alberta. He came back to Cochrane and at that time a shop was available at Bottrel. This he rented from Mr. Boucher and went into the blacksmith business again.

In August 1914, World War I broke out and Dad, being a British Reservist, had to go. He served Overseas until 1919, then came back to Cochrane and purchased the blacksmith shop from George Hope. He later sold the shop back to George.

In January 1920, Dad and Miss Lily Edith Peyto were married, and in 1921 they moved to the C. W. Fisher place and started a dairy business. They remained there for eight years. Dad ran a door-to-door delivery of milk to the residents of Cochrane while living on the Fisher place. In 1929 he purchased the Tweed property south of the Bow River and moved the dairy business there. For twenty-five years, Dad delivered milk door-to-door, never missing a day. Because of ill health he stopped the daily milk delivery and started shipping cream to the creamery. In 1954 I took over the dairy business from my father.

Mother and Dad had two children, Ellen, and myself. Ellen married Ed Beynon. She passed away April 16, 1948. They had two children, Florence and Edward Clive. Edward passed away June 4, 1944, at the age of 5 months. I married Donna Washington and we have three sons: George, Alan and William.

We sold our property south of the river and moved to a dairy farm north of Bearspaw. About a year ago we sold this farm and moved to our present home, two miles east of Innisfail. I am still in the dairy business with a purebred herd of Holstein cattle.

Dad passed away in 1961. Mother lives in her own home across the road from us and keeps well at the age of 82 years.

CHARLES M. BURNHAM STORY — by daughters Annie and Vella

Charles M. Burnham and wife, Dora, came to Cochrane in 1902 from Bristol, New Brunswick. Dad helped to build, and later managed, the Cochrane Hotel. We remembered Dad telling us how the cowboys used to ride right up to the bar. Later he had a butcher shop on the main street. After giving up the butcher shop business, Dad purchased a brick yard and at that time we moved to our farm one and a half miles west of Cochrane. There was a race track very close to our home. We had a Chinese cook whom we called "Crazy Jim." He was very good to all of us, bringing us silks and shell jewel boxes from China when he went back for visits. Later he lost his life in an accident on the highway just outside of Banff, Alberta.

Dad did a lot of horse-breaking for neighbors and we remember watching him. It was a dangerous job. We had several head of cattle and horses on the farm and all their drinking water had to be pumped by hand. This was a big chore and to compensate, Dad gave each of us a small calf to raise. We entered them in the Cochrane Fair. Annie's calf took first prize for beef and Vella's took first prize for a dairy calf. We were very proud of our efforts and our calves.

The Burnham children.

Four of us were born in Cochrane, at the Beynon Nursing Home; Annie in 1906, Vella in 1908, Russel in 1912 and Aubrey in 1914. Annie and Vella attended school in Cochrane, walking the mile and a half from the farm when the weather permitted. Maud Bruce was one of the teachers. Angie Fisher used to drive to school with a little cart pulled with a beautiful Shetland pony. We used to love having rides in the cart. We have vivid memories of the big house at the foot of the hill known as the "Ghost House." A lady that lived there believed in "spirits" and would set glasses of wine on a fence post for them. I'm afraid the spirits turned out to be some of the local "young fry" around town enjoying the free drink.

A very dear gentleman that some may recall was Harry B. Staughton. He lived with us on the farm and used to take us to the English Church where he taught Sunday School. He later moved to Campbell River, British Columbia, where he spent the rest of his life working for the church.

We left Cochrane in 1919, moving to Drumheller, Alberta, where Dad worked for the C.N.R. as a car carpenter until his retirement in 1940. He died of a heart attack in 1951. Mother moved into the Sunshine Lodge and at the age of 88 years she fell and broke her hip. Three days later she passed away. This was in 1970.

Annie married Joe Blanchard and they have a son and a daughter. Jack married Denise Waters; they have three children, Jay, Janice and Monty. Joy married John Ziegler, and they have two boys, John and Rory. Vella married Jack Fisk and they had a son Larry who is married and has four children. Russel married Thelma Lane and they had three children. Russel passed away in 1939. Aubrey married Hazel McLeod and they had two girls and a boy. Vella remarried in 1957 and she and her husband, Sam Kusenko, live in Drumheller. Vella is secretary for Knox United Church in Drumheller. Annie lost her husband in 1971 with a heart attack, and she is living in Drumheller.

MR. AND MRS. THOMAS CAIRNS — by Betty Flemons

My father, Thomas Cairns, who was born in Scotland, came to Canada in 1910 with his father, William. William bought the NW¼ 32-26-3-5, about ten miles north and east of Cochrane. This land was later bought by his son Norman, and is now the property of Jonathan Hutchinson.

Prior to coming to Canada, Grandfather and his sons were in the market gardening business, specializing in growing potatoes. Dad's sister, Margaret, came over from Scotland in 1913 and kept house for her father and brothers until 1917. At that time she and Linford Gwyer were married. Margaret and her husband were on their honeymoon, going to England on the Lusitania, when the boat was sunk by a German submarine. By some miracle they were both saved.

In July 1922, Dad married Lila Webster. Their wedding took place in the Webster home situated at the west end of Cochrane. Dad and Mother moved into the town of Cochrane in 1924. At that time Dad purchased the feed mill and livery stable from my grandfather, R. Webster. My brother Bill was born in 1923, and my twin brother Bob and I were born in December 1924.

Dad and Mother were both active in various organizations in Cochrane. Dad operated the Feed Mill until his death in 1936.

Tommy Cairns, 1923.

Both my brothers served in the Air Force during World War Two. Bob is still in the Air Force in Winnipeg, Manitoba.

My memories of Cochrane are happy ones, and I have always been glad that I was raised in a small town. I recall all the kindness shown our family when Dad passed away, and I will always remember two really dedicated teachers that I had, Mrs. Greer and Mrs. Cruickshanks.

HAROLD CALLAWAY FAMILY — by Mary Fenton and Gordon Callaway

Our father, Harold Callaway, was born at Turtle Mountain, Manitoba, in 1894. His family moved from there to Kamloops, British Columbia, for a short time, then came to the Brushy Ridge area in 1900. In 1916 Dad married Amy Elizabeth Hughes, who had come from Bristol, England, to the Brushy Ridge area in 1905. After their marriage Dad and Mother moved to a farm at Crossfield, Alberta. They had a quarter section there and Dad worked for nearby neighbors to supplement their income. He earned a dollar a day. In the spring of 1919 Dad and Mother moved to the Cochrane area, buying three quarter sections from Sidney Chester, for the sum of five thousand dollars. The land purchased was the N½ 24-26-4-5 and the SW¼ 24-26-4-5. Shortly after they moved there, an overnight blizzard hit, piling snow up over the corral fences. This was May 24, 1919.

In 1928 Dad hired Gus Culling to break a quarter section of land. This was a very wet summer and Gus wore a slicker suit and plowed every day. He was using horses and it took most of the summer to do the plowing. About this time Dad built a big barn and a pig house. They kept seventeen or eighteen cows, shipping cream and using the skim milk to feed pigs and chickens. In 1930 there were two barn dances held in the big barn. Ma Trainer's Orchestra supplied the music.

Dad worked out during the summer months and Mother stayed home and kept things going. Dad bought a threshing machine and did custom threshing for many people in the district. The crews varied from six to fourteen men depending on how good the crops were. Quite often the fall threshing ran for six weeks. Young men and their fathers from around the district all helped, usually exchanging work so that not too much money exchanged hands. This meant a lot of work for the women, but they also helped each other, making it an enjoyable job, which they looked forward to each year.

Dad had a Thoroughbred horse called Major; he used to enter in the races at Cochrane, and won a few races with him.

In 1931 Dad bought another half section of land from Mr. O'Neil. He paid four thousand five hundred dollars for it. Orr Fenton had lived on this land and was Dad and Mother's nearest neighbor for many years; occasionally Orr did chores for Dad. Later Orr moved to a farm near the Cochrane Lakes. Dad sold oats for eleven cents a bushel in 1931. That year he added to the house and installed water and a sewage system.

The farm work was mostly done by horses, especially the haying. One summer Dad had a hired man to help in the hay field. During the hot weather the man had a great deal of trouble with his feet getting sore. Mother suggested he add a small amount of formaldehyde to some warm water in a basin and let his feet soak in it for awhile. This he did and was sitting with his feet in the water, when all of a sudden he jumped up with a queer expression on his face, ran out of the house, across the yard, hurdled the corral fence and jumped into the water trough. He had made the mixture too strong. At the time it was not so funny, but later we all had a good laugh over it.

In the summer, entertainment was usually school picnics. A couple of school districts would get together and make it a gala day with races and lots of good fun. There used to be a lot of family picnics in nice spots not too far from home. In the winter, neighbors would take turns having parties in their homes. People also took turns taking sleighs and horses, and picked up their neighbors along the way. It was not unusual for twenty persons to be riding in the sleigh; and such singing as the horses travelled along! The music for many of the dances was provided by Frank Laing and Dave Murray and anyone else who could play an instrument. Sometimes the old gramophone helped out. Many of the winter evenings at the Callaways were spent listening to the gramophone, later the radio with earphones, and we played a lot of cards and read books.

Roads were a problem, all dirt, and many times impassable in wet weather. In winter the roads were blocked in with snow so horses came into use quite regularly.

Dad was a member of the United Grain Growers in Cochrane and one year he was chosen as a delegate to go to Winnipeg. Mother went with him. This was quite an event for them as holidays were a rarity for farmers in those days.

There are four children in the family, Mary, (Mrs. Earl Fenton), Gordon, Jean (Mrs. Hillman), and Clarence. Mother passed away in 1958 and Dad in 1959.

WILLIAM CAMDEN FAMILY — by Cyril Camden

My father, William Camden, was born in England and came to Canada at an early age, residing in Winnipeg. He returned to England for a short time and then, accompanied by his wife Ellen, returned to Canada, this time to Calgary in 1912.

Dad was a stonemason and a stonecutter by profession. He helped in the building of several sandstone buildings in Calgary including the King George School. In 1915, at the request of Charles Fisher, Dad came to Cochrane to work on the large sandstone home that Charles Fisher

William Camden, on right, working on King George School, Calgary 1912.

W. Camden (left) and Lawrence McNamee working on the Andison Block.

was building. This home is now being used by the Franciscan Order.

The family moved to a farm presently owned by Bob Beynon Jr., just west of Cochrane. While there Dad had a dairy business and supplied milk to the residents of Cochrane. He sold his dairy to George Bunney and went back to carpenter work, and the family moved into town. There were four children, George, Elsie, Cyril and Doris.

Dad helped to construct many buildings in the Cochrane area, and being an expert stonemason, also built many fireplaces in homes around Cochrane, Exshaw and Banff. He helped to build Andison's Store after the Fisher Block burned. At the request of the Kerfoot family, Dad built a memorial in the Wildcat Hills for a member of the family lost in World War II. For some time Dad was employed at the Exshaw Cement Plant.

We children all attended school in Cochrane. Doris became a teacher and taught school at Beaupre and Cochrane. She is Mrs. Estabrooks and she and her husband have two children, Ross and Beverly. Elsie never married. She was employed by the Federal Government for many years.

George and his wife Iris live in Calgary, where George has been a salesman since moving to the city. Prior to leaving Cochrane he worked at the Chapman Garage. They have two children, Bud and Carol. I enlisted in the Armed Services in World War II and after completing war duty became postmaster at Cochrane, a position I held for ten years. I married Mildred Wallace and we have two children, a son Cam and a daughter Wendy. We now farm north of Cochrane.

Dad was keenly interested in sports of all kinds, but he especially enjoyed curling. He was a member of the Oddfellows and the Masonic Lodges in Cochrane. Mother and Dad were members of All Saints Anglican Church.

Elsie and Mother both passed away in 1957 and Dad in 1971.

THE CARLSONS — by Ruth Creelman

Our parents came from Revelstoke, British Columbia, to a farm north of Cochrane in May 1927. Nora, Arthur and I were in our teens but Mae and Stanley were still going to school.

When we moved to the area, Dad brought a carload of fence posts and several head of milk cows; he had to buy his horses and machinery at Cochrane.

Dad just got started farming nicely when the Depression hit. I can remember the hard times we went through.

The first summer we were on the farm there were a lot of violent thunderstorms. Dad was building a barn and it got hit with lightning.

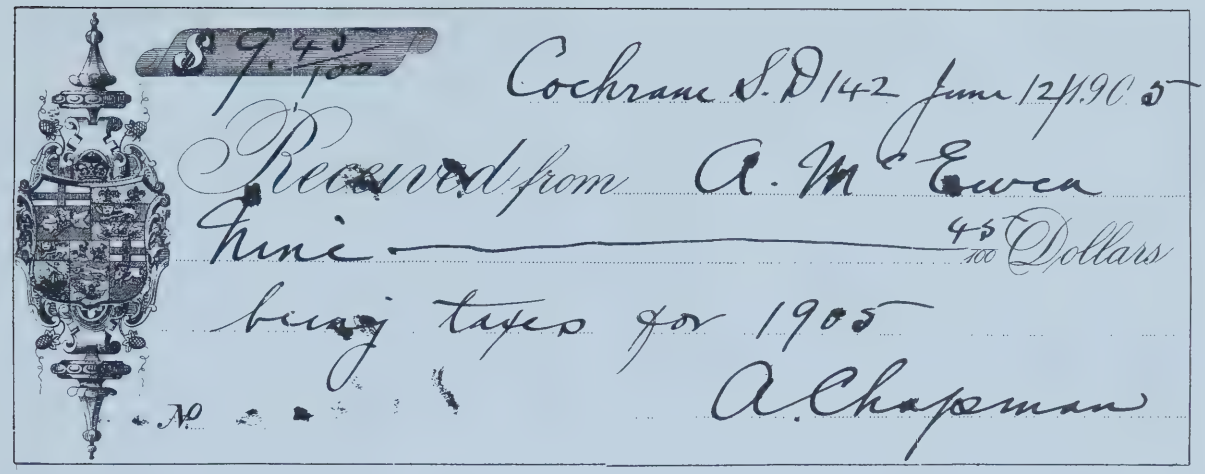
Mae and I stayed on the farm for ten years then we both got married and moved to the Coast. In 1945 Dad and Mother sold the farm and they, with Arthur and Nora, went to the Coast. A year and a half after Dad moved he passed away. Mother got arthritis quite badly and she was an invalid for several years, passing away in 1952. Some years later Arthur died of a heart attack. Stanley chose to stay in Alberta, although he did spend some time in British Columbia. He now resides at Rocky Mountain House.

I often think back to the terrible winds and dust storms we used to get in the early 1930s.

Nora has been ill and is living in Victoria; I spend quite a lot of time going back and forth to visit her. My husband and I are still on the farm but should have retired long ago.

CHAPMAN BROTHERS — ROBERT AND ANDREW — by Ruth Vanderburgh

Andrew and Robert Chapman, twins, were born in Argyll, Scotland. They came to Canada, arriving in Calgary in 1899. Robert went on to Banff, Alberta, and found work in a general store owned at that time by Dave White. Andrew remained in Calgary, finding work with the C.P.R. where he remained until 1902, at which time he decided to go to Banff and join his brother, Robert. In 1903, in partnership with Dave White, Andrew came to Cochrane and set up a general store business. Robert came to Cochrane with him and went into the carpenter business. The carpenter business proved to be more lucrative so Andrew sold out his interest in the store and he and Robert formed a contract-



ing business and worked in and around the Cochrane area. Their first large building was the C. W. Fisher block. In 1909 they built the Saint Andrews United Church. Other buildings erected by them, some still standing, are the Gulf Garage, and the two-storey brick house beside the garage, where Mr. and Mrs. Chapman made their home. The garage was built in 1918. In 1916 they built a butcher shop for Ernie Andison; this is used today for a laundromat. They put up many farm buildings, among them a frame house and barn for the Countess Bubna and a large home for Arthur Crawford.

Andrew went into local politics and in 1906 became the Mayor of Cochrane village. In 1912 he became Postmaster, a position he held until 1949. When they built the Chapman Brothers Garage, Robert took over the management of it and continued to operate it until it was sold to Marshall and Jim Baptie in 1935.

Andrew was a member of the Orangemen's Order, Superintendent of the Sunday School, and both he and his brother took a keen interest in curling. Robert was an avid fishermen. Soon after the sale of their garage, Robert passed away. He had never married.

In 1918 Andrew married Margaret Seal. She joined him as Postmistress and worked with him until his retirement in 1949. Andrew was also Police Magistrate in Cochrane for six years. He and his wife did not have any children.

Upon retirement from the Post Office, Andrew and his wife moved to Victoria, British Columbia. Margaret passed away in 1959 and Andrew in 1961. Both were cremated and their ashes were strewn on the Juan de Fuca Straits, near Vancouver.

The following was taken from Andrew Chapman's memoirs and was sent by his sister-in-law, Ruth Vanderburgh.

In 1903 when I arrived in Cochrane there were three churches, all well attended, one store and one hotel. People were honest folk then, a locked door just wasn't. The Presbyterian Church which I attended, had services in the afternoon and evening. It became too small and a new one was built and except on special occasions, it has been too big ever since. We had no police force in residence back in 1903, but there was an occasional patrol made by the N.W.M.P. I do not want you to think because of what I have said that there was not any crime; we had a murder in 1905, a man of Hungarian nationality was working on the C.P.R. section all summer and one night he disappeared. He was in the butcher shop in the evening and when he left the shop that was the last time he was seen alive. The next morning the section foreman was short one man, and while questioning his crew he noticed that one of the men had a badly scratched face. When asked about it, the man said he had scratched it on some brush. About three days later the man with his face scratched, up and disappeared. The mounted police were notified. They suspected murder and a search took place. Several local townspeople and the mounted police went out but they were unable to find anything. In the spring, Mr. Howard who was a partner in the store

First Cochrane Troop, Boy Scouts. November 1912. Back r.: Jerry Tweed, Ivor McNamee, Percy Seal, J. E. Laird (a Cochrane teacher), Bill Pitter, Andy Chapman, Sidney Pitter, Charlie Flack, John Tweed. Front r.: Grafton McNamee, Ernest Craig, George Craig, Alf McNamee, Stanley Mortimer, Leslie Maggs, Jackie Pitter.

business with me, went out to look at his horses on the flats west of town; he came upon what appeared to be a grave. He came back to the store, told me what he had found, and we called the police in, also the section foreman, Mr. Barrett. Even though it was late at night we went out to the spot. Using shovels and lanterns we started to open up the grave. When we got all the loose earth out there was no body; we decided that the body had been removed and taken somewhere else so we went towards the creek, and we found a hat which the foreman said was the hat worn by the missing man. We never found the man, but when the fishing season opened up, two boys were fishing along the river. One boy was standing on a big rock and when he looked down there was the body. Needless to say, a track record was broken. That same boy became an engineer on the C.P.R. in later years and we often joked about it.

About 1908 a smallpox epidemic broke out. The family that was delivering milk to the people in town came down with it first and it spread like fire. Tents were put up down by the river and everyone with smallpox was sent there. I recall guards being put on the roads entering the town so people could not come into the town; guards were even at the railway station. One of the teachers was Miss MacIntosh and she got smallpox. When the epidemic was over, members of the village council had to go to every house with disinfectant. All those residing in the house had to have a bath using it, no bath rooms in those days, just a galvanized tub in the middle of the kitchen floor. When everyone was thoroughly disinfected, the children went back to school.

A second hotel was built and this was indirectly the cause of a riot. Cowboys of the area formed the habit of having a few drinks at one and then going to the other to see if the liquor was any better. On this particular day there was an extra gang of C.P.R. workers in town. They were doing the same as the cowboys, going from one place to the other. The both groups met on the sidewalk about midway and neither would let the other pass so a real fight broke out. The C.P.R. workers went to their boarding cars and armed themselves with guns and knives. They came back with every intention of cleaning up on the cowboys. The bricks for putting on the outside of the hotel were all in piles around the building. The cowboys used them for their ammunition; it did the job all right, men soon started scattering, then a chap stepped out on the hotel verandah and with the use of a scatter gun soon dispersed the remaining rioters. Ed Cole, a very innocent by-stander, was stabbed in the abdomen. The police were called and some N.W.M.P. arrived from Calgary on a hand car. They disarmed all the workers. Mr. Cole had been taken to Mrs. Howards. He was unable to make positive identification as to who stabbed him, however, the injured recovered, but some of the Italian workers were sent to jail for awhile.

SIDNEY D. (SID) CHESTER

Born in London, England, in 1873, Sid Chester came to Vancouver at the age of 16 years. He met and married Tina Campbell while he lived in Vancouver. About 1895 he came to Cochrane and took out a homestead, the NW ¼ 30-26-4-5, in Grand Valley. After residing there for a few years he purchased land northeast of Cochrane, where he farmed for awhile. This land is now owned by Gordon Callaway.

Sid and his wife adopted two boys. One boy, Wallace R., passed away in 1913; the other boy lost his life in World War I.

Sid and his wife moved into Cochrane around 1913, where Sid purchased the Howard Block and set up a store business. The block became known as the Chester Block. There was a dance hall upstairs, where many a good time was had by the young folk of a few years back.

Sid operated a lumber yard in Cochrane for a number of years. He was also in the real estate business. At one time he owned several houses in Cochrane.

Mrs. Chester passed away in 1953, and Sid passed away in 1960.

Sid's homestead is now owned by P. and M. Cary.

Sid Chester's homestead house.

Sid Chester's auction sale.

Mrs. Chester and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Sid Chester, at their ranch in Grand Valley, in 1895.

Mr. and Mrs. Sid Chester, around 1925.

C. S. (SAM) CHRISTIANSON — by Laura Salisbury

My dad, Sam Christianson, was born in Iceland in 1871. He, his parents, younger brothers and baby sister started out for Canada with a boat load of immigrants in 1877. Dad's father died on the boat coming over and was buried at sea. They arrived on the shores of Lake Winnipeg in the middle of winter. Dad's mother had three small children and twenty-five cents in money and the others I am sure didn't have very much either. They lived in tents the first winter. Smallpox broke out among them and quite a few of the settlers died including Dad's baby sister. The next winter they had log cabins to live in. I do not know how long they remained there but some of the families went to North Dakota. That is where my dad met my mother. Mother had been born in Manitoba. Dad came out to British Columbia in October 1901, and settled on a small place just outside of Fort Langley. Mother and my two brothers came out on New Year's Day 1902. I was born there in 1904. Mother developed tuberculosis so Dad moved into Vancouver so Mother would be nearer a doctor. The doctor advised him to take Mother to a higher, drier climate, so we came to Calgary in 1904.

In 1905 Dad got a job on a ranch situated in the hills between Cochrane and Morley. The people who owned it were Lucius Coleman and his aunt, Miss Adams, who had come over from England. In 1906 Dad worked on the Creighton ranch. In the spring of 1907, we moved to Morley. My mother was in the Indian hospital there and that spring she passed away. My mother, oldest brother and Grandma Christianson are buried up on the hill in the Indian cemetery.

Dad got a job with the government there. He built a blacksmith shop, also did haying, rounding up cattle and was general handyman.

Dad married again. My stepmother was a cook at the Indian school and had come from Ontario. They had two girls, Mildred, born at Morley and Ruby, born at Cochrane.

In August 1911, Dad bought the blacksmith shop in Cochrane, so we moved there. In September we started to school. Dad was kept busy shoeing horses, welding farm machinery and making brands for the ranchers. We always had lots of company. Dad would bring his customers to the house for dinner if he hadn't finished the job he was doing for them. Some of

Interior of the Blacksmith Shop, around 1910. Sam Christianson and George Hope are the blacksmiths.

Blacksmith shop in Cochrane, men in doorway: Sam Christianson and G. Pitter, lad unknown.

the men that worked for Dad were: Lloyd Fenton, Scotty Allen, George Hope and George Pitter (at different times).

I recall the day the grandstand at the race track burned down. The town had gotten a big tank on wheels with a long wagon tongue on it. The men of the town would run with this to the fires. That day they couldn't get to the fire soon enough and the grandstand burned to the ground.

We came back to British Columbia in 1917. Dad passed away in 1945 and my stepmother passed away in 1946.

Mildred died in 1960. She had an adopted son. My brother, Ches, died in January 1975. He had one son and one granddaughter.

Ruby is Mrs. J. F. Ormrod and has one daughter and three sons, also, eleven grandchildren.

NOTE: This fire equipment is now in Heritage Park in Calgary.

MR. AND MRS. ANDREW CLARKE

Andrew Edward (Andy) Clarke was born in 1886 in Horsley Woodhouse, Derbyshire, England. He came to Canada in 1907. Florence Gertrude Lawrence was born in Nottingham, England, in 1892. She came to Calgary in 1909 following her marriage to Andy in England that same year. The family moved to Cochrane in 1913, where Andy was a partner in the firm of King, Rattray and Clarke. He had contracts with Parslow and Denoon and Pat Burns, to buy and ship cattle.

Andy opened a butcher shop in Cochrane in 1914; the business thrived until 1935, when it succumbed to the Depression. In the meantime, however, he had branched out by buying some land, and gravel pits. He started out in 1927 with a contract to build the old bridge at Cochrane. His company, A. Clarke and Sons, is still incorporated, although it is not active at the present time.

When the butcher shop closed, Andy went to work in Calgary. He retired in 1951 and died in 1957. Mrs. Clarke died in Lethbridge on February 11, 1970, at the home of her eldest daughter, Jessie Sanders.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarke had nine children, two of whom died in infancy. Of the three sons and four daughters, the eldest, George, is the only one still living in Cochrane.

CLEMENT C. COLGAN — by Maybelle Mofford

Clement Cornelius Colgan, my dad, was born in Lacrosse, Wisconsin, in 1888. His parents were Irish. He had some grade school in Lacrosse and while in his early teens he went on his own to work. For awhile he worked as a teamster on railroad construction. Dad tells many stories of the hardships encountered and other events of this colorful part of his life.

He eventually worked his way to Canada, trailing horses from Montana. He was fond of horses and found work on ranches in southern Alberta, the Layzell ranch near Calgary being one of them. While at the Layzell ranch he met and married Annabella Mackay Jamieson in 1914. She was born in Scotland in 1883, and came to Canada with her mother, sister and two brothers.

Together Mother and Dad worked on a ranch near Pincher Creek. The name of the ranch was "Hole in the Wall." After working there awhile they decided to come to Cochrane and take out a homestead. They lived for awhile in the Horse Creek area on land owned by Mr. Layzell, while proving up on their homestead, the SE¼ 9-28-5-5, northwest of Cochrane. When they came from Calgary, Mother drove the team and buggy with all the household goods and their personal belongings and Dad trailed the livestock.

While Mother and Dad were living on the place at Horse Creek, Dorothy and I (Maybelle) were born. In 1920 or 1921 they moved to their homestead. Dad called it his ranch; he ran several head of horses and some cattle. He had land broken and grew some grain. During the summer Dad worked out to supplement his ranch income. He worked on the building of the Windermere Highway, driving his heavy work horses pulling road equipment.

In 1925 Dad sold the ranch and moved to a farm on the edge of Big Hill Creek near Cochrane. The following year we moved into Cochrane and went into the chicken business. Dad had purchased a threshing machine and a Hieder tractor and did custom threshing around the Cochrane area. I might mention that Dad owned the only Hieder tractor in the area. He did a lot of carpentry work and played a major role in the building of the Elks' Hall, now known as the Cochrane Community Hall. Then Dad went into the garage business, taking over the old Regal Service Station and the Ford dealership. Bert Sibbald had previously operated the business. Later Dad built a new service station with the aid of Imperial Oil Company, who had purchased the land. He still kept the Ford dealership. This service station is now called Bow Ridge Motors Ltd. and is just across the street east from the Royal Bank. Dad remained there until 1940 and at that time he went to Calgary and worked around the city for awhile.

He moved to British Columbia and had businesses at Bridal Falls and Okanagan Falls before retiring to Keremeos. He is living quite comfortably there, keeping busy with a large garden, some fruit trees and a few chickens and geese. He is in fairly good health for all of his eighty-seven years of adventurous living.

While in Cochrane Dad was an active member of the Elks' Lodge. Mother was an active member of the United Church and was a dedicated worker in the Canadian Legion and the Red Cross during World War II. Mother passed away in 1965. Our home in Cochrane was sold to Florie McKay and moved to her farm in Horse Creek.

THE COOK BROTHERS, WILLIAM AND JOHN — by Winifred Turner

My uncle, William Cook, came to Cochrane from England in 1899, and my father, John Cook, arrived in 1900. Mother and I came to Cochrane in 1901.

Father and Uncle William took up adjoining homesteads on land west of the Bow River Horse Ranch, on the south side of the Bow River. Until 1912 they farmed together and as Cook Brothers raised registered Clydesdale horses. They won prizes at the Calgary Exhibition and they also arranged and won the district display for Cochrane at Exhibitions in 1910 and 1911.

In 1912 they dissolved partnership and my father purchased three quarter sections of land north of the Bow River across from the homestead. The C.P.R. took over a half section of this land for an experimental farm and Father managed it for them. While managing the farm Father won the World Championship for barley in 1913, at Chicago.

From 1911 until 1918 when he passed away, Father was Justice of the Peace for the Cochrane area.

My uncle William married Mrs. Emily Williams of Mitford. After their marriage, Aunt Emily and Uncle William took over the homestead, where they remained until 1939, then due to Aunt Emily's health they sold the farm and moved to Calgary. Aunt Emily passed away in 1939 and Uncle William spent his remaining years with my husband and me at Victoria. He passed away in 1965.

The following letter was sent to John Cook's grandmother in 1908:

P.S. We shall be pleased to hear from you at any time.

Bow Point Ranche
Cochrane
Alberta
Canada
Jan. 30, 1908

Will Cook, Mrs. and Mr. Arthur Turner, Mrs. Viney, taken in Victoria, 1964.

Dear Grandmother and Cousin,

We were very pleased to hear from you and to hear you were well, also to know about the baby. You didn't mention her name; I suppose you have decided on one by this time. I have two girls, Winifred, 13 years and Amy 6 years. I gave them names outside the family as the cousins were getting so numerous that there was likely to be confusion. Will is still a bachelor; we are partners in this place, as I presume Mr. Squire is interested in Agriculture and might like to know something of how we are doing here. We farm and own about five hundred acres which is bounded (as we used to say in the school books) on the north and west by the Bow River, which is about fifty times larger than the river at Umberleigh, and is full of beautiful trout. I have caught upwards of thirty in three hours. Winnie often goes out and catches enough for a good supper. Our shooting consists mostly of Wild Ducks of numerous varieties. They are very plentiful during autumn, when the two of us often get twenty before breakfast. The other bird shooting is principally prairie chicken, a kind of grouse about as big as a hen pheasant. Our worst wild animals are coyotes, a small wolf about as big as a collie dog. They steal our hens and lambs if they get a chance, but are very much afraid of human beings.

We shoot them if we get a chance, but most are killed by hounds. Our next door neighbor has a small pack and we sometimes go hunting with him. We also shot a couple of Lynx last winter. It is a kind of large cat with very ferocious looking claws. One of them killed three lambs for us before we hunted him up a tree with dogs and then shot him. The larger animals, as bear and deer are found in the mountains which are about fifty miles west of us. We can see hundreds of mountain peaks from our front door. They tower right up into the sky and we can see snow on them all the year around. The air here is so very clear that they seem only a mile or so away. The main line of the Canadian Pacific Ry. which runs from coast to coast passes on the opposite bank of the river within a few hundred yards of our house. The nearest station is Cochrane which is just a mile, but we have to go around by a bridge. It is two miles from here. We have quite a little town here. The stores are very large and do an immense business. You can get anything you require from traction engines to needles. There are hotels, livery stables, blacksmith shops, harness makers, Doctors, banks, butchers, bakers, etc. Then we have sawmills, a coal mine and four large brickyards. Our leading merchant is M.P. and speaker in the provincial parliament. In case you think we are among foreigners I must mention that there are over fifty people from Bristol within visiting distance. Our next door neighbour is a son of the town clerk of Honiton, Devon. On the other side the manager is from Newton Abbot. We had over twenty people here on two occasions this Christmas: on one of these we had two who were not English born and on the other, only one. Jack Tweed "Honiton" sang us the old Devonshire song, "Tam Pearce's Gray Mare" in the dialect.

Instead of seeing the shady Devonshire lanes here all our fields are divided by barbed wire

fences all of which we built ourselves. We also did all our own building, well digging and such like. Our buildings are some of logs, others of lumber (that is planed and dressed boards). We are at present building a twenty-horse stable of stone which we quarried ourselves, and are also doing the masonry. We are quite expert carpenters, masons, etc. as you need to be, for if you hire, mason's wages are 2/6 an hour and carpenters 1/8. We rather pride ourselves on the fact that when we came on the land here it was quite bare and without hiring any labour we have got it fenced and fitted with buildings better than lots of people who have spent a great deal for hire. Of course this is in addition to all the ordinary farm work, and we have a lot of that, but as we use all the labour saving machinery we get through a great deal. Our principal business is horse raising. We have a few good horses, mostly heavy ones. A couple of years ago we bought two registered Clydesdale Mares and a Stallion. They cost us an immense lot of money, but we have several colts already which promise to pay back our outlay. We propose to go in for quality rather than quantity. This is a remarkably fine country for horses as we never take in or feed our brood mares. They run in the fields all the year round and keep fat and hearty right through the winter. We wean, halter break and feed colts. First winter they don't get touched often until they are broken. We have a flock of sheep, some of them are Registered Shropshires. In time we shall get rid of crossbreds and only keep purebred for raising rams to sell to breeders. We have a few breeding pigs, Reg. Berkshires. We feed them mostly on oats which I daresay seems unusual to you but it grows beautiful meat. We don't go in for many cows; only one or two for our own use and a youngster or two running. We don't grow much wheat. The winter variety is grown in this district. Oats are our principal grain crop. We shall sow about forty acres of them this spring. We get about 40 bushels to the acre. Last year they weighed 44 lbs. to the bushel. Potatoes are a good paying crop with us. We plant several acres, planting, weeding, hoeing and digging is all done by machinery. We do a considerable lot of market gardening as cauliflower, peas, beans, beet, onions for which we get very good prices. You will be thinking we have to work pretty hard, but we really don't. We only drive the horses, the machines do the rest. Haymaking, for instance, we cut and rake without touching by hand, then we have an appliance which pushes the hay right into the stack. We only top up with forks. No thatching as we get no rain to hurt after July. We don't even thatch our grain stacks. Our weather would appear strange to you. We get no rain and very little snow from September to May. We had half an inch of snow yesterday. That is the first since last September. The grass is brown and dry all the winter, but stock do well on it. People talk at home about the hard Canadian winter, but it is really a long way better than the rain in England. All of us like this country very much and think there is a great future before it. You must bear in mind that less than thirty years ago this part was unknown except to Indians and Buffalo. The bones are all that is left of the buffalo, and the Indians are civilized ranchers and farmers. Space and time says I must close now with kind regards to all from J. Cook.

THE WILLIAM ALEXANDER COOK FAMILY — by Rowena M. Want

"Go West young man, go West." In 1912 William (Bill) Alexander Cook heeded this call and set out to homestead in the vast unknown regions of the Peace River country.

The third of nine children, Bill was born December 4, 1883, in Cooksville, Ontario, a city named in honour of his forefathers who established the first farms and commercial enterprizes of the area.

Bill had a successful mixed farm, but the call of the West was too strong, so he sold everything and headed west. At Winnipeg he stopped to purchase a team of Clydesdales for seven hundred and fifty dollars, then proceeded on to Buffalo Lake, Alberta, to stake out his ranch. Life was very hard and lonely for a young man in this wilderness; roads were non-existent and the population was very sparse, so he sent for his young lady, Grace Delos McCutcheon of Sparta, Ontario. At the time she met Bill she was a student nurse in St. Thomas, Ontario. They were married in Grande Prairie in 1915.

Farming in this desolate land was most difficult. In 1921 they left Buffalo Lake and headed south to civilization — now there were four of them — a daughter, Rhoda May and a son, Gerald Alexander. A year of "town" living at Exshaw was enough for Bill, so they went back to the land. They settled in the Horse Creek area where a daughter, Bessie Marjorie, was born. In 1926 they purchased two hundred and five acres of bald prairie from the C.P.R. It lay about half a mile south of the village of Cochrane, with the beautiful Bow River forming the southern border. Bill, Grace and the children planted 3300 trees around the perimeter of their new farm. These seedlings of caragana, poplar, Manitoba maple and ash were all planted by hand by the family, which had increased by one, a daughter, Rowena Mable.

Despite the rocky land and drought conditions, the trees grew well and today their lovely green summer foliage can still be seen from the top of Cochrane Hill.

In the 1930s the Depression was prevalent everywhere, and Bill, with his team and wagon, worked on road construction and did many hauling jobs in the village to help supplement the farm income. They acquired a sizeable herd of sheep which was doing well when several large dogs from the village ran amuck, massacring many of them. Cooks were unable to obtain any compensation for this needless waste of food so vitally necessary to the family. Another tragedy occurred when a curious Clyde colt became too adventuresome and was swept down the river.

The Cooks raised purebred Clydesdale horses and purebred Jersey cattle. Bessie and Rowena

showed Jersey calves at the annual school fairs and consistently won top prizes in the dairy breeds.

In 1935 Bill moved back to the Horse Creek area for a couple of years before settling in the Cochrane Lakes area, where he planted another 800 trees. In the face of great adversity, Grace and the children kept the old home place.

When the War started in 1939, Gerald was employed with Canada Cement, Exshaw. Early in 1940 he joined the R.C.A.F., took his basic training at Claresholm, then went Overseas and was stationed with the Coastal Command in Northern Ireland. Rhoda worked in Calgary for a few years then moved to Oakville, Ontario, where she met and in 1952 married George Haville of Oakville. They had two children, a son, Charles and a daughter, Eva Nell. Rhoda passed away September 19, 1973.

When Gerald returned from Overseas he started farming on the old home place. In 1947 he and Carmen Barkley of Springbank were married. They later moved to the Springbank area where they still farm. Gerald and Carmen have one daughter, Edna, married and residing in Calgary.

While Bessie was teaching at Bentley, Alberta, she met an R.C.A.F. serviceman, Clifford Cummins of Olds. After his discharge from the service he entered the Faculty of Education at the University of Alberta. Bessie and Cliff were married in 1947 and have two sons, Stanley and Brian. They reside in Innisfail, where they both teach school.

Upon completion of high school in Cochrane, Rowena joined the work force in Calgary where she met and in 1946 married Leonard Want of Calgary. They have four sons, Charles, Lawrence and Lloyd of Calgary, and Edward, who resides with his parents at Cochrane, and a daughter, Linda of Nanaimo, British Columbia. Leonard and Rowena came to live on the Cook farm at Cochrane Lakes in 1973.

With the children married, Grace was able to retire and take a well-deserved holiday. She returned East to visit her brothers and sister at Sparta. While there she became ill and passed away March 22, 1952.

Bill Cook with his team of matched Clydesdales.

In December 1949, Bill took a trip East on the C.P.R.; on the return journey a wreck occurred at Brooks. Bill received internal injuries, a broken wrist and ankle, and was in a critical state for a long time. He later commented that it would have killed a young man. In the late spring of 1950, he returned to his farm and began to rebuild his herd of purebred Jerseys. His Clydesdales won second prize at the Calgary Exhibition and Stampede. The years had begun to take their toll, and Bill found it too much to milk and care for his beloved Jerseys so he sold them by auction. He began to spend the winters in Calgary with Rowena and also stayed with friends. The warm summer days were spent back at the farm until he suffered a broken hip, that confined him to the North Bethany Auxiliary Hospital, where he passed away February 19, 1975.

CLAUDE COPITHORNE FAMILY — by John and Olive

Richard Claude Copithorne was the third son in a family of nine children born to John and Susan Copithorne. Claude was born at Jumping Pound, August 25, 1891, with Mrs. Hugh Robinson in attendance. He died in Calgary, March 1958.

Claude received his elementary education at the Jumping Pound School, but was obliged to leave at an early age to help on the ranch. As a young man he spent a great deal of his time breaking horses for his dad as well as for neighbors. Sundays in the summer were spent practicing for rodeos. Claude and his brother John held the bulldogging championship at the Cochrane Rodeo, which used to be held at the old Cochrane Race Track.

When the family grew older, John senior bought a home in Victoria, and Claude decided to apprentice to become a painter. He had to give this up after a bout with lead poisoning. After recuperating, he went to work for the Sunbeam Dairy in Victoria, which had been purchased by his father and Mr. Stobart of that city.

On August 27, 1915, Claude married Charlotte Elizabeth Young, in Victoria, and they moved to a homestead in the Jumping Pound area. Charlotte, known by her friends and family as Lottie, was born in Cork, Eire, July 20, 1890, and died in Calgary, February 1961. She came to Canada in 1911 with her sister Nan and her uncle. Lottie was one of the first students to enroll for a business course at Mount Royal College in Calgary. After graduating she took a job as secretary in the City Hall. She later moved to Victoria and worked in the Dominion Hotel for a short time.

Lottie and Claude's mother took a trip back to Eire in 1914. There was some excitement and anxiety on their return trip when their ship was

chased by a German submarine; fortunately they escaped unharmed.

Claude and his brother John had adjoining homesteads in Jumping Pound in the area known as the Lone Star. Their homes, log houses, were built by Chapman Brothers of Cochrane. John's house burned down but Claude's house still stands and is used by his relatives as a camp in roundup time. After two years on the homestead it was decided that Claude should move to the home ranch and run it for his father. This was a relief for Lottie, who found homesteading a real trial as she had been raised in the suburbs of Cork and was in no way equipped for the hard, lonely life. The homestead was located on a trail that the Stoney Indians used when riding to Calgary, and they often stopped at the Copithornes to barter for grease or hides. The Indians terrified this green, Irish girl, especially if she happened to be alone. She could not understand them very well and always expected the worst from them.

Claude and Lottie's only transportation was by team and wagon or horseback. Learning to ride was also a new venture for Lottie, equipped in the style of the day with sidesaddle and long riding skirt.

Due to the long trip from the Lone Star in a democrat over rough roads to the Cochrane Hospital, Claude and Lottie lost their first child at birth. However, on August 16, 1918, a daughter, Charlotte Olive, was born in the Scottish Nursing Home in Calgary and in 1925, on June 8th, in a nursing home in Cochrane, run by Mrs. E. C. Johnson, a son, John Claude, was born, with Dr. Waite in attendance.

In 1920 Claude moved his family to Cochrane to live on the old C.P.R. Experimental Farm on the W½ 1-26-4-5, located on what was then known as "Dream Hill."

The two-storey house was something to remember as it was built with shiplap on the outside and beaverboard and V-joint in the interior with only patches of tar paper between and no insulation of any kind. Central heating had not been thought of and in winter the house was little better than a tent.

Claude took the farm over from his eldest brother, Jim, who had run it for the two previous years. He went into the dairy business and shipped milk to Union Milk in Calgary, run by Grant and Carlyle, which is now known as Silverwood Dairies Ltd. He also raised about fifty sheep on the hills and for a short time had about as many pigs. These had to be disposed of as the health authorities thought they might contaminate the milk, even though they were kept locked up some distance away from the cow barn.

After a few years the NE¼ 2-26-4-5 was purchased from Andrew Garson and the SW¼ 11-26-4-5 from Tom Fisher. With this purchase of land it was possible to run more cattle.

Both Olive and John received their education in Cochrane, riding to school on their ponies which were stabled in a barn in the schoolyard. After a year at home, Olive took a business course in Calgary, and worked first for the Precision Machine Company for $40.00 per month, for a five and one-half day week, then for the Income Tax Department at a slightly higher salary and shorter hours. In 1941 she married Emyr Jones and they have one daughter, Patricia, presently working in Banff. Emyr emigrated from Wales in 1930 and at the time of their marriage was working in the C.P.R. Ogden Munitions Shops as a machinist. After the war he worked for a time for Smith Batteries and then moved to Cochrane to work for a year for his father-in-law while waiting to take over the George Rattray ranch which had been purchased by Sam Copithorne. Eymr and Olive ran this ranch for ten years on a crop-share basis, then purchased the Canmore Dairy from Lloyd Fenton and have made their home in Canmore ever since.

The Number One Highway was routed past Claude's farm in the early days and when it rained or snowed it was a very muddy road. Claude was often called on to bring his team to haul the cars up the hill. Sometimes he was paid for his trouble but most times he was not, as money was scarce. In the winter, snow piled up and even after the highway was gravelled and finally paved, snow plows rarely came out. The road was generally cleared by the use of horses and fresnos so people could get to town. There were many accidents on the old route, which ran south of the buildings, caused by cars coming down the hill too fast and crashing at a sharp turn at the bottom, injuring the occupants. Claude and Lottie were often called on for first aid and the use of the phone for help. Finally the Government rebuilt a portion, making a wide gradual curve and widening and straightening the portion between the farm and Cochrane. This work was done in the hungry 1930s by men who lived in a relief camp situated on the farm. They used picks, shovels and wheelbarrows for the greatest part of the construction. Their morning's pleasure seemed to be rattling these as loud as possible in order to frighten Olive's horse on her way to school. The horse would shy, then run the rest of the way down the hill and jump a three-foot ditch at the bottom. This gave them a reason to stop work and watch the show. The present 1A Highway was later built on the north side of the buildings, by Paget Brothers.

The boredom of moneyless days on the farm was somewhat relieved when the cook and boss from the Relief Camp, Thomas Walker and Charlie McLean, came over in the evening to play bridge and to their annoyance had their serious thoughts interrupted by the singing of the camp's first aid man, Bill Graham, and Olive's piano accompaniment.

A three-table Bridge Club in town was also an outlet for the Copithornes. They joined such ardent players as the Whittles, Davies, Klassens, Woodsons, Browns, Moores, Turners, McNamees, Dr. and Mrs. Rivers, Waites and Jim Baird to mention a few, who came and went at different times.

Claude also enjoyed curling and many exciting games were exchanged in the old curling rink on natural ice; the odd game of crib was played in between draws.

When the Banff-Jasper Highway was built, Claude was able to hire out a team of horses in care of his brother Ernie and a Welsh chap, whom we only remember as Taffy. This helped bring in a little extra income during those rough times, as it was hard going for Claude, with milk cheques only coming to $60.00 per month and eggs selling at 10¢ a dozen. Payments on the farm were much higher than the income, and interest was compounded annually. A hired man was needed as Claude's health was poor as a result of rheumatic fever when he was young. His brother Charles helped him for a few years, but the man who worked for him the longest was John Hoeksma, who stayed thirteen years. When the War broke out John joined the Air Force. In the mid-1930s the C.P.R. re-assessed the place and reduced the price considerably, thus relieving a tough situation.

Milk was hauled to the train in Cochrane every morning by team and wagon. Later when the highway was improved, a truck started hauling and this was a great help to the farmers as it gave them more time for other chores. Jack Steel ran this business for quite a few years then sold to Robert Hogarth who passed it on to his son Harvey. Norman Newsome then bought the first bulk tank truck and has since sold it to Gathercole Transport.

Claude was brand inspector and weighmaster at the stockyards in Cochrane from 1920 until the stockyards were closed and torn down in 1941. The lumber was bought by Lloyd Fenton and Charles Robinson to make corrals. Claude's horse brand was CC Bar on the right thigh. His cattle brand, still registered in his son's name, was 3J Bar on the right hip.

For many years the threshing was done the old-fashioned way by Thomas James, a neighbor from Glenbow. This job entailed hiring extra men, though for the most part farmers managed by exchanging hours of work. For the women it meant cooking large quantities of food and serving big teas and dinners. Mr. James has always been the source of a bit of family amusement because of the fact that he could balance his peas on his knife in order to eat them, and John, then a small boy, tried to copy him but got a sound smacking after dinner from Mother, who thought it very uncouth. On Mr. James' retirement, Lloyd Fenton took over the threshing and everyone awaited his arrival in the usual anticipation as each wanted their threshing done first in case it snowed before the job was done.

In 1938 times started picking up a little on the farm and milking machines, new stanchions and water bowls with running water were installed in the barn making dairying much easier.

In 1951 John married Aileen Davies, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Davies of Cochrane. At this time Claude and Lottie bought Alfred Callaway's home in Cochrane where they retired, leaving the farm in John's care. John and Aileen have three children, a daughter, Sandra, and two sons, Lloyd and John. The eldest son, Lloyd, married Clara Bakker in 1973 and they are living on the Lloyd Fenton farm which John purchased in 1970.

In 1960 the milk companies demanded that milk cans be abolished and milk had to be hauled into the city in bulk tanks. This necessitated another renovation to the barn to accommodate a large bulk tank to hold the milk until the truck called. New machinery and a barn cleaner were also added. John and his family are deeply interested in farm work so in 1962 changed from grade Holsteins to purebreds. The Copithorne children have entered many 4-H Dairy Club shows successfully, and almost every year John has entered his purebreds in cattle shows from Coast to Coast. There are many trophies and ribbons in their home to prove the success of this venture, and cash prizes have helped considerably also.

To conclude, one might say, thanks to inflation and to better times, the dreams on "Dream Hill" have, at least in part, come true.

NICK COSIS

Nick hailed from Greece; it is believed that he supported a wife and family at home, although they were never mentioned. "Cosis" was only part of his actual surname, but Nick shrugged it off as good enough in an English speaking community.

Nick came to Cochrane shortly after World War I and established a shoe repair business in the Fisher block. When fire destroyed the block in 1927, he re-opened his repair shop in a small building on the site of the present Town Hall. He would repair almost anything that was made of leather or canvas. During the Depression he was probably one of the busiest men in town, as few people could afford new shoes, harness or binder canvasses!

Although Nick was a friend to all, he associated more with the Greek communities in Calgary and Banff, than with local groups. He was cheerful and well liked; most people called him "Old Nick", or "Solus-a-heelus." The latter nickname came from his usual greeting to a customer bringing shoes for repair.

"Solus-a-heelus?" he would ask briskly in broken English, "I fix."

The walls of Nick's tiny living quarters, which was also his shop, were papered with Irish

H.R.H. Prince Philip and Nick Cosis, Cochrane, November, 1951.

Sweepstake tickets. In those days it was illegal in Canada to purchase tickets for the Irish Sweepstakes, but Nick had "contacts" and sold tickets to many of his customers, while the Law looked the other way.

In 1951 Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip made a brief stop in Cochrane. To everyone's surprise, Nick pushed through the crowd, introduced himself to Prince Philip, gave him a belt which he had made, and had a little chat with him. Apparently Nick and Prince Philip's father had come from the same locality in Greece.

During the 1950s Nick closed his shop and moved to Calgary, where he passed away in 1959.

THE ROBERT PRIMROSE CRAIG FAMILY — by Mamie Johnson

Mr. Craig, better known as Scotty, was born in Dumfries-shire, Scotland, on December 16, 1860. At the age of twenty-three, he came to Canada and joined the N.W.M.P., at Regina. Two years later, he came to Cochrane and worked on a ranch in Jumping Pound for Mr. Johnstone, (Aileen Sibbald's grandfather). In 1894 Scotty filed on a homestead in the Nose Creek area.

Miss Rose Chaldicot, born in Toller, Dorchester, England, came to Canada with her sister around 1890. Scotty and Rose were married in Calgary in 1895. Later Rose's father came to live with them until he passed away.

The Craig's first child, Robert, was born April 11, 1896. Scotty and his family went back to Scotland to visit and there a second child, Ernest John Higginson was born, August 25, 1899. When the Craigs returned to Calgary, a daughter, Lillian Mary (Mamie) was born March 29, 1902, and Donald Primrose was born August 13, 1905. Two years later the family was stricken with diphtheria and they lost their oldest son at the age of ten years.

In 1908, after the family was well, Mr. Craig took up a homestead, the SE¼ 24-25-5-5, in the Jumping Pound area. They left Calgary and went to Springbank with a horse and buggy. They stayed with Ethel Crawford's parents, the Munros, the first night, then on to the homestead the next day. Dorothy was born on the homestead, May 15, 1909.

In 1910 Mrs. Craig moved to Cochrane so Ernest and Mamie could go to school. Mr. Craig stayed on the homestead until his three years were up so he could prove up on his land, then he sold it to Duncan Robinson and moved into Cochrane where he was the village constable for

Robert Primrose Craig and his son Ernest, World War I. 1915

Mrs. R. P. Craig.

a few years. Later he was night watchman at the Ghost Dam, west of Cochrane.

Rose Craig passed away July 14, 1929, and Robert Primrose passed away January 26, 1930. They were buried in the Cochrane cemetery.

Mamie married William Johnson and she has two children, Robert Douwe, born in Cochrane and now living at Sylvan Lake, and a daughter, Donna (Mrs. Richard Miller), born in Rocky Mountain House, who is now the school librarian in Cochrane.

Dorothy married Vance Braucht in Cochrane, June 30, 1931. A daughter Joan was born in Cochrane. The family moved to Caroline, Alberta, where they farmed, then ran the General Store until they retired in 1973. Joan and her husband, S. Nelson, live on a ranch at Caroline.

Donald, now retired, married Dorothy Hall, and they too farmed at Caroline. Dorothy passed away when their fourth child was born. They had four daughters: Rose, who resides at Red Deer; Irene, a nursing aide, married Douglas Pace. She and her husband both work at the Brentwood Nursing Home in Calgary; and Margaret, Mrs. M. F. Boode, who resides at Red Deer, Alberta.

THE ERNEST JOHN HIGGINSON CRAIG FAMILY

Ernest Craig, second son of Robert Primrose Craig, attended school in Cochrane, and was a member of Cochrane's first Boy Scout Group organized in 1912. He and Ivor McNamee were honored by Governor General Roland Michener at the Boy Scouts' 60th Jubilee Celebration held in Calgary in 1972.

Ernest, at the age of 16, joined the Canadian Army in 1915 and served Overseas. He married Grace Hedgelong, of Ashford, Kent, England, in Calgary on February 17, 1920, and returned to Cochrane with his bride. They went to live north of Cochrane on the old Steel homestead, which they purchased from the Soldier Settlement Board. In 1920 they went to live on the SE ¼ 2-26-4-5, just east of Cochrane, now within the town limits. Ernest lived here until he retired in 1965 and went to live with his son Robert in Exshaw, Alberta.

The Craigs had three children: William Robert (Bob), born December 26, 1920; John (Jack) Joseph, born April 5, 1923, and Jean Primrose, born July 27, 1930.

Robert joined the R.C.A.F. in 1940 and served five years Overseas as a pilot, and was discharged with the rank of Flying Officer.

He married Muriel McWalter from Exshaw in 1948, and they went to live in Exshaw, where Robert has worked at the Canada Cement Plant for thirty-six years, first as an analyst, now as a foreman.

Robert and Muriel have six children. Douglas Lloyd married Gail McDonald and they live in Calgary where Douglas is taking accounting and is Office Supervisor for Carseland Kellog Co. They have one daughter, Kimberley Krista. Robert John, single, is a heavy equipment operator and truck driver for G.E. Construction in Exshaw. Richard Ernest works at the Banff Park gates. Wendy Lou has just finished her Grade Twelve. William James works at the Pacific 66 service station in Exshaw. Donald Laurence is still attending school in Exshaw.

During World War II, Jack served five years as a dispatch rider with the R.C.A.F., and served in Italy and South Africa.

After the War he married Eleanor Janzen from Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, and they came to live in Cochrane, where Jack worked as a construction foreman for Shell Oil until his death in February 1962.

Jack and Eleanor had eight children. Louise Doreen (Mrs. Wayne Cooper) is serving in the R.C.A.F. in Trenton, Ontario. She and her husband both hold the rank of Corporal, and Louise works in underground tele-communications. Kenneth Robert married Judith Bogart of Cochrane. He is an R.C.M.P. constable in Campbell River, British Columbia. They have one son, Robert Lloyd. Jo Anne married Doug Alton from Cochrane. They have two children, Casey Scott, and Shelby Lee Ann. The Altons lived in Yellowknife, Northwest Territories, for a few years. They are now living in Calgary, where Doug works as a Government radio operator at the Calgary Municipal Airport. Jack, single, is Assistant Manager at Moore's Food Master, Cochrane. Vance, single, works for the Hudson's Bay Company in Northern Alberta. Nancy Lee is attending her second year at Mount Royal College, Calgary. Carson has just finished Grade Twelve and Tommy is still attending school in Cochrane.

Jean worked at a bank in Calgary for ten years. She married Angus MacKenzie and they live on a farm east of Cochrane. They have four school-age children: Craig, Susan, Kathy and John.

Grace passed away in 1963 and is buried beside her son Jack in the Cochrane cemetery, Ernest passed away April 11, 1975, and is buried in the Field of Honor in Canmore.

THE WALTER CROWE FAMILY

Walter and Mary Crowe arrived in Cochrane from Newcastle, England, in April 1904. Walter had been a coachman for the Lord Mayor of London prior to leaving England. They had three children born in England: Ernest, in December 1899; Ethel, in January 1901, and Robert, in August 1902.

They went immediately to R. W. Meicklejon's Minnehaha Horse Ranch in Grand Valley, later called the Critchley Ranch and then the Rhodes Ranch. Walter worked there for two years, breaking horses. When the Meicklejons retired to Florida, the Crowe family moved to Banff, where Walter worked briefly for Colonel Phil Moore, who married Pearl Brewster.

Returning to Cochrane, Walter homesteaded the NE¼ 24-27-5-5 on Horse Creek. In November 1906, a daughter Mabel was born, and in April 1913, a daughter Violet was born.

Walter Crowe was instrumental in organizing the Chapelton School District, now known as Horse Creek, and donated two acres of his homestead for the school site.

In 1916 Ernest joined the 137th Battalion C.E.F. in Calgary and served with the 10th Battalion in France, at Vimy Ridge, and Hill 70, where he was seriously wounded in 1917. Walter enlisted in the 211th Battalion and served in Canada before being honourably discharged.

Prior to Ernie's discharge in 1919, and his return to Canada, his dad had sold the farm to the Soldier's Settlement Board. The family had moved to Cochrane, where his dad and Robert bought the Alberta livery stables. Ernie joined them in the business, selling coal and hauling

The Crowe and Whittle families having a picnic, 1915. L. to R.: Violet, Walter, Ethel, Mabel, Bobby Crowe, Letha Whittle, Grandfather Whittle holding Eva, Frank Whittle, Ernie Crowe, Earle Whittle, Mrs. Crowe.

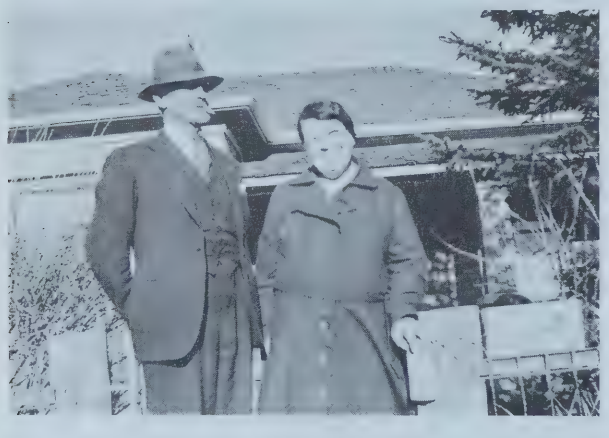
Ethel and Mabel Crowe.

freight to the stores, and carrying the mail for three rural mail routes, Dog Pound, Bottrel and Lochend, three days per week. About 1920 the Crowes bought the first Ford ton truck in the area. Even after its advent, the rural mail delivery, and trips with the doctor, had to be done in the winter and spring seasons with horses and sleighs or democrats; sometimes the mail was carried on pack horses.

In 1920 Ethel Crowe worked for Belle Truman as an operator in the telephone office. She met and married Pete Drever. Pete was well known in the Calgary Horse Show. After a year in Calgary, where their first daughter, Eileen, was born, they migrated to Mt. Kisco, New York State, and worked with horses on some large estates. Three more daughters were born: Joy, Virginia and Doris. Virginia died in Calgary in 1930, while on a visit to Cochrane with her mother and sisters. In the 1930s Pete and Ethel acquired their own riding school and stables and made several trips back to Alberta to buy potential polo and hunter horses. Pete died suddenly in June 1940. Ethel, left with three young girls, had to sell out and go to other work. She has been in retirement for the last twelve years in Bedford Hills, New York State. Her three daughters now are: Mrs. Gene Powell, Bedford Village, New York; Mrs. Jas. Barron, Arlington, Texas; and Mrs. Jack Armstrong, Bedford Hills, New York.

Robert Crowe joined the R.C.M.P. in 1927. He served at Fort Churchill on Hudson's Bay, The Pas, Flin Flon, Island Falls and at several other

Ernie and Bob Crowe. Taken at Chapelton School in 1911.



Walter and Mary Crowe, around 1932.

Robert Crowe holding an unidentified child, and Ernie's children Stanley and Connie.

stations. While on detachment at Tisdale, Saskatchewan, he married Hilda Lamb of that town. When stationed at Melfort, Saskatchewan, a son Barry and a daughter Bonnie were born. In July 1945, while Staff Sergeant at Sub Division Headquarters, Prince Albert, he drowned in Lake Waskesiu. Barry, his wife and two daughters, live in Vancouver. Bonnie, her husband, Ken Walberg, three daughters and her mother, live in Prince George, British Columbia.

Mabel Crowe married William Bateman of Jumping Pound in April 1926. They ranched there where a son Norman and a daughter Joan were born. In 1944 they moved to Salt Spring Island, British Columbia. Three years later they went to Vancouver, where Bill worked at the Alberta Wheat Pool Terminal Elevators, until his retirement in 1968. They then moved to Langley. Norman and Joan and their families live in North Vancouver and North Burnaby, respectively.

Upon leaving school, Violet Crowe was employed as a telephone operator at Cochrane for a few years. She met and married Arnold Rushfeldt in 1930. They went to farm at Vulcan, Alberta, where two sons Douglas and Mervin, and a daughter Loreen were born. Three weeks after Loreen's birth, Violet died in the Vulcan hospital.

Ernie Crowe was secretary treasurer for the Village of Cochrane and manager of the old Alberta Hotel for a number of years. In 1929 he became the agent for the Albert Government Telephones, a position he held until 1948. He was a charter member of the Cochrane branch of the old G.W.V.A., later called the Canadian Legion, and was also a past president of the branch. He was a member of the Cochrane school board for nine years and a Justice of the Peace for the Village.

Ernie married May Brown in 1928. A daughter Jean was born December 1929, a son Stanley in June 1937, and a daughter Connie in January 1940. Jean married James Darroch in 1947 and they had three sons and one daughter. Jean presently lives in Calgary. In 1958 Connie married Alex Lohrer in Calgary, where they reside with their daughter and son. Stanley married Gwen Scott in Vancouver in 1970. They have a daughter and a son. They are now residents of Ottawa, where Stanley is employed with the Department of Public Works.

Upon resigning from A.G.T. in 1948, Ernie Crowe went to Vancouver, where he was employed at the University of British Columbia as a security officer for 17 years, until he retired in 1965. His first wife, May, died in Calgary in

1962. Later that year he married Wilhelmina Grant, a Registered Nurse, in Victoria. He and his wife are now retired in Calgary.

After going out of the livery business in Cochrane, Walter Crowe worked for some years for the Provincial Government, Department of Highways branch. After the death of his wife in 1943 at the age of 72 years, Walter went to work at the Colonel Belcher hospital and the Empress Hotel in Calgary. He died in Calgary in 1947 at the age of 74 years; both he and his wife are buried in the Cochrane cemetery.

JOHN DONALDSON CURREN — by Marjorie Spicer

A young Scot, John Donaldson Curren, set sail for Canada in 1885. He was born in Kirkcaldy, Fifeshire, near Edinburgh, Scotland in 1852.

Keenly interested in prospecting as well as mining, he arrived in the Anthracite area, near Banff, North West Territories, around 1886. He got involved with the mining that was going on at the time and he decided to settle there. At that time, Anthracite was a bustling settlement numbering a larger population than Banff, which was little more than a C.P.R. siding at the foot of Cascade mountain.

In 1886 he made a trip back to Scotland to get his two children, Annie and John.

He remained living at Anthracite until around 1905, and at that time he moved to Cochrane. He operated the Mitford mine for awhile and took out a homestead on NE¼ 14-26-5-5 and purchased the NW¼ 14-26-5-5 from Mr. McNaughton. In 1906 he returned again to Scotland and this time brought back his widowed sister Marian and her family.

John Curren was very much a Conservative in his politics and a staunch Scottish Presbyterian. He became a talented artist, as well as a poet, his poems reflecting his beliefs as well as his crusty sense of humor.

William McCardell, discoverer of the hot sulphur springs at Banff, became a good friend of John Curren. It was Mr. McCardell that asked John to paint a picture of the log cabin that had been built in 1883 and sat on the site that later was the Cave and Basin. This painting is now in the possession of the Glenbow Museum. John went on to paint many more beautiful canvases and all of them are highly treasured by those fortunate enough to have them. He liked painting flowers, especially roses, and did a great deal of painting on satin and other materials. He had no training as an artist but he was able to paint the West as he saw it, and like many more artists his work was not recognized until after his death.

John Curren retired in 1923, making his home in Cochrane, and devoting many hours to his hobbies, painting and writing poetry. In the 1930s, he painted large murals for the Elks Hall and the Oddfellows Hall in Cochrane and there are some of his paintings hanging in the Masonic Lodge.

He passed away in March 1940, at the Banff Springs Hospital at the age of 88 years. He had been a prospector, surveyor, miner, photographer, artist and poet.

Poem by John D. Curren

It's a lovely stream, a beautiful stream
To me it will bring joy forever.
For there we first met; I can never forget
That lovely spot on the Bow River.
The years have sped on and I'm all alone,
To forget those dear times I will never.
They are dear unto me, there ever I'll be.
Their praises I'll sing, sweet Bow River.
I have heard people sing of mountains and glen
Of high sunny skies, but I've never,
In all the time that I've been in the West
Heard a song of the lovely Bow River.

THE THOMAS DAVIES FAMILY — by Edgar B. Davies (son)

The Thomas Davies family, before coming to Canada, lived in Gower, South Wales. The eldest son William came to Canada as far as Winnipeg in the year 1904 and went to work for one year on a farm in Rapid City, Manitoba. Then he came to Cochrane. He stayed with the George Bevan family whom we had known in Wales. Our mother and dad, two sons, Ingram and I, and daughter, Chrissie decided to come to Canada. We landed in Quebec and came by train to Cochrane where we were met by Billy and the Bevan family. We stayed with the Bevan family for several weeks and lost no time in taking up land. In Wales we lived on a rented farm run by a landlord and could never purchase land of our own. This was the reason we moved to Canada.

We bought a quarter section of C.P.R. land in the Horse Creek area, now owned by Sid Ball. My dad and brother Bill filed on the north half of the section immediately east across the road. We built a small one-roomed shack and Billy and I used to live there in the winter, going to the bush for firewood, rails and posts. I might add that I was twelve years old at that time.

Then we moved to the Collins brickyard and rented the old house. Dad, Billy, and I went to work at the brickyard across the railway track. The old brickyard was owned by a Frenchman named Joe Bedoe.

The Collins brickyard was run by horses going around in a ring and they made eight to ten thousand bricks a day. The bricks were made out of the clay from the land owned by Mr. Collins. In 1908 Mr. Collins bought new machinery that was run by steam and then they made 25,000 bricks a day. He had a double kiln, each one holding about 90,000 bricks and it took about ten days to burn them. The wood that was used for the kilns to burn the bricks was shipped from Morley by train. After the brick was done it was shipped out by train to different places such as Calgary, and a lot of the houses in Cochrane were made of this

The Davies family before coming to Canada. Front: Ingram, Father, Mother, Edgar. Back row: Annie, Billy, Chrissie, Maria.

Billy Davies, Thomas Davies, Mrs. Annie Beynon, Mrs. Thomas Davies, May Dickinson and Thelma Beynon. Taken at the Davies farm in Horse Creek.

brick. The old Holy Cross Hospital was built with Cochrane brick.

In the winter my brother Bill and I went out to the farm to build fences and buildings. My brother Ingram worked for George Pitter and Chrissie worked for D. P. McDonald for some years.

In 1909 we built a house in Cochrane, using some of the brick from the brickyard and lumber from the Thomas Quigley mill. The house was turned into a hospital as Dr. Park thought we should have a hospital in Cochrane. My eldest sister Annie (Mrs. Jack Beynon) and her husband came out in 1907 and Jack helped to build the house. My mother ran the hospital with the help of my sister Annie, a trained nurse, and sometimes another nurse. In 1912 the hospital was visited by the Duke of Connaught who was touring Canada at the time. In 1915 my mother became very ill and they had to give up the hospital. They moved to the farm in Horse Creek where she regained her health.

The Cochrane hospital, taken between 1900-1910.

In 1916 I joined the Army and my parents and brother Bill ran the farm, which was mixed farming at that time. I came back in 1919. My sister Maria came out from England in 1910. All of the family were in Cochrane then.

In August of 1919 my brother Bill, brother-in-law Jack Beynon, and myself bought the land which was owned by Mr. Collins. This consisted of 750 acres. This property was formerly part of the old Cochrane Ranche. We formed a company and went into the dairy business. We milked about forty cows and fed and raised about eighty to ninety pigs. We shipped the milk to Calgary and purchased the buttermilk from the creamery to feed the pigs.

My mother passed away in 1922 and my dad in 1923. My dad was very interested in the work of the Church and when there were church services held in the Horse Creek, Cochrane Lakes and Brushy Ridge Schools on Sundays, Dad acted as Lay Minister. He went by horse and buggy from place to place and was presented with a fur coat from the Brushy Ridge people to keep him warm during very cold winters.

We continued on the dairy farm until the year 1940. I might add that during the Depression in the 1930s the unemployed would ride on top of the freight cars, going from one end of Canada to the other looking for work. When the trains stopped at the siding opposite our farm, the men would leave the train and come over to the brick kilns and build fires underneath to get warm and to cook. They would go to the farm for food and I don't think they ever went away empty handed. Eventually we sold out to O. N. Gilbert. While we were on the farm we had a lot of help from different people. Among them was my sister Annie's faithful helper Adele Sodonyte who was with us for twenty years.

After we sold the farm my brother Bill and brother-in-law Jack Beynon moved to a small house in Cochrane and Adele kept house for them. Jack passed away in 1959 and Billy in 1965, leaving the home to Adele. She lived there until

she passed away in 1972. My wife, Ruth, and I purchased the old family home from the rest of the Davies family and are still living there.

COUNT de JOURNAL

Count de Journal arrived in Cochrane with Joseph Limoges about the year 1885. They were partners and established a store in Cochrane. For awhile Count de Journal operated the hotel and store at Mitford for the Cochranes. He went to High River and along with Limoges purchased the only existing store there from a credit association, the previous owners having gone bankrupt. They dissolved the partnership in High River and Count de Journal left Alberta and went to California.

ROBERT DIXON (RATTLESNAKE PETE) — by Sally Fletcher

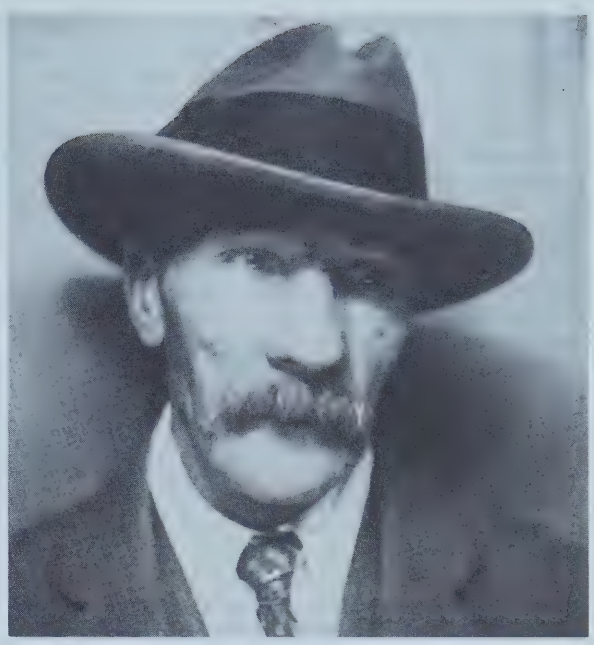
Born in 1861 in Aberdeen, Scotland, Robert Dixon came to Canada in 1881, seeking fortune and adventure. He certainly found adventure. He had a most colorful life and though he could neither read nor write, he got a good education, one to be envied by many.

When he arrived in Canada his first adventure was to go to the Cariboo Gold Fields, in the company of two Scotsmen, whose names were MacLeod and MacDonald. They went to the gold fields full of hope and excitement at the thought of becoming rich overnight. Robert marvelled at the great stands of timber they travelled through on their way to the Cariboo, saying it was not unusual to see cedars eight feet across at the stump. Gold digging was not for Robert and in 1882 he volunteered to guide a group of men back through the Rockies to the Prairies; all of them had found that mining gold was not so easy.

Upon his return to the Prairies, Robert joined the North West Mounted Police as a scout. While a scout he spent a great deal of time among the Indians. He wore police uniform only on State occasions and because of his size, five feet four inches tall, he had to use the bugler's uniform. He was acquainted with Louis Riel and Dumont. (These chaps were involved with the Riel Rebellion.) While he served as scout, he was stationed at Macleod. From 1883 until 1912, he spent most of his time in Southern Alberta, particularly around Macleod, Pincher Creek and Waterton Lakes.

While at Macleod, he acquired the name "Rattlesnake Pete." He could catch snakes, take out their poisonous fangs, and make pets of them. He carried one around between his shirt and his underwear. He worked on various large ranches in Alberta; the Cochrane Ranche at Waterton Lakes, P. Burns Ranch and the Bar U. Kootenay Brown was a close friend of his. Robert took up horse training and jockeying. Being small in stature, he was ideally suited to those jobs.

In 1912, at the age of fifty-one years, he married Miss Wanita Belle Jackson of Butte, Montana. They were married in Macleod, Alberta, and later moved to Pincher Creek, Alberta, where their daughter Mary, was born. Soon after Mary's birth, the Dixon family moved to Cochrane and he went to work at the Quigley sawmill. In 1917 their second daughter, Sarah, was born. After leaving the sawmill, Robert worked at the Cochrane race track for a number of years; in later years he became Pound Keeper. He also worked on town maintenance until 1925, and at that time the family moved to Calgary where a son, Robert, was born.



Robert Dixon, "Rattlesnake Pete".

At the age of ninety-four years, Mr. Dixon, one of the West's early pioneers and a most colorful figure, passed away in Calgary.

W. DOBBIN

W. Dobbin was a former member of the N.W.M.P.; he joined the Alberta Provincial

Constable Dobbin.

Police in 1917. The same year he was stationed at Cochrane. He made all his calls to the farms and ranches on a saddle horse. There was very little crime in the area and he says he certainly never had to worry about speeding cars. After leaving Cochrane he married and is now living in Calgary.

NORMAN AND ELIZABETH ELLIOTT

Norman Elliott was born in Orillia, Ontario, and in 1899, at the age of six months, came west to Okotoks, Alberta, with his parents. He attended the Gladys Ridge School.

Elizabeth (Bessie) MacDonald was born near Okotoks and attended Maple Leaf School. Though the Elliotts and MacDonalds only lived five miles apart they did not know each other. When the ball team from Gladys Ridge played against the Maple Leaf team, Norman and Bessie met. It was here near Okotoks they grew up and married in 1925. They went to live near Mazeppa, west of Aldersyde. They had six children, Norma, Ken, Margery, Jack, Bruce, and Dixie. The last two children were born after they moved to Cochrane in the spring of 1941. They rented land from Ted Mayhew on the north side of the Bow River just west of the bridge. The house they lived in had been the cookhouse for the bridge building crew. Their first visitors were Olive Clarke, then George Bunny. Other near neighbours were George Rattray and sons, the Cook family and the Ed Thompsons, whom they had known before, as Ed's father was an auctioneer in High River.

They were surprised at the number of people they had known who came to Cochrane from south of Calgary. Mr. O'Keefe, the bank manager, had come from Blackie, and Clarence Gingrich, a neighbour at Mazeppa, had his string of bucking horses on the Rhodes Ranch owned by Mrs. Rhodes. The Elliotts often visited Baron Scvossy on the old Bow River Horse Ranch.

Their three older children finished school in Cochrane and the younger ones took all their education there. Often in the winter the road would drift in and the children wound their way through the fields to the school, following George Bunny's sleigh tracks where he'd hauled milk to Cochrane.

In Cochrane at that time the skating rink was beside the school. Norman was caretaker for several years. Bert Sibbald was the janitor at school and he would come and help. Norman had two hockey teams, one of boys, and one of girls. He curled with Harvey Hogarth on the natural ice in the old curling rink. Norman played ball with the Cochrane baseball team, when Gordon Hall was coaching. In later years Norman was caretaker at the new curling rink before retiring in 1968.

The first fall at Cochrane, Norman worked for John Boothby, helping with the threshing. He bought his first cattle from Joe Bowhay. Over the years Norman did carpentry and painting in Cochrane and around the district. When helping build an addition to Webb and Milligan's garage (now Bow Ridge Motors), he and his helpers dug up the safe from the old Murphy House, which had burned down on that location in 1927. Norman and his son Ken cleaned out water wells around town. One winter they cleaned out more than 50 wells.

In 1952 Norman bought a small acreage, on the south side of the Bow River, from George Bunny and he and Bessie built a house beside the river. They enjoy listening to the running water and watching the deer and other wild animals come down for a drink. Jim Brodie bought the property where they had been living.

Their children all live within 150 miles of home. They have 24 grandchildren and 15 great-grandchildren. Their family held a Golden Wedding Anniversary party for them in January 1975, in the I.O.O.F. Hall with all the family in attendance, and held open house for their many friends and relatives.

T. E. ELLIOT — Blacksmith in Cochrane 1900-1904

Thomas E. Elliot was born in Ontario in 1876. As a very young man he became an apprentice blacksmith in Manitoba. In 1899 he moved to Alberta, settling in Cochrane late that year or early 1900, where he became the "Village Smithy."

In September 1901 he married Mary M. Erskine, eldest daughter of D. M. Erskine, who had arrived in Calgary in 1886. Mary at one time was a cook on a ranch near Cochrane, which may have been the Bell-Irving ranch.

Mr. and Mrs. Elliot first took up housekeeping in rooms over the blacksmith shop. Just imagine the noise and the dust that Mary had to put up with!

Often, when they desired fresh trout, Tom would walk to the Big Hill Creek and "gaff" enough for their supper.

Sometime in 1904 they moved to Calgary where Tom obtained work at the Thornton Blacksmith Shop on Stevens Avenue as it was known then. They purchased their first home on Fifth Avenue East, where the Union Milk Company was later located.

Mary and Tom decided after a year to take up a homestead in Simons Valley. He must have been one of the original commuters of the area, as he went to his job at the blacksmith shop each day from the homestead. Bob Hardy was later the owner of that homestead.

The year 1906 saw another move when Tom purchased his own shop in Olds, Alberta, remaining there for forty years, working his blacksmith and welding business. Tom decided at the age of 70 years to retire. In 1946 they moved to Victoria, where Mary died in 1951. Tom then made his home with various members of his family until his death in 1956.

Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Elliot on their wedding day, September 4, 1901.

Their family of four were raised in Olds. Medford J. now makes his home in Vancouver, but travels as a welding inspector on the pipelines; he apprenticed as a blacksmith and welder under his father. Alberta (Mrs. Ivan Morris) lives in Idaho, where her husband is the caretaker at Camp Easter Seal on Lake Coeur d'Alene.

Bernice (Mrs. Orval Probst) lived at Lougheed, Alberta, where she and her husband farmed and operated a grocery store. Bernice died in 1973.

Marjorie (Mrs. Hector MacAulay) lives in Calgary. She has in her possession an old ledger of her father's with interesting dates and prices for blacksmith work done in Cochrane and Olds in the early days. Many old-timers' names are entered in the ledger.

Mr. and Mrs. Elliot's descendants are scattered throughout Alberta, British Columbia, Washington and California.

WALTER ELLIOT FAMILY — by Josephine McAllister

My father, Walter Elliot, who had been born in Glasgow, Scotland, came to America with his brothers-in-law, Charlie Bannatyne, and Albert McMasters in 1876. My mother, born in Arran, Scotland, came over to join her husband in 1880. Their first child was four years old when Mother arrived. The trip over by boat was a long rough voyage for Mother. When Father came over on the boat, he entertained the passengers, playing his violin.

After my mother and sister's arrival in America, the family worked their way across the U.S.A. and during this time a son was born. He passed away at the age of four years. The family located at Old Fort Benton, where I, Josephine was born in 1882. In 1883 the family decided to come to Canada and chose Cochrane as their destination.

Two of the men came on ahead and my father and his family followed, driving from Montana by covered wagon. They forded the Bow River just a few yards upstream from the site of the Bow River Horse Ranch. They put up their tents and made a camp on the flats north of the river and the family remained there until a house was built in the settlement that later became the town of Cochrane. At that time there was only the C.P.R. station, the section house, the coal mine building, plus a few shacks to accommodate the pioneers and the railroad workers.

Because of the many people coming to work on the railroad, and early settlers arriving, my parents decided to go into the hotel business. At first our home was used as a hotel and later a new building was erected and this became the first hotel in Cochrane.

Mr. and Mrs. Elliot, built and operated the first hotel in Cochrane in 1885.

Mother and Father rented the Rutherford place and were living there when my mother and sister, Agnes, passed away. Father then rented the hotel to Mr. and Mrs. Doyle, who managed it until it burned down one night. An overheated stove caused the fire. The Rutherford place where we lived was a sheep ranch at one time, formerly Senator Cochranes' Ranch headquarters.

Mother and my sister were laid to rest on the hill back of the ranch house but were later moved to the Cochrane cemetery. Father moved again, this time to land owned by J. McNiel, west of the town of Cochrane. Here he grew grain and threshed it, using a tread mill. He used dogs to operate the mill, later getting more modern machinery operated by horses. Father finally purchased a piece of land and built a small house on it. Soon after, he became ill and went to Banff where he could receive treatment from Dr. Brett. He passed away at Banff, Alberta, at the age of 65 years.

I lived at Morley with the Sibbald family for sometime. I married Duncan Gillies, the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Alex Gillies, who homesteaded in the Ghost River area. My husband and I moved to Vegreville, Alberta, and were residing there when my husband passed away in 1918. I am now residing in Edmonton, Alberta.

JACK L. EVANS — by Cyril Evans

My father came to Canada in 1885 and my mother came in 1888. Father and Mother met at Broadview, Saskatchewan, and were married there. In 1890 Father started working for the C.P.R. at Laggan (now Lake Louise). While the family were there my sister Ada was born. Father was moved to Anthracite and I was born there.

Dad was sent to Cochrane to work on the C.P.R. section east to Glenbow in 1904. There was no vacant section house at the time so he had to buy a lot and build a house before Mother, my sister and I could come to Cochrane. We arrived in July 1905.

I started school in the old Orange Hall and my teacher was Miss McNaughton. She was one of the nicest teachers I ever had.

The two station agents I can remember while we were in Cochrane were John Pope and Mr. Johnson. Mr. Johnson did not stay very long and was replaced by Frank Gainer the year we left Cochrane in 1912.

We lost our dad in 1915, while he was out helping a C.P.R. bridge crew repair a bridge at Nose Creek, after a heavy rainstorm. Dad was helping to sandbag the creek banks when the flood broke through and caught Dad and another man, and washed them down the creek. Dad was 44 years old at the time of his death. That same year I started work with the C.P.R. and remained with them until 1929. I regretted leaving the job many times in the later years.

Ada married and lived at Elnora for many years and after the death of our mother in 1957, Ada and her husband moved to Kelowna, British Columbia. Her husband has now passed away but she still resides there.

WATSON FAIL — by Ellen Buckler

Watson (Wattie) Fail was born in Great Britain in 1881. He came to Banff in 1909. Now at the age of 95 he is living at Oak Bay Manor, Cadboro Bay Road in Victoria — reminiscing about his life as a cowpoke. He travelled the country from Banff to Cochrane and rode the range for many years. Wattie delivered a string of horses to Norman Luxton, who had a livery stable in Banff. He worked for Norman for many years, which often brought him down the Morley Trail to the old Log Cabin Store, on to McDougall's and the Grand Valley area to pick up horses, then on to Cochrane. He stayed over at the Murphy Hotel, making friends with Jim and Joe Murphy; George Hope, the blacksmith; Bill Tempany, who owned the livery stable where Wattie left his horses; and Billy Dean.

Wattie worked with many of the early settlers and old-timers in the Cochrane and Dog Pound area such as Dave Buckler, who raised and trained horses and traded them to be used for riding, or as draft horses in the mountains around Banff.

CHARLES W. FISHER — by Marjorie Spicer

Charles Wellington (C. W.) Fisher was born near London, Ontario, in 1871. His parents came to Canada from Perthshire, Scotland. At the age of 28 years Charles came west to the Cochrane area.

In 1899 Charles purchased the Merino Ranch and a large amount of business property in Cochrane. He stocked his ranch with registered Shorthorn cattle and after tearing down the trading store owned by James Johnstone and Tom Quigley, he put up a large business block, known as the Fisher Block. The building had a store, hardware, meat market, business offices, doctors' offices, and in later years the Union Bank, the telephone office and the office of the Cochrane Advocate. Besides all these businesses a room was reserved as Liberal Campaign headquarters.

After putting up the business block Charles sold the Merino ranch to A. McPherson.

In 1905 Charles entered the political field. Alberta had been declared a province and a cabinet was being formed. Charles, who was a strong Liberal and had a lot of Liberal supporters in Cochrane and the surrounding area, decided to run as a respresentative for the Cochrane area. He won it, and in 1906 became the first Speaker of the House and remained as such until 1919.

Soon after his election to parliament Charles married Miss Marjorie Powell, niece of Mrs. Fred Carling. Charles purchased land north of

C. W. Fisher's Store, 1909. Left, Harold Wright; Harry Jones on the right.

The interior of the butcher shop in the Fisher Block, 1916. The man on the right is Alex Lamb; his assistant is believed to be a Christianson boy.

the village including the "Big Hill" and he made plans to build a large stone house for his bride. Stonemasons were brought over from England to cut the stone and help build the house. When the family moved into the house, maids were hired to run the household and cooks were brought over from England.

The Fishers lived lavishly, did a great deal of entertaining, and one of the highlights of the season was a wolf hunt each fall. There were never any wolves captured as far as anyone can recall.

The children had their own pony to drive, a carriage was imported from New York for the children to ride in, and a special barn was built to house the pony and the carriage. The children used to drive to Cochrane School with their pony and carriage.

Mrs. Fisher and her family moved to Victoria in 1917. She found life in Cochrane too lonesome while her husband was in Edmonton. Charles died in 1919 as a result of an attack of the flu. Mrs. Fisher never did return to Cochrane to live. The large house and the land were operated by Mr. Fisher's half brother, Tom, for a number of years.

Charles Fisher and his wife had five children, three boys and two girls.

The Fisher home and the land was sold around 1932 to Mr. Tweddle and in the 1940s it was sold to Harry and Jack McConachie. They made several improvements to the house and the grounds, and in the late 1940s they sold it to the Franciscan Order, and it is now known as the Mount St. Francis Retreat.

FRANK AND ANN FLETCHER — by Bernice Reid

Father was born at Norfolk, England, and Mother was born at Kingston, Ontario. They were married at Banff, Alberta, in 1911. Evyline and I were born there.

We lived in Banff until 1920 when Father purchased a ranch west of Cochrane from Mr. Warnock. Father called part of the ranch the Hokey Tiki. The ranch was sold to Mr. Render and we moved into Cochrane where Evyline and I started school. We then moved to Banff and while there Father did carpenter work. He put up many buildings in the Cochrane, Morley and Banff area.

My parents returned to Cochrane and Father was secretary for the Village for 19 years. He was a member of the Elks Club in Cochrane.

In 1935 I married Fred Reid, son of Dr. and Mrs. McKeen Reid. We moved to Saskatchewan, remained there for a few years and then returned to Cochrane. We had no children. Fred passed away in 1958.

In 1937 Evyline married Ed Simpson, a son of early settlers in the Cochrane area. They have two children, a son Michael and a daughter Mary.

Father passed away in 1953 and Mother in 1973.

THE FLYNN FAMILY — by Pat Chakowski

We moved to Cochrane in 1930 or 31; we are not exactly sure of the date. Dad was an engineer on the highway. Because of Dad's job our family moved around a lot. The government was starting to lay the pavement on the Number One Highway at that time.

There were four of us children in the family, Pat, Doreen, Manley and Rustyn.

When we attended school in Cochrane our teacher was Mrs. Greer, and the principal was Mr. Folkard.

While we were in Cochrane we lived in a house owned by Ernie Crowe. Mrs. Hughes lived down the street from us and she operated a boarding house for school children. We were friendly with the Watts family in Cochrane. Their son, Terry, lost his life Overseas during World War II.

I married Stan Chakowski from Canmore. He was a semi-pro hockey player and worked at the Canmore Mines for many years. We have two children, Colin and Eileen. Colin and his wife have two girls, Paula and Leigh Ann.

Doreen is married to Cliff Anderson, a pilot for Canadian Pacific Airlines. They have one son. Doreen was a stewardess for eight years with C.P.A. prior to her marriage. She received her R.N. from Edmonton General Hospital and nursed in the operating room there for three and a half years.

Manley is an accountant and lives in Canmore. He worked for Canmore mines for thirty years. During World War II he was a pilot. He married while Overseas; he and his wife have three children.

Rustyn lives in Victoria and he and his wife have three children.

Our father passed away in 1968. Mother lives in Victoria and keeps very active.

MR. AND MRS. DAN FOSTER

Mr. and Mrs. Foster came from Chatham, Ontario, to Calgary. Mr. Foster worked at Cushing Mills before coming to Cochrane to work in the Quigley sawmill. The Fosters raised Ronald Quigley. Mr. Foster had a dray business in Cochrane. During the Depression they moved to Banff where Dan got a job helping to build the Mount Norquay road.

Dan Foster passed away November 13, 1937. He was predeceased by his wife on January 25, of the same year. They were both buried in Cochrane.

F. L. GAINER

Frank Leo Gainer, often referred to as F. L., came to Cochrane on September 12, 1912, to serve the community as C.P.R. station agent. At that time he was believed to be the youngest C.P.R. station agent in Alberta. In 1945, after 34 years in Cochrane, he was transferred to Lethbridge, and two years later he was again transferred, this time to Banff, where he served as agent until his retirement from the C.P.R. in 1954.

Frank married Enid Maggs in 1922. They had five children: Mavis, Sylvia, Frances, Fred and Terry.

Frank took a keen interest in the community and was active in many organizations. He served as mayor of the village for two years. He was an accomplished tenor, and won nine awards during his singing career. He was a Gold Medalist in 1923 and 1934.

He was an avid curler and was able to fulfill his dream of winning an eight-ender twice in his curling career, once in Cochrane and once in Banff.

He worked for the C.P.R. at a time when the station operated on a 24 hour basis. All trains, with the exception of some passenger trains and the silk trains, stopped at Cochrane to take on water and pick up orders. Some of the relief agents that worked with Frank were Norman Black, Miles Thornton, Albert Selnez, Mike

F. L. Gainer inside the station, 1912.

McMichael and Ken Strickland. Frank often said, "Two track foremen that served me well were Steve Matkaluk and Fred Grabas."

When Mr. Gainer should have been willing to accept soft slippers and an easy chair, he entered politics. He was elected as the Coalition member in the Alberta Legislature for the Banff-Cochrane constituency in 1955 and was subsequently re-elected for two more terms of office. He was always ready to do battle for his constituency's needs and what he thought was right. At that time the Social Credit government was extremely powerful, holding all but three seats in the Legislature. Frank was one of the three Opposition members and played a large part in keeping the Government on its toes. He was highly respected by all members in the Alberta Legislature.

In 1967 Frank retired from public life, having served 48 years in the interest of the community and the province. He made his home in Banff and devoted much of his time to his garden, particularly to the growing of gladioli. While a station agent in Cochrane, he won several first prizes given by the C.P.R. for the best kept and most attractive grounds at a station in the western division.

The children are all married. Mavis married Ken Becker. They have three children and live at Rocky Mountain House. Sylvia, Mrs. Don Timmons, resides in Vancouver with her husband and two daughters. Frances married Conrad McCowan. They have two children and reside in Calgary. Fred, his wife and their two sons reside in Edmonton. Terry lives in Banff.

Frank passed away in March 1975, at the age of 87 years, having lived a very rewarding life. His wife still resides in Banff.

ANDREW GARSON — by Flora Garson

Andrew (Andy) and his brother John came to Canada from the Orkney Islands in 1902. They worked in the mines at Ymir, British Columbia, almost a year before coming to Cochrane. In 1903 Andy homesteaded the NW¼ 12-27-5-5 and Jack Garson homesteaded the NE¼ of the same section. Jack sold his homestead to David Breen and in 1910 Duncan Kerfoot bought the half section. The NE¼ of 14 in that township had been homesteaded by Tom Oddie and the SE¼ homesteaded by Hughie Stein, who built a shack there. This half section, known as the Stein place, was bought by Andy Garson. Mr. Oddie purchased the N½ and the SE¼ of section 23 from the C.P.R. In 1910 Andy bought out Oddie and, later on, sold the Oddie place and the Stein place to Bumpy Rhodes. He then bought Section 13 in that township from the C.P.R. He also bought Boney Thompson's homestead and sold it to Gordon Hinde.

For a while Andy rented the MacKay place in Grand Valley and put up hay, which he baled using a horse-operated baler. Forbes Skinner and Frank McKenna worked for him, and they

Mrs. Lorne McKinnon, Flora and Andy Garson, 1943.

hauled the hay to Cochrane in three wagons, making two trips one day and one trip the next.

Andy liked to tell jokes on himself. He told that one day while he was on the MacKay place, he was driving a bronc and standing up in the wagon when his dog started barking at the horses. Fearing that the dog would scare the bronc, Andy snapped a line at the dog. The dog seized the line in his teeth and jerked Andy off the wagon.

For many years he dealt in heavy horses, shipping a great many to British Columbia, and some to every other province in Canada except Manitoba. He always recognized one of his Quarter Circle G horses wherever he saw it, even years after it was sold.

One of the most colorful characters in Grand Valley was Ewen MacKay. Jack Garson was getting a ride from town with him, in a hayrack, when MacKay spotted Donald Morrison driving home ahead of him."I'll catch him and take a hind wheel off him!" he cried, and he whipped up his horses. But Morrison saw him coming and drove as fast as his horses could take him. MacKay was gaining on his prey when Garson's hat blew off. "Stop, stop!" yelled Garson, but MacKay would not stop. So Garson grabbed MacKay's hat and threw it off. Then MacKay had to stop, allowing Morrison to gain the safety of his own barnyard, where he gave them the raspberry as they drove by.

Jack Garson took a carload of horses and wagons to the Peace River country and decided to stay there.

In 1924 Andy married Flora McEachen and went to live in Cochrane. Later they resided in Calgary, where Andy died January 15, 1969.

On February 2, 1963, Andy Garson wrote the following: "My brother Jack left the Orkney Islands in 1890 and went to the States, to Portland, Oregon. From Oregon he went to the Klondike over the Trail of '98. He was there about a year and he came back to B.C. and he was there until 1901. He came back to Scotland and he and I left for Canada right after the New

Year, in January 1902, and we came to B.C. and worked in the quartz mine until April 1903. Then we came to Cochrane and took up homesteads."

GETTY FAMILY — by Freda Lonto

The Getty family came to Cochrane in the spring of 1927. Mother was a widow at the time as my father had died in December 1925. We came to Cochrane from Vulcan, Alberta, where my mother had been a housekeeper for a farmer.

There were three girls in our family, Florence, myself and Margaret.

Mother supported us by taking in boarders and doing home nursing. Our first boarder was a young student minister at the United Church, F. R. Vanderburgh. We also boarded some of the teachers. Miss Margaret Eyers and Miss Carscallen were two of the teachers that taught me.

Most of our social life was centered around the school and the church. There were Christmas concerts and Sunday School picnics and the Church choir. We used to have great fun at choir practise. Kelly Siple, a bank clerk, and Mrs. White were our choir leaders.

I spent my summer holidays out at the Jumping Pound Ranger Station when Mr. and Mrs. Alf Bryant were there.

I left school when I completed grade ten and went to work in Calgary. Mother and my younger sister Margaret moved to Oyama, British Columbia, in 1934, and in 1935, Mother married Alphonse Deschamps, who was a fruit grower at Oyama. They retired in 1946 and moved to Vernon. They both passed away in 1960.

I married Phil Lonto whom I had met in Turner Valley. We were wed in 1941. He had been an oil field worker then joined the Army (South Alberta Regiment). Phil went Overseas and upon his return in 1945, we made our home in Vernon. Phil passed away in 1971. We have two boys; one son works for the Post Office in Vancouver, and the other son is Personnel Director at a hospital in Washington, D.C.

Florence married Harry Nelson, and they have eight children, five girls and three boys. She was widowed in 1963, and still resides on the farm at Delia, Alberta. Her son Bryan is operating the farm.

Margaret was married twice; her first husband was killed in action in Italy during World War II. Her second husband suffered a brain hemorrhage. She had two daughters, one from each marriage. Margaret, a Registered Nurse, trained in the Vancouver General Hospital, but one year after her graduation, she passed away from lung cancer.

THE FRED GRABAS FAMILY — by Nick Grabas

Our family arrived in Cochrane in 1918. Dad was a C.P.R. section foreman. There were four children, myself, Kenneth (Fritz), Annie and Sophia. We all attended school in Cochrane. We left Cochrane in 1930 when Dad was transferred to Calgary. He and Mother retired there. Dad passed away in 1973, and Mother still lives in Calgary.

Annie married and resides in Vancouver. Sophia (Sally) never married; she also resides in Vancouver. While in Cochrane, Kenneth worked for Beynon and Davies. Kenneth passed away some years ago. I live at Brentwood Bay, British Columbia, and work for the British Columbia Ferry Service.

One incident I often think about was the time Alex Andison and I were up on the big hill back of town. We were playing around with matches and started a fire. It got out of our control, and we hid in the coal shed at Andisons while the whole town was out fighting fire.

I often come back to Cochrane; it's hard to believe it's the same town I knew as a youngster.

THE GRAYSONS — by Stuart Grayson

My father, Charles Grayson was born July 1, 1870, at Scarborough, Yorkshire, England, immigrating with his family to Canada as a child. The family moved steadily westward, homesteading in the Qu'Appelle Valley, Saskatchewan, in 1886. They remained there for twenty years, then returned to Virden, Manitoba, where Charles' parents spent their final years.

Charles did not stop in Saskatchewan; he continued working his way westward, finally arriving at the Cowan ranch in the Big Hill Springs area in 1886. He was sixteen years old. Here he obtained employment as a ranch hand. He left Cowans to work for C. W. Fisher and later worked at the Union Bank as Ranch and Homestead Inspector, and in still later years as Imperial Oil Agent for Cochrane. He was also a Justice of the Peace and Police Magistrate for a while.

Dad married Blanche Bruce, daughter of Donald and Jane Bruce, in Cochrane in 1902. They had three children, Bruce Gordon, born 1903, Dorothy Maud, born 1905, and Leslie Stuart, born 1907. Mother passed away in November 1907; I was nine months old. Dad later married Mrs. Margaret White, widow of Daniel C. White, of Cochrane. Margaret passed away at Lethbridge in 1961; Dad had predeceased her in 1950.

Gordon worked for the Royal Bank of Canada, for Montelbelli Brothers at Bluffton, Alberta, and for many years in the implement business at Lacombe and Wetaskiwin. He passed away in Wetaskiwin in 1966, leaving his wife Dorothy and two children, Evelyn and James.

Dorothy, a school teacher, married Gordon Lock, of Calgary. She passed away in 1956, leaving one daughter, Joan.

I, Stuart, taught school for a short time, then joined the Alberta Provincial Police in 1930, transferring to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police in 1932, and served with them (including a

Charles Grayson and sons Stuart (in carriage) and Gordon, around 1909.

period of over six years Overseas with the Canadian Army during World War Two, while on leave of absence from the Force — Pt. Lt. Col.) I was stationed for a further period of three years in London, England, as Liason Officer for the Force, which included acting as Canadian Representative to Interpol. It afforded me wide opportunities for travel throughout Europe. My last six years of service were spent as Superintendent of the Calgary Subdivision of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, retiring in 1965 with a maximum service of thirty-five and a half years. In 1936 I married Magdalena Platzer of Silverwood, Alberta. She was a teacher and also served Overseas with the Women's Auxiliary of the Royal Air Force. We have two children, Charles, with the Calgary Public Library and daughter, Gail, residing in Toronto.

THE ROBERT DOUGLAS GRIEVSON FAMILY — by Betty Bryant

William Charles Grievson and Elizabeth Middleton were Dad's parents. They had three children: Charles William, Robert Douglas and Gertrude. They were all born in Seaham Harbour, County Durham, England. Robert, my dad, was born January 17, 1908.

He came to Canada in 1929 at the age of 21. He worked on several farms in Manitoba before coming to Alberta in 1935. At Cochrane he worked first for Angus McDonald, then for George Perrenoud, where he met my mother, Frances Houghton, daughter of Bill and Mary Houghton of Cochrane.

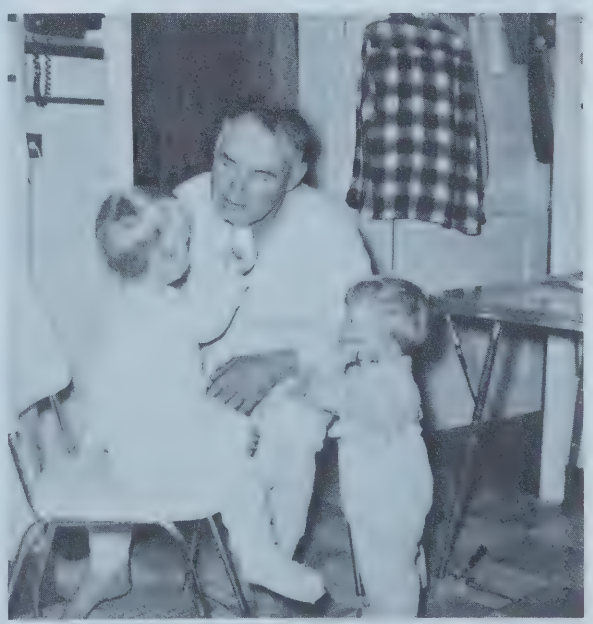
Dad and Mom eloped to Banff and were married in the Banff Anglican Church by Canon Montgomery December 23, 1939. On September 3, 1942, I was born, and my brother Bill was born September 25, 1943. I married David Earl Bryant and we have two sons, Gary and Bary. Bill is still single and works on ranches.

Dad joined the 14th Calgary Regiment in 1941, and took his basic training in Calgary and Wetaskiwin. He was then sent to Camp Borden near Barrie, Ontario. Mom went to Ontario in November 1942. Dad went Overseas February 25, 1943, and Mom returned to Cochrane. Dad did not see Bill until Bill was three years of age.

After Mom returned from Ontario she rented a house from Andy and Flora Garson where we lived for a year and a half, then she bought Mr. and Mrs. Tom Rees' home where she still resides.

When Dad returned from the War in 1946, he went to work for Frank Whittle where he worked setting up machinery and trucking fuel for twenty and a half years. He then went to work for the Department of Highways where he worked for six and a half years, retiring on January 17, 1973.

Dad had a funny side in that he would do something, then tear it out and do it all over again. This happened with trees, cement or anything else he laid his hands on. It seemed that he just couldn't sit still and relax, he just had to be doing something. During the years, our house that started out facing north and south was remodelled by Alex Beadle and Dad until it ended up facing east and west.



Bob Grievson and his grandsons.

After his retirement he enjoyed a very happy year taking his two grandsons fishing, or to play hockey or baseball. He passed away suddenly April 29, 1974. Following cremation, his ashes were scattered under the apple tree in Mom's backyard.

Mom still lives in Cochrane and works as a cashier in the M and K Foodmaster, where she has worked for fifteen years.

THE HALL STORY — by Phyllis Nicoll and Gordon Hall

Our parents, Sydney (Syd) Hall and Mary Ann Smith, were married in England on October 23, 1907. They came to Canada in May, 1911, crossing the Atlantic on the Lusitania. The crossing took two weeks. They had at first considered going to Australia, where some of the other family members were going. However, Dad had been in the United States before they were married, as groom for Vanderbilts, and they decided to try their luck in Canada.

They crossed Canada by train to Victoria, but that city did not appeal to them, so they returned to Calgary. They lived at first in what is now East Calgary, near where the stockyards are located. The police barracks were nearby, and when they arose one morning the scaffold could be seen, where a criminal had been hanged in the early morning hours. Later they moved to the Bankview district, to a stone house which is still standing.

After living in Calgary for a few years, during which time a son, Gordon, was born, they moved to a farm in Springbank. A daughter, Doris, arrived while they lived there, during a howling blizzard that started on May 3 and raged for three days. Cattle, caught in fence corners and coulees, died in great numbers.

In succeeding years the family moved to DeWinton and then to the Airdrie district. There, another daughter, Phyllis, was born. In April, 1923, the family moved to the Cochrane district to a ranch owned by Margaret Robertson. It was located three miles west of Cochrane. The house was beside the dirt road from Calgary to Banff. A team was kept harnessed for travellers who got stuck in the mud holes, and a lighted lamp in a window of the house guided them as they came for help. We lived there one year and moved to Cochrane in the fall of 1924.

In 1924, Dad started showing horses in the Calgary Horse Show. He had raised and shown

Sydney Hall with Bill, 1920.

horses in England for a number of years before coming to Canada. In the summer of 1925 he was trainer for the Welsh Stables and trained Barra Lad who, in August of that year jumped to a World High Jump record of 8 feet 1½ inches, a record that has never been broken.

In 1927, Dad operated a restaurant in Cochrane; it was situated in the old bakery, which stood on the site of the building that housed the Post Office until 1974. Sometime during the winter of 1926, there was a bad blizzard; the bigger boys at the school went to the three restaurants to get sandwiches and hot chocolate for the school children. That year, the Murphy House burned down, and the following year the Fisher Block also burned.

In 1928, the family left town and moved to the Cooper place, three miles north of town and east of the Dog Pound Road. This was at the start of the Depression, and work was hard to get. In the summer of 1928, Dad and Gordon worked at Pete Collins' Brickyard, which was the last year that the brickyard operated. After that they worked at any job they could get. The Cochrane Race Track was in operation then, and when the Race Horse Train arrived in Cochrane, Gordon would find some excuse to leave the room at school. He would show up at the train with his pony and lead race horses a mile west to the barns. He was paid one dollar per head, so the old pony made as many trips as possible. Dad used to run the starting gates at the track.

Dad worked on the road, first under George Woodson as foreman, and then under Tom Baptie. In 1936 he was elected foreman for 7 Townships. He held this job for twenty years, retiring in 1956. The equipment was all horse-drawn — slips, fresnos and graders. It wasn't too easy to find someone capable of handling the number of horses necessary to operate the graders effectively. Dad usually had Slim Fenton, an excellent teamster, on the grader. One day Dad was brought home lying flat on his back. The men had removed a door off a house to lie him on to move him. While pulling on the rope as he loaded a fresno, it broke. Dad cracked a vertebrae as he fell. We survived the winter with a cash income of $9.00 per month from the Compensation Board.

Everyone in the family had to pitch in at whatever had to be done. Mother always had her flock of poultry, and cultivated as large a garden as possible during those dry years. The girls had to do their share of "men's" work. Every winter was spent fattening calves for the Spring Livestock Show and Sale. Doris won several awards for her top calves, including a silver cup for the Best Dressed Carcass donated by Burns and Company Limited. Phyllis was named top Junior Judge and won many honors in all classes of livestock judging throughout Alberta. The last year that we were eligible to show calves, the Junior Beef Club purchased calves at the stockyards at 6¢ a pound. After many months of tender loving care, they were sold at auction; ours brought 5¢ a pound, and other calves were even lower in price.

Mrs. Hall, feeding part of her flock of poultry in 1924.

Dad was noted for his veterinary skill, and helped many farmers with sick horses and cattle. The only pay was a grateful thanks.

In the 1930s, we did not have any money, but we had fun. We always attended the Grand Valley and Weedon picnics. There was often a box social at Cochrane Lakes or Weedon School. Gordon and Doris, along with Earl Speers and Harry Webb, formed an orchestra, "The Night Owls." When a collection was taken we would end up with perhaps fifty cents apiece, but we played for fun, not money.

In the intervening years we lived on two other farms in the Cochrane area. In 1940 we moved back to the Jack Beynon place on the outskirts of the town. In 1950, Dad purchased ten acres of land on the west end of town, and resided there until his death in 1969. Mother predeceased him in 1968.

Phyllis married Louis Nicoll, of Jumping Pound, a member of a pioneer family in that area. Doris married Cecil Colwell, who at the time was employed by the C.P.R. Gordon married Belle Tindal, a member of another local family.

Gordon and Belle made their home in Cochrane, after working for Harry McConachie of the Justhome Ranch for three years. They purchased a lot in the east end of Cochrane in 1946 and built their own home. Gordon worked for Graeme Broatch at the Cochrane Auto Service from 1947 until 1960. At that time he was appointed Postmaster for Cochrane and area.

For thirty-five years, Gordon served as a member of the Cochrane Volunteer Fire Department, from 1941 until 1975. He was Fire Chief from 1954 until 1960. He was Cubmaster, Group Commission Member and Assistant Commissioner for eighteen years, with the Boy Scouts of Cochrane. A Big Game hunter, he has many trophies to his credit.

Belle is active in the Rebekah Lodge, and is an expert knitter, making many sweaters for family and friends.

Gordon and Belle have four sons, Ronald G., Frank Edward (Eddie), Allan William, and Kenneth Sydney. The boys were all members of the Boy Scouts; Ron, Eddie and Allan won an Award of Merit for their action and quick thinking in a truck-train accident. They have all belonged to the Cochrane Fire Department. Allan was Fire Chief from 1970 until 1975.

Ron is married to Faye Mickle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bert Mickle of Millarville. They have two children, Debby and Marty. Ron completed a course in tinsmithing, passing with honors. He worked for about two years at this trade, then bought Timberline Tours Ltd. of Lake Louise, Alberta, which is a Trail Riding business, serving tourists from all parts of the world. Ron and Faye also have a farm at Sundre.

Eddie joined the Royal Canadian Navy after completing High School. He was based on the Aircraft Carrier Bonaventure, and went on manoeuvres to many parts of the world. After three years in the Navy, Eddie married Geraldine Bickerton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Art Bickerton of Ralston, Alberta. They have two children, Kevin and Kathryn. Ed became interested in flying, and joined Alpine Helicopters as an apprentice Engineer. He was based at Kelowna, British Columbia and Hinton, Alberta. He is now employed by Klondike Helicopters of Calgary, and is a Pilot Engineer. For the last two years he has been flying at Resolute Bay, Banks Island and Ellesmere Island.

Allan is married to Carol Hamilton, daughter of Nic and Margaret Hamilton of Bearspaw. They have three children, Jody, Timmy and Andrew. Their oldest son, Trevor, passed away as an infant. Allan has done well in Cochrane, starting his own oil and gas business as agent for Pacific 66. He also has a liquid feed business in conjunction with the bulk oil station.

Ken worked as a guide at Timberline Tours, at Lake Louise, then for the Parks Department as trail crew, and later as a heavy equipment operator on road construction. He is married to Virginia Friedricks, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Friedricks of Olds, Alberta. At present they reside at Ardrie, where Ken works for Canadiana Farms.

REVEREND HARRISON

The Reverend Harrison came to the Cochrane district in 1909. He held his services in the Anglican Church in Cochrane, and in the school houses of Jumping Pound, Brushy Ridge, Springbank and Grand Valley. He also travelled to Exshaw, Canmore and Banff. Many of the old timers were married and their children christened by the Reverend Harrison. He was loved by all who knew him.

He covered his scattered parish on horseback. He was not a horseman and sometimes this was an ordeal for him. Being afraid of horses, often he was seen walking and leading his; if the horse was a bit high spirited and the Reverend had occasion to dismount, he would not attempt to get back on again. He obtained his saddle horses from the livery stable and the young fellows working at the stable thought it great fun to get the Reverend on a frisky horse just to see what would happen. Stories were told of the stable hands having to go and find the Reverend, as the horse had arrived home without its rider. He managed to cover all his parishes, sleeping and eating wherever there was accommodation for himself and his horse.

In 1913 Reverend Harrison was called to the Banff parish and when World War One broke out, he went Overseas as a Padre with the 10th Battalion. While Overseas he received a citation. On his return from war duty he went to Brooks, Alberta, later becoming Rector of Saint Michaels and All Angels Church in Calgary.

Upon his retirement, he returned to England. He was not able to remain idle and he became Rector of Wistow Parish in England. His heart was in Canada, and whenever he got an opportunity he came back to visit his many friends. He passed away at the age of 87, in England.

MR. AND MRS. HEDLEY HART — by Phyllis Hart

It was in September 1934 that Dad went to Cochrane to look at the possibility of obtaining the Drug Store that was for sale. He graduated as a Pharmacist from the University of Alberta in 1913 while working in Stettler. He moved to Gadsby in 1915 when he bought his own Drug Store there. Dad stayed there until 1934 and he realized that a move was going to be necessary. Because of the drought, what money was in the area went to the larger centres such as Stettler. New gravelled roads had been built making it easier for people to travel to the larger centres. At the end of September, Dad, Mother, and my younger sister Eileen, still in high school, arrived in Cochrane to take over the Drug Store, which Mrs. Waite had continued to maintain after the death of her husband Dr. Waite.

It was soon evident to Dad that there was not enough business to pay for the building, fixtures and the stock; he wondered if he could continue to carry on the business.

In 1935 a salesman entered the store to sell a Swedish ice cream machine for twelve hundred dollars. Dad did not have that much money and his first reaction was, "Who would put twelve hundred dollars into making a five cent cone, and during such hard times!" The answer was NO, but the salesman knew his job and finally convinced Dad there just might be something in it. Dad finally signed up for the machine and it was a great day when the company sent out the machine and Mrs. Hanratty to demonstrate the method of making the greatest ice cream in the country. Dad learned his lesson well from an

excellent teacher and for the next twenty years he never failed to take the same careful pains and time with each load as he did with the first one. It was a winner from the start; even in winter he had a large turnover. Boys exhausted from hockey games would stop in for milk shakes or cones. Survey groups and construction crews would add to local and tourist groups during the summer. Soon the machine was too small and a larger one, double in output, replaced it. That too became too small; Dad was constantly up until 2 a.m. to get enough ice cream for an upcoming sports day or weekend. He got a double machine that made four times as much as the original machine. About this time Brewster bus and later Greyhound bus, chose the drug store as their local terminal. This brought travellers in from all over the Continent, as only one person needed to enter the bus with a cone and the entire bus load was soon pushing their way to the counter. Many travellers from distant parts of the U.S.A. and Canada, making return trips to Banff and Lake Louise, would come in for ice cream they remembered tasting three or four years before and they would tell Dad they couldn't wait to get back to have some more.

One Sunday he sold twenty-two hundred cones, many of them double headers, plus many pints and half pints in bulk ice cream. He kept 135 gallons of ice cream on hand, three cabinets in the store held 20 gallons each and he kept 75 gallons in the local locker. Dad and four clerks looked after the customers from 8 a.m. till 11 p.m. seven days a week. Seldom did he ever take a holiday or even a day off. By 1945 Dad was sixty years of age, working 365 days of the year and often 14 to 16 hours a day. He regarded the ice cream as a hobby rather than work. He was thrilled to see his customers happy and satisfied and licking their lips as he handed them a fistful of cones of many flavors. I think cleanliness was the one factor above everything else that made it such a success.

I have said very little about the Drug Store other than the ice cream, but he gave good service with prescriptions and help to all needing his help. He would open the store at any hour for someone in need, whether they had money to buy the article or not. He enjoyed his Masonic Lodge association but found it hard to devote the time he would like to it. His church too, was close to him but of course his type of work prevented his regular attendance, although his clerks were always allowed to attend the church of their choice. In 1955 Dad sold out the business to Alice and Bob Graham and moved to Calgary.

Dad was born in Halifax in 1885 and came West in 1905, to Lacombe, Alberta. Mother was born in Ontario in 1883 and she came West to Stettler in 1906. Dad and Mother were married in Stettler. They had four children, three daughters, Mildred (Mrs. George McFadzean), Eileen (Mrs. Landridge) and Phyllis. A son died at birth.

WILLIAM RITCHIE AND LUELLA HENDRY

Ritchie Hendry, son of William and Susan Hendry, was born in North Dakota and came to Bindloss, Alberta, at an early age. He began working as a mechanic in 1917, and worked on many Model T Ford cars. He took various courses offered by automobile manufacturing companies to keep up with developments.

Ritchie married Luella Wicks, daughter of John and Carrie Wicks, of Bindloss. Luella was born in Iowa. Both the Wicks and Hendry families were pioneers around Bindloss. In 1934 Ritchie and Luella moved to Rockyford, and in 1935 they came to Cochrane, where Ritchie worked in Chapman's Garage. Luella was a seamstress, and will be remembered by many for the clothes she sewed for special occasions.

The Hendrys raised three daughters: Lillie (Buckler), Wilda (Pockar), and Marion (Butters). Ritchie and Luella moved to Calgary, where Ritchie worked for the International Harvester Company as a mechanic.

Ritchie joined the R.C.E.M.E. in 1940.

Ritchie's and Luella's parents spent their final years with them. Luella's mother passed away in Cochrane in 1936, and her father died in 1945. William Hendry died soon after the family's move to Calgary in 1939, and his wife passed away in 1943. They are all buried in the Cochrane cemetery.

All the Ritchie Hendry family reside in Calgary. There are eight grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

SAMUEL HESLIP FAMILY

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Heslip were married in Thornburg, Ontario, in 1877. A blacksmith by trade, Samuel gradually moved westward with the extension of steel, making spikes for the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Mrs. Heslip must have become an expert at packing up and settling down, for she had to be moving constantly. The family lived for awhile in Banff, Alberta, then at Anthracite, just outside of Banff and in 1887 they came to Cochrane and resided on the Cochrane Ranche. From Cochrane they moved to High River where Samuel opened up a blacksmith shop. He operated the shop for ten years and during that time he did a lot of repair work for the Indians. He would take horses for his repair bills and if he did not brand them right away with his "Door Key" brand, the Indians would steal them from him.

Mr. and Mrs. Heslip had eight children, three girls, Ethel, Augusta and Georgia, five boys, Frank, John, Clarence, Reginald and Earl. All of the family have passed away. There are eight grandchildren surviving.

THE HEWITT FAMILY — by Dorothy Reid

James Hewitt, my grandfather, was born in Ireland and at an early age moved to Scotland. He married Susan Lawson, sister of Mrs. James Quigley. The Hewitts and Quigleys came to Cochrane together in the early 1880s.

My father, James, who was the eldest son of the Hewitts, was born prior to their arrival in Cochrane.

Grandfather Hewitt and my father took out homestead land on Section 16-26-4-5. They had the whole section. The original Hewitt house is still standing and being used.

There were thirteen children in the Hewitt family: James, Robert, Arthur, Annie, John, Tommy, Jeannie, Walter, Ellen and Henry, and three others, who died at an early age and were buried on the old Quigley homestead, and later moved to the Cochrane cemetery.

My father ran a poolhall and barbershop in Cochrane. He also operated a livery stable, and was a town constable for awhile. He was quite a violin player and played at many of the dances and get-togethers in and around Cochrane.

Dad died in 1919, leaving Mother with five children to raise. The same year my uncle Bob Hewitt's wife died. We children truly wished that he and Mother would get married, but this was not to be.

Bob Hewitt left Cochrane to reside in Kamloops, British Columbia, where he was employed with the C.P.R. He was one of the first to organize the C.P.R. Union.

My grandparents and some of their children moved to Vancouver and from there to Summerland. Grandmother passed away there, and Granddad passed away at Princeton.

The Hewitt family.

THE ROBERT HOGARTH FAMILY — by Robert Hogarth Jr.

Dad came over from Scotland and took out a homestead in the Horse Creek area on the SE ¼ 24-27-5-5. He married Mary Elder. There were four children in the family, three boys, and a girl who died at birth. The boys were Harvey, William and Robert.

Our parents stayed on the homestead until 1913, and at that time Dad bought Adam Baptie's dairy at Exshaw and moved up there. Dad sold the dairy and returned to the homestead, where he remained until about 1927.

We moved into Cochrane and set up a flour and feed mill business. About 1931 Dad purchased the business owned by Bob Butler. It included a Union Oil Service station, and a machine agency for International Harvester and McCormick Deering. At the time, Dad's brother Jock went into partnership with him.

In 1933 Jock left the business and went to work for the Federal Government at Morley. The business then became known as R. Hogarth and Sons. Dad built a large garage, a barn and a hayshed on the site of the service station, purchased trucks and went into the trucking business. He had several teams of horses and they were used to do work around town, such as draying, ploughing gardens and hauling coal and supplies from the C.P.R.

Horses were needed on the building of the Jasper Highway so Dad put a team up there with Dewey Blaney in charge. Dad's trucks hauled coal to the Signal Hill oil well, Keystone well and the Braemar well. The roads being what they

Mrs. Somerville, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hogarth.

were in those days you can well imagine the problems they had in bad weather.

When the Depression was at its peak, Dad was unable to keep the business going; trucking was falling off and the demand for hay had decreased so the business was sold. Dad went into the dairy business again, buying out a dairy in Exshaw. My brother Bill and I operated this business until Bill joined the R.C.A.F. in World War II. Dad took over the mail route to Bottrel and Dog Pound from W. Johnson and remained with it until his health failed in 1958.

Mother and Dad lived on the Armistead place north of Cochrane for a few years and then moved into Cochrane again.

Bill was killed in action Overseas. Dad and Harvey bought out Jack Steel's milk route business and Harvey operated it until his death in 1959. I went to work at the Exshaw Cement Plant. I married Marian Whitehead and we have three children: Bill, Carol and Gary.

Harvey married Violet Buckler and they had four children: Louise, Harvey, Bobby and John.

Dad was very active in sports of all kinds. He was a great curler. He would not miss a curling game no matter how cold it was. He and Earl Whittle used to drive in to Cochrane to curl, all the way from Horse Creek, with team and sleigh. Later they drove in with a Model T. Dad also supported hockey and baseball. His sons have carried on his love for sports.

GEORGE STEPHENSON HOPE — by William Hope

Dad was born December 3, 1875, in the County of Cumberland, England, a descendant of many generations of blacksmiths. After learning his trade he joined the British Army and was a Farrier Sergeant Major in South Africa during the Boer War.

He came to Cochrane in May 1911, with Gilbert Rhodes, who at that time was in partnership with Oswald Critchley. Shortly after arriving at Cochrane, Dad went to work as blacksmith at Morley, Alberta. He was employed by the Indian Agency there. From there he went to work as a blacksmith at a coal mine five miles west of the village of Cochrane. He filed on a homestead on the SW¼ 10-26-5-5. He built a shack on it and used to ride horseback to

Cochrane baseball team. Back: Johnny Arnell (coach), David Whittle, Roy Downs, Bob Beynon, Ken Thompson, Ray Whittle. Front: George Stephen, Bill Boothby, Harvey Hogarth, Ken Cohoe, Bill Benyon, Dave Morris. Absent: Henry Buckler. Bat Boy: Harvey Hogarth, Jr.

Cochrane baseball team, mid 1940s. First winners of a trophy donated by Eric Harvie. Back: Gordon Hall, Norman Elliott, Bob Beynon, Joe Andison, John Copithorne. Front: George Nelson, Steve Matkaluk, Bob Cairns, Bill Boothby, Harvey Hogarth, Gordon Bowhay.

and from work at the mine. In August 1912, Mother and I came over from England, I being eight years old at the time.

When World War I broke out in 1914, the mine was closed down and Dad went to work for Sam Christianson, the blacksmith in Cochrane at that time. In 1916 he sold his homestead to the owners of the Merino ranch and bought the blacksmith shop from Mr. Christianson. He acquired the John Deere Agency as well.

Before coming to Canada, Dad was a "Freeman of the City of London", but he never exercised his right to vote for the Lord Mayor, as he never lived in London. He became a Freeman of the City by virtue of being a member of "The Farrier Horse Shoers Guild."

Dad raised Labrador Retriever dogs. He imported the first Labrador in Western Canada from England, in 1913.

In 1919 he sold the blacksmith shop to George Bunney and bought it back in 1922. In 1928 he sold it to Dave Murray.

Mother passed away in 1935 and Dad remained in Cochrane until 1941. I was the only child and at the time of Dad's retirement from Cochrane I had him come and live with me at Seebe, Alberta. He remained with me until he passed away July 24, 1961, at the age of 85 years.

THE HOWARD FAMILY — by Dorothy Reid

My great-grandparents, the Joe Howards, came to Canada from Tipperary, Ireland, and settled in Ontario for awhile. They arrived in Morleyville in 1886, and around 1900 they moved to Cochrane. Their son Robert, my grandfather, married Louisa Vizena, who was born in Quebec. It is believed they were married in Pembroke, Ontario.

When my grandparents first came West they settled in Calgary. Work was very scarce. Grandmother and Aunt Mildred worked at the Ontario Laundry. Aunt Beatrice worked at the Pat Burns home and my mother worked at Lougheeds. They each got five dollars a month. Twenty dollars a month for a family of nine was not enough to get by on, so Granddad moved the family to Cochrane, where work was available.

Granddad was a cabinetmaker by trade, and he went into the carpenter business; some of the buildings he built are still standing today. He

Grandma Howard on the farm by the Bow River.

took up homestead land just south of Cochrane; remains of the buildings can be seen beside Highway 22.

There were eight children in the Robert Howard family: Mildred, who married Robert Brown; Archie, who married Rena Ritchie; Claire, who married Earl Shattuck; Louella, who married Robert Hewitt; Beatrice, who married Monty Montgomery; Alice, my mother, who married James Hewitt; Pearl, who married Grant Saunders; Hugh, who was born in Cochrane, passed away at the age of nine in 1905.

Granddad died in 1923 at the age of 73, and Grandmother in 1930 at the age of 76. She passed away in Calgary while living with my mother. Both my grandparents, and Hugh, are buried in the Cochrane cemetery.

MR. AND MRS. JAMES JOHNSTONE — by Aileen Sibbald

Mr. and Mrs. James Johnstone came to Cochrane from California in 1884. They were originally from Ontario and were born around the Lake Simcoe area.

They had four daughters: Margaret (Maggie), Janet (Jennie), Georgina and Edna. Margaret married Ike Foster and lived in Vancouver. They had four children: Lee, Ira, Edna and Aubrey. Janet married Frank Sibbald of Cochrane; they had three children: Wilfred, Clarence and Aileen. Georgina never married; she lived in California. Edna married Dick

The Barnes boys, and the Johnstone sisters, Georgina, Maggie and Jennie.

Journey and they had three children: one boy, Nobel, and two girls, Edna Mae and Fern. The Journeys lived in California.

Mr. Johnstone had a store and post office in Cochrane for awhile. In 1896 they purchased the SE¼ 12-28-4-5 from James Thompson. They sold the land to Angus McDonald in 1903, and went back to California. The Johnstones once owned property where Los Angeles is now situated.

EVAN DAVIES JONES AND JOHN DAVIES WATKIN — by Marie Atkins

Evan Davies Jones was born January 14, 1882, at Mount Farm, Berriew, Montgomeryshire, North Wales. In 1903 Evan came to Portage La Prairie, Manitoba, and spent the winter there. The following spring he was joined by his half brother, John Watkin. Together they took up homestead land in the Dog Pound district. Evan took up the SW¼ 28-28-4-5 and John took up the NE¼ 20-28-4-5. Evan built a log house and some other buildings, and he and John lived there until 1912, then they sold out. Evan returned to Wales but only stayed a short time and returned to the Cochrane district where he went to work on a ranch.

He was married to Ida Bosserez on January 12, 1918, in the old Barney Madden house near Madden. The farm is now owned by J. Beddoes. The Rev. Horricks officiated.

Mrs. Jones was born in the Province of Liége, Belgium. She came to Canada from Belgium on the liner Ruthania, and while at sea, the First World War broke out. The passage took two weeks as the ship could not travel at night.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones moved to the SW¼ 6-27-3-5. Their only daughter, Marie Louise, was born while they were there. In 1921 they moved to Cochrane, where Evan obtained work with the Government on highway maintenance, between Bearspaw and Morley. He operated a horse-drawn grader.

While in Cochrane a second child, Evan John, was born. Both children attended the Cochrane School. Mrs. Jones was a member of the first

Jack Watkin.

C.W.L. in Cochrane and was a very active member of the organization. From 1926 until 1944, Evan worked at the Two Rivers Ranch owned by Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Wright. He worked at Exshaw until 1950, then he moved to Calgary where he resided until his death on May 6, 1956.

Marie Louise worked in Andison's store for several years. In 1950 she married John P. Atkins, son of Henry Burns Atkins of Cremona. The Atkins reside in Calgary, and have one daughter, Ada Marie.

Evan John was a member of the R.C.A.F. during the Second World War. He married Virginia McFarlane and they live in Vancouver. They have four children, Theresa, Evan, Maureen and Blake.

John Watkin was born at Mount Farm, Berriew, Montgomeryshire, North Wales, September 18, 1877. John served his apprenticeship as a butcher at the early age of thirteen years. He joined the British Army and served in South Africa during the Boer War. After he and his half brother sold their homestead, John went to New Zealand where he went into sheep ranching. John was called back by the Imperial Army in 1914, when World War One broke out. He served in Egypt and returned to England where he received his discharge from the Imperial Army having served his twelve years with them. He returned to Canada and re-enlisted in the Canadian Army and served in France and Belgium until the end of the war. Returning to the Cochrane district, he purchased the S½ 1-27-4-5 where he raised sheep and did some grain farming. Around 1944 he moved to Calgary where he resided until his death in the Colonel Belcher Hospital on March 1, 1965.

MR. AND MRS. HARRY KIRK — by Winnie Wearmouth

Harry and Mary (Mamie Wearmouth) Kirk came to Cochrane from England in 1906. Mary was an aunt of Hugh and Winnie Wearmouth, their dad's sister. They farmed near the Cochrane bridge (south) for a few years. Mamie, a nurse, worked in the Cochrane Hospital when Dr. Park was practicing there. Harry had a son, Hugh, by a former marriage.

Tweeds bought the place after Kirks left.

Harry died in 1918. Mamie and her son moved to Cochrane and lived there two years before moving to Britannia Beach in Vancouver and then to Powell River where Mamie died in 1962. Hugh died in 1964.

FRANK LAING — written by Frank in his 95th year

I was born in Scotland, March 25, 1879. I attended school at Eassie School and Kavy Public School. I had to walk three miles every day; this I did until I was fourteen years old and then I had to work on the farm. After a few years I got the great urge to come to Canada. Everyone was talking about the land in Canada so I came over on the boat called the Columbia, a freighter.

I got to Cobalt, Ontario, the first day of July 1907. I knew some friends there but when I arrived they had left to go prospecting so I was all alone. Well, I needed money so I got a job in a mine, sorting ore. It was hard work. I met a lot of nice fellows while I was there.

I had a brother at Medicine Hat who was an engineer on the railway. I went to Medicine Hat and took out a homestead in the area, and went to work helping to build roads and soon saved enough money to buy myself some horses and a plow and I broke fifteen acres. Then I built a shack, lodging with a neighbor while I built it. For the next seventeen years I plugged away. It was real dry country, some years I had a crop but most years none at all.

Miss Maggie McKenzie came out to look after me, that is she married me, but she did not like the dry country, so we came up to Cochrane to farm. I leased a section with lots of feed and water on it. We stayed at Cochrane for fifteen years then we decided we would like to go to a warmer climate so we came to British Columbia, first to a place between Salmon Arm and Kamloops and later we moved to Armstrong. Finally we both had to quit working so hard and sold our place at Armstrong and moved to Rutland.

THE FRED MAGGS FAMILY

Born in Cairn, Wiltshire, England, Fred Maggs came to Cochrane with his wife and family in 1910. Their original plans were to go to Vancouver, where Fred was going to work as a grain buyer. However, they stopped in Cochrane to visit the Beynon and Davies families, with whom they had been good friends in the Old Country,

and Mr. and Mrs. Maggs decided to stay. Fred went into a partnership with Jack Campbell in a grocery store. A year later Fred bought out his partner's interest in the building and the store.

Fred took an active interest in the affairs of the Village, serving as mayor for a number of years. During the First World War he served on the Tribunal with Mr. Abell. Fred donated the land to the Cochrane Legion where the Cenotaph and the Legion Hall were located, and also donated a flagpole and flag to the Legion. He was made an Honorary member of the Canadian Legion. He bought and paid for the planting of the poplar trees that were planted on the south side of Main Street.

The Maggs were strong supporters of All Saints Anglican Church.

While Fred Maggs was on the council, he and Mr. Patterson, the Union Bank manager, tried to get a golf course made on what is now Cochrane Heights. The villagers would not agree to it, claiming that it was far too windy for a golf course. Some enthusiasts did try to play there, but they always said that the wind blew the ball off the green. For a number of years that piece of property was known as the old golf course.

When R. B. Bennett was elected as Conservative leader at a convention of the party held in Winnipeg in the early 1930s, Fred Maggs felt honored to be chosen as a delegate representing Cochrane.

The Maggs had two children, a son Leslie and a daughter Enid. The children attended school in Cochrane. Leslie chose banking as a career and managed banks at Turner Valley and Strathmore. He retired to Victoria, where he still resides. Enid married F. L. Gainer.

Shortly before World War II Fred sold his store and business to W. Andison, and he and his wife moved to Victoria. He passed away in 1943. Mrs. Maggs moved back to Calgary, and passed away in 1965.

JAMES (JIM) AND JANET MAGUIRE

Jim and Janet Maguire came to Cochrane from Arbroath, Scotland, in 1918. Jim came to operate the water pumping station for the C.P.R. and remained at the job until the railway changed over to diesel locomotives. He was transferred to Calgary as a signalman and remained as such until his retirement from the C.P.R. In 1920 Jim's wages were $110.00 per month.

Both Jim and Janet were avid gardeners and took great pride in their flower beds and grounds around their home. They were both very fond of curling and Jim was active in the Elks' Lodge acting as secretary for many years while the Lodge was in Cochrane; he was also active in the Masonic Lodge. Jim and Janet did not have any children but they were strong supporters of any sports where young people were concerned. Janet was a supporter of the Booster Club in Cochrane, and took great interest in the Highland dancing organization, as well as the Boy Scouts and the Girl Guides.

James and Janet Maguire.

Prior to Jim's death he was night clerk and caretaker at the Cochrane hotel. For many years Janet and Flora Garson ran the ticket wicket at the Elks' Hall. Jim passed away in 1958 and Janet in 1969.

BEN MARCHMONT — by Marjorie Spicer

Ben Marchmont came to Cochrane in 1910. He was a sailor, believed to be of British origin.

He had a boarding house in a small log cabin on Main Street located on the block where Graham's drugstore stands now. Ben catered to commercial travellers and work crews that came into the Village. He moved his business to a house situated across the street south of the Catholic Church, and it became known as Ben's Cozy Cabin. He was an excellent cook.

He also raised chickens and sold eggs, which were stamped with his own particular stamp.

Twenty years before Ben passed away he had Andrew Chapman build him a coffin. He stood it up in his home and used it for a clothes closet.

For a number of years William Andison kept a chair in the store specially for Ben to sit in.

Ben passed away in September 1934. His house is now owned by Mrs. Dave Longbotham.

MAXWELL FAMILY — by Dr. John Maxwell

My father was John William Maxwell and my mother the former Jessie McDonald. Dad came from Salt Springs, Nova Scotia, and Mother from Westville, Nova Scotia. They arrived in Cochrane in 1908, along with my sister, Barbara, who was almost two years old. I was born in Cochrane, March 3, 1909.

Father was a stationary engineer. He came to Cochrane from the Yukon Territory, where he had spent ten years mining in that part of Canada. He had been over the famous White Pass in 1897, and again in 1898. His subsequent trips were made up the Yukon River from Whitehorse to Dawson. He came to Cochrane to install machinery in the Bonnie Brae mine. He also installed the machinery in the brickyard owned by Gabriel Bruel. He later bought the Howard block on Cochrane's main street.

Our first home was known to me only as the shack and it, too, was on the main street of Cochrane.

I recall the story my mother told me of her first winter here in the West. The winter of 1908 and 1909 began very mild; on Christmas Day Mother had the doors open while we were eating our dinner. In January it turned very cold, giving Mother her first taste of the western winters. Our cow froze to death in the barn despite all Father's efforts to save her.

I was born in Mrs. Davies' home. Mrs. Davies was a wonderful midwife. I was delivered by Dr. A. W. Park. The home where I was born is still standing in Cochrane and is lived in by relatives of Mrs. Davies.

I have some interesting memories of Cochrane; of course I was a small boy but the incidents are still very clear to me, one being the huge lady with the Scottish accent that lived at the foot of the hill. I was told that her family were well-to-do, if I may use that term, but she was very eccentric, so her family sent her into town to live. She believed in "spirits." The cowbell attached to our cow was continually disappearing. Father always knew where to look for it; the lady would be walking around her house ringing the bell to keep the spirits away. She believed the spirits to be evil. She also believed in other spirits, the kind that came from a bottle. As a small lad I remember standing on the street with my father, listening to R. B. Bennett campaigning. This old gal was not a supporter of Bennett's and she was giving him a roasting. Slightly woozy from drinking too much fermented rye, she was carrying on to the point where the police had to escort her down the street. Quite undaunted, she picked up a rock and heaved it through a window of the police barracks. This caused a bit of excitement.

To a small child living on the main street, it was always great excitement when the Indians came to town. They generally came on Saturdays. The chief was my hero, he used to pick me up and put me on the saddle with him. The Indians were fond of my mother; she used to feed them great quantities of freshly baked bread, jam and strong tea.

When I was small my mother had to haul water from the Bow River. We did not have a well and water was scarce in the town due to the lack of them. Mother would strap me on her back and my sister would walk, and Mother carried water all the way from the river. She carried two pails each trip. When Mrs. Davies heard about Mother carrying the water so far she told Mother to get water from her well, telling Mother that if her well went dry then the two of them would haul water from the river together. Such was the generosity of this good woman. Around 1911 or 1912 my father built a brick home beside Mrs. Davies.

We left Cochrane in 1913 to make our home in Calgary. I received my education in Calgary and at the University of Alberta. I taught school for ten years then decided to become a doctor. I served in the Army and then practised medicine in Calgary. I later joined the staff of the Colonel Belcher Hospital and remained there until my retirement.

CHARLES G. AND LOIS McBEY

Charles and Lois came to Cochrane in 1928, and resided in the Webster house at the west end of the Village until they moved away in 1934. Charles was the manager of the Royal Bank in Cochrane during this time.

Lois was the first Worthy Matron of the Zenith Chapter of the Eastern Star in Cochrane. She was very active in church work and did a great deal of work with the C.G.I.T. group.

McBeys kept a parrot in their house. George Rattray used to deliver eggs and cream to the McBeys, and one day he sent a boy up with the produce. The boy knocked on the door and a voice said, "Come in." The young lad did, but looked around and saw no one. Finally a voice said, "Hello." The boy was so startled he set the cream and eggs down where he was standing, and got out of the house in a hurry! He did learn later where the voice came from. Mr. Rattray thought it was a big joke, but the lad didn't think so.

After Charles retired from banking he and his wife moved to Calgary. Charles passed away in 1976, and Lois still resides in Calgary.

THE McEWAN FAMILY

Alex McEwan was born in Stratford, Ontario, and came to Calgary in 1885. He homesteaded where Riley Park is today. He went back East and married Jemima Golightly, and returned to Calgary in 1890.

In 1894 the McEwans moved to a homestead on the Dog Pound. Their land later became part of the Virginia Ranch.

In 1900 the family moved into Cochrane. There was no school near their homestead at that time, so Alex built a home in Cochrane for the

family, and he obtained the Massey Harris machine agency. He purchased a half section two miles west and one mile north of Cochrane and ran cattle on the land.

There were six children in the family: Norman, James, Alma, Hugh, Marian, and a baby girl who died as an infant. Norman drowned at Langdon, Alberta, when he was 17 years old.

The children attended school in Cochrane. At an early age James went to work for Brewsters in Banff, and remained there for a number of years before returning to take care of his father's farm north of Cochrane. He married a girl from Ireland and they had one daughter, Joan. James left the farm and went to work in Calgary for an oil company. He passed away in 1963.

Hugh worked on ranches until 1914, then joined the Army and went Overseas. Upon his return in 1919 he went to work for Canada Cement Company at Exshaw, working there until his father passed away in 1929, and it was necesary for him to return to Cochrane and take over his father's business. He also took care of his mother. After her death in 1936, he returned to Canada Cement Company and remained there until his retirement in July 1960. Hugh never married. He passed away in September 1960.

Marian married Welby Barkley in 1920 and moved to a ranch in the Springbank area. They had three boys: Ross, and twins, Barry and Larry. Welby passed away in 1968, and Marian now resides in Calgary.

Alma married Victor Armstrong in 1923. They had one daughter, Phyllis. Victor passed away in 1973. Alma resides in Calgary.

Mrs. McEwan was a great worker for the United Church in Cochrane. She was a very hard-working woman, keeping milk cows and raising a large garden. She was also well known for her beautiful handmade quilts.

Mr. and Mrs. McGlashing.

WILLIAM WALTER McGLASHING — by Vera Griffen

Father, William Walter McGlashing, was born at Tormentine, New Brunswick, in 1887. Mother, Maria Alfreda Beck, was born in Göteborg, Sweden, in 1887. They were married in Calgary in 1913.

There were four children in the family: Otto, Vera, Gerald and Charles.

Before coming to Cochrane, Mother and Dad farmed at Armstrong, British Columbia, and Ardley, Alberta. Dad moved to a farm northwest of Cochrane, the land location being the SE¼ and NW¼ 6-28-4-5.

Dad started in the mining business while still on the farm and opened up the old Bonnie Brae mine south of the Bow River about three miles southwest of Cochrane. He started at the mine in 1924 and in 1926 had to abandon it. He then moved the family to Cochrane so the children could go to school. While living in Cochrane, Dad did carpenter work. He was a fine carpenter. In 1927 we moved to Chilliwack, British Columbia. Dad worked as a carpenter there until 1942. At that time the family moved to Vancouver and Dad did boat building.

Mother passed away in 1958 and Dad passed away in 1960.

THE McNAMEE FAMILY

Many of the soldiers returning home to Ireland after the Crimean war found their families homeless, as the rich landowners had taken their holdings for deer pastures. Britain had decided their services in the Army were no longer needed; there was never going to be another war, so hundreds of young families found themselves with no homes or jobs. With their few possessions they boarded sailing ships and set out to find new homes in a new land. One of these families was the McNamees.

The family settled in Centralia, a village 21 miles from London, Ontario. The fine hardwood forests provided them with material to build and heat their homes and the maple trees provided sugar and syrup. With many fruit trees, nuts and berries, along with a few cows, pigs, chickens and a garden, there was little they needed to buy. For the few things they did need, they traded butter and eggs.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert McNamee and son Bruce.

William was a son of these early settlers. He learned the shoemaking trade from his father and went into business for himself. He married Jenny Fraser and they raised a family of five boys: James, George, Robert, William and Andrew, and five girls: Mary, Ann, Janey, Margaret, and Emma.

The Canadian Government was advertising free land in Manitoba, so the oldest boy, James, joined a group and headed west to Crystal City. That fall James got the sad news his father had died, so he returned home to spend the winter with his mother. In the spring he and another brother went back to Manitoba and took up homesteads. An early frost that year destroyed their crops and gardens, so they returned again to Ontario.

The next spring the railway had reached Crystal City and Bob McNamee came back to Manitoba with his two brothers. Bob decided to work on the railway and when it reached Killarney, Manitoba, the boys decided to find a home there and bring their mother and younger sisters and brothers out.

They had a happy time on the farm that winter; of course there were hardships too, such as the blizzards that swept across the prairies and lasted for several days at a time.

The next spring the McNamee boys took jobs on the section crews of the C.P.R. The C.P.R. had sidetracked and fitted several cars for living quarters. The foreman, Charles Barquist, asked Jenny to move in and board the crew; this she did until a home was built for her in Killarney.

Bob continued to work for the railroad and he arrived in Cochrane in 1887. His mother continued to live in Killarney and passed away in her 83rd year during World War One.

When Bob arrived in Cochrane he became section foreman for the C.P.R. In 1891 he married Catherine Bruce and they had a family of eleven children, seven boys: Grafton, Ivor, Bruce, Vernon, Elford, Laurence and Donald, and four girls: Mabel, Genevieve, Vivian and Kathy.

Bob purchased the SW¼ 23-26-4-5, which had a good water supply, from the C.P.R. He brought cattle in from Manitoba and fattened them on the lush grass. In those days there were few fences, and as long as a person had a good water supply, cattle had lots of range to graze on. He later sold the land to Frank Brown.

During the First World War, Bob took over the flour and feed mill business in Cochrane from R. A. Webster and remained with the business until it was sold to the U.F.A. in 1921. He then took a job with the Department of Highways, building roads, bridges and doing general maintenance.

Three of his sons, Elford, Ivor and Bruce, served in World War One. Bruce was killed in action. Elford served again in World War Two. Donald served in the Army in World War Two and saw service Overseas.

Bob passed away in 1935 at the age of 71 years and his wife Catherine passed away in 1954.

"SOMEWHERE IN ITALY" — by Don McNamee, written in 1944

We were sitting around our canvas
Under Italian skies,
As overhead the bombers pass
And we see the tracks arise.

And now the big guns open up
As the searchlights find a stray,
They're after him hot and heavy
But he weaves and dives away.

The flares are dying out now
The night is growing still
The Jerries turn and head for home,
And it looks like they've had their fill.

As we turn our backs on the darkness
And enter our lamp-lit tent,
Our thoughts are not of the bombs and war,
But our thoughts to God are sent.

For the safety of our loved ones
On Canada's fair shore,
As we dream of home and future
When war shall be no more.

We dream of hill and valleys,
And the lakes of sapphire blue.
We see them all when the dark clouds break
And the sun comes shining through.

THE JAMES G. McPHERSON FAMILY

James G. McPherson was born and educated at Springbank. His father, James N. McPherson, came to Calgary in 1883. James married Vola Kinney in 1934. Vola came to Alberta from Nova Scotia with her parents in 1919, and was educated in Calgary.

James and Vola came to the Cochrane farm with their two children, James and Grace, in April 1938. They carried on a dairy operation there until 1958. During that time Vola taught school in Cochrane for fifteen years.

Their son married Isabel Court, the daughter of Ron Court, Picture Butte, Alberta, and granddaughter of George Court, a pioneer of Lethbridge. They have four children, James R., Karen, Roger and Gregory, and all reside on the Cochrane farm. They moved there in 1963 and began a dairy operation, which was sold in 1975.

Grace married Gordon Murdoch of Crossfield, Alberta, son of William Murdoch and grandson of George Murdoch, first mayor of Calgary. They have three daughters, Nancy, Leisa and Shelley. They reside on a farm at Crossfield.

Mr. and Mrs. James G. McPherson, James Jr. and Grace.

DAVID S. McQUILLIN

In 1923 David worked on a survey crew for the Alberta Government surveying roads in the Cochrane area. At first he boarded at the hotel in Cochrane and the board and room was $1.35 per day. David later stayed at the McDougall ranch. After surveying in the Cochrane area he went to Exshaw where he helped survey Highway 1A to the Banff Park gates.

THE CHARLIE MICKLE FAMILY

Charlie Mickle married Della Taylor of Lacombe, Alberta, November 22, 1899. He met Della when she was working at the Alberta Hotel, Calgary.

After their marriage, they moved to the Young place in Springbank and filed on a homestead, a quarter of section 12-25-5-5. They resided there for awhile and Charlie purchased section 9-24-4-5 in the Mission Valley. He also took out a quarter section of homestead land on section 4-24-4-5.

In 1911 he sold the land to the Dukes and the family moved to Victoria, returning to Cochrane in 1912. Around 1916 Charlie purchased the land at Mission Valley back from Mrs. Duke. The family moved to the ranch again; this time they stayed until 1919, then Charlie rented the ranch to Mike Bowlen.

Charlie operated a livery and feed business in Cochrane and also had a mail delivery to Dog Pound and Bottrel. He was Brand Inspector in Cochrane for a number of years.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Mickle on their wedding day.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Mickle and their family. Back row: Violet, Helen, Lennie and Elva. Front: Rita, Bert and Jack.

Charlie and Della had seven children, three boys: Lenny, Bert and Jack, and four girls: Elva, Helen, Violet and Rita. The children attended school at Jumping Pound and Cochrane.

The Mickle family moved to several places in Alberta, such as Medicine Hat and different places in British Columbia; likely the children attended school there too. Elva married J. Betteridge; Helen married Jim Maxwell and they reside in Calgary. Violet married Bill Loblaw and they also reside in Calgary. Rita married Norman Smith and now lives at Field, British Columbia. Bert married June Roughton, Jack married Betty Tucker and Lennie married Jo Shaw. Lennie and Jo live north of the old Mickle ranch on SW¼ 22-24-4-5. They also own NW¼ 15-24-4-5.

Charlie Mickle passed away in 1948; his wife predeceased him in 1931.

Lennie recalls a fellow by the name of Johnnie Wraith, who lived in Springbank. He was a bachelor and he spent every Christmas for 26 years with the Mickle family, even going to Victoria the year the Mickles were there. Another vivid recollection of Lennie's concerns the livery stable business in Cochrane. Paddy Drummond passed away and Father Hermes rented a driver and team from the stable to go out to Drummonds. Lennie was not very old but his dad sent him out with the Priest. His dad told him not to go into Drummond's house, to wait in the buggy. It was very cold out and Lennie says he nearly froze, waiting for Father Hermes to get back into the buggy.

THE MOORE FAMILY — by R. E. Moore and Brock Weatherhead

Alexander Moore was born October 1, 1874, at Lion's Head, Ontario, son of Robert Moore and Isabella Kidd. He was married on August 5, 1903 to Anna M. Weatherhead of Cape Chin, Ontario. Children, Enid A., Robert E., Gordon C., Allister W., and Jean I. were born to Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Moore.

Dad, Mother, Enid and I came West to Alberta in 1907 to homestead on the NW¼ 6-29-4-5. No doubt the glowing accounts sent home by my grandfather, Alexander Weatherhead, were the necessary incentive for the move. He spent the winter of 1905-06 near Carstairs, Alberta. It was a very mild winter and he sent pictures home, showing everyone enjoying Christmas Day 1905, in bright sunshine, wandering about in their shirt sleeves. He told of land to the west that was available for homestead for a fee of $10.00, and after certain requirements were met, one could get a title to 160 acres. Also C.P.R. land could be bought.

In 1906 my father, accompanied by my uncles, Wilfred, Melville and Victor Weatherhead, my aunt, Lena Weatherhead, and my aunt Teen (Mel's wife) arrived to join Grandfather. They drove out to see the sites he had picked out. The result was that the four Weatherheads filed on all of Sec. 12-29-5-5 and Dad filed across the range line on section 6.

The two Alexs returned to Mar and Cape Chin on the Bruce Peninsula in Ontario, to prepare for the move. This took considerable time as the following excerpt from the Mar News in the Wiraton Echo of 1907 would indicate: "After long and tedious waiting the Grand Trunk Railway finally made cars available to Alex Weatherhead and Alex Moore and they leave Tuesday for the wild and wooly West." The trip West took three weeks by freight. A derailment of two of the cars added to the trials and tribulations with some loss of livestock.

In addition to our family, the party included my grandfather and grandmother Weatherhead, my uncles, Edwin and Brock, and my aunts, Mary and Irene. The drive out from Carstairs by wagon to the homestead took two days. We stopped over at the halfway house of the Stucks, then on past Squire Jacksons, Cremona, Bill Grahams, Buster Browns and Bohannons.

Grandad bought the E½ 1-29-5-5 from the C.P.R. and built near a spring. Dad bought the NW¼ 7-29-4-5 from the C.P.R. and built our

house near a spring. By the time Enid was to start school, the Mount Hope building was ready. The Weatherheads started by riding to Westbrook School located about one mile south of the Bottrel Store and then they changed to Mount Hope. We received our mail at Dog Pound Post Office located in the home of E. V. Thompson. Later when J. T. Boucher purchased part of the old Botterell Ranch, he built a store and Post Office and called it Bottrel. We then changed our address to Bottrel.

To augment the farm income, Dad worked on the Government bridge building crew, and Mother and Aunt Mary cooked for the crew. Dad was foreman of the wooden bridges and Frank Campbell, (who later married my Aunt Mary) was foreman on the steel bridge gang. Both were under the direction of Dan White. They often worked together on the steel bridges. They built steel bridges over the Red Deer River at Sundre, Niddrie and Garrington. It was at one of these locations that I wandered away from the camp and was lost in the woods. After a frantic search of over twelve hours I was found none the worse for the experience.

Dad was master of ceremonies at many entertainments and usually contributed a recitation. He took part in many plays and was at his best at the debating club which met regularly. Dancing was enjoyed by everyone. The dances started early and usually lasted until dawn, Music was supplied by Roy Barr on the violin, Nona Barr on the piano and Guy Gazeley on the drums.

In 1917, the homestead was sold to Harbottles and the quarter of 7 went to Joe Withey. We moved to one mile east of Cochrane, south of the C.P.R. track on the north bank of the Bow River. This land was owned by Mr. Murphy and the two acres of land with the buildings on, Dad purchased from Pete Dixon (Rattle Snake Pete). Here, Dad operated a dairy.

In 1919, Dad was nominated by the United Farmers of Alberta to contest the by-election in the Cochrane constituency. The election was called to fill the vacancy caused by the death of The Honorable Charles W. Fisher, Speaker of the Alberta Legislature. On November 3, 1919, Dad defeated Edward V. Thompson (Dog Pound Postmaster), the Liberal candidate, and became the first U.F.A. member of the Legislature. He was re-elected in 1921 when the U.F.A. swept the Liberals out of power. His political career was cut short when, in the next general election in 1926, his Model T Ford got stuck in a mud hole while he was on the way to Crossfield to file his nomination papers. He got word to his agent (Milt McCool) in Crossfield that he would be late for the 2 p.m. deadline. McCool hurriedly filed nomination papers in his own name. McCool was elected as U.F.A. member and held this riding until Social Credit took over in 1935. Dad was very active in community affairs and took a keen interest in politics. He gave generously of his time in organizing the farmers of the day to stand together and make their needs known to the government. He was a director of the United Farmers of Alberta Co-op Association, a member of the Oddfellow and Masonic Lodges, Secretary of Cochrane South Mutual Telephone Company, actively assisted in the building of the DartigueLodge and the original Co-op milk plant in Calgary, and helped establish the United Grain Growers Elevator in Cochrane. He was also secretary of the organization for a number of years.

Dad operated his dairy farm until 1943 at which time he retired. During the years, Dad's work and political activities took him away from home quite often. It was left to Mother to keep the farm running. In her quiet, efficient manner she kept us on the straight and narrow. Through the ups and downs of life she was always a tower of strength to us. Dad passed away in 1952 and Mother in 1961.

GEORGE AND ROSE MORRIS — by Billie Beynon

My father, George Morris, was born in Welshpool, Wales, and Mother was born in Georgetown, Ontario. They were married at Carmangay, Alberta, where they resided for some time. Prior to coming to the Cochrane area they resided at Sundre.

When Mother and Father and the family moved to Cochrane, they went to work for Harry and Jack McConachie, owners of the Justhome Ranch. After leaving the ranch Father worked for the Village of Cochrane as foreman, remaining as such for eleven years. Owing to failing health he had to retire, and in 1962 he passed away. Mother then came to live with my husband and me until her death in 1971.

There are six children in the family: Cecil, David, Walter, Terry, myself, and June. Cecil married Irene Parkinson, they have one daughter and reside in Edmonton. David married Donna Wallace, they have two sons and two daughters and reside at Carbon. Walter married Penny Stenton, they have two sons and a daughter and reside at Canmore. Terry married Pat Cooper and they live at Kamloops, British Columbia. June married Mike Fryk, they have one daughter and live in Calgary. I married Ed Beynon. We have three daughters and reside on our farm at Cochrane.

A. J. MURPHY AND THE ALBERTA HOTEL — by Helen Murphy Brown

It has been said of A. J. Murphy that he was a great contributor to the development and prosperity of Alberta, and that his accomplishments did much to make the resources of Alberta known and its opportunities and future appreciated not only in Eastern Canada but in the United States.

Joe Murphy, as he was known to his friends, was born and educated in Mount Forest, Ontario.

The Murphy home in Cochrane. Mr. and Mrs. Joe Murphy and Helen with Jim Murphy's children, Cliff, Irene, Eva and Jim.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Murphy.

In 1882 when he was twenty years old his father, who was a Dominion land surveyor, took him West with a survey party. From Brandon, Manitoba, they travelled by Red River carts to Prince Albert, surveying ten townships before returning to Winnipeg in the fall of 1883. There the young man went into the plumbing business, and it was not until the spring of 1888 that he continued west to Calgary where he started a boot and shoe business. In 1891-92, or possibly earlier, he carried the mail between Calgary and Macleod. About this time the railway between those towns was completed so he bought some teams of horses and went to work on the construction of the Crow's Nest Pass Railroad. Later he took his outfit to Lake Dauphin on the C.P.R.

Although he had many interests his greatest love was for good horses and the most famous of the many he owned was the Thoroughbred, Cyclone. In 1896 he showed him at the Toronto Exhibition and as this was the only entry from the Northwest Territories the horse was transported free of charge from Winnipeg to Toronto. That year Cyclone was shown at the racetracks in Toronto, Ottawa, Hamilton, Detroit and at the Chicago World's Fair. On the track he won many races and his name was known on both sides of the border to all who were interested in good horses.

A. J. Murphy was an excellent judge of a horse and was asked to judge at many shows. This he enjoyed doing. He would drop everything to talk "horse" with an interested or knowledgeable person. About 1900 he located a horse ranch about two miles from Cochrane, adjacent to the present St. Francis Retreat, and made it one of the most important stock farms in Alberta. He raised Thoroughbreds, Standardbreds and draft horses that won many ribbons for him at the Calgary Exhibition and other shows. Ike Pepper worked for him at the ranch, enabling him to attend to his many other interests. He was one of the founding members of the Cochrane Racing Association and was starter at the Cochrane Race Track for many years.

In 1898 he and his brother, Jim, built the Alberta Hotel on the main street in Cochrane. This was a large frame building, three stories high, with a verandah across the front and a balcony above the verandah. The hotel became the social centre for Cochrane and a large surrounding district and was the scene of certain wild and woolly escapades. In that same year they built the Murphy Livery Stable, and closer to the hill Joe Murphy had a lumber yard. He turned the management of the livery stable over to someone else but managed the lumber yard himself.

In 1904 he married Miss Helen O'Reilly of Norwood, Ontario. In 1905 he gave up the management of the hotel, rented it to others and moved into a house about a block away. In 1910 he built a fine home at the mouth of the coulee. The stable had a high stone foundation, the yard was nicely landscaped and the lot was surrounded by a stone wall. In 1920 this house was sold to the Gillies family.

The Murphy Hotel 1911.

The Murphy Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Murphy had one daughter, Helen, and after Jim Murphy's death they raised his son, Jim. The other children of Jim Murphy often spent the summers with their aunt and uncle. Helen Murphy married Ed Brown who predeceased her. They had a son and a daughter who have distinguished themselves in their respective careers, Ken as an engineer, and Sylvia in the Department of External Affairs. She is Secretary to the Canadian High Commissioner, has been stationed in Paris, Tokyo, Singapore, Nairobi and Guyana and she is fluently bi-lingual.

Joe Murphy's many achievements were invaluable to his community and his province. Yet all who knew him loved him most for his wonderful personality and disposition and for his kindness to all in need. No one was ever turned away from his door. He was a loyal friend, an entertaining host and a gentle man. An old friend remembers that his remarks were often prefaced with the words, "Do you see —." "Do you

In the Cochrane Hotel dining room. Mr. and Mrs. Burnham are being served.

see," he would say, "It would last as long as a white shirt in a free fight!"

On June 25th, 1920, Joe Murphy was injured in a car accident. He was taken to the Holy Cross Hospital in Calgary. Mrs. Murphy who was a Registered Nurse stayed with him and helped to nurse him, but he died on July 17, 1920.

The funeral was the largest that had ever been held in Cochrane. Requiem High Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Hermes in St. Mary's of Cochrane. F. L. Gainer sang and there were many beautiful flowers and wreaths. A multitude of friends joined with his family in mourning his loss and fifty cars were in the funeral cortege that climbed the Big Hill to the Catholic cemetery.

Mrs. Murphy and Helen went to live in Calgary but kept the hotel. It was rented and on one occasion was sold but Mrs. Murphy had to take it back. The last renter was J. W. Dickenson. In 1927 it was destroyed by fire. A few furnishings were saved but the big oil painting of Cyclone which hung there was overlooked and lost.

NOTE: Helen Murphy Brown passed away in May, 1975.

DAVE MURRAY, COCHRANE BLACKSMITH — by Marjorie Spicer

Dave Murray, along with his brother Joe, came to Canada and to Calgary, around 1908. They had been born and raised around Dundee, Scotland. Both were blacksmiths by trade. With the Murrays, the blacksmith trade was as old as the hills of Scotland; their forefathers were blacksmiths as far back as they could recall.

In Dundee, Dave served his five years apprenticeship in blacksmithing, and then made the decision to come to Canada to seek adventure and fortune.

Upon arrival in Calgary, Dave went to work for Wetmore and Fullerton on 8th Avenue East, remaining there until 1912, when he went to Banff to work for Brewsters. At that time Brewsters had one thousand horses and a day's work for Dave was shoeing twenty-five head of horses. They were used on tally-hos, trail rides, packing, as saddle horses and driving teams, so keeping their feet in good condition was an everyday job.

While in Banff Dave married Miss Elsie Hartman of Pennsylvania, U.S.A., and their son David Jr. was born while they were in Banff.

In 1922 Dave and his family moved to Seattle, where he was engaged in making tools. They remained there for five years, coming back to Banff.

Dave decided to go into business for himself, and in 1928 he purchased the blacksmith shop in Cochrane from George Hope.

As well as being an excellent farrier, Dave was equally efficient in all phases of

Outside Dave Murray's Blacksmith Shop. From the left, ? , Dave Murray, Clem Colgan, Bert Sibbald, J. Curren, ? .

blacksmithing. No job was too big or too hard for him. Dave kept pace with the times and the changes that came along. Shoeing horses and making horse shoes began to phase out, but he was kept busy making hay hooks by the dozens to handle baled hay, sharpening plow shares and making branding irons, at which he excelled. One wall of his shop was covered with brands stamped when testing an iron, testimony of the number of brands he had made for cattlemen in the area, as well as such places as High River, Black Diamond and other areas. He sharpened the steel for the drillers on the Lake Minnewanka Dam. He made bars for Calgary Power to take readings through the ice in winter.

For many years Dave was the only blacksmith west of Calgary to beyond the British Columbia border. A lot of customers came from British Columbia to get work done in his shop.

Dave once made the remark that horses and cars had one thing in common, both had to have change-overs from summer to winter driving; horses had to have ice caulks in their shoes and cars used knobby tires.

Of course Dave had other talents; he was fond of music and played a mean violin. He and Frank Laing used to play for local dances, never taking any pay, just doing it for the enjoyment they derived from it. He was a keen curler and it was not unusual to see him down at the curling rink dressed in his Scotch kilt.

He was a member of the Masonic Lodge, Elks, and Oddfellows and served on the village council.

Dave was fond of young children, and young lads about town delighted in being able to stand in the doorway of his shop and watch him plying his trade. To go near the shop and hear Dave whistling the Tarantella while hammering something on the anvil was a glorious sound to start anyone's day.

In 1955 Dave became ill and the familiar sounds that came from his shop ceased. The doors were closed, thus ending a nostalgic era that was so much a part of the history of Cochrane. In 1956 Dave passed away. The old shop was torn down by Bob and Jim Baptie and parts of it were used to build a barn on the Baptie farm. I am fortunate in having some of the timbers in my home, so the old shop is still serving.

David Jr. enlisted in the Army in World War II and went Overseas. While Overseas he married Irene Blyth of Scotland. They have four sons, David, Donald, Duncan, and Dale, and one daughter, Anita. Elsie Murray now resides in Calgary.

MR. AND MRS. ANDREW NAGY — by their granddaughter, Helen Warner

Andrew Nagy came to Canada from Hungary in the early 1900s. He filed on a homestead near St. Brieux, Saskatchewan. St. Brieux is about fifty miles north of Humboldt in an area dotted with small lakes. The early homesteaders there had their work cut out for them clearing land before breaking it up for cropping.

He married Suzanna Miko in 1913. Suzanna had also come to Canada from Hungary, immigrating with her parents as a young girl around 1900.

A few years after they were were married, tragedy struck the Nagy family during a diphtheria epidemic, when their oldest son and oldest daughter died from the dread disease. Mr. and Mrs. Nagy felt that they needed a fresh start, so the homestead was sold and the family moved to Alberta. They lived in Lethbridge and Ft. Macleod before coming to Cochrane in the late 1920s with their five children, Amy, Vera, Mike, Mary and Andy. They lived on a farm north of Cochrane, and the three older children went to Cochrane Lakes School. Later, the Nagys moved to Cochrane. Three more children were born, Helen, Elizabeth and David.

Mr. Nagy worked for John Boothby, Calgary Power Company, and at the Exshaw Cement Plant. He died in 1948.

Mrs. Nagy lives in Cochrane and is a very active member of St. Mary's Catholic Church, the Canadian Legion and the Booster Club. She thoroughly enjoys getting about and visiting her family, two of whom live in the Cochrane area. Amy married Hamish Begg, and Elizabeth married Robert Stone of Dog Pound. The other members of the Nagy family live in Calgary and various parts of British Columbia.

In 1965, Mrs. Nagy returned to Hungary for a visit, but unfortunately found it very difficult to contact many of her or her husband's relations. Sixty years absence from her homeland, which has been ravaged by war and revolution, meant that things did not seem quite the same as they had in the old days.

WILLIAM NELSON

Mr. and Mrs. William Nelson came to Cochrane in the early 1930s. They had four sons: Charles, Robert, James and William. Charles and Robert worked on ranches in the area. James and William attended school in Cochrane. Mr. Nelson had lost his job in Calgary at the

beginning of the Depression. He had had a foot and part of his leg removed. He found it hard to get employment, and the family were forced to take relief.

At one time they lived in the old Commercial Cartage office building, now well dilapidated. The house can still be seen on the right side of Highway 22 south as you leave the Highway 1A intersection, just west of Cochrane. They later lived on the old Jim Cooper homestead. Mrs. Nelson was very English and could really make a house a home.

TIM AND LOUISE NOWLIN

In 1936 Tim and Louise Nowlin moved from Fort Macleod to the Cochrane area. They purchased the John Ireland place which was the N½ 30-27-5-5. The east quarter of this half section was homesteaded by Scotty Elder and the west quarter by Bill Peyto of Banff. The land is situated in what is known as the Montreal Valley and is at the head of Grand Valley Creek, formerly called Coal Creek. They ran seventy-five to a hundred head of horses and thirty-five to forty head of cattle.

Their daughter Nelda was born in 1938, their son Tommy was born in 1943, and daughter Gail was born in 1946.

In 1945 Tim and Louise moved into Cochrane, having purchased a house and one acre of land from Mrs. Sarah Robinson. In 1952 they sold the balance of their land in the Montreal Valley to Griffin Brothers.

Tim went into the carpenter business and for a number of years was kept busy building houses on the Stoney Indian Reserve, as well as doing buildings elsewhere in the community. For a number of years Louise operated a successful boarding house for men working on the oil rigs around the Cochrane area.

Tim is an active member of the Lions Club in Cochrane.

Tim Nowlin (on horse), Dallas Ives and Jim Storey branding a calf.

After completing her schooling in Cochrane, Nelda went on to become a teacher and she married Malcolm Sharp. Malcolm is a teacher at S.A.I.T. They reside in Cochrane and have three daughters, Debby, Cindy and Susan.

Gail married Tuff Ramsay, they also reside in Cochrane and have three sons, Patrick, Douglas and Andrew.

Tommy resides at Red Deer.

MR. A. H. O'KEEFFE — by Pat O'Keeffe

Dad was born in Cork, Ireland, on July 1, 1887. Mother was born in Kent, England, in 1897. Dad came to Canada in 1912 and Mother came in 1908.

My parents came to Cochrane in 1938, where Dad managed the Royal Bank until 1946. My sister and I attended school in Cochrane. My main point of interest in Cochrane was Baptie's garage.

My parents retired in Victoria. Dad passed away in November 1974. Mother still lives in Victoria.

DR. ANDREW PARK, FIRST RESIDENT DOCTOR OF COCHRANE — by Lorna Park

Andrew Walter Park was born in Durham, Ontario, on July 2, 1879. He completed school in Durham and after teaching school for two years, went to McGill University, Montreal, in the fall of 1899. He graduated in medicine from McGill in 1904.

Shortly after graduation Dr. Park came West to Calgary. In Calgary he wrote the examinations for the North West Territories in order to obtain a licence to practice in this area.

While waiting for the results of the examination, Dr. Park looked around for a location to practice. He heard of several places including Cochrane. He came to Cochrane and as soon as he saw the view of the foothills and the mountains from the top of the Cochrane Hill, he looked no further. In later years, after travelling to many parts of the world, he always said that there was no view to equal the view from the Cochrane Hill.

From 1904 until 1906 Dr. Park lived at the hotel in Cochrane, owned by the Murphy brothers. His office was on the second floor of the Fisher Block.

In the summer of 1906 Dr. Park returned to Durham, Ontario, to marry Amelia Meredith, who had also been born in Durham in 1879, and had been teaching school there.

At this time Dr. Park bought a house in Cochrane that had just been built by James Quigley. Dr. and Mrs. Park lived in this house from 1906 until the fall of 1918. At that time the house was sold to F. L. Gainer.

In 1915 Dr. Park enlisted with the Eighth Field Ambulance as Medical Officer. After training at Sarcee, the Eighth Field Ambulance went to England and then to France. During the war Mrs. Park and their small daughter, Lorna, remained in Cochrane.

Doctor Park.

In the fall of 1918, after being discharged from the army, Dr. Park became a Medical Officer for the Soldier's Civil Re-establishment in Calgary, and the Park family moved to Calgary. The Soldier's Civil Re-establishment has been renamed several times and is now the Department of Veterans Affairs.

Dr. Park was Chief Medical Officer of the Col. Belcher Hospital in the 1920s and early 1930s. He was later District Administrator in Calgary for the Department of Veteran Affairs. He retired in 1946 and continued to live in Calgary until his death in 1962. Mrs. Park predeceased him in 1960.

During Dr. Park's years in Cochrane he was very busy. His territory included Cochrane and the surrounding area. In 1909 when Mr. and Mrs. Davies were building a house, Dr. Park asked them to build a wing on to it for a small hospital in Cochrane. Mrs. Davies, who had been a nurse in England, was the matron of the hospital. Dr. Park was also appointed by the Federal Government as the doctor in charge of the Morley Indian Reserve at Morley.

When Dr. Park first went to Cochrane he rode a horse to see his patients in the surrounding district. In 1906 he purchased a horse and buggy and later he bought one of the first cars in Cochrane, a MacLaughlin, later known as MacLaughlin-Buick.

During the years in Cochrane both Dr. and Mrs. Park were very active in the community. Dr. Park was active in the Conservative Party and was a Grand Master of the King Solomon Masonic Lodge in Cochrane. Mrs. Park was the organist at Saint Andrew's Church for many years. In later years both Dr. and Mrs. Park said that many of the happiest years of their lives were the years in Cochrane.

CHARLIE PEDEPRAT

Charlie Pedeprat was born March 12, 1873, in the village of Belloc in the lower Pyrenees Mountains in France. In 1884 at the age of 11 he came to Canada with his brother John, who was 18. The boys came to stay with their uncle, John D'Artigue, who at that time was homesteading on the Dog Pound Creek. On the train trip from Winnipeg to Calgary, Charlie and his brother would often get off and walk beside the track to break the monotony of the slow trip.

Charlie worked for his uncle until he was 17, and then for various other ranches in the Cochrane district, including the Cochrane Ranche. He recalled, in later years, that on spring roundups, the cowboys went out in a wide arc via Airdrie as far as Gleichen, to gather cattle that had drifted ahead of the winter storms. The men would only see an occasional fence in the entire distance and would be away about a month on the roundup.

Charlie Pedeprat, master craftsman with an axe.

Unlike many of the pioneers, Charlie never filed on a homestead. He never married; he did not think that pioneering was any life for a woman. His brother moved to Fernie, British Columbia, before the First World War, where he passed away. Charlie served in the Forestry Corps during the First World War. He returned to his home town on leaves while in the Army, but decided to return to Cochrane following his discharge.

Charlie learned the art of erecting log buildings as a young man and through the years became well known in the Cochrane area for his skill with an axe. His services were in demand for cabin and house building until poor health forced his retirement at the age of 80. There are many log houses and cabins still in use that are examples of his good workmanship. His specialty was his smooth dovetail corners.

Many of the early log cabins and other buildings around Banff were built by Charlie Pedeprat, under contracts with the C.P.R. and Brewsters. He once recalled building a 42-foot log building for a bakery in Calgary. Once he had a contract to cut railway ties for a spur line to a brickyard at Cochrane. It called for 900 ties, and he did the work himself, often cutting as many as 40 ties a day.

For the last 24 years of his life, Charlie lived with the Steel family of Cochrane. He passed away in the Colonel Belcher Hospital on May 2, 1965, at the age of 92, after two day's illness. He was buried in the Field of Honor in Burnsland Cemetery, Calgary.

THE HAROLD (TOMMY) PEPPER FAMILY — by Marjorie Spicer

My parents, Harold Augustus Pepper and Edith Lottie Chilton, were married at High River in 1917. Dad, the son of William and Harriett Pepper, was born in Calgary in 1886, and Mother, the daughter of Fred and Mary Jane Chilton, was born in England in 1899.

Mother came from England to the Gladys Ridge area in 1909.

Dad was raised in the Brushy Ridge — Jumping Pound area, his parents first settling in the area in 1885. What schooling he did receive (about three years) was at the old Jumping Pound School. He never started to school until he was in his teens; as a result he found school very difficult. In later years he regretted not getting more education. He said he spent more time skipping school to go fishing and bronc riding, than he did attending classes.

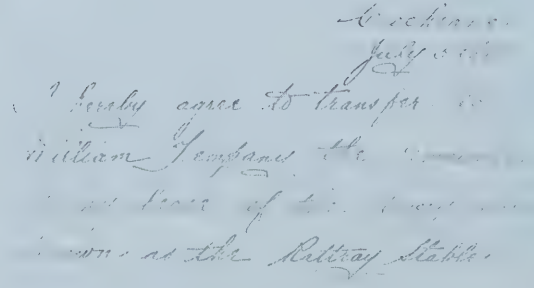
For a number of years Dad worked for ranchers in the Springbank, Brushy Ridge and Jumping Pound areas. He was fond of horses, and was an excellent rider. No horse seemed to be too tough for him to handle.

In his youth Dad was quite a live wire; he liked dancing, played the fiddle and mouth organ, playing at many of the dances in the area. Dad was a good clog dancer and most of us older

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Pepper's 50th Wedding Anniversary. Seated: Vernon Pepper, Marjorie Spicer, Edith and Harold Pepper. Standing: Robert and Leonard Pepper, Francis Scott, Gordon Pepper.

children learned to dance from him; he even taught some of his grandchildren to clog and step dance.

Dad joined the Army in 1914, and was discharged in 1916, due to ulcerated legs. He then went to High River and apprenticed as a mechanic at High River Motors. From High River Dad and Mother moved to Munson, Alberta, where Dad worked at the coal mines, hauling coal from Drumheller to Munson. I was born while they were at Munson. Dad was a restless person and did not like staying in one place too long. Our next move was to Banff, where Dad worked for Brewsters for awhile, then got work in the government work shop. While in Banff Gordon, Leonard and Daisy were born. Dad decided it was time to move again, this time to Camrose, where he went to work on a farm. We lived on the farm for awhile then moved into town. Dad worked in a garage there. Times were changing and Dad was laid off work at the garage so he had to find jobs wherever he could get them. The family was still increasing; Peter, Robert, Vernon and Mary were born in



W. Pepper

1894

				Dr.					Cr.	
Aug	17	Clip for pulman		85						
"	"	Express do.		25						
Nov	12	set 4 Shors 1 new	5	75						
dec	3	1 Single tree		75						
Jan	15	4 new Shors 4 set	3	00	Jan	15	By Goods		4	50
Feb	3	set 2 Shors		50	Mar	4	10 lbs Butter		1	90
"	24	1 new Shor & set	1	25	Mar	31	By 17 lbs Butter		3	40
"	"	head on hind belt		25	"	"	16 doz Eggs		1	50
March	4	set 2 Shors		50	M					
"	31	set 2 Shors		50						
"	"	irons for Buck yoke		75						
				1385					11	30
June	23	To cash		85	June	23	By Butter		3	40

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Webster by their implement shop.

Camrose. Gordon and I started school in Camrose.

One of the memories I have of Camrose was buying water by the barrel. Water was delivered once a week and a household was allowed two barrels, one for washing and cleaning and one for drinking and cooking. During the summer months, it was terrible. We never had enough water to drink. Mother used one tub of water to bathe all us kids in and then used the water for washing, and if it was not too dirty the floors got a going over; by that time the water was pretty thick. Out on the farm, Dad caught prairie chicken in traps set around the wheat bins. Today it is a rarity to see a prairie chicken. .

We older children began to realize that money was getting scarce and Dad and Mother were having a tough time providing food with so many mouths to feed. We ate rolled oats cooked every way it is possible to cook them, quite often having to eat them three times a day. Mother became an expert at making over clothing.

In 1929 Dad decided to come back to Cochrane. We arrived in Calgary the last day of the Calgary Stampede. Dad went down to the stampede grounds where he met Dick Copithorne, who hired him for the hayfield. We moved to the Joe Clemens place, where we remained until haying was over.

We moved to the Woods place and Gordon, Leonard and I went to school at the Jumping Pound School, located one half mile south of the CL ranch. Those were wonderful years for us kids, we enjoyed the country school and the life style we had on the Woods place. Dad broke horses for Bill Edge, and we older kids were able to help him. Times of course were not improving money-wise, but somehow our parents seemed to manage to put food on the table and keep us clothed. Helen was born at the Woods place. Dad got a team on the highway at Seebe, and that helped out a bit. We used to pick gallons of wild fruit, and there was always lots of fish in the Jumping Pound Creek. We helped Dad cut firewood, and he hauled it to Cochrane, receiving five dollars for a wagonbox full.

Dad then moved the family to the Challen Ranch, where he put up hay, plowed the cropland and did the seeding for a couple of years. While there we lived in a tent, and there Francis was born. In the spring of 1933 the family moved to the Hungarian Ranching Company's place. I was living with my grandmother in Cochrane then, and had been for two years.

In 1936 the family moved into Cochrane. Dad went to work for the Village. He then went to work on the oil rigs as a steam engineer and remained doing that type of work, until he was too old to work around the rigs. He was janitor at the school in Cochrane for a few years.

Gerald and Norman were born after the folks moved to Cochrane. This made a family of twelve children. Five boys saw service in World War Two, and Gerald and Norman are presently in the Navy in Eastern Canada.

It was a terribly hard life for Mother, and I don't know how she ever managed to bring us up like she did. She taught us to respect our parents, and to know the meaning of the Bible. She did without so much to give her children a place in life.

In their last few years together, Mother and Dad were able to enjoy a few of the comforts of life. They took great pride in their garden and flowers. Three years before Dad passed away he was in a bad car accident. He never really got over it and, in May 1968, he passed away. Mother passed away in February 1971, and they were both laid to rest in the Cochrane cemetery.

PEVERELL FAMILY — by Muriel Peverell

Sam and Muriel Peverell moved to Cochrane in 1939. Sam went to work for his aunt, Irene Loughery, taking over the duties of his uncle Jim Loughery who had passed away in 1938. His work included a trip north of Cochrane once a week to pick up cream in the Dog Pound and Bottrel area. In 1954 Sam purchased the creamery from his aunt and for a number of years his son, Brian, helped in the creamery.

Sam was active in community affairs, was Scout Master for a number of years and draw secretary of the Cochrane Curling Club. He held this position until 1964 and at that time his son, Brian, took over and remained draw secretary until 1972, then he moved to Castor, Alberta. Sam was in the Reserve Army in Cochrane during World War Two. He was a member of King Solomon Lodge (Masonic) and was secretary of the Lodge for twenty-three years. He was also Worshipful Master in 1949, and District Deputy Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Alberta in 1964. He has been a member of the Vestry of All Saints Anglican Church in Cochrane since 1940. Sam played hockey on the Cochrane Hockey Team in his earlier years.

Muriel taught Sunday School in the United and Anglican Churches and was a member of the All Saints Anglican Church Ladies Guild. She served in office for twenty years in the Order of the Eastern Star, Zenith Chapter, and Grand Representative of the Grand Chapter of Alberta for three years.

Muriel and Sam were Worthy Matron and Worthy Patron of Zenith Chapter in 1960.

They have two sons and one daughter, Brian in Castor, Lloyd in Delta, British Columbia, and Kay in Toronto. They have eight grandchildren. Sam and Muriel sold the creamery and their home in Cochrane and retired to Salmon Arm, British Columbia, in March 1975.

THE PEYTO FAMILY — by Annie Kovaks

In 1890 Bill Peyto came from Kent, England, to Cochrane. He took out homestead land west of Cochrane in the Montreal Valley on the SW¼ 30-27-5-5. When the Boer War broke out he went

The Peyto family. Seated: Steve Peyto. Standing: Lily, Steve Jr., Charlie and Annie.

Overseas, then came back to the Cochrane area and took out more homestead land beside his first homestead. He kept trail and pack horses there during the winter. During the summer he did guiding and packing in the Banff area. He served Overseas in the 1914-18 War, and when he came back he joined the Warden Service in the Banff National Park. Peyto Lake is named in his honor. He passed away during the 1940s in Banff.

Steve and Maria Peyto and family, Steve Jr., Charlie, Lily, and Annie came to Cochrane from Kent, England, in 1906. They were actually on their way to Banff but Maria Peyto stepped off the train at Cochrane. The town was under quarantine for smallpox and they wouldn't let the Peytos back on the train, so they had to make Cochrane their stopping place.

Steve went to work for the C.P.R. and stayed there for a number of years. He quit the railroad and went to live on a farm owned by Tom Fisher, east of the C. W. Fisher home. There they operated a dairy and shipped milk by train each day to a son in Banff, who delivered it from door to door. Steve Jr. and his brother Charlie worked for the Chapman brothers in 1910, in the construction business. Steve Jr. worked at Collins' Brickyard for a while.

In 1910 and 1911 Peytos ran a bakery in Cochrane. In 1923 the Peyto family left Cochrane and went to Anthracite, near Banff, to run a dairy business there.

Bill Peyto's homestead is now in the possession of the Griffin family.

THE PRUETT FAMILY — by Vera Pruett

My husband's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Pruett, arrived in Cochrane in February 1938 to take over the Russell Hotel from Mr. and Mrs. J. Dickenson. The Pruetts had been operating a hotel at Nordegg, Alberta. It being a coal mining town at the time, all the businesses were owned by the coal company; no one could own property there. It was quite impossible for any one to progress in business, so Mr. and Mrs. Pruett decided to purchase the hotel that was for sale at Cochrane. The owners had lost their only son with a heart ailment and were anxious to sell their business and leave Cochrane.

As soon as Mr. and Mrs. Pruett saw Cochrane and the fantastic view from the top of the hill on the old Number One Highway, they fell in love with the location.

I came with the family; at that time there was a dining room in the hotel, so I hired on as the cook. When we first came to see the hotel we travelled by car. The road was real icy and I think we slid sideways all the way down the hill. It was bitterly cold when we moved in. There was only a hot air furnace in the hotel to heat the three-storied building. The first floor had sufficient heat; there was a heater in the living room on the second floor and a series of pipes ran from there to the third floor to heat it. When it was really cold we wore just about as many clothes at night as we did during the day. We often laugh about heating bricks to put in the beds to warm them up.

In the spring of 1938 the weather was milder, so remodelling of the hotel got underway. The first task was to remodel the men's bar. The walls had large oil paintings of Old English pubs. These were on canvas and had been done by Roland Gissing. He had stayed at the hotel when Dickensons owned it and he did the paintings to pay for his board and room. These paintings are now in the possession of the Glenbow Museum. The bar in the ladies' part had just been redone when we moved in so we left it as it was. The rooms were all redone, new furniture was added and new drapery hung throughout. The best of the furniture from the second floor was put up on the third floor. All the brass beds, commodes, basins and pitchers as well as the "go-unders" were put in a community auction and Mr. Pruett received a hundred dollars for the lot. A basin and pitcher sells for that price today.

The Pruetts had three children: two daughters, Jane and Nellie, and one son, Tom. Tom and I were married December 28, 1938. It was too cold to open All Saints Anglican Church so we were married in the living room of the hotel.

We have so many lovely memories of our stay in Cochrane it is quite impossible to tell them in a short story but I must mention the chaps that came in every evening and sat around the heater in the hotel: Dave Murray, Sid Reed, Sam Allan and Irvine Brodie, and many more, spinning tall tales and trying to see who could out-do each other in that department. I can recall when it got too cold we would have to wrap the beer kegs in blankets to prevent the beer from freezing.

Jane married Les Arnold. He was a locker inspector for Alberta. They have two children, a

daughter, Edeline, and a son, Arthur. Edeline is a schoolteacher and Arthur is a butcher; both are married and have children.

Tom and I have three children. Arthur our oldest is a Corporal in the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and is stationed at Langley, British Columbia. He and his wife have a son and a daughter.

Our second son, Tom, lives in Calgary; he and his wife have a son and daughter.

Peggy, our daughter, is married and is a nurse at the Foothills Hospital.

Nellie Pruett married Robert (Scottie) Patterson. Three children were born to them: Donald, Murray, and Patricia. Scottie came to the area as a young man and went to work for the Edge family, south of Cochrane. They gave him his nickname. One day they asked if he had seen any cattle down in the field and he replied, "Doon yonder brae"; ever after he was called Scottie. He and Nellie built the locker plant in Cochrane. Scottie served in the Navy during World War Two. Scottie and Nellie were operating the boarding house at the Ribbon Creek Mine on the Kananaskis when Nellie lost her life in a car accident in 1951. Scottie passed away in 1973.

Tom's mother passed away in 1939 and his father remarried while he was living in Cochrane. The hotel was sold in 1945 and they moved to Vancouver. They were there for awhile, and then bought a hotel at Nanaimo, on Vancouver Island. Arthur retired in 1957. He passed away in 1973; his wife Ann resides at Port Coquitlam.

Tom and I live in Calgary but still have ties with Cochrane; Tom and our son Tom are active in the Masonic Order, and our daughter Peggy and I attend the Eastern Star Lodge as often as we are able to.

JAMES QUIGLEY FAMILY — by Alex Quigley, aged 85 years

James Quigley, my father, was born in Old Monkland, Scotland, and when a child moved to the Parish of Bothwell. Mother, Annie Lawson, was born in Kilsyth, Sterlingshire, Scotland, and also moved to Bothwell, where she met Dad and where they were married in 1877.

Dad and his three brothers were all miners. They were following a coal seam three miles under the ocean when a big explosion flooded the mine. Dad was not working that day, but Mother lost a brother and his two sons. Dad and Mother were determined not to let their sons be coal miners, so Dad took Tom, aged four years, and sailed for Canada. He settled in Westville, Nova Scotia, and Mother, my brother James and

Quigley homestead in 1890, village of Cochrane in background.

my sister Mary came later. Here, Sarah and Sam were born and Dad worked in the mines with his three brothers, Tom, Joe and Sam. There is a monument in Nova Scotia honoring Sam and Joe for their excellent service in the mining industry.

In 1884 Dad moved his family to Lethbridge, then known as Galt, North West Territories, and in 1885 came to Cochrane. He built a home for his family on land in the east end of the Village. Annabelle, myself, Joe, Bob, Susan, Lizzie, Johnny and George were all born here.

Our brother Jim was sixteen years old and he wanted to leave home and go to work on the railroad. John Pedeprat, brother of Charlie, went to Golden, British Columbia, to build some cabins so Jim went with him. Jim got a job braking on a logging train there. Tom went and brought him back but he left again in January 1902. We got word Jim was killed at Nelson, British Columbia, he had slipped on the hard snow and fallen under a train. Johnny, aged two, died in 1902 and George died in 1903 at the age of three. There was no cemetery in Cochrane so the boys were buried near our homestead. A number of the Hewitt children were buried there too. Dad persuaded Pete Collins to sell some of his land on the hill north of the village of Cochrane and the present cemetery site was established. The bodies that were laid to rest on our homestead were moved up to the cemetery on the hill.

The Hillcrest mine west of Lethbridge was getting ready to open up, and work being very scarce around Cochrane at the time, Dad went there to work in the mine. Another mine disaster

Mrs. Quigley outside her home, 1885.

Quigley Sawmill northwest of Cochrane about 1914.

The James Quigley family. Back r.: Bob, Sam, Joe, Alex, Tom. Middle r.: James, Mary, Sarah, Annabell, Mrs. Quigley. Front: Suzy and Lizzie.

occurred; Jim Quigley, a nephew of Dad's, was killed.

Dad came back home and took a job to supply three sheep ranchers in the area with groceries, mail and sheep dip. These ranchers were: one east of Cochrane, the Merino Ranch southwest of Cochrane, and a sheep ranch north of Cochrane. I well remember the great flocks of sheep coming into the corrals at night. Coyotes were numerous and sheep losses were heavy at times. At shearing time they would put the wool in big sacks and these were loaded in hayracks and taken to Cochrane to be loaded on the train.

Dad worked very hard and saved enough money to buy 26 acres of land from the C.P.R. There was a hill on this land and a good spring was flowing from it so Dad piped water from it into our house. We were the first family to have water piped into the house. Dad and Mr. Bruce got the first school started in Cochrane; there were enough children with the Bruce family and our family to open one.

Our brother Tom was a big lad and very handy at building things. He built a wagon from old brake wheels, thrown away off the boxcars. He bought an old horse and drove around gathering up buffalo bones for the sugar refineries. They used these bones for bleaching the sugar. Tom piled the bones along the railway track and they were loaded into boxcars when there were enough to ship. We kids had lots of fun playing on the big piles of bones.

With Dad's savings and Tom's earnings they bought two cows, another horse and a real wagon. The wagon was bought at T. Eaton's. Sarah and Mary learned to milk and to make butter and it was Sam's job to look after the calves. Tom got a job planning and plowing fireguard for the C.P.R. from Cochrane to Glenbow. He had to plow up around the big

The crew at the Quigley sawmill, about 1915. Pete Dixon is second from left, Mr. Quigley is beside the ladder.

Outside the Quigley garage, couple in car on left side is Mr. and Mrs. Sid Chester.

Tom Quigley's winter transportation, 1918. Perhaps this was the first snowmobile around Cochrane!

Mary Quigley and George Mortimer before their marriage.

coulee east of town and north of the railway line. This coulee is on the south end of, and below the present sanitary disposal grounds. He did the sidehills with a sulky plow. At that time a road was getting underway from Calgary. Dad got a job on the C.P.R. as section foreman working the line seven miles west of town.

Tom along with Tom Fisher built the brickyard east of town. The C.P.R. was trying to buy back the 26 acres Dad bought because they wanted to run our spring down to the tracks. Dad had paid $10.00 an acre for the land and they wanted to buy it back for the same price but Dad would not sell. By this time the town of Mitford was going down. The sawmill and brickyard had folded up and all the English help had left the Tom Cochranes. Dad bought a big English grand piano with a flat top from Lady Adela Cochrane and Tom hauled it from Mitford to our place. It was too big to go through the door so they had to tear off some of the front of the house to get it in. In 1889 Charlie Pedeprat and his brother John built a new house for Dad and Mother.

By this time I was ready to go to work and got a job at Horse Creek helping to get rail ties with my brother Tom. He now owned a new team and had purchased a new set of harness from Fisher's store. By now we had a number of horses and cattle. One old horse was a pet and we called it Borgy. It would let five of us on it and often five of us did get on and ride him around. Dad finally sold all the horses except Borgy. Some of the horses were sold to a man at Ashcroft, British Columbia, for bush work, and Dan Foster who was in the dray business in

Cochrane, bought some. Tom started a sawmill at Jack Ass Canyon, north of Radnor. He ran a rail line up the Grand Valley to haul the lumber. Bill Robinson had come West for harvest and he was on his way back to Centralia, Ontario, when he decided to come to Cochrane to visit his brother Jack. Tom persuaded him to stay and work in the sawmill so he became a millwright and helped set up the sawmill. Later Bill married my sister Sarah.

At 21 Sam left to work on the C.N.R. (Grand Trunk at that time) in Saskatchewan. Tom married Ethel Bassett and built his own home in the east end of town. They had five children. His wife died in 1909; Mother took Gordon, Tom's youngest boy, and raised him, and Mr. and Mrs. Foster raised Ronald. I left in 1898 to work on the railroad in Saskatchewan. My sister Mary married George Mortimer, a dray man in Cochrane. Annabell married Alex MacKay and they lived at the Merino Ranch for sometime. Lizzie married Bert Sibbald of Cochrane. Bob and Joe left home and went to work in Banff and Lake Louise for Brewsters and later for the C.P.R. Dad had to have help on the ranch so he hired a chap by the name of Dave Van Ambler.

Jim Hewitt, my cousin, came to Cochrane and he married Alice Howard. They started the first pool hall in Cochrane.

War broke out in 1914 and Joe, Bob, Sam and I joined up. After the war Sam and I went back railroading in Melville, Saskatchewan. Joe and Bob returned to the Rockies but in 1923 I persuaded them to come to Melville and work on the railroad. Dad sold the cattle ranch and built a new brick house across the road from our home on the 26 acres. They built the home in 1916. In later years Lizzie and Bert Sibbald lived in the house. The big house built in 1889 became a hospital and Mrs. Campbell Roberts was in charge of it. Dr. Park was the doctor and May Coatsworth was the head nurse.

Mother laid the cornerstone at the Saint Andrews United Church at Cochrane in 1910.

Dad and Mother celebrated their 50th Wedding Anniversary in 1927. Dad passed away in 1930 at the age of 73 years and Mother in 1940 at the age of 82 years.

Note: Alex Quigley, writer of this story, passed away in January 1975.

THE GEORGE RATTRAY FAMILY — by Jack Rattray

My father, George Rattray, arrived in Cochrane in 1909 and went to work on the Challen ranch, just across the Bow River, south of Cochrane. The ranch was owned by the Flint brothers. They had come from Cardiff, Wales, in 1900 and bought the ranch.

Father remained working on the ranch, and in 1912 it was sold and was thereafter known as the Lilloet and Calgary Holding Company. Father became manager of the ranch in 1912,

George Rattray.

and remained as such until the ranch was sold to Sam Copithorne in 1946.

While the Flint brothers owned the ranch, they stocked it with a herd of purebred Angus cattle and they had Clyde horses.

Father married Muriel Winnifred Wearmouth in 1918, and they had two sons, Tom and Jack. Mother passed away in 1927.

Both Tom and I were in the Armed Services during World War II. Tom joined the Air Force and served mainly in the North Atlantic on Convoy duty. He also spent two years in Iceland. I joined the Army and saw service in England, Belgium, Holland and Germany. I married in England in 1946. My wife Doreen and I have four daughters, Evelyn, Wendy and twins, Janet and Joanne.

When we left Cochrane in 1947, we bought a country store at Camp Creek, Alberta. Doreen and I left the store to go farming in 1949, and have been farming ever since. Father and Tom sold the store in 1952, and also went back farming.

Tom became quite a good artist, and won a scholarship at the Banff School of Fine Arts. One of his paintings was purchased by A. Y. Jackson. Many of Tom's paintings were sold in the United States and Europe.

Father passed away in 1958 at Barrhead, and Tom passed away in 1962.

SYDNEY JOHN REED FAMILY — by Audrey Brown and Dorothy Boothby

In 1922 our father, Sydney John Reed, decided to immigrate to Canada from Woolwich, Kent, England. This decision was brought about due to a bad case of rheumatism, and a change of climate was the recommended cure. Arrangements were soon made with his fiancee, Lilian Goodwin, and Father headed for Cochrane in 1923.

Cochrane was the place chosen because Lilian Goodwin's sister, Dora Noland, and her husband, Lloyd, lived on a homestead there. Father was greeted by Dora, Lloyd, and their four children, Beverly, Algy, Gary and Bernice. The homestead was a Soldier's Settlement entitled to Lloyd for his service during World War One. The farm was on the banks of the Bow River, eight miles west of Cochrane. The land was rocky and barren and did not lend itself to being a productive farm. Father worked as a handy man on the farm, while Lloyd was away working as a Government Mange Inspector, until Lilian arrived from England in 1924.

Father and Mother were married in a small ceremony at St. Stephen's Anglican Church, Calgary, with Mr. and Mrs. Bert Baker and the Minister in attendance.

Father and Mother remained on the Noland's farm for one year until their first daughter, Audrey, was born. Another daughter, Eileen, was born to the Nolands. Consequently, with this sudden population explosion, Father and Mother realized it was time to move on. They decided to move to the Wildcat Hills, quite a name for a young girl fresh out of London. Here, Father found work at the Brooks Sawmill.

After a few years, Father and Mother could see that the three Brooks boys were growing up and would soon be able to manage the sawmill themselves. So, in 1927 they moved to the town of Cochrane where Father found work at the hotel, then owned by Jack Dickenson. He also took jobs during harvest time, pitching bundles.

In 1929 another daughter, Dorothy, was born. Father and Mother purchased a lot up the street north of the hotel, and they started to build a home. At this time the government organized labour camps in an effort to curb unemployment. This gave Father the opportunity to work as a timekeeper in Seebe and Sundre.

By 1935 the depression years began to come to a close and Father became established as a butter maker in the Cochrane Creamery. He held this position until he transferred to Okotoks in 1953.

The second World War led to a shortage in man power. This gave girls a chance to get into the working force. Audrey was now eighteen and she became one of the first women to take over a man's job in the bank. The staff of the Royal Bank in Cochrane in 1943 was Arthur O'Keefe, Ida Cooke and Audrey Reed.

In 1943 Father succeeded Andy Chapman as the Mayor of Cochrane. During his short term in office, he managed to get garbage collectors for the town, something which up until then had been taken care of by the individual resident. Father was also the Vicar's Warden in All Saints Anglican Church for many years and Mother was organist for awhile.

Audrey was married, in 1947, to Donald Edward Brown who lived seven miles northeast of Cochrane. After their marriage, they moved to Edmonton where Donald was attending University. Audrey and Donald have four children, Dawn, married, with a daughter, Erin, and living in Calgary, Janet, married and nursing in Vancouver, Reed is a world traveller, and Craig is attending the Alberta College of Art in Calgary.

Dorothy worked for the Royal Bank in Cochrane from 1947 until transferred to Calgary in 1951. In 1957 Dorothy married Bill Boothby of Cochrane. They reside on a ranch north of Cochrane and have three sons, Mark, Laurie, and Dana. The boys attend school in Cochrane.

In 1958 Father passed away while still actively working at the Creamery in Okotoks. After Father's death, Mother moved to Calgary, where she remained until her death in 1963.

Sydney Reed

Mrs. Lilian Reed.

REES FAMILY — by Mary Coppock

My parents came to Cochrane in 1925, moving from Brooks, Alberta. We lived in the Grand Valley district for awhile before moving into the town. I was eight years old at the time.

Both my parents were born in the U.S.A. Father, Thomas, was born in Decorah, Iowa, in 1872, and Mother, Elise Marie, was born in Alfsborg, Minnesota, in 1877.

Father worked at various jobs around Cochrane, finally getting steady employment with the Department of Highways. I was their only child and I attended school in Cochrane. I recall, with great affection, two of my teachers, Miss Eula Carscallen and Mrs. Greer. Most of our social life centered around the church. There was skating at the school rink, and later, Saturday night dances at the Elks Hall.

I married Gerald Coppock, and for some time we lived on the Coppock ranch southwest of Cochrane. We left there when the ranch was sold to the Dominion Government to be added to the Morley Indian Reservation.

Father passed away at Cochrane in 1943, and Mother moved to California to make her home with Gerald and me. She passed away at the age of 93 years.

THE REVEREND DR. DAVID McKEEN REID

David was born in Nova Scotia in 1873. When quite young he decided to join the ministry. After graduating from Dalhousie University, he was sent west in May 1900, to be the minister at the little log church at old Fort Steele, British Columbia, twelve miles from the nearest railway. Besides his duties at Fort Steele he rode horseback once a month to conduct services at Kimberley.

David met Ruth Agatha Thompson at Fort Steele. Ruth had been born in New York in 1877. Her parents had been killed in an automobile accident when Ruth was very young. Her grandfather, the rector of Yonkers Cathedral in New York, looked after Ruth for a while, but at the age of twelve she was sent to Victoria, British Columbia, to live with her maternal aunt. Her aunt passed away shortly after Ruth went to live with her, and Ruth was sent to Saint Luke's Home in Vancouver. Here she received her R.N. and graduated in June 1900. In 1898, during her training, she received a very high award for her work during the smallpox epidemic in Vancouver. She and her companion were given the Freedom of the City of Vancouver, an honor bestowed to them at a special function given by the Governor General's wife, Lady Aberdeen, who was the founder of the Victorian Order of Nurses.

After her graduation Ruth was appointed matron of the Cottage Hospital in Fort Steele. Here David and Ruth became close friends.

Later David was transferred to Wetaskiwin, Alberta. Shortly after arriving there, he wrote to Ruth and asked if she would marry him.

David and Ruth were married in Cranbrook, British Columbia, on July 1, 1902, and left the next day on the train via the Crowsnest Pass, to live in Wetaskiwin. After a few years they moved to Saskatchewan and homesteaded at Kendive. Here they adopted and brought up six children. David continued his ministry by driving with horse and buggy to different towns and homes in Saskatchewan.

After several years in Saskatchewan, David was transferred to Blackie, Alberta, then in 1932, to St. Andrews United Church in Cochrane. While in Cochrane the Reids lived in the manse. At this time many men were riding the freights in search of employment. Being just across the right of way, the Reids were often asked for food but they never let anyone go away hungry.

The Reids lost their youngest child, Margaret, while they were living in Cochrane. Fred married Bernice Fletcher, a Cochrane girl. Fred ran a Radio and Television Repair Shop in Cochrane for several years before he passed away in 1958. After the Reids left Cochrane they rented a nine-roomed house in Calgary on 18th Avenue and 6th Street West, where they ran a nursing home for the elderly, the Reculver Lodge. Ruth died in 1951, at the age of 74, and David in 1957 at the age of 84. They were both buried in the Cochrane cemetery beside their daughter Margaret. Their only surviving child, Harold, now lives in Seattle, Washington.

THE RELLINGER FAMILY — by Mary Barnett

My father, Menno Alvin Rellinger, came to Alberta in 1906 from Ontario. Mother, Katherine Gillies, came to the Cochrane area with her parents in 1886. Mother's parents settled in the Ghost River area. My parents were married in 1910. Prior to Father's marriage he and Father Hermes batched together for a number of years.

Father worked in the store owned by C. W. Fisher and after Mr. Fisher's death, he went to work for W. Simpson who had a hardware store in Cochrane. There were five children in our family, Mary, Herbert, Alice, Josephine and Catherine. We children attended school in Cochrane while we were there. We left Cochrane

Katherine and Alvin Rellinger.

in 1924 and Father worked for Jim McCullough at Irricana, and in 1925 we moved to Stathmore, where Father had purchased a hardware store. In 1958 Father retired and in 1963 he passed away at the age of 83 years. Mother passed away in 1968.

FRANK RIPLEY — by Alberta D. Walker

My father, Frank Ripley, was a stonemason from Old Lam, Lancashire, England. He learned his trade from his father while working in the stone quarries on the high moors of Lancashire and Yorkshire. He worked on many famous projects while in England, the most famous being the Manchester Ship Canal. It was all built of stone. He wanted to come to the New World and was the first of his family to do so. The only way he was financially able to do this, was to have his ticket paid for by an advance on his wages, from the Shelley Quarries management. Dad arrived in Cochrane in 1912 and went to work at the stone quarry.

My mother, Emma Ripley, arrived at Cochrane with their three children, Eliza, Edward and Edith, ages eleven, nine, and six years, in 1913. She had sold her confectionery store located in Sheffield, England, for a sum of thirty-three pounds, an amount which just covered their fares. Their arrival in Cochrane was a complete surprise to my father.

At that time, the men in the quarry were cutting stone for at least four schools in Calgary. The particular project my father was on lasted until 1918, so he spent a total of six years in the quarry. After the quarries closed, my father farmed for awhile. In 1918, my brother, Ellis, who was born in 1917, drowned in Big Hill creek. The cook house for the quarry was close to the creek. My mother did the cooking for the men at the quarry. The tragedy caused my family great heartache so my father looked farther away for land and in 1919 the family moved from Cochrane.

DR. RIVERS

Dr. and Mrs. Rivers were originally from Ontario. They had two sons, Earl Grey and St. Clair. The family came to Lethbridge where Dr. Rivers was the warden of the Lethbridge Penitentiary for ten years. The boys grew up in Lethbridge. Dr. and Mrs. Rivers later went to Gadsby, Alberta, where Dr. Rivers practiced medicine.

Hedley Hart, a druggist and a friend of Dr. Rivers, bought the drugstore in Cochrane, and in 1935 he encouraged the Doctor to come and practice medicine here.

Dr. and Mrs. Rivers lived in the two-storey brick house in the east end of town, now owned by Bob Armistead. The Doctor's office was at the house. Cochrane was happy to have a resident doctor as the Depression was at its peak. Babies were being born at home with only midwives present and no one could afford to go to Calgary for any medical care.

While in Cochrane Dr. Rivers cared for many confinement cases in the mother's own home and if the father could not pay, the Doctor would always accept a load of wood or any farm produce he could use. Mrs. Rivers was a very generous person and was always sending bags of homemade goodies home for the children when mothers and fathers came to the Doctor's office.

Dr. and Mrs. Rivers retired at the West Coast where they both passed away.

THE ROBERTS FAMILY — by Isobel Hughes

Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Roberts, their son Russell, and daughter Audrey, came to the Cochrane area early in the 1900s. They lived for a time in the Horse Creek district.

Mrs. Roberts was a nurse, and a very good one. She operated a hospital in Cochrane for several years.

In 1916 Mr. and Mrs. Roberts bought the quarter adjoining the Skinner's land in the Lochend district. Although under age, Russell joined up when war broke out in 1914. He went Overseas and was killed in action almost immediately. Audrey stayed at home to help her parents, and was well-known for her wonderful ability with horses.

The farm was sold to Ed Johnson about 1922, and the Roberts moved into Cochrane where they lived until returning to England two or three years later. Audrey married Walter Potts, from the Morleyville district, and moved to Banff. A few years later, she and her three children also moved to England. She and I corresponded regularly through the years. However, we lost contact during the Battle of Britain in World War Two.

Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Roberts.

WILLIAM ROBINSON FAMILY — by Annie Derrick

My mother, Sarah Quigley, was born in Westville, Nova Scotia, and came to Cochrane in 1885. Dad was born in Pembroke, Ontario, and came West with a harvest excursion. Dad was on his way back to Centralia and decided to stop at Cochrane to visit his brother Jack, who had come to Cochrane in 1904 and took out a homestead in 1905. Uncle Jack moved to Gleichen in 1906. Dad was persuaded to stay at Cochrane and work at Uncle Tom Quigley's sawmill, as a millwright. Mother was cooking at the mill and it was here that she met Dad. They were married in September 1905. I was born in the old Quigley house at the east end of Cochrane (Barnharts live there now). Mother and Dad were still working at the mill when I was born and they used to tell the story about Dad keeping the horses ready several days before I arrived, in case there was a rush trip to Cochrane.

Later Mother and Dad moved to Cochrane. Dad and the Chapman brothers built our house just across the road from Grandpa Quigley. Edna was born in the old Quigley house, and my brother Jim was born there too, but it had been made into a hospital by the time Jim was born. Jack was born in Grandpa's little brick house (Sibbald house).

I can recall the flu epidemic in 1918. Grandma Quigley was kept busy nursing all the ill members of her family. She went from house to house tending to them all.

Dad did carpenter work for a few years and also ran a garage. We moved to the house beside Chapman's garage. I attended school in Cochrane and took part in the Drama Club. In 1922 the family moved to Exshaw, Alberta, where they lived until Dad's death in 1942.

We have many happy memories of our parents' parties, Quigley reunions and picnics at Big Hill Springs. One time I took the dance crowd home because it was too cold in the Orange Hall. Mother and Dad got up and made lunch for all of us. Our friends were always welcome at our house. Mother often spoke of the Cochrane races and the one thing that she recalled was the oranges and bananas. She said they looked forward to the races because that was the only time they could have such fruit.

Edna married Maurice Walker of Exshaw, they have one son, Russel, and a daughter, Jean. They have seven grandchildren.

I married Dan Derrick of Warner, Alberta, and we have three sons, John, and twins, Ronald and Donald. Dan passed away in 1938 and I went back teaching school.

Jim married Doreen Dewell of England and they have three children, Marilyn, Michael and Martin.

Mother lived with me for several years until she passed away in 1972, at the age of 89.

MARTIN ROSSANDER

In 1932 at the age of fourteen, I sought an escape from the Saskatchewan dust bowl, Broadacres. Taking a few items of clothing, a violin, a dollar and a quarter, and a freight train, I headed west. My big brother Albert was trucking hay from Cochrane to feed the buffalo in Banff, so there was no better idea than to go stay with him. I got a job as truck swamper for awhile then I worked on ranches in the district.

During the 1930s Cochrane people sent teams to work on the highway at Lake Louise. In 1934 I drove a team for Ernie Copithorne. I shared the expenses and wages with him, the wages being 75¢ per hour.

Some of the Cochrane boys I worked with were: Dave Bryant, Art Coburn, Johnnie Brysh, Ian McKinnon, Lee Bouck, Lorne McKinnon, and Jim Burrels. The boss was a no-nonsense man by the name of McDonald. My dog's name was Ramsay McDonald and the boss soon learned to like him better than he did me or my team.

We had lots of entertainment in camp. Art Coburn played the gramophone and had every Wilf Carter ditty in the catalogue. I played the button accordion, one man played classical music on his violin, and Scotty played the

Martin Rossander and his son Stanley.

On the way to Lake Louise; Martin Rossander's team. Portions of the harness were made from hides he tanned the previous year.

bagpipes. Les Chadderton and his friend played the guitar and one boy played the banjo. None of us had a common beat but we had a terrific range. In a road camp miles from home even bad music hath charm.

In 1935 I bought a horse and teamed it up with a horse of Fred Ritsons. I tanned a hide and made my own harness, shod my team, and again set out on the week-long trip to Lake Louise. Les Chadderton overtook me and we drove up together. He was driving a team Jim Elder had bought at a local auction sale after the death of a Cochrane farmer, Mark O'Neil. I led a saddle horse behind as far as Banff, one Brewsters had boarded at J. B. Rodgers for the winter.

To get a team on at Lake Louise you had to be a staunch Liberal or Conservative, flexible to whatever party had the upper hand in the government. I must have bought my job as I was not old enough to vote. The only tragedy at Lake Louise was when the wind blew my ten-gallon hat off and it floated away in a treacherous glacier chasm.

In 1938 I decided to build a house on wheels. Everyone was interested in my idea. Blacksmith Murray suggested I make the frame of steel, carpenter Fletcher recommended wood, I didn't ask the local bricklayers but I decided if a hornet could do it I could. Working in Doc River's garage, Albert and I built a temporary frame covered with several pasted layers of laminated paper, then painted, furnished and launched it. Theodore Braucht and others were so enthused with the finished project they encouraged me to apply for a patent. I sent for an application form but the patent attorney joined the Army and that was the end of that. Today fiberglass is being used in the same technique as I cooked up in Doc River's garage.

I remember Andy and Flora Garson very well. When I was working on a water well drilling rig owned by an Irish gentleman, who had a yen for the tavern, and we were set up next door to Garsons, Paddy had to go meet somebody so I thought I would have a sleep in the sun. Flora sent Vera Nagy over with a pillow to make my work easier. Flora milked several cows and sold milk to many customers in Cochrane. The Nagy family lived across the street and Amy and Vera helped Flora with a lot of work.

Cochrane boys at Lake Louise; Martin Rossander, Les Chadderton, ?, Art Coburn, ?, Martin ?, Bagpipe Scotty.

I now live at Powell River, British Columbia. I married twice but have lived alone the last twelve years. I had one son, Stanley, who met death in a drowning accident, in 1956, at the age of twelve years.

I retired in 1965 in protest against the rat race. I am self-employed, have a country home, have an experimental garden as a demonstration unit for survival when the food trucks cease to come. I own a few houses which I rent out.

I am very involved in experimental issues, do research, promote recycling, am involved in the Greenpeace project, and attend the oil-spill seminars. I am very interested in Bill Malcolm's "Crusade Against all Cruelty to Animals Campaign", one of Bill's main objectives being to do away with the steel leg-hold and jaw traps.

Albert was in the trucking business in Cochrane for several years. He now owns a sash and door factory in Ponoka, Alberta.

THE REVEREND A. W. SALE — as told by Mrs. Perrenoud

Rev. Sale was the Rector of All Saints Anglican Church, Cochrane, in the years 1907 to 1909, and again in 1913 and 1914. He was a popular man, with lots of spirit and a good sense of humour. He travelled the country far and wide, visiting the parishioners and ministering to their spiritual needs. It was a common sight to see him riding out across the prairie, and often he would be gone from home for most of the week. Rev. Sale could not resist a race and frequently was tempted to join in a gallop by young ladies who would deliberately speed past if they spied him out riding.

On one of his trips, an irate rancher accused Rev. Sale of not closing a gate, and said that if it wasn't for the Cloth, he would punch him. Upon that threat, the clerical collar was thrown to the ground and the accuser also, but not before the Reverend had received a black eye. On the next Sunday, he was heard to say, "It's just disgraceful."

On another occasion, Horse Creek was in flood when Rev. Sale was returning to Cochrane. He attempted to lead his horse over the C.P.R. trestle bridge. The animal misjudged his steps and fell through. Luckily a crew of railway workers in a handcar appeared before a train did, and the helpless animal was rescued.

When Cochrane was quarantined for smallpox, the authorities enforced the isolation of the villagers with a rifle guard. Unknowingly, Rev. Sale rode into town, visited at the Phipps shack, and in the evening was innocently leaving again for the country. He ignored the order to halt, and was very indignant when a shot was fired in his direction.

Rev. Sale is remembered as a true Christian, a kind, generous man who served his parishioners well.

THE SEAL FAMILY — by Ruth Vanderburgh

My father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Seal, arrived in Cochrane in 1905. There were three children, Margaret, Percy and I, Ruth. Father was a painter and joined the Chapman Brothers' Contracting Company, doing the painting for them. He remained with them until a few months before World War One, at which time he was called back to England to become a foreman at Woolwich Arsenal. He remained there until two years after the war was over. On his way back to Cochrane, he decided to stop off at Strathroy, Ontario, for a visit and while there he had a fatal heart attack. He is buried in London, Ontario.

I went to school in the old Orangemen's Hall; the teacher was Miss MacIntosh. We all thought a great deal of her. When there was room we attended school in a small one room building east of the parsonage. Later a two roomed school was built and we went to that one. There were always plenty of social affairs going on; people had parties in their homes. The school had concerts, especially at Easter and Christmas. Students seemed to enjoy the participation in the school concerts and took great pride in the work getting them ready.

Behind the school there was a tennis court and it was well used. We would sleigh-ride down the hills in winter, take a broom and clear the snow from the creek and go skating. When we girls got to the age of sixteen years, what a wonderful time that was for us, we could go to the dances! We went to the dances in the old Howard block, which later was known as the Chester block. What great times were enjoyed there! Young ladies just did not drink then, that was taboo, and liquor served in the dance hall was unheard of. In summer, three nights a week, a Chautauqua group came to town. It was at one of these I saw the great Suffragette, Emily Pankhurst. The Swiss bell ringers, as well as many famous people, came with the show. We held our Sunday school picnics on the hill back of the Webster house in the west end of town and sometimes we would go on the flats south of the railway tracks.

My brother, Percy, enlisted in the First War. He was wounded at Vimy Ridge, came back to Cochrane in 1919 and joined the C.P.R. as a station agent and remained with them until his retirement. He passed away at Breton, Alberta, April 15, 1972. His wife predeceased him in 1958. They had three children, Bob, Jim, and Carol.

My sister, Margaret, married Andrew Chapman in 1918.

As for myself, I married Reverend F. R. Vanderburgh in Sudbury, Ontario, on September 23, 1930. We became engaged when Van was at Cochrane, but we chose to wait until he finished the degrees he was working for. In all, he put in eight years at Universities. We had twenty-three years together, both working a great deal with young peoples' groups heading up camps during

Ruth Seal and Mrs. Arthur Turner, 1929.

the summers. We have one son and one daughter, both are married now and have families.

In 1953 my husband lost his life in a traffic accident. I was injured in it and spent six weeks in the hospital. At that time we were living in Deep River, Ontario, but when I left the hospital I came to Sarnia. Our daughter, Marie, and her husband live on a farm ten miles from here and our son, Richard, lives in Toronto.

THE SHATTUCK FAMILY

The Shattuck family came to Cochrane about 1900 from Guelph, Ontario. Earl Shattuck married Claire Howard, and in 1912 they moved from Cochrane to Kitscoty, Alberta.

Helen Shattuck married Jim Murphy. After Jim Murphy passed away, Helen and her four children moved to Calgary. Soon after moving, Helen passed away from scarlet fever. Helen was a beautiful singer.

It is believed Mr. Shattuck was a coffin-maker.

CLARENCE E. SIBBALD — by Jean Ashmore

Clarence (Bert) Sibbald was born in Morley, Alberta, on November 6, 1881, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Sibbald, who came to Morleyville in 1875.

Bert attended school at Morley and after finishing his schooling he worked for his brother on his ranch at Jumping Pound. A year later he joined the railroad and worked as a fireman until 1902, when he returned to ranching. From 1904 until 1910 he was a packer and guide for Brewsters at Banff, Alberta. He once said that packing was rough in those days, we cut our own trails or followed Indian paths.

From 1910 to 1913 he raised horses and cattle at the head of the Red Deer River. In 1914 he served as an apprentice mechanic for Tom Quigley, who owned a Ford garage in Cochrane.

The year 1915 was a memorable year; Bert and Miss Elizabeth Quigley were married. Elizabeth was the daughter of James Quigley.

Moving to Banff in 1916, Bert and a partner operated the Banff Motors garage for the next ten years. In 1927 he returned to Cochrane and opened the Sibbald Motors. He continued to operate the garage until 1932. At that time he gave up the garage because business was declining due to the Depression.

Bert took a job as caretaker at the Cochrane School in 1933. His salary was $30 per month when he started, and for that money he worked twelve hours a day, shovelling coal into the furnace and hauling out many pails of ashes, besides all the other work attached to keeping a school neat and tidy. After 23 years of faithful service at the school, Bert retired due to ill health. He was a friend to many students over the years and was respected by all who knew him.

Bert and Elizabeth (Lizzie) had five children: Roy, Lloyd, Helen, Jean and Edward. Helen passed away in 1930 at the age of 12 years. Three of their children saw service in World War II. Lloyd was a Flight Lieutenant with the R.C.A.F. and was reported Missing in Action Overseas on August 23, 1943. Roy served in the R.C.A.F. as an Air Gunner with the rank of Flight Lieutenant and was Overseas in England and the Middle East. Jean was a Corporal with the Canadian Women's Army Corps.

Bert passed away in April 1957, and Elizabeth passed away in January 1972. They and Helen are buried in the Cochrane cemetery.

WILLIAM JOHN SIMPSON — by Ed Simpson

William John Simpson, my father, was born in Eastern Canada and came to the N.W.T., then later to Cochrane in the late 1880s. He and my mother, Mary Elizabeth Gillies, were married at Cochrane in 1899. After their marriage they moved to Greenwood, British Columbia, where Father operated a hotel. Greenwood at that time was a mining city and business was flourishing. Father and Mother operated the hotel there until 1905 then returned to Cochrane, as Father had a chance to buy the Alberta Hotel in Cochrane.

William Simpson's Hardware, around 1911. From the left, Alvin Rellinger, William Simpson, Father Hermes.

Around 1908 Father left the hotel business and went into partnership with C. W. Fisher in a general store and hardware business. Mr. Fisher operated the general store, and Father, with the help of Alvin Rellinger, ran the hardware business.

Mother and Father had a family of nine children: Mary, James, Donald, Bessie, Alexander, Edward, William, Duncan and Theresa. Three of the children have passed away, Mary, James and Alexander.

We children got our schooling in Cochrane with the exception of Theresa; she completed her schooling in Calgary.

After fire destroyed the Fisher Block in Cochrane, the hardware was moved to the Howard Block and Alex took over the business. Around 1935 the hardware was sold to Barney Klassen and is now operated by Kerfoot and Downs.

Father passed away in 1919. In 1935 Mother moved into Calgary, where she passed away in 1940.

With the exception of Donald all we boys served in the armed services during World War Two; Alex and Duncan went Overseas.

Donald, Duncan, William and I reside in British Columbia; Bessie and Theresa live in Calgary.

ADELE SODONYTE — by Ellen Bryant

Adele was born in Lithuania, a Baltic State that is now behind the Iron Curtain. In 1914 their country was badly torn by war. She, being the oldest child at home, helped her father get supplies for the family. One time when they were miles from home, two German Officers stopped them and took the best horse of their team and left Adele and her father stranded. They were afraid to sleep in their house so they slept in a hay stack in the coulee. One of the family would stand guard at night in case of fire. A cannon was fired close to their home and the jolt sent Adele to the ground. One day they could not find their cow and they thought the Germans had taken her. She returned several days later but she had been milked.

After the war Adele saved her money and in 1929 came on board ship to Canada with a group of foreign personnel sent to Canada on a Government Employment Plan. She was to work for Anne Beynon at the Beynon and Davies Ranch just west of Cochrane. (The old Cochrane Ranche)

Adele Sodonyte.

Her port of entry was Quebec. She came to Cochrane by train. The conductor forgot to tell her when to get off and when the train stopped again at the crossing west of town, a frantic girl, who could not speak a word of English, got off and walked back to the station, where Mrs. Beynon was waiting for her.

Adele was so grateful to be in Canada she could not do enough for anyone she worked for. After Mrs. Beynon passed away in 1944, Adele worked a short time for Mrs. Percy Copithorne. She went back to care for Jack Beynon and Billie Davies and worked downtown as well. She worked at the Elite Cafe for a month and then went to cook for Mrs. McCurdy at the McCurdy Coffee Shop. She cooked at the coffee shop, under different managements, for fifteen years.

She retired in 1965 and went to Manchester, Connecticut, to visit a sister she had not seen for fifty-seven years. Her sister and two brothers came to the U.S.A. in 1908 and settled in Connecticut.

In 1972 Adele passed away suddenly, at her home, due to a severe heart attack. She was laid to rest in the Cochrane Catholic Cemetery in January when it was thirty degrees below zero. The casket had to be lowered by hand as it was too cold for the mechanism to work.

Adele Sodonyte was admired by all who knew her. She loved to live and she loved to work.

THE SPICER FAMILY — by Harold Spicer

Dad was born in Hertfordshire, England, in 1869. He came to Canada with his parents to Chatham, Ontario, in 1885.

In 1885 everyone in the East was talking about the West, its opportunities for adventure and fortunes to be had; this intrigued Dad, and in 1887 he set foot down on the station platform in Calgary.

He was 18 years old and the first job he got was as a stable boy at one of the livery stables.

Dad thought the sight of the Chinook arch over the Rockies was a sight to behold, and when he saw the beautiful Bow Valley at Cochrane, he decided then and there that this area was where he intended to settle.

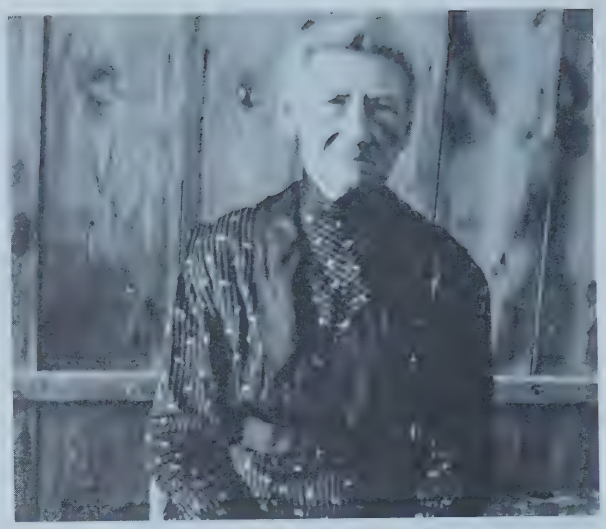
In 1888 Dad went to work at the sawmill at Mitford, for Tom Cochrane. He worked at the mill and on the Betsy line. For awhile he was an engineer on "Betsy." While working on the line, Dad obtained his Steam Engineer papers. He often spoke of the hair-raising experiences he encountered while driving "Old Betsy." Among the men that worked with Dad were George Dodds and Alex McLachlan. They spent a lot of time putting Betsy on track, almost as much time as running her.

The rail line at the head of Grand Valley was wooden. If the engine was travelling too fast, the load would start to sway and cause the lines to spread apart, thus causing Betsy to leave the track, resulting in logs being scattered all over.

When the sawmill operations closed down at Mitford, Dad hired on with W. C. Wells, who owned the Mount Royal Ranch. Mr. Wells also had a lumbering business at Palliser, British Columbia. Dad went to Palliser to work as an engineer on the logging rail line. He worked at Palliser during the winter and early spring, and came back to the ranch in the summer and fall, when more help was needed for haying and tending to the cattle. This went on for a few years until Dad was hurt in an accident on the logging line. A forest fire broke out near the lumber mill and it burned a bridge out that crossed a canyon. Dad and his brakeman, Alex McLachlan, were not aware of the burned bridge and as a result the engine crashed into the canyon, Dad and Alex escaping with injured legs. Both of them had trouble with their legs the rest of their lives. Mr. Wells had both of the men come back to the Mount Royal to work as steady ranch hands. D. P. McDonald was foreman of the ranch at that time. Dad never gave up riding horses, although the injured leg bothered him. He took part in many roundups, including the last big one at Cochrane Lakes.

When Dad decided it was time to get a home of his own, he filed on a homestead. Previous to this he went back East to Chatham to visit his mother, sisters and brothers. This was in the 1890s. While there he convinced two of his brothers, George and Tom, to come back with him and take up homestead land.

Samuel Spicer, taken soon after his arrival at Mitford.



Mary Ann Spicer, mother of Samuel and Tom Spicer.

Mabel O'Connor, daughter of Samuel and May Spicer.

Minnie May (Ford) Spicer, 1907.

Dad filed on SE¼ 22-26-4-5, Uncle Tom on NW¼ 14-26-4-5 and Uncle George on SW¼ 14-26-4-5. Dad and Uncle Tom purchased the E½ 15-26-4-5 from the C.P.R. Uncle George did not like the homestead life and gave up his land. It was taken over by James Andison. Uncle George went to college and became an ordained minister in later years.

Dad and Uncle Tom pooled their resources and farmed together. They put up a nice set of log buildings on Uncle Tom's quarter, and around 1904 Dad brought his mother and my aunt Bertha from Chatham to keep house for him and Uncle Tom. Both of the men had to work out away from the farm and they needed someone to look after the house and attend to the cows and chickens. My grandmother milked the cows, made butter and sold it at the store in Cochrane.

In 1910 Grandmother received Patent to the SW¼ 22-26-4-5 as her homestead. Dad built her a small house, dug a well and broke up the necessary land to obtain patent for her. She lived on the homestead for awhile, and around 1916 she went back East, renting the land to Dad. She came back and decided to sell the land to Dad, as she was moving to her daughter's at Glenrosa, British Columbia. In 1926 Grandmother came back for a visit. While here she fell and broke her hip. She passed away after a lengthy illness as a result of the injury. She was laid to rest in the Cochrane cemetery.

In 1909 Dad married Minnie May Ford, who was born in Oklahoma, U.S.A. In 1910 Dad and Uncle Tom dissolved their partnership, and Dad and Mother moved to Dad's homestead. Their first child, Bert, died at 18 months of age. My sister Mabel was born in March 1911, and I was born in December 1912. Seventeen years later, my brother Victor was born in April 1929.

Prior to Dad's marriage, he was quite active in community affairs. He was very fond of dancing and was a square dance caller at many of the balls in Cochrane. He was a Charter member of the King Solomon Lodge, Masonic Order, in Cochrane and was a member of the Orangeman's Lodge. He helped to build the Orange Hall, and owned the land the hall sat on. In later years Dad donated the property to the Oddfellows organization. Dad was the first Life Member of King Solomon Lodge in Cochrane. He was also a charter shareholder of the Cochrane Creamery Association and a director for some years.

Tom Spicer with George and Patsy Spicer, 1939.

Harold Spicer, 1934.

My dad believed in the "help thy neighbor" policy. Prior to his marriage he said his door was always open to all comers, be they white or colored. He said he had always been treated so well by people when he was working around the area, that he felt he should try to repay it by sharing what he had. After he got married, of course, this changed, because Mother didn't believe in the open door policy.

Dad raised horses for the Army. He didn't have very many cattle. His horse brand was Quarter Circle K and his cattle brand NK4. In 1919 Dad stopped raising remounts, as the price of horses dropped, so he raised a few more cattle.

When we kids were growing up, that is my sister and I, times were pretty tough. Dad and Mother milked cows and so did Mabel and I when we got older. They also raised pigs and Dad always had a huge potato patch. Seemed like my summers were spent hoeing and picking weeds and rocks when I was six and seven years old. Mother helped Dad out in the field, haying and stooking. She used to take us kids with her and when we got older we had to help. I grew to hate milk cows! We used to help with the milking in the mornings before school and this meant a long day for us, as we had to ride three and a half miles to school.

Mabel and I started school at Cochrane Lakes and then we went to Cochrane. We both completed our high school in Cochrane.

In 1932 Mabel married Joseph O'Connor. They had two children, John and Kathy. Mabel and John have passed away. In 1934 I married Marjorie Pepper. We both went to work at the Hungarian Ranching Company, owned by the Barons André and Joseph Scvossy. I received $20.00 a month and my wife got $5.00 a month, and we were glad to have the job. In the summer I worked from daylight until ten o'clock at night.

Strange, we never seemed to mind the long hours.

In the fall of 1934, Dad and Mother decided to sell out and moved to Calgary, as Dad's health was failing. In March 1935, I rented the land from Dad, and Marjorie and I moved back to the farm. In 1939 I made an agreement with Dad to purchase the farm.

My wife and I have seen both bad and good times since we started out in 1934, but we've had a wonderful life together sharing the good and the bad. Both of us have worked real hard, but we never complained too much, and I don't think my wife ever complained.

Marjorie and I have raised nine wonderful children: four boys, George, Stanley, Laurie and Darcy, and five girls, Patricia, Shirley, Genevieve, Haroldine and Bonnie. All our children are married except Laurie and Darcy. Darcy is still attending high school.

All our children went to school in Cochrane. George and Genevieve went to Olds School of Agriculture for two years.

For a number of years I operated a trucking business, starting out hauling mine props and hay. For over 26 years I hauled for Calgary Power. George is operating the trucks now. We have hauled poles to points all over Alberta.

My dad passed away in 1943. Mother is still residing in Calgary, keeping in fairly good health at the age of 86 years.

My uncle Tom never married. He gave up farming in 1934, and travelled back and forth to Eastern Canada. In 1941 he went East, and while there he suffered a heart attack and died. His land was left to his niece, Elsie Raby. She sold it to Harold Callaway and it was later purchased by Mr. and Mrs. Earl Fenton.

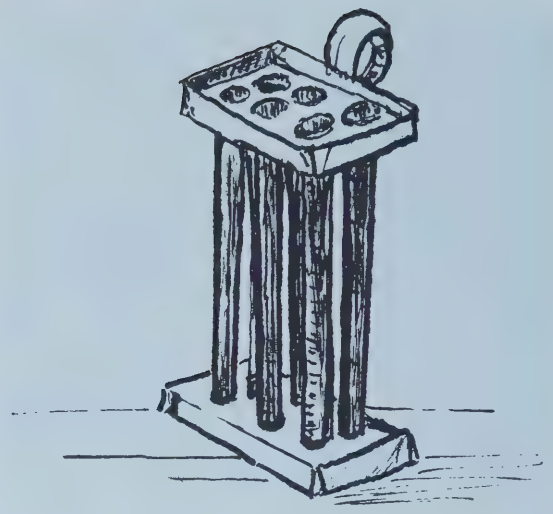
Marjorie and I are still living on the homestead.

EDWARD ALEXANDER THOMPSON

Ed and Fanny and their two boys, Ken and George, moved to Cochrane from High River in 1939 to ranch on the south banks of the Bow River two miles east of Cochrane. In 1945 the family moved to the Brushy Ridge district, where Ed ranched and auctioneered. The boys attended Brushy Ridge School. In 1947 the family moved back to Cochrane, where Ed worked for Graeme Broatch at the Cochrane Auto Service for a number of years while continuing to ranch on land he purchased in Mortimer Coulee, ten miles north of Cochrane.

Ed passed away in 1966, and Fanny in 1973.

Ken and his wife Terri (nee Degroot of Pincher Creek) and their three children, Debra, Sandra and Douglas, live in Calgary, where Ken has been employed by Shell Canada for the past 25 years. George and his wife Bonnie (nee MacGregor of Edmonton) and their two boys, Gregory and Robert, live on the property in Mortimer Coulee.



BILL TOPHAM

Bill Topham was Cochrane's telephone lineman from about 1910 to 1922. He married a Cochrane telephone operator, Belle Truman. The Tophams later moved to the West Coast, where Bill installed some of the first dial phones to be used in Canada.

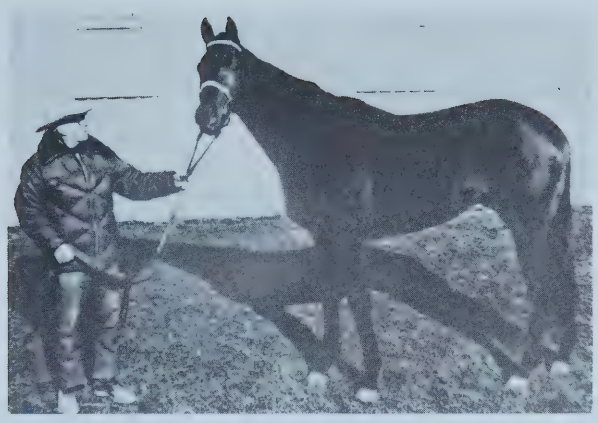
Once, before Bill was married, he and Jimmy Patterson, who was delivering the mail to Caldbeck, decided to drink to one another's health until they almost ruined their own. Bill decided he would go home with Jimmy and visit his friend, Andy Garson. On the way home, Jimmy and Bill fell asleep and the team wandered off the road. Just below Duncan Kerfoot's gate, the horses chose to go on opposite sides of a telephone pole and broke the neckyoke. Bill climbed the pole and took a piece of the telephone line to fix the neckyoke. The next morning no one could understand what had put the phone out; some farmers discovered the broken wire and spliced it; the splice was still there when the overhead lines were torn down in 1967.

Bill and Belle both passed away at the West Coast.

THE TREVENEN FAMILY — by W. G. Trevenen

Dad came to Canada in 1889, and Mother in 1891. I was born at Alix, Alberta. We moved to Cochrane in 1913.

For a number of years, Dad was the mange rider for the country north of Calgary, and as far east as Drumheller. His job was to check all the horses and cattle for mange, and glanders, a horse disease which was very prevalent in Alberta at that time. Dad was one of the top polo players in Southern Alberta; he played for Cochrane, Millarville, Pekisko and High River. He was a very good shot and made some trips representing Alberta at competitive events in Winnipeg and Vancouver.



Bill Trevenen holding one of his winners.

When I came to Cochrane, I went to the Bow River Horse Ranch to work for Mr. G. E. Goddard. What a grand bunch of horses he had! They were purebred French Coach. He sold a lot of them to the Mounted Police. In the spring of 1915, I went to work for one of the best horsemen I ever rode with, D. P. McDonald. I trained nine head of racehorses and rode the hills with DP also. He was quite a big man but could ride a horse all day in those hills around the Ghost River and the horse never seemed to tire; he was so light on a horse's mouth that it never appeared to tire.

My brother, John, who was two years younger, and I, both rode at the Cochrane races in 1915. John rode a filly for Mr. Hutchinson. I won six races for D.P. that day. It was fun, and the people I rode against was like a page of "Who's Who" — Clem Gardner, Tommy Morrison and Earl Havens, who was lame and a first-class rider. Johnny Kipling was just starting his career then; he rode for the Rhodes Brothers in the Grand Valley district for several years.

I joined the Army in July, 1915, and John joined a little later. I came back; John was killed in April, 1918.

The family left Cochrane in 1918, and moved to Calgary. John and I had saved our money and bought a house for Mother; John had had some insurance, and we used that for part of the payment.

A few years ago Miss Agness Hammond asked me to judge a small horse show at her place. All the people from around the country managed to get there, and there were horses of all sorts and colors ridden by people from eight years old and up. There was a class for girls eighteen years and younger that I remember in particular. There were sixteen entrants, all on clean-bred ponies; I took a look at them and said, "Well, the only thing I can figure to do with you is to see if you can ride bareback."

A sort of delighted grin spread over all their faces and quicker than one can tell it, they were off the ponies, the saddles were off and the girls were back on the horses, waiting for my next request. I worked them as hard as I knew how.

My younger sister, Mildred, rode at the shows around town. She lives in California now. She worked for Boeing Aircraft and was one of the few female Master Mechanics in the States; she was ahead of Women's Lib.

Recently, when I was up through the Cochrane country, driving under the pines, I was thinking back to the days of old and the grand horsemen that I knew and rode with. Down the lanes of memory rode Eddie Bowlen and his wife, Jappy Rodgers, Laurie Johnson and his daughters, and many others. And I remembered riding Tremargo out to D.P.'s from Cochrane and he screamed all the way out, but it was a lovely morning and I was very young. I recall one story about a man who was a top horseman, Mr. Kerfoot. He always rode Thoroughbreds and said that he could do anything with a Thoroughbred horse that you could do with any other, but he could do it better. They tell the story of him being in Cochrane one day and he cut a steer out of a small bunch coming into town, roped it and tied it down, then left his Thoroughbred stallion holding the steer in the road while he went back and finished his drink.

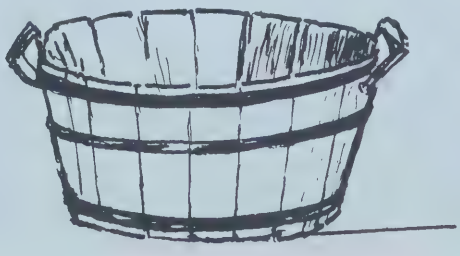
Dad and Mother are both buried in Victoria, B.C. Mother always said that she had been so cold in Alberta that she wanted to be buried where it was warm. She lies on a hillside looking over the bay just out of Sidney.

THE TWEED FAMILY — by Gerald Tweed

Jack and Dolly Tweed came from England to the small town of Calgary in 1899.

I was born in Calgary, and in 1903 we moved to the land that my father had purchased on the south bank of the Bow River, one mile south of the town of Cochrane. The property was, at that time, surrounded on all sides by the Bow River Horse Ranch, managed by G. E. Goddard.

Father raised sheep for awhile then raised purebred Clydesdale horses. He took an active part in the affairs of the village. He was appointed Justice of the Peace in 1908, and in 1912 was appointed Police Magistrate. He held this position until his enlistment in the Canadian Army in 1916. As a keen horseman, he was very interested in the Cochrane Race Meet and Agricultural Fair. He also was chairman of the Cochrane School Board. He died in England in 1917, while serving in the Canadian Army.



I had three brothers, John, George and Rex, and when we first attended school in Cochrane, the elementary grades were taught in the old Orange Hall, on the west side of the village. My first teacher was Miss McNaughton. I also attended the brick two-roomed school until I left to join the Army during World War I. I served again in World War II and presently live in White Rock, British Columbia.

John served in the First World War also and then came home to the farm. He was thrown from a horse on the Cochrane flats and killed in 1921. George lived in Cochrane until 1923, then moved to Seattle, Washington. Rex and I moved with our mother, to Vancouver in 1919, where Rex taught school for many years. He now resides in Campbell River, British Columbia.

Cochrane was a very pleasant place to live in the old days. One knew everyone for miles around. In winter there were many great times, dances and parties, which everyone seemed to attend. They came regardless of how far they had to travel.

Our farm was purchased by George Bunney.

MR. AND MRS. van AGGELEN — by Ellen Bryant

In the 1930s a Dutch family lived at, and were the caretakers of, the W. C. Fisher Rock Mansion. They had several children; two boys' names were Peter and Cornelius.

The van Aggelens grew excellent vegetable and flower gardens. Mr.van Aggelen helped bale hay for Frank Whittle and Johnny Boothby, who used a horsepower baler at that time. Mr. van Aggelen walked into Cochrane every work day to catch a ride with Frank to the hayfield.

After the van Aggelens left Cochrane they lived in Calgary. It is believed they then moved to British Columbia.

It is unfortunate that no member of this fine family could be found to give information for our book.

The W. C. Fisher place was sold to Mr. Tweddle, a former Calgary alderman, about 1933. He in turn sold to Harry and Jack McConachie who named the place the "Just Home Ranch."

In 1959 the McConachies sold the land to the Fransciscan Fathers of the Roman Catholic Faith and it is now the Mt. St. Francis Retreat.

DOCTOR AND MRS. WAITE — by Mona Waite Russell

It was in early September, 1919, that I, as a bride of ten days, and my husband, Doctor Waite, arrived in Cochrane. Doctor Waite, born in Scotland, grew up in Manitoba. He took his B.A. and M.D. at the University of Manitoba. Following graduation, he immigrated to Denver, Colorado, where he was Resident Doctor at St. Anthony's Hospital. This was in 1918.

I was a nurse trained in City and Country Hospital, Denver, and later, while specialing at St. Anthony's, met Doctor Waite. On arrival in

Cochrane, we lived for a short time in the hotel operated by Mr. and Mrs. Joe Murphy, later moving to the Mickle house. While living in the Mickle house, I took in many patients. Most of them were maternity patients. About seventy-five babies were born in the time we were in Cochrane. One of those babies was Clarence Copithorne, who became a Cabinet Minister in the Alberta Legislature. I frequently accompanied the Doctor on house calls to assist when necessary. Mrs. Angus McDonald should be mentioned for her unselfish devotion to so many people in the Weedon, Dog Pound and Bottrel areas. Mrs. McDonald, on a moment's notice, would respond to a call, sometimes spending days nursing people in need of help, all on a gratis basis.

In 1923, we bought the drug store property from the previous owners, Mr. and Mrs. Smythe. To the best of my knowledge it was Cochrane's first drug store. We took it over in the spring of 1923. Mr. Smythe took his entire stock to Calgary and sold it. On taking over, we renovated the property and built onto the back half of the building, plastering and painting it throughout. With all new stock, we moved in, occupying the living quarters. On moving to the store, I discontinued taking patients in but continued to accompany the Doctor on his trips, to assist patients. Our occupation continued until 1934, when on the death of Doctor Waite, the business was sold to Mr. Hart. The years I spent in Cochrane were happy years, with some of the finest people I have known.

I now reside with my husband in Victoria, British Columbia.

JAMES WALKER — by Mrs. Selby Walker

James Walker was born in 1846 near Hamilton, Ontario. His parents were of Scottish descent. In 1874, he joined the newly-formed organization known as the North West Mounted Police. They were organized to help bring law and order to the Western Canadian wilderness. Upon joining the force, James Walker was appointed Superintendent of one of the troops, there being six troops formed at that time. Less than one hundred white settlers lived west of where Winnipeg now stands, when the North

West Mounted Police arrived. Prior to James Walker joining the Police, he attended the Royal School of Gunnery in Kingston, Ontario, and graduated from there with the permanent rank of Major. This school is now the Royal Military College in Kingston.

Inspector Walker was made Commanding Officer of the North West Mounted Police at Fort Battleford. His area covered North Battleford, Fort Pitt, Duck Lake, Fort Carlton and Prince Albert, an area of 121,000 square miles. The Cree Indians in the area at that time were very troublesome and difficult to control.

After six hectic years of policing the prairies, Inspector Walker decided to resign from the force. Before leaving Fort Battleford he was made an Indian Chief of the Cree Tribe and was given the name "Pee Tee Guack Kee," which means, "The eagle that protects."

Upon leaving the Police force, Major Walker became manager of the newly-formed Cochrane Ranche Company, at the request of Senator Cochrane. This ranch, the first large leasehold ranch in Western Canada, was formed in 1881. In the fall of 1882 Major Walker left the employ of Senator Cochrane. He took up a homestead in what is now the Inglewood district of Calgary and from this homestead he operated a thriving lumber business, in fact his sawmill was the first one west of Winnipeg. He obtained the sawmill from Senator Cochrane when he left the ranch. Besides having the sawmill on his homestead he had a blacksmith shop, a carpenter's shop and a boarding house for the fourteen men in his employ. Many of the first buildings erected in Calgary were built from lumber that was dressed at his sawmill. In 1883 he obtained a $35,000.00 contract to supply lumber and build barracks for the North West Mounted Police. In the same year he donated the lumber to build the first Knox Presbyterian Church in Calgary, as well as helping to build it. At the turn of the century the first Militia unit was formed, the Fifteenth Light Horse, and it was from this unit that James Walker held his permanent rank as Colonel.

Colonel Walker had many achievements during his long and colorful life. Here are some of them:

First Immigration Officer.

Owner of the first telephone system in 1884. He imported the switchboard and equipment from the U.S.A. He had thirty customers.

He was elected chairman of the Civic Council formed to have Calgary incorporated as a town. This took place in 1884.

He was the first president of the Exhibition Board and was responsible for securing the present site, Victoria Park. In 1886 the Agricultural Society was formed, and Colonel Walker was first president; the first fair was held October 19 and 20, 1886.

He organized the first school in Calgary, in 1883, served as a school trustee for fourteen years, and was chairman of the building committee when most of the sandstone schools were built.

He served on the General Hospital board for twenty-nine years, and was president of the board in 1892 and again in 1912.

He organized the School Cadet movement.

He was the first president of the Southern Alberta Pioneers and Old-Timers' Association.

The Canadian Military Gazette of 1933 declared him the longest service Militia man in Canada, having been identified with soldiering for 54 years. He saw active service at the age of 18 years with the Fenian Raids, and later in the Riel Rebellion, enlisted in the South African War and the First World War. Early in World War I he applied for a commission and was accepted with the rank of Major in command of a Forestry Corps with which he went Overseas and served for three and a half years. The unusual part about it was that he was 70 years old.

The Colonel passed away March 31, 1936, at the age of 90 years. He had one son, Selby.

To complete the Walker history the following information has been added:

Colonel James Walker married Euphemia Davidson Quarry from Galt, Ontario, in 1878. Their only child, William James Selby Walker, was born in April 1879. William James Selby married Ruth Anne Shine from Calgary in 1920. Ruth met William while nursing at the Calgary General Hospital. Ruth and William had two children, a son, who died at age seven years, and a daughter, Mary (Lynas), who resides in Calgary, where she works in a bookstore.

STANLEY E. AND RUTH WATERS — by Ruth Waters

Stanley and I came from Calgary to Cochrane in the spring of 1920. We rented a business section in the Chester Block and started the White Cafe. We were busy from the very first day.

Andy Clarke had a butcher shop on one side of us and the Post Office, run by Andy Chapman, was on the other. The Chester Hall, upstairs, was used for dancing, and Stanley played the piano. On rainy weekends people slept on the dance floor as it was impossible for people living Calgary way to get up the hill.

Our two boys, Donald and Stanley Jr., were born in Cochrane. Six other babies were born in our house. There was a good doctor living above the drugstore.

Stanley was president of the Great War Veterans' Association in Cochrane. He had enlisted in the Army in 1916 and served with the 31st Battalion in France. He was wounded in France and after spending some time in a hospital in England, he came back to Canada on a hospital ship.

When we came to Cochrane lots of cowboys could be seen riding their horses down the front street. Cars were not too plentiful.

Mrs. Stanley Waters and son Donald.

Horses were our hobby and I still ride a little at eighty. We enjoyed the Cochrane races and ran the refreshment booth there. We had one horse, Starlight, that we entered in the Cochrane races. Later we ran Torey in Calgary, and won first.

Once when we bought a new horse it jumped the corral fence and landed in a McLaughlin touring car.

Stanley drove his first car to Jack Beynon's to buy some turkeys. When Stanley came to the gate he said, "Whoa, whoa", but the car went right through Mr. Beynon's gate and Stanley took the gate right up to the house before he could get the car stopped.

We left Cochrane and went back to Calgary about 1930. The part of the Chester Block we had rented for a cafe was then used for a hardware store.

We now live at Stavely, Alberta. We have nine grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

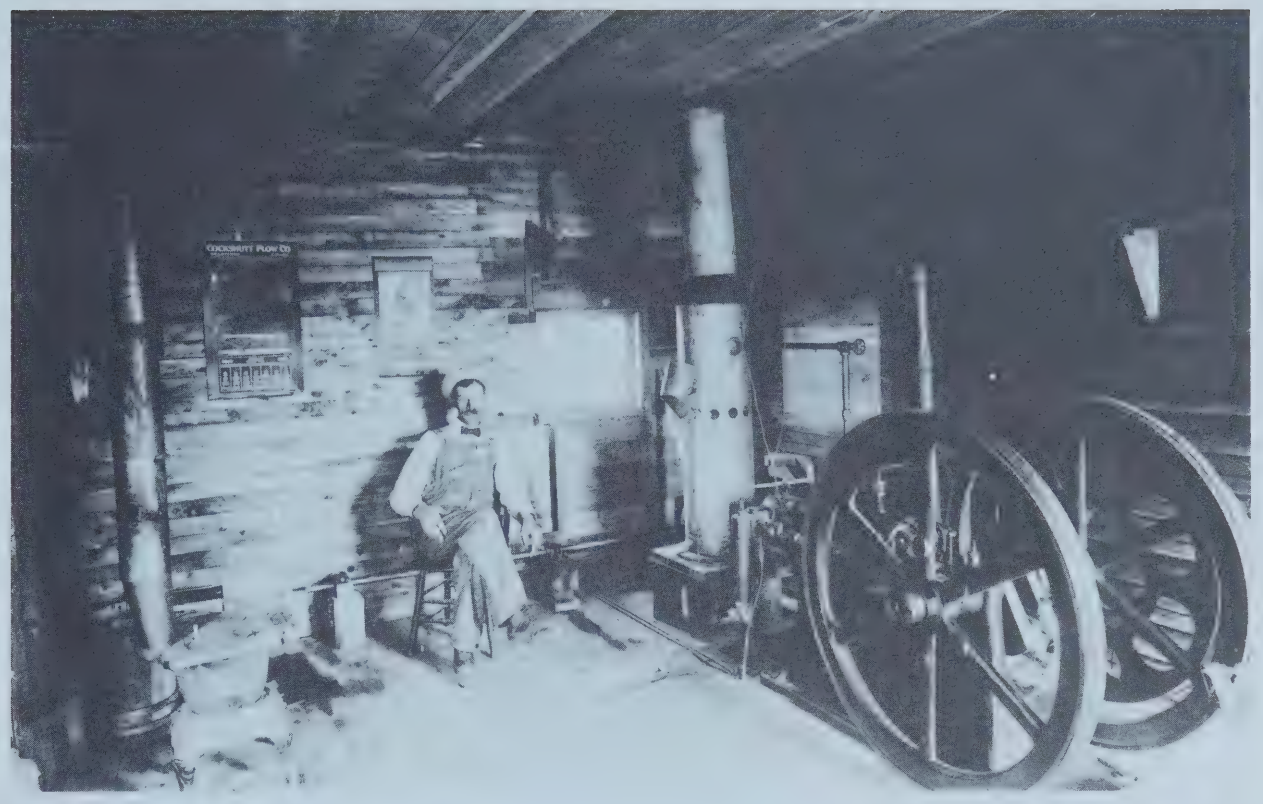
RUSSELL ALFRED WEBSTER

In 1910, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Webster arrived in Cochrane from Kingstrom, a small town in the State of Washington.

They purchased the SW ¼ 35-26-4-5, five miles north of Cochrane, and built a home there. They later added more land to their home property. The Websters remained on the farm until 1912 and then moved into the Village of Cochrane where Russell started a feed mill business, machine agency, and a real estate business. He built a large two-storey brick home at the west end of the village and this house is still being lived in.

In 1916 he bought the Cochrane Hotel from Mr. Alexander and converted it into a store and businesses such as a bakery and a confectionery. Rooms were rented out in the upstairs part of the hotel. The same year he purchased the hotel, he leased the feed mill to Robert McNamee. In 1921 Russell sold out the hotel and the feed mill to the United Farmers of Alberta, and he and his wife moved to Victoria. In 1923 the U.F.A. was unable

Taken in 1912. The Range Grill is now located on this lot.



R. A. Webster in his Feed Mill, 1912.

to fulfill their agreement of sale and it was necessary for Russell to return to Cochrane and take over the hotel and feed business again. He sold the feed mill to his son-in-law, Tommy Cairns, and the hotel to Jack Dickinson. Russell and his wife returned to Prospect Lake, British Columbia, where they had a small farm.

The Websters had four daughters: Lila (Mrs. Tommy Cairns), deceased; Ruth (Mrs. Norman Cairns), deceased; Bessie (Mrs. Elford McNamee), living in Calgary; and Myrtle (Mrs. Jim Raby), who now resides at the Brentwood Nursing Home in Calgary.

Russell Webster passed away in 1945 and his wife in 1957. The farm home that Russell and his wife built in 1910 is now in Heritage Park, Calgary.

MR. AND MRS. DAN WHITE — by Hazel Caverley

My dad came from New Brunswick to Saskatchewan, and because of his good knowledge of timber, he was asked to work for the C.P.R. In 1889 Dad went back to New Brunswick and married Margaret Archibald Carmichael. On April 1 of that year, he and his bride moved to Banff. Mother was given a ride in a wheelbarrow to her new home, which was two boxcars grounded on a siding.

Their first child, Estella (Stella), was the second baby girl born in Banff; Pearl Brewster (Mrs. Phyl Moore) was the first. Dr. Brett was the doctor in Banff at that time. Later, my parents built a log house, and Dot, whose name is Gertrude, was born there. I was born in 1900. At this time Dad was building bridges for the government, and he built a bridge over the Spray River, near Banff.

In 1902 we moved to Cochrane. We lived in town and owned a ranch in the Horse Creek district, where we raised horses. We homesteaded a quarter section, located on the west side of the Horse Creek road next to the creek, and the quarter on the east side of the road was purchased. Our ranch was sold to Billie Beynon in the 1920s.

My dad was head of Public Works for Alberta and built roads and bridges from the Elbow River north to the Red Deer. The last bridge he built was over the Red Deer River. My mother and I accompanied him on that trip; this was when we first met Mr. and Mrs. Alex Moore and their son R.E. Dad took ill that fall and although he had been to the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota, he passed away at Easter in 1909.

Reverend Claxton performed the funeral service from the newly built St. Andrews Church in Cochrane.

Dad was the first overseer of the village of Cochrane after its incorporation in 1903. He was also a member of the first IOOF Lodge in Calgary.

Picnic at Wm. Cook's. Those present include Dot, Stella and Hazel White, May Campbell, Margaret Tollington, Winnie Cook, and Jack Campbell holding Kenneth.

Estella taught school at Chapelton and Cochrane before her marriage to William McLintock in 1915. They have three children, Claudia, Estella and Janette. The McLintocks celebrated their 60th Wedding Anniversary on November 9, 1975. They now reside at White Rock, British Columbia.

Dot married Dr. Lyman, a well-known Calgary dentist. They had no children. They are now deceased.

I, now Mrs. Caverley, married H. David MacPherson and we had three children: Noreen (Mrs. Foster), who is co-ordinator of the volunteers for senior citizens for the city of Vancouver; Jack, who is a well-known Calgary lawyer; and Barrie, who is in the oil business.

In 1917 Mother married Charles Grayson and they lived in Cochrane. In the 1950s, after Mother broke her hip, they went to Lethbridge to live with Stella and William McLintock. Helen Helfrick now lives in the Grayson home in Cochrane.

The last few years of Mother's life she was blind. She passed away on April 8, 1961. We are so grateful to all the Cochrane people who visited her in Lethbridge. Mother's burial service was held at St. Andrews United Church in Cochrane, the church she had attended for so many years.

Estella and I have many lovely memories of the Cochrane people.

GEORGE AND ELIZABETH WOODSON — by Stan Woodson

George and Elizabeth Woodson came to Canada from Scotland in 1908. They settled temporarily in the Calgary-Cochrane area, as George worked for a few years as a foreman of road construction, grading the Calgary to Banff road. Previously, it was just a prairie trail. They moved to the Medicine Hat area, where George again worked on road construction. In 1921 they settled in the Glendale district, where they bought the NE¼ 12-26-4-5 and the SW¼ 18-26-3-5. They carried on mixed farming, and George was a road foreman for many years. Their activities in the district included school affairs, politics (the Liberal Party), and the United Church. Elizabeth was active in the Glendale Women's Institute. Both were active in the Cochrane Curling Club.

Upon retirement, George and Elizabeth moved to Nanaimo, British Columbia, in 1946. Their interest in community affairs did not stop, as they were both very active there, in politics, the United Church, and the Royal Canadian Legion. George passed away in 1953, and Elizabeth in 1973. Both are interred in Cedar Valley Memorial Gardens in Nanaimo.

The Woodsons had three children: Gladys, Stan and Lloyd. They all attended the old Glendale School. Gladys was badly frost-bitten riding home on the day the old school burned down. Both boys attended Cochrane High School.

Gladys married Frank Hartman, a brother-in-law of Dave Murray, long-time Cochrane blacksmith. They had two children, Frank Jr., now a barber in Victoria, and Doreen, now Mrs. Mayovsky, who lives in Nanaimo. Gladys passed away suddenly in 1966.

Stan married Marion Turner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Turner of Lochend. Stan spent five and a half years as a pilot in the R.C.A.F. during World War Two, later attended the University of Toronto, and is an optometrist in Nanaimo. They have three children, Bill, Gwyn and Ian, all of whom are presently attending the University of British Columbia.

Lloyd, who married Lillian Frayn from Springbank, also served in the R.C.A.F. during World War Two. He chose the Air Force as a career, and retired in 1974, at which time he was decorated by the Governor-General in Ottawa. Lloyd is now operating a service station in Port Renfrew, British Columbia. He and Lillian have three sons: Wes, who works for the Alberta Government in Calgary, Brian, who is in the Canadian Airborne Regiment, and Jim, who is also with the Canadian Airborne Regiment.

RECOLLECTIONS — by H. G. Wright

I cannot say we were old timers, we arrived in Cochrane near the end of April 1906. We stayed a few days with our aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Howard, who were living on their homestead southwest of the village near the Bow River.

We moved in to a two-roomed log cabin just behind the new store my uncle Joe was building. The cabin was owned by the Towers family. Mrs. Phipps and her son lived in the log cabin next to us. I will never forget that cabin; we were quarantined for six weeks with measles and chicken pox. About a year later we moved into the section house as my dad had the section of track from the C.P.R. station west to Mitford, to look after. The station agent at that time was Mr. Pope.

Harold Wright, Sam Spicer and Wm. Andison.

My father and mother were both born in Ontario. Mother was born in 1876 and Father in 1870. While attending school in Cochrane, my teachers were Miss McNaughton and Mr. Laird. Mr. Laird was very interested in sports; he purchased the old school house and made a gymnasium out of it and an Athletic Club was organized. The building later became the Masonic Hall.

I have some wonderful memories of the years I resided in the Village of Cochrane. I worked for C. W. Fisher in the store. One of my jobs was to go to Mitford Mines once a week and take orders for groceries and supplies. I would go over to the station and catch the way freight. I rode in the cab with the engineer, Mr. Black. That was really something. The freight consisted of the engine, one boxcar, one flatcar and the caboose. It went as far as Canmore. After getting the orders from the housewives, I caught the freight back to Cochrane in the afternoon. The next day I put up the orders and the drayman, Mr. Mortimer, put them on the train.

When the Chapman brothers built the new church I put a coin in the corner stone. I got such a thrill from that. I had great times swimming in the Big Hill Creek, setting pins in the bowling alley and going to the races. It was fun watching the Indians at the races. There was a fair held in Cochrane each year. I won a prize for a rooster I had entered in the fair and winning a prize, of course, was just great.

As a young lad I can recall going to the livery stable, along with other boys, just to see if Miss Truman's boy friend was going to take her for a Sunday drive. We were seldom disappointed.

When I worked in the store, Bill Andison was the clerk and Tom Fisher was manager. Bill Andison eventually became owner of the store. Tom Fisher had rooms upstairs in the Fisher block. I took the coal up to the rooms. Tom Fisher's residence fascinated me. He was a Big Game hunter, and the walls were decorated with all kinds of big game trophies.

The Alberta Hotel was quite the place for the cowhands to gather. They had a Chinese cook there that made the most delicious pies. The hotel was known for its elaborate bar. One evening I was getting some water from the well beside the hotel, when five riders came up the street yelling and shouting. They came right up to the pump and scared the dickens out of me, then rode their horses into the waiting room of

the hotel. Both horses and riders had plenty of spirits. One of the riders was Jimmy McEwan.

Mr. Pope and his wife were very fine people. He was a big man, well over six feet and always wore a goatee. He was an avid bird hunter, come bird season and he and his dog, Blackman, would be away every chance they could. He and his wife moved to Vancouver after he was retired from the C.P.R.

I enlisted in the First World War and when I returned from Overseas I left Cochrane.

YEE LEE

One of the businesses usually established in a pioneer village, that served a very real need especially to the single men of the area, was a laundry. It was almost invariably run by a Chinese man. Cochrane's laundryman, Yee Lee, lived and worked in a small log shack set well back from the front street, on the present site of Graham's Pharmacy. Behind his house were several clotheslines, which were nearly always filled with sparkling-clean washing. In later years Yee Lee owned a washing machine, but for many of the nearly 30 years that he was in business, he scrubbed the clothes by hand. He toiled long hours every day, washing, ironing and folding the clothes for his customers. Many a bachelor went to a dance in a white shirt carefully laundered by Yee Lee earlier that day!

After the Second War, Yee Lee returned to China for a visit. When he came back to Cochrane, he found that the rapid changes of the 1950s had even caught up with the laundry business, and there was no more work for him. He moved to Calgary in 1956, where he passed away about four years later.

THE ROBERT BRUCE YOUNG FAMILY — by Bob and Marion Young

Bob left Scotland as a youth of nineteen; the toss of a shilling decided Canada as his destination rather than Australia. He landed in Halifax and journeyed by train for four days to Winnipeg, Manitoba. Here he worked for awhile in the shops of the old Grand Trunk Railway. In 1913 he came farther west to Cochrane to visit the Cairns family. He was so impressed with the Cochrane area and the West that he decided to stay and found work on a local ranch.

While breaking horses on the Critchley — Rhodes ranch he was badly injured by a kick from a horse and he was in the Cochrane Hospital for eight months. After numerous operations, his doctor recommended a sea voyage so, on Christmas Day, 1914, he set sail for Scotland. He joined the Imperial Army in 1915 and served at several stations in England. On discharge from the Army he accepted a position as overseer on a ranch in Mississippi, U.S.A. but finding it an impossible task, he returned to Cochrane in the fall of 1917. In 1919 he took a returned Soldier's Grant and farmed in the Bindloss, Alberta, area, for ten years. Here he married Marion Hendry and their first two children were born there. The dry years and illness forced him to leave the farm. He and his family returned to Cochrane again. While in Cochrane three more children were born. Bob worked for Tommy Cairns in the Livery Stable and in 1932 he went into business, taking over the International Harvester and British American Oil dealerships.

Bob served on the Town Council while in Cochrane. Mr. Maggs was Mayor at the time. He and Mr. Maggs were instrumental in getting the trees planted along Railway Avenue. At the time, several on Council thought it a foolish idea even to consider planting trees and they said they would never grow but how wrong they were.

Marion was active in the church. In 1940 Bob sold his business to Frank Whittle and the family moved to Nanton, Alberta, where they reside today. Their children are, Jean, Roberta, Bruce, Alex, Bill and Jocelyn, who was born at Nanton.

TO THE COCHRANE CURLERS 1938-39 — by E. Earl Gammon

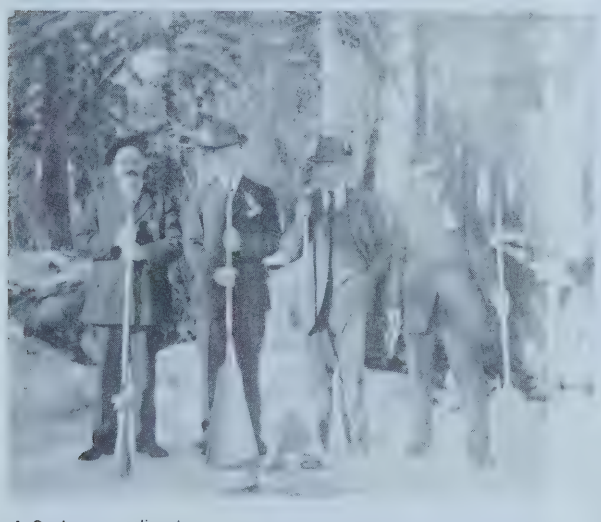
In the foothills of the Rockies, where the Bow comes winding down,
Nestling neath the hillside lies little Cochrane town.
As in many another hamlet, tho it may seem strange to you,
The folks work hard all summer, and loaf the winter thru.

Then when time hangs kind of heavy, and the north wind's blowing chill,
And the folks in Cochrane shiver beneath the frowning hill,
And the Northern Lights are dancing, across the starry night,
And a frozen moon looks down upon a land all glittering white,
And the rosy glow from the oilfields lights up the Springbank plain,
The villagers foregather wi besom and wi stane.

There's the Englishman and Welshman, Canuck and blue-eyed Dane,
Join with the canny Hi'land man in Scotia's favorite game,
And all around the quiet night, you can hear the skippers shout,
As they coax and swear and beg and pray, and bang the rocks about.

When some of the lads are heavy and some of them play short,
And the second and third both miss the broom, you can hear the skipper's snort,
Then suddenly the night is rent with a rafter-jarring noise,
But it is only Boothby, shouting "HARD" to his death-or-glory boys.
Then the tenor tones of Gainer float out on the evening air,
"O.K., K.O., they counted one, next end we'll get a pair."

Cochrane curlers at Banff. L. to R.: Mrs. Flora Garson, Mrs. Violet Hogarth, Doris Hall, Mrs. Marjorie Spicer.



A Cochrane curling team.

Or maybe it's Billy Beynon, as he shouts his "That's her, boy!"
And he gets his roll, but rolled too far, and adds to Hogarth's joy.
So Bob fills up his trusty pipe, and scatters tobacco afar,
While Alex Moore talks of banking and politics and war.
You hear Andy say to Sharkey, "We'll win this game no doot,
"They're lying three at the moment, but I'm about to shoot."

There's Billy Davies shouting, "Quick, sweep her, sweep her, whoa!"
And Robbie watching his rock go down is dancing heel and toe.
And old Bob Armistead says "Hard luck, a little heavy, John.
"We'll win her yet if I get the weight, this game has just begun."

And Gammon says, "Your turn Sam," and Scotty throws the out
And saunters down with questioning air, to see what it's all about.
Whats that? It's silent Murray whistling Rory O'More.
And noisy Harry Parker shouting, "Encore, encore,"
And the sudden and prolonged yelling, that shatters the stillness so.
It's the nasal noise of Dancey skipping a rock that's slow.

There is somebody short, and it must be Jack, he's always a little late.
While Bill and Dan and Vernon are sore 'cause they had to wait,
And the secretary's missing, but it's not his night to play.
There's a Bonspiel on at Canmore and his third has gone away.
But most any frosty evening, when the ice is heard to crack,
And you look around for the reason, you will likely see Big Jack.
There is just one good old skipper whose presence the boys miss sore
And I think it is Bill the southpaw who runs the grocery store.

It's a grand old game they're playing out there with besom and stane,
First played by Scottish gentlemen, does honor to Scotland's name.
But sometimes the game is sullied by skips losing once or twice
And reluctant to take the blame themselves, lay it to the crooked ice.
Forgetting in heat of battle, that no matter what they may say
They lost the game on the ice on which their opponent had to play.

Sometimes it's lack of support which tempers the hurt to the skipper's pride.
When he bows in defeat to a weaker rink, and shakes with the other side.
But no matter what kind of support he gets, a good sport will always grin,
For the fellow who plays the poorest shots is trying the hardest to win.
For the only place where a perfect game has ever been lost or won
Is right out there in the dressing room, or under the summer sun.

And so the winter is wiled away, and some play thru till fall,
And boast of shots and games they won, that never were played at all.
And tho they scrap and argue, they are good friends just the same,
And will drink a toast to the Bonnie Scot who invented the Roaring Game.

PAINTING BY ROLAND GISSING CIRCA 1928

BEAUPRE, MONTREAL VALLEY AND GHOST RIVER

A BALLAD OF GHOST RIVER — by H. Einar Kumlin

Saukamappee rode this evening
Towards his enemy, the Stoneys;
Not with war paint was he covered
Nor with bow and arrows weighted
For to-night he rode as lover

Not one thought his mind considered
Of the scalps of Stoney warriors,
Scalps to hang about his waistline,
Scalps to show his battle prowess,
Battle deeds of Saukamappee.

All his thoughts to-night were centered
On the lovely Stoney maiden,
She, who by her downcast glances
Oft had shown him that she loved him,
Loved the warrior Saukamappee.

By the river he dismounted,
Stood in silence there a moment,
Watched the sleeping camp of Stoneys,
Watched to see if all was quiet,
Where White Owl, the maiden waited.

Nothing that he saw disturbed him
So he gave his signal clearly;
Out across the river's waters
Thrice, three times the night owl hooted,
Sounds that White Owl knew and welcomed.

Quick she gave the answering signal,
Saukamappee heard and mounted,
Drove his horse towards the river
By whose shore his White Owl waited,
Waited for her Saukamappee.

Through the swiftly flowing river
Horse and rider bravely struggled
Till at last they reached the willows
There, where stood the Indian maiden,
Stood to greet her Saukamappee.

Quickly Saukamappee took her,
Strongly swung her up behind him,
Gently on his horse he seated
Her, and by her clasp she told him
That she loved her Saukamappee.

Then once more into the waters
Plunged the horse with riders mounted,
Struggled back into the current
Swiftly flowing to the ocean
From the glaciers of the Rockies.

Suddenly they heard the voices
Of the Stoney camp awaking;
By the moonlight saw the warriors
Seize their bows and string with arrows
As they hurried to the river.

At the water's edge they halted,
Halted there and drew their bow-strings,
And in hundreds flew the arrows
O'er the water to the lovers
Now in deepest water struggling.

Till at last the fatal arrows
Pierced the heart of Saukamappee,
Struck and entered White Owl's bosom,
Freed the spirits of the lovers,
Freed the two of them together.

Down the current arms together,
Stoney maid and Blackfoot warrior,
To the wide Atlantic floated,
While the Stoney warriors chanted
Songs of joy and woe together.

Often now upon the water
Seated on their horse together,
Flying hoofs scarce touching water,
Ride the two in ghostly fashion
Up and down the fatal river.

Stoney camp is now forsaken,
No one nears it after sunset,
All are fearful of the riders,
Spirit riders, in the moonlight,
Of White Owl and Saukamappee.

MR. AND MRS. JIM AMBLER — by Doris McKinnon

My parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Ambler, were married in England in 1908. In 1909 my father immigrated to Canada, working first as a harvester in Saskatchewan and then as a blacksmith in the stone quarry at Glenbow.

Here my mother joined him in the spring of 1910. They filed on a homestead in the Beaupré district, built a house, fenced the quarter section, bought some stock and began a mixed farming operation. Their first breaking was done with a yoke of oxen.

Mr. and Mrs. James Ambler. 1944.

In 1916 my father enlisted in the First World War and went Overseas. For the next three years my mother and her two small daughters lived in Cochrane.

After the war our family returned to the homestead and bought the adjoining quarter section. About 1930 my father filed on a second homestead which was on the north shore of the Bow River, just east of the Ghost Dam. Here he put up a small store named the "Oasis" where we sold homemade ice cream during the summer.

As well as dairying, the vegetable garden was a family project on our farm. Weekly trips with a team and democrat were made to Cochrane to deliver cream to the creamery and vegetables to Mr. Clark's butcher shop. In 1927 my father bought a 1923 Model T Ford touring car and for two years supplied milk in eight gallon cans to the cookhouse when the Ghost Dam was under construction.

An exciting event was the annual School Fair, where vegetables, cooking, sewing and school work competed with exhibits from other schools in the Cochrane district.

To store vegetables during the winter, my father dug a cellar a short distance from the house and made a roof of poles and sod over it. One summer morning we were puzzled to find one horse of our team running around frantically searching for her mate. Upon investigation, we found that the other horse had meandered on to the top of the root cellar to reach some grass. The poles supporting the roof had rotted and the surprised horse fell through into the root cellar. Luckily, he was not injured and was helped back to ground level with a ramp.

Happy memories from years gone by are the Old Timer's Picnic which was held May 24, for many years, and also the softball games organized by Helen McDonald. Many pleasant Sunday afternoons were spent by young and old at these ball games. The young people from Beaupré School played in Cochrane, in Morley and at the Relief Camps. These ball games were excellent motivation for getting all the chores done early.

There were four girls in our family: Joyce (Mrs. Leaman Patterson) Campbell River, British Columbia; Olive (Mrs. Verne Harrod), McKellar, Ontario; Lily (Mrs. Morley McKinnon), Lumby, British Columbia; Doris (Mrs. Ian McKinnon), Calgary, Alberta.

There are eight grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

My father and mother sold their farm to McLenahans in 1944 and lived in Bowness for seven years. They moved to Victoria in 1951. My father passed away in 1958 and my mother was killed in a car accident in Vernon in 1965.

For many years, our closest school was Grand Valley. In 1923 the Beaupré Creek S.D. was formed with an official trustee and a secretary-treasurer. Mr. F. G. Buchanan, who later became the superintendent of schools in Calgary, was the first official trustee and my father the first secretary-treasurer.

An old farm house, known as the "Cooper House", was used as a school for the first two years. The partitions were removed to make a large room and a blackboard was nailed to one wall. As it was a very old house and had not been lived in for years it did not make an adequate classroom. As children, this did not concern us, but the teachers stayed only for a short time. During the two years we had four teachers, one man leaving after two days.

For the first term, our teacher was James Clancy, who later taught for many years with the Separate School System in Calgary. The

Prized possessions.

pupils were eight or nine children from the three families of McDougalls, Liddells and Amblers. Another family, living in the Beaupré Creek S.D., was the Delbekes. They transferred from the Grand Valley S.D. when our new school opened in the fall of 1925.

At the "Cooper House" there was no specific playground area but it was favorably located for interesting recess activities. In the winter, sliding down the snowbanks into the coulee, was great fun. The old barns made an ideal place to play "hide-and-seek" or "run-sheep-run." For awhile we had races rolling down the hill until our clothes began to show undue wear and our parents put a stop to it.

The school was heated with a wood burning stove and on cold days the desks were arranged around the stove. At lunch time sandwiches were toasted on the top of the stove. In order for us all to have a hot drink at noon it was agreed that my sister and I should bring cocoa and the other children the sugar. Each morning, my mother made a five pound syrup pail of chocolate milk and at recess we put it on the stove to heat. One day we forgot to loosen the lid and it blew up so there was no hot drink that day.

In the summer of 1925 a new school was built, on the school section near the centre of the district, just west of where the present school, (now used as a community centre) stands.

Nini Andersen and the fox pelts.

THE HENRI ANDERSEN FAMILY

Henri and Nini Andersen and Morris Johnsen, their partner, settled in the Beaupré district in 1933. They were all born in Denmark, and were close childhood friends. Henri was born in Vejle in 1895; Nini, in Assens, in 1899; and Morris, in Vejle, in 1893.

Shortly after Henri and Nini were married on March 16, 1920, Henri and Morris came to Canada. They arrived in Calgary on April 1, 1920, in the midst of a true Canadian snowstorm. Henri went to work on a farm for Mr. Nobleford at Nobleford, Alberta, and Morris worked on a farm in the Standard district. Nini arrived in Calgary in July 1921, and worked in the White Lunch Cafe for a short time.

Later the Andersens and Morris Johnsen bought 50 acres south of Calgary, near Turner Siding. This land was formerly owned by Calgary's first postmaster, Mr. King. They bought ten pairs of silver foxes and started a fox farm. They also did market gardening and mixed farming. Two of their neighbors were the Peter Hansens and Pierre Eyma, who were also raising foxes.

Pierre Eyma moved to the Beaupré district in 1932. After a trip to Cochrane with Pierre, Henri and Morris decided the wooded area was better for fur farming than the windy prairies, so they moved to the Beaupré area and bought 80 acres, the S½ of the NW¼ 5-26-5-5. The Hansens came too and bought the north 80 acres of the same quarter. Once again Pierrie Eyma, the Hansens and Andersens were close neighbors.

Morris made the trip from Turner Siding with a team and wagon well loaded with household goods and machinery. The milk cow was led behind. He arrived at Jack Phipps' place (now owned by Bill McKendrick) the first day. He stayed overnight and went on to the new location the next day. While Henri and Morris lived in a tent and built their log house and barn, Nini went back to Denmark to get their daughter, Mary. When Nini returned she was anything but impressed by the idea of living in a log home, and informed Henri she was going right back to Denmark. However, Nini soon learned to love her new home, and today she would not change her life for any other.

In 1938 Mary went back to Denmark, where she was to attend university for two years. Hitler took over Denmark in 1939, and Nini and Henri did not hear from Mary again until May 5, 1945. By this time Mary had married Aage Petersen in Denmark, and they had a baby girl, Jette.

Henri and Nini were so delighted to hear from Mary, that Nini took the first ship leaving the United States that was allowed to disembark in Denmark, just before Christmas, 1946. By the time she arrived, she was again a grandmother; this time to a baby boy, Jorgen.

Henry and Nini Andersen on their 50th Wedding Anniversary.

Mary and her husband decided to sell their store in Denmark and come to Calgary, where they stayed for two years. Aage had never done hard work in his life, and the only job he could get at first was pitching bundles on a threshing crew. They were unable to find suitable employment so returned to Denmark.

In 1964 Jette returned to Canada to attend university, but only attended for two months, then went to work for the Royalite Oil Company. She met and married a young Danish boy, Jorgen Andersen, and they went to Denmark for their honeymoon. After they returned Jorgen worked for five years for the Hudson's Bay Oil and Gas Company, then they returned to Denmark. They have two children: Peter, born in Canada, and Henrik, born in Denmark.

After Jorgen Petersen finished school he did mechanical work, but has since returned to university and has just graduated as a marine engineer. He will be sailing in the South Seas for nine months at a time before returning to port.

Nini and Henri have made many people welcome in their home. In 1947 Nini's sister passed away in Denmark and Nini's brother-in-law, Henry Eriksen, brought his daughter, Kersten, to live with Henri and Nini. Kersten is now married and has two daughters, Bonnie and Mary.

In 1950 the Petersens and their two sons, Ben and Johnnie, came to Canada and lived with the Andersens until they were established in Canada. Ben soon went to work on his own and has done very well in the carpenter business. Johnnie liked it so well at Andersens, that he stayed and went to school at Beaupré Creek for five years. He now has a plumbing business of his own at DeWinton, Alberta.

After many years of faithful partnership, Morris passed away in the Foothills Hospital on October 29, 1966.

Henri and Nini are now retired. They still live on their farm and keep a few sheep and cattle. They celebrated their 56th wedding anniversary in 1976.

Mary returns from Denmark once a year to visit her parents. On special occasions, Kersten's family and the Petersens return to the Andersens as one big happy family; Nini is a mother to them all.

WALTER ARMSDON

Walter Armsdon arrived at the old Murphy Hotel in Cochrane wearing a fedora, dress coat, oxfords and spats. He expressed the fact he was looking for a job on a ranch. The cowboys in the bar thought they were in for some fun so they took him to a ranch and gave him the worst bronc they had. Walter fooled them all by putting up a fantastic ride.

Later, although they made him pull leather, Walter rode the two famous bucking horses, the "Gold Dust Twins."

After leaving Cochrane he moved to the United States.

LOUIS BEAUPRÉ AND THE BEAUPRÉ DISTRICT — by Dorothy M. Edge

In the 1880s Louis Beaupré, an early French-Canadian settler, and his Metis wife, Euphrasine, nee L'Hirondelle, who was born at Lac Ste. Anne, N.W.T., in 1851, lived beside a creek northwest of Cochrane, which now bears his name. Although the Homestead Act was passed in 1872, this part of the great North West was not yet surveyed when Louis Beaupré settled on property that was eventually surveyed to be the NW¼ 28-26-5-5. To legalize their land tenure, squatters were to pay a fee of $1.00 to the Government of Canada in order to become eligible to homestead the land. Many squatters didn't bother paying the dollar and no fuss was made. The Beaupré applied for script in Calgary in 1885.

A small, primitive log cabin, approximately 14 feet by 16 feet, was their home. It was very sturdy and quite well built, with dovetail corners. The ceiling was open-beam and the logs used for ceiling and floor joists were all hand-hewn. The door was in the south side and the windows were low. During the 1940s Clem Edge used the cabin as a granary. Later Clem used two of the hand-hewn ceiling logs as sills under a hayrack. Norman and Shirley Edge's ranch house is now located on the site.

According to Frank White's diary, Louis cut and sold logs to the Cochrane Ranching Company and helped out at branding time in 1883.

It is know that the Beauprés had at least two children. A son Augustin was born in St. Albert, North West Territories, May 1, 1869. A daughter, Marguerite, was born May 4, 1882, and was baptized May 20, 1882, in Calgary by Father Emil Legal. In the Catholic Archives in Calgary, it states that Louis Beaupré and his wife witnessed

the baptism of John Joseph McDonald who was born November 22, 1880, and Louis signed as the Godfather in very neat handwriting.

French-Canadians having Metis wives had good relations with the local Indians, with whom they could easily identify and probably acted as interpreters on occasions.

The early McDougalls (missionaries) knew Louis Beaupré and his wife, and the Beauprés traded at the Morley Trading Post.

The following is an excerpt from Frank White's diary: May 29, 1883 — "Closed with Louis Beaupré for his farm and improvements for $1,000.00, and cattle at $35.00 per head." George Creighton later homesteaded the land and received his Patent in June 1899. This location then became the first headquarters for the Bar C. Ranch. It is not known where the Beauprés went, but Louis, born in Canada in 1825, came to St. Albert from Montana, where he had married Eurphrasine in 1865 when she was fourteen years of age. They farmed at St. Albert in 1879.

Frank White's diary, on November 8, 1883, mentions Beaupré along with other names such as Bayne, McVittie, Bleeker, and McLaughlin, all of whom were connected with mining claims at Silver City, which was the name given to the Castle Mountain mining camp.

An old cast-iron waffle iron with iron handles was found not far from the cabin site and it is believed that it was the property of Louis Beaupré because it has the "Fleur de Lis" insignia inside rather than the usual waffle design.

The French name "Beaupré" means nice meadow. Beaupré Creek rises in the Stimson Valley, runs on down through the southeast corner of the school section, 29-26-5-5, and is a tributary of the Bow River. It has provided a good habitat for beaver and some oldtimers have said that there were fish in the creek at one time. Hundreds of old buffalo skulls have been found along this creek, and many arrowheads have been found on the flat in Section 21-26-5-5, where it is said that the Indians used to camp in the early days.

The big hill to the northwest of the old Beaupré cabin site is called Irwin Hill, after a homesteader, and the next big hill in the same northwest direction is called Beaupré Hill, which actually begins nearer the origin of Beaupré Creek. This hill, north to south, starts in Section 7 and is in Section 6-27-5-5, and is heavily timbered. It has two main peaks or knolls to it. It was officially named in June 1930. In 1973 the boundary of Beaupré Hill was extended southward into Section 31-26-5-5 to include the Geodetic Survey Point on the highest part of the southern end of the hill. However, this southern end of the hill is called Hardy Hill by local residents, after Hardy MacDonald. There is a microwave tower and two gas wells on Beaupré Hill.

There is a resemblance of a canyon between Irwin Hill and Beaupré Hill and it is called Jackass Canyon. When the C.P.R. railway was under construction in 1883, many mules were wintered here because of the natural springs. Once a recommendation was made to call it "Mule Canyon" instead of Jackass Canyon because a mule wasn't a Jackass. The reply was: "Well, one of them was!" The colorful name Jackass Canyon was the one officially adopted. There is one gas well in this canyon.

To the east of Irwin and Beaupré Hills across Stimson Valley and Perry Valley, there is another range of hills. They were named the "Wildcat Hills" by Wilhemina Bell-Irving in 1885. This range of hills starts in 23-26-5-5 and continues up through Sections 9 and 16 in a northwesterly direction and are in the appearance of high ridges from the west view. The highest ridge is about 5000 feet above sea level and it is referred to as the Big Ridge. The old established name "Wildcat Hills" was officially approved in 1939. Mrs. Bell-Irving named them the Wildcat Hills because there were wildcats and wolves in the hills and rocks along the ridge.

Perry Valley is a narrow valley extending northwesterly along the western base of the Wildcat Hills, and was named after Charlie Perry who homesteaded there before the section lines were established. After the survey, Mr. Perry's house was right on the east-west road allowance and was located near natural springs. These springs are known as "Perry Springs."

A book, "Place-Names in Alberta," published by the King's Printer in 1928, describes "Dream Hill" as being the big hill directly north of the junction of the Ghost and the Bow Rivers. Looking north from the confluence one can see that the highest of the Spencer Hills is the one described. "Dream Hill" appears on Captain Palliser's survey map of 1860.

The "Spencer Hills" and "Spencer Creek" were named after Mr. Spencer, an early settler. These names were applied in 1897 by A. H. Whitcher, who was the Secretary of the Geographical Board of Canada. These names became official in 1939. Spencer Hills are located in Sections 26, 35 and 36-26-5-5.

BEAUPRÉ CREEK SCHOOL — by Dorothy M. Edge

Before there was a school in the Beaupré district, children attended classes at the Grand Valley School. After that classes were held in the old Cooper house.

In 1923 Dave McDougall and Billy Liddell requested a new central school be built in the Beaupré district. Although the school was built of lumber, a report in Edmonton dated November 24, 1924, stated that the Board of Utilities Commissioner authorized the official trustee of the Beaupré district, F. G. Buchanan of Calgary, to borrow $800 to build and equip a log schoolhouse. The treasurer of the new school was to be Walter Aris of Cochrane.

The school was built on two acres of Crown land and was located on the west side of the Forestry road in the southeast corner of the SW¼ 29-26-5-5. The rest of Section 29 was under a grazing lease to the Mount Royal Ranch.

The school opened in September 1925, and was named after Beaupré Creek, which was named after an early settler, Louis Beaupré. The Beaupré Creek School No. 4182 was not officially formed until 1938. This small, one-roomed school had a cloakroom on the west side. Each desk had a drawer underneath the seating portion. The school was heated by a cast iron heater at the back of the room. On cold days the children would huddle around the heater, and often warmed cocoa on it. There was no well at the school so children had to bring their own water or drink from the bog — sometimes they went without!

At first there was no stable at the school and the children's ponies were tied to fence posts or in the trees, even in the cold weather. In 1929 Jack and Ted Poynter built a barn out of old boards.

Beaupré Creek School, 1929. Back: Evelyn Delbeke, Lily Ambler, Jean and Elizabeth McDougall, Isabella Liddell, Marie Delbeke. Middle: Katherine Delbeke, Vernon McNamee (teacher), Maggie Delbeke, Anna Liddell. Front: Bob McDougall, Don Liddell, Gwen McDougall, Bill Liddell, Jim and Casey Delbeke.

Beaupré Creek School, 1935. Teacher: Miss Doris Ambler. Back r.: Clara Knudsen, Eva Brooks, Mary Andersen, Catherine Delbeke, Tootie Nissen, Maggie Delbeke, Bob McDougall, Casey Delbeke, Traven Ford. Second r.: Edith Hansen, Olive Ambler, Joyce Ambler, Edith Liddell, Virginia McDougall, Tina Hansen. Front: Hazel Liddell, Jean Liddell.

The first teacher was Deborah Pashak from Calgary. She had attended the Sacred Heart Convent with Peggy Edge. Other early teachers were Miss Jean MacKenzie and Miss Reid. Miss Pond finished the term for Miss Reid.

The fourth teacher was Vernon McNamee of Cochrane, who commuted from Cochrane. He is now retired and lives in Armstrong, British Columbia.

Miss Erswell was the next teacher. She became ill and Miss Tillie Zuccolo taught during her absence.

The next year, S. F. Weller taught until Hallowe'en. He is now employed in the oil business and lives in Edmonton.

Miss Doris Ambler, a former student, was the next teacher. She taught over thirty students in classes from one to twelve. One day some of her students decided to play hooky and rode to the top of Irwin Hill where they proceeded to eat their lunch. Chappy Clarkson saw them and sent them back to school.

Starting the fall of 1935 Jessie Dobson from Exshaw taught for four years. She was an excellent artist and one Christmas she gave each student's mother a water color painting. Miss Dobson now lives in Ontario.

The 1939 and 1940 terms were taught by Doris Camden of Cochrane. She wanted a piano for the school so Clem Edge bought Maud King's old piano for $75.00, and Harry Coleman and Fred Gaskell hauled it from Harold Callaway's in one of the Calgary Power trucks. Doris held dances at the school until she could pay Clem for the piano.

The school, like most one-room schools, had little protection from the east winds so it was decided to move it one-half mile east, on the opposite side of the Forestry road, to the southeast corner of the SE¼ 29-26-5-5, near a grove of trees.

In 1941, when Clem Edge was trustee, he, Harry Brooks and Archie Kerfoot with the help of others, moved the school with their tractors. This was no easy task. The school was pulled off the foundation and moved on log rollers. At one point a front wheel was broken off a tractor. Once the school was in place, Jack Stevenson was hired to repair the school and build a teacherage.

The first teacher to teach at the new location was Hazelfern Larsen, who lived in a Department of Highways bunkcar until the teacherage was finished. When it was too cold in the school, lessons were taught in the bunkcar.

In the early 1940s Church services were held in the school by Mrs. Estelle Poynter who brought student missionaries from the Calgary Prophetic Bible Institute to conduct the services. Hymns were sung to guitar accompaniment. Later, services were held by Lucy Kerfoot.

Joyce Evans from Rosebud taught the 1943 and 1944 terms. Joyce started a school paper, the "Beaupré Bugle."

Mrs. Ruth Coleman taught the 1945-46 term. She and her husband Lloyd lived on the ranch owned by Lloyd's father, Bill Coleman. This ranch is now owned by Ken Paget.

Miss Wilson taught from September 1946, to Christmas 1947, and LaVerne Green finished the term.

Marion Wallace, from Brushy Ridge, taught the next two terms. She boarded at Clem Edge's and rode horseback to school. She married Ken Jensen and they live at Carstairs, Alberta.

In December 1950, the Morley School District No. 172 was added to the Beaupré district, but in 1954 they were again separated.

Irene Medding taught for three years. She also boarded at Edge's. Everyone looked forward to attending her Christmas concerts because they were so well presented.

Mrs. Ann Robertson, from the Ghost Dam, taught from September 1952, to April 1953, then Martha Krasowski finished the term.

Mrs. Fern Smith taught the next terms. While she was teaching, the Home and School Association was formed with Harry Coleman, president, and Amy Begg, secretary.

Doreen Stead taught the 1955-56 term and lived in the teacherage. Doreen liked riding and kept her saddle horse in the schoolyard. She and Vivienne Ullery did a lot of pleasure riding on weekends. One of their favourite places to ride was to the "Lone Tree Lake" located on Jim Kerfoot's property east of Bud Ullery's.

Fred O'Brien from Calgary taught for a few years. He taught the pupils how to mold objects from clay. The kiln was the cookstove oven in the teacherage. Every Friday afternoon he made use of a radio program to teach music lessons. When Mr. O'Brien was ill, Sunni Turner, from Lochend, was the substitute teacher.

Over the years the open-air arena, Beaupré Lake, (locally known as Jew's lake) served as the skating rink. It was Ed Pears' job to clear the snow off the ice. Many 4-H hockey games were played here. Baseball and softball were the main summer activities.

In 1958 the Dry Creek School was purchased and moved in from Balzac by York Shaw Building Movers. Part of the roof was moved separately. The old Beaupré Creek School then became the teacherage, and the existing teacherage was bought by Don Edge. Frank Edge used it for a bunkhouse at his place at Bottrel.

The new school was only used for four years. In 1962 the school was closed as there were only seven students attending: Rick Coleman, Bobby Brooks, Linda Poynter, Isabelle Robertson, David and Marsha McGillis and Clay Eyma. The teachers during the last four years were: Fred O'Brien; Mrs. Minnion; and Mrs. Ruddy, who was from Crossfield. The school trustees over the years were Pierre Eyma, Jack Poynter and Frank Wills.

Henri Anderson drove the children from the Ghost Dam to classes at Beaupré Creek for several years and later Harry Coleman drove them. Harry said, "I drove the Dam kids to school in the Dam truck every damn day for twenty-one years." Harry was master of ceremonies at the Christmas concerts for just as many years.

After the school closed Pierre Eyma negotiated to purchase the shcool and property to establish a community centre. However, upon

Clem Edge and Harry Brooks moving the Beaupré Creek School.

making enquiries he found that the school, which had been moved twenty-one years hence, had, due to an oversight, been moved without actual transfer of the land title taking place, and, to make a long story short, a land swap took place. The buildings and contents were purchased for $650.00 and clear title was turned over to the newly-formed Beaupré Community Association in 1964. Petrofina Canada Ltd. donated the posts and wire to fence the new area, comprising 2.72 acres.

The teacherage had been rented as a dwelling during the two-year interim and it was joined on to the hall to serve as the kitchen. Martin Aarsby moved the teacherage to the hall. Vern Lambert did the carpenter work. Mr. Zell did the electrical work. Johnny Powell did the necessary excavating. More renovations were made in 1975, when Charlie McDonald, Eric Hansen and others in the neighborhood constructed a new addition on the west side of the hall. During the renovations, Charlie found the old school bell in the attic. This old bell is rung at social functions to get everyone's attention when any announcements need to be made.

The old Beaupré Creek School has proven to be a great asset as a community hall and is very much appreciated and enjoyed by all.

FRANK BROOKS FAMILY — by Roy Brooks

My father, Frank Brooks, came to Calgary from Devonshire, England, in 1902, at the age of 21. In 1905 he went to Banff, Alberta, where he operated a team and buggy taxi service.

At Banff in 1906, Dad and Eva May Picken joined in a life long partnership of marriage and they were blessed with four children, Harry, Frank Jr., Roy and Eva. Dad operated his taxi service in Banff until 1912.

Frank Brooks with his team-and-buggy taxi in Banff.

Four generations of the Brooks family. Left to right: Roy Jr., Frank Jr., Roy Sr. and Frank Sr.

In 1913 Dad and Mother took out a homestead northwest of Cochrane, in the foothills now known as Brooks Ridge. They raised horses and cattle. Ten years later in 1923, Dad bought a sawmill and a steam engine to power the mill. In winter they hauled out the saw logs using horses and sleighs. For a number of years Dad raised mink and foxes.

The first car Mother and Dad owned was in 1927. The road into the place was a wagon trail. The nearest telephone was at D. R. (Exshaw) McDonalds, where Pierre Eyma now lives. The nearest neighbor was McEachens, and they were six miles away. When Dad and the family went to town, which was every Friday without fail, it was a full day's trip with the team and buggy.

Dad made a sawdust burner which was used on the cookstoves for a number of years.

Various persons worked at the mill for Dad; one person was Roland Gissing. He lived down where Harry's house is now. Roland painted a picture of our house for Dad in 1927.

Dad and Mother lived on the homestead until 1958, when they purchased a home in Cochrane. Shortly after moving to town, Mother took ill. She passed away in 1968. Dad lived in Cochrane until his death in 1970 at the age of 89. Besides his wife he was predeceased by two sons, Frank Jr. in 1935 and Harry in 1966.

Harry and Roy operated the sawmill until 1961, when Harry, through ill health, was forced to sell his share. The mill is now operated by Roy and his eldest son, Frank. The steam engine was replaced a few years ago by a gas engine.

Frank Jr., Harry and Roy attended school at Grand Valley. Some of the teachers were Miss Nicoll, Miss Lange and Miss Dagett. Harry and Frank Jr. were born in Banff and Eva was born in Calgary. Roy was born in McEachen's house.

Harry married Mary Anderton and they had two sons, John and Robert. John married Lynda Cushing and they have a daughter, Cheryl, and

Frank Brooks sawing wood, with horsepower.

Frank Brooks' first tractor.

they reside in Calgary. Robert married Alicia Jansen; they have two daughters, Kari and Nicol; they reside on the home place northwest of Cochrane.

Roy married Bess Callaway. They have three children, Frank, Ken and Fay. They are all married. Frank married Mary Lou Rudolph and they have three children, Diana, Roy and David. Ken married Sharon Ferguson and they have three children, Susan, Richard and Gary. Fay married Len Gibson and they have three children, Lenny Jr., Wanda and Guy.

Eva married Charles Carbol and they live in Canmore, Alberta. They have two daughters, Linda and Terryl. Linda married Mike Rybchuck and they have five children, Tracy, Scott, Lisa, Ryan and Patrick. Terryl married Cliff Doering and they have two girls, Cary and Marnie.

CLARENCE "ACE" CHARTERS

When Ace first came to the Cochrane area in 1938 he and Jack Poynter broke horses. While living at Jack and Tootie Poynter's Hollowood Ranch, Ace was encouraged to advertise the "Hi Ho Silver" radio program by dressing as the Lone Ranger and riding a white horse to the different schools in Calgary, rearing his horse and shouting "Hi Ho Silver."

Ace was a professional wrestler and he taught wrestling in Cochrane. He won the Jr. Heavyweight Championship of Canada, 210 pounds and under, and in the early 1930s he had wrestled and boxed his way across Canada from Halifax to Vancouver. After arriving in Cochrane, he wrestled King Kong Clayton for the Jr. Heavyweight Champion of the world 60 minutes to a draw, in Calgary.

After Ace left Cochrane he married Rose Balaz, who had a daughter, Helen. Helen was the St. John Ambulance First Aid attendant at the Ghost River Pony Club gymkhanas for many years. She married Pierce Peters and they live in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan.

The Charters farmed at Duchess, Alberta, for many years before moving to Tofield.

JACK CONNELL

Jack was born in 1886 at Cumnock, Scotland. He came to the United States in 1903, and lived in Kansas and Montana. He then came to Wainwright, Alberta, where he helped to unload the first herd of buffalo in the Wainwright Park. At Wainwright, he took out a homestead which he later sold.

Jack ranched at Claresholm, Cypress Hills, and at Medicine Hat on the old 76 Ranch. From there he came to Cochrane in 1921, to the Glenfinnan Ranch, where he ranched until he retired in 1940.

He died in February 1961.

JAMES ARTHUR AND ISABEL COOPER

James Arthur Cooper was born in Orangeville, Ontario, in 1864. He came to the old Silver City west of Banff in 1884. He was later employed by Lady Adela and Tom Cochrane at Mitford. In 1895 he homesteaded the NE¼ 28-26-5-5, eleven and a half miles northwest of Cochrane, and started the Hillsdale Ranch.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Cooper at their Hillsdale Ranch.

The first school teacher at Mitford, Mrs. J. Cooper, formerly Miss Monilaws and her husband, J. Cooper.

In 1891, at the request of Lady Cochrane, Miss Isabel Monilaws, who was born in Kincardine, Ontario, on May 6, 1862, came to Mitford to teach school in the hotel saloon. After teaching for four years she married James Cooper and they went to live on the Hillsdale Ranch. Their lovely ranch home, although vacant for many years, is still standing. Mr. Cooper was a good carpenter and built many other homes in the district as well as the Grand Valley School, which was built of logs in 1901.

Although they had no children of their own, Mrs. Cooper held birthday parties for the neighbors' children, complete with birthday cakes filled with buttons and nickels. The children marvelled at Mr. Cooper as he stood six-foot-six in his stocking feet, and they liked to hear him play the violin.

The Coopers retired from ranching in 1915 and went to live in Kelowna, British Columbia, later moving to Banff, where Mr. Cooper was foreman of a road gang when the highway was being built through the park. Mrs. Cooper organized and directed the Banff flower show for several years.

In 1950 the Coopers moved to the Barclay Nursing Home in Calgary, where Mr. Cooper passed away July 28, 1951, at the age of 87, and Mrs. Cooper December 14, 1952, at the age of 90. Both funeral services were held in Banff and burials were in the Banff cemetery.

JERRY COTTERELL

During the 1930s Jerry Cotterell lived in Bow Valley on the old Chappy Clarkson place, the NE¼ 16-26-5-5, where he had an excellent herd of Jersey cows. His sister June kept house for him.

Jerry donated a small piece of his land to the American Women's Club, where they had a cairn built beside Highway 1A in memory of two flyers who were killed in the valley on a training flight.

Jerry sold his land to Doug Chapman and moved to the West Coast.

Memorial cairn beside the 1A Highway west of Cochrane. The inscription reads: "In this Valley two members of the Royal Canadian Air Force, Sergeant Pilot Alfred Reginbal of Lafleche, Saskatchewan, and his American comrade, Leading Air Craftsman Quentin Burl Chace, Wichita, Kansas, were stayed by the hand of death February 17, 1941.

THE GUSTAVE DELBEKE FAMILY — by Babe (Leon) Delbeke

Gustave Delbeke (known as Beck) was born in Courtrai, Belgium, in 1877. He first came to Canada in 1902 with Belgian draft horses; between 1902 and 1907 he made several more trips to Belgium for horses.

In 1907 he brought Belgian draft horses to the Provinces of Manitoba and Alberta. The Alberta horses were then destined for the Belgian Horse Ranch south of Cochrane, where Gus trained and looked after the horses. After leaving the Belgian Horse Ranch he went to work for George Creighton on the Bar C Ranch in the valley of the Ghost. While there, in his travels, he came upon another picturesque valley called the Stimson Valley in the Wildcat Hills, now called Beaupré Creek Valley. He took out homestead papers on the NW¼ 32-26-5-5 in 1908. Due to the required improvements on a homestead, he went to work for various ranchers. He was a blacksmith and had little difficulty in finding work as many show and jumping horses required special attention, and he could build a horseshoe that corrected many hoof problems.

In 1912 he went to work in the Nanton district on the L4L Ranch which belonged to James Ford. Here he met Frances Ford. They were married in Banff in 1913, and settled on the homestead. Mrs. Delbeke then purchased one and three quarter sections of adjoining land supported by three quarter sections of leaseland. There they raised horses and cattle. Some of their horses were second to none.

The Delbeke Ranch in the Stimson Valley, 1914.

Mr. Delbeke, with Marie and Evelyn.

The Delbeke family. Leon, Jim, Casey, Margaret, Evelyn, Mrs. Delbeke, Marie, Catherine.

Lone Indian grave in Beaupré district cared for by the Delbeke family.

Gus and Frances raised a family of seven: Marie (Eyma), Cochrane; Evelyn (Noble), Nairn Centre; James Delbeke, Trail, British Columbia; Margaret (Stringer), Banff, deceased 1961; Arthur (Casey), residing with his mother in Calgary; Catherine (Molnar), Calgary; and myself, residing in Sherwood Park.

Some of the memorable things in Mrs. Delbeke's life were Stoney Indian powwows on the little hill north of the ranch, on land now owned by Henri and Nini Andersen. The tom-toms would beat most of the night and frighten her. For some reason this was one of the Indian's special spots for setting up their teepees for many years, before and after the Delbekes moved there. On the hill there is an Indian grave, which Mr. Delbeke said belonged to one of the Rabbit family from Morley. Mr. Delbeke built a log fence around this grave and looked after it for many years. A few years ago Casey and I built a new fence around it.

Mr. Delbeke passed away in January 1949. Mrs. Delbeke sold the ranch in 1955, and retired in Calgary.

CLEMENT (CLEM) AND MARGARET (PEGGY) EDGE — by Shirley Edge

Every Sunday one could see a rider heading down the Grand Valley road and, sure enough, it would be Clem Edge going to see his best girl, Peggy Morrison. Clem was a big strapping man

Sid Edge and a friend, taken in Cochrane.

who was making his living breaking horses. He was born in Derbyshire, England, June 6, 1890, and was one of ten children born to Thomas and Mary Ellen Edge (nee Bestwick) who lived in the slate house, "Foofin Side", in Parwich, England. Clem went to school in Parwich.

When Clem was a young boy in England, he and his brothers would test their courage and have fun racing across the backs of cattle, that were in huge pens. The object of the game was to try not to fall down among the milling cattle.

Clem and an older brother, Sidney (Sid), came to Canada when Clem was just fourteen. They started their life in Canada working for a farmer outside of Winnipeg. The following spring of 1905 they moved out West and Clem worked for the Bow River Horse Ranch breaking horses. Clem's desire to see the country took him to California where he worked as a farm laborer at San Rafael. In 1908 Clem returned to Canada and took out a homestead, SE¼ 13-28-6-5, along the Dog Pound Creek. Sidney managed to get a homestead, SW¼ 18-28-5-5, just east of Clem's and they worked together. These homesteads are now part of the S7 Ranch owned by A. Garfield Stewart.

On July 29, 1914, Sid's life was taken when he suffered a heart attack while driving a team and democrat up the Grand Valley road. He was buried in Cochrane.

Another older brother, William, born in 1880, was in South Africa for a time. He came to Canada to visit Clem and Sid and later settled at Spokane, Washington. He built an apartment block in Spokane; it is still known as the Edge Block. Will met his death when he was shot down on a street in Spokane.

Clem broke horses for Ozzie and Bill Johnson, and in 1914 he went to work for George Creighton at the Bar C.

On January 4, 1915, Clem joined the 12th Regiment of the Canadian Mounted Rifles and spent three years Overseas. When he returned from the Army, he worked his homestead, continued breaking and selling horses, and

Clem Edge, taken at the Bar 50 Ranch, 1954.

resumed his courtship with Peggy Morrison. Clem was a good dancer. He would hitch up the team to the buggy, pick up Peggy and a bunch of the neighbors and head for the Orange Hall to dance to the music of Tom Quigley and Associates. The Morrison and the McEachen girls would take turn about to rent a room at the Murphy Hotel, so they would have a place to change into their party dresses.

Clem bought the Boney Thompson place (the Hornbach homestead) at the top of Grand Valley, along with a few cows and horses. At the same time he purchased more cows and horses and the Bar 50 brand from a neighbor, Billy Bishop. With a place of his own, stocked with cattle, Clem felt he was now in good shape to propose to his girlfriend. Clem and Peggy were married June 14, 1922, in St. Mary's Catholic Church in Cochrane. Peggy's sister Mary and her brother John stood up for them. After lunching at the Morrison place with the family and a few of the boys from the Union Bank, they headed to Banff by car for their honeymoon. Peggy was one of the few lucky girls who sported a tiffany-mounted diamond ring. On return from their honeymoon, they gathered up a bunch of their range cows and broke them to milk. Clem continued breaking horses for other people and worked with a road building gang.

Clem Edge breaking new ground with an Emerson plow, in the Beaupré district. What plowman could ask for finer scenery!

Norman Edge on Kessler's V-8 at the Calgary Stampede, 1965.

March 9, 1924, their daughter, Margaret, was born. Tragedy struck when Margaret died of a heart seizure when she was just nine months old. Georgina Patterson ran two miles up Grand Valley to the Edge home to try and comfort Clem and Peggy.

In 1926 and 1927 Clem worked as a rodeo judge with the Alberta Stampede Company, owned by Peter Welch, travelling to Toronto, Chicago, Illinois, and Buffalo, New York. He also competed in local bucking contests as a bronc rider.

Their first son, Donald, was born February 12, 1929. That year Clem and Peggy bought land just north of the 1A highway, S½ 21-26-5-5 and NW¼ 21-26-5-5, from the Burns Foundation Company. It was a good winter in 1929, and Clem and Charlie Pedeprat worked hard to skid enough logs to build a house on this land. Skidding was difficult because there was very little snow. They lived in a tent beside the building site for most of the winter, then Clem started riding home at night.

Clement Norman arrived on the scene August 8, 1930, and when Peggy was able to return home from the hospital, they went to live at their new home, on the Bar 50 Ranch. This home was a beautiful log house with a stone fireplace and lots of room. Two extra rounds of logs were put on the house to allow plenty of headroom.

In May of 1932, a daughter, Edith, was born. During the thirties times were tough and life was hard on everyone, but at least in the country the necessities of life were at hand. Power bills were of no concern, when it got dark people went to bed. They didn't worry about lack of coal or an unpaid gas bill; they just headed outdoors and cut more wood. When cows were selling for a mere $10.00 per head they dismissed all thoughts of income and concentrated on the necessities of life. They milked cows, churned butter, baked bread, killed a beef or mutton and grew their own vegetables. A meager portion of income was realized from the shipments of cream and a solid $2.95 was received for each five-gallon can of cream. Many essential purchases were made possible with the old cream cheque. Clothes were patched and old coats and pants were tenderly turned into patchwork quilts.

On a cold January 14th, in 1937, a third son, Frank, made his appearance into the Edge family. A few years later Clem and Peggy became second parents to another boy they soon regarded with as much affection and interest as their own. Bobby Orr came from Exshaw to spend several summers with the Edges and soon became a part of the family. He is now married with a family of his own and still comes "home" to visit Peggy at Christmas and on other special occasions. Pictures of Bobby in his childhood, and his graduation from University, hold a spot on the wall among the rest of the family photos.

Clem had his eye on a Clyde stallion, Stanmore Pride, and traded several horses to Ernie Young from Swalwell, Alberta, for him. Ernie and his daughter Annie (Mrs. Ed. Raby) arrived to gather the horses. Annie was a very capable young girl and because Peggy was having health problems following Frank's birth, Annie was hired to help with the housework. However, it wasn't long before she was kept busy outdoors running the Hart-Parr tractor.

The Edge home was much the same as most other homes in the area except for one thing.

This was the place where the Beaupré schoolteacher boarded. For the most part it took quite a hardening-in period, enduring the constant teasing of the Edge boys. Things like finding your horse saddled backwards and serenades like "Goodnight Irene" in the middle of the night led to a long and binding friendship among them all. When Donald first started school he walked a mile across country to the Beaupré Creek School. Norman rode his pony "Pal" to school and for $2.00 a month he packed a gallon syrup pail of drinking water to the school each day. Eventually they afforded a water bag which was certainly easier to tote on a saddle horse. Old Pal was long remembered for the many walk, trot and run races he won over the years at the local gymkhanas. Edith and Frank also rode to school.

There was always lots of repair work to be done around Edges. One day when Jack Stevenson, an Old Country carpenter and cabinet maker, who had built homes for some of the Edges south of the Bow River, was building a set of stairs up to the attic for Peggy, and Donald and Norman were building a roof on the barn, young Frank wandered down to a long cattle shed that had a straw roof. A scattering of straw remained in the feedbunk at one end, and Frank proceeded to build himself a fire in the middle of it. Norman saw there was trouble and came down from the roof of the barn and dragged the unconcerned little Frank out of the shed, and the flames soon engulfed the entire building. The reprimand that followed wasn't quite so enjoyable.

Frank also spent a lot of time just sitting on the old ram. The ram was very co-operative; he would stand while Frank climbed aboard, but getting off was another matter. Frank knew the ram would attack with a good bunt when he tried to dismount. The rest of the family usually ignored his beck and call — so sit he did!

During the Second World War, Peggy and a few other women in the area organized the Wildcat Hills Victory Club. Its purpose was to raise money for the Queen's Canadian Fund. This fund helped to provide cigarettes for our soldiers and milk for the children of Britain. The women would meet once a month to plan fund-raising activities and it was the duty of each one to organize and handle one fund-raising event. In October 1941, Peggy chose to have a barn dance in the new barn. The dance was a roaring success. The Wildcat Hills Victory Club, having served its purpose, was dissolved when the War ended.

During the summers of 1942 to 1945, Donald, 13, and Norman, 12, were hired by Tommy Farell, manager of P. Burns Ranches Limited, to keep tabs on the Burns cattle and check the salt licks in the Burns fields. This land was later purchased by Clem for $7.50 per acre.

In the fall the boys would help gather and trail 300-odd steers to Cochrane where they were loaded on cattle cars for shipment. Although the Edge boys only helped with this leg of the operation, the fall gathering was indeed a huge one. Cattle were gathered from Burns calf camp at Big Hill Creek and the Rocky Butte on the old George McDonald place and all were loaded out at Cochrane at the same time. Initially these cattle came from C. K. Ranches, located on what is now known as West Dalhousie in Calgary, and were herded to the various summer camps.

The Bar 50 was also used as a stopping place for Frank Phillips and his pack string as he moved from Morgan Lewises en route to their big game trips down the Elk Valley in British Columbia via the Kananaskis Lakes. For three years starting the fall of 1944, Donald and

Norman spared three weeks to a month's time from their studies to work for Frank as wranglers and packers on these trips.

One time, along with Angus and Elmer McDonald, Clem and Norman were cutting the summer supply of ice from the Ghost Dam. Clem slipped and fell on the ice and hollered to the others that he had broken his leg. They all thought he was joking and went on with their work. Further attempts to make them realize he was not just fooling failed, and finally when he chose a few choice adjectives to describe his problem, they realized that he was in serious trouble. He had, in fact, severely broken his leg.

When Donald and Norman started high school, their parents drove them to the Cochrane School until Donald got his driver's license. The boys would pick up Alice Jean Sharpe (Mrs. Harvey King) and drop her off each night. During the War car parts were hard to get. One winter the transmission went out of the Ford car so Donald and Norman hitch-hiked or rode their saddle horses the nine miles to school. Father Lessard gave them hot soup at noon in return for hauling water and working on the Old Timer newspaper. Father Lessard also taught catechism in the Edge home. Donald finished his education at the Olds School of Agriculture and graduated in 1949. Edith also attended this college and graduated in 1951. Norman turned to rodeo and divided his time between helping his dad on the ranch and travelling to various rodeos, entering the different events. He liked bull riding best and ranked among the top ten bull riders for several years.

In June 1952, Clem and Peggy decided to drop in on the Austins. They were disappointed when they weren't asked to stay for tea. Later they learned the reason why, when the Austins were among the many friends who arrived to surprise them with a shower in honor of their 30th Wedding Anniversary.

The year 1953 was indeed a proud one for Clem and Peggy when Edith became Calgary's Stampede Queen. She received a scholarship and took a comptometer course and went to work for Socony Mobil Oil of Canada, Ltd. Later she spent three seasons as camp cook for Brewsters in Banff.

The first wedding in the family took place in September 1955, when Norman married Shirley Moore of Calgary. The old Liddell (Creighton) place, where Mr. Beaupré and his wife had squatted years before, was to be their new home. They tore down the old Creighton house and used the lumber in their new home. Within the walls they found a two-by-four with the following inscription: "This house erected for J. G. Creighton by Robert Downey in the year of 1903." Their ranch is called the Beaupré Creek Ranch and they brand their black white-faced cattle with NE Half Diamond and use Bar 50 for their horse brand.

Only a few families along the 1A highway had electricity, so Norman approached Calgary Power and on May 9, 1955, the Beaupré Rural Electrification Association was officially established. It originated with ten members: President, John L. R. McLenahan; Secretary-Treasurer, C. Norman Edge; and Directors: Margaret P. Hess, Bud Ullery, Bob McDougall, J. E. Parsons, Helen McDonald, F. Delbeke, Richard Philp, Henri Andersen and Maurice Johnsen.

Donald worked for three years with Calgary Power at the Ghost Plant, then he went to Banff to spend the summers working for Claude Brewster as head guide and superintendent. He spent nine winters in Carpenteria, California, working with polo ponies for Pat Linfoot and others. In 1957 Frank spent one season in California working with polo ponies for Mo Lightman. Donald spent that season in Florida.

In 1955 Frank graduated from St. Mary's Boys' School in Calgary. In November 1958, he married Lorraine Brown from Hodgson, Manitoba, who was working as a nursing aide at the Morley Indian Hospital. They live on their High Park Ranch in the Beaupré area and use the Bar 50 and Quarter Circle FJ as their cattle brands and the J Half Diamond as their horse brand.

While still employed with Claude Brewster, Donald spent three years in the 1960s guiding buffalo hunts in the Northwest Territories. He built two log cabins at Le Grand Detour Point on the Slave River. One hunter, Charlie Stoll, from New York, captured a trophy that was second to the world's record at that time. Trophy buffalo hunts were inaugurated when Claude received the first permit. Donald was the first licensed guide for buffalo hunts in the N.W.T. Edith, who accompanied him for two seasons, was the first woman to cook on buffalo hunts in the N.W.T.

After the hunts Edith returned to the business world and worked for Home Oil Company. She married Quentin Armstrong in October 1965, and they ranch at Nanton, Alberta.

Donald worked as a brand inspector for the Alberta Department of Agriculture at the Calgary Stockyards. He married Dorothy Bryant March 12, 1966, and they live on the home quarter of the Bar 50 Ranch and run a cow-calf operation with Aberdeen Angus Hereford cross cattle. They use the DM Bar as their cattle brand and DM as their horse brand. Both these brands were registered by Don's grandfather, Donald Campbell Morrison, in the late 1800s.

In 1932 Clem lost an eye. A piece of metal flew up and pierced his eyeball when he was repairing the binder, and in 1969 Donald lost the fingers and thumb of his right hand in an accident at harvest time.

In May of 1966, Clem passed away in the Colonel Belcher Hospital after a lengthy illness. Peggy still resides on the home ranch and is deeply involved in her families' lives. She was chosen as pioneer daughter for the year of 1975, by the Southern Alberta Pioneers and Their Descendants Association.

All of the Edges have continued in the ranching industry. Norman continued rodeoing until just recently when he started judging. He has judged rodeos throughout Canada and most of the Western United States. He judged the Expo rodeo in Montreal in 1967 and the first rodeo in the new Madison Square Gardens in New York City in 1968. He was president of the Canadian Rodeo Cowboys' Association for two years. Both Norman and Donald hold gold cards in this Association. Donald and Frank also do some judging and help at horse shows. Frank is an instructor for boy's steer riding at the Calgary Stampede Rodeo College.

The movie industry has also come into the lives of the Edges. Peggy's log house was used to film a story on the Siberian Snow Tigers. Norman was technical advisor and a double in "King of the Grizzlies," a Walt Disney film, and Frank has been a wrangler and special effects man for such movies as "Prime Cut," "Pioneer Woman," and "Buffalo Bill and the Indians."

Granny, as Peggy is known to everyone, has eleven grandchildren. Norman and Shirley have four children: Duane, Jackie-Lou, Lyle and Marty. Frank and Lorraine also have four children: Terry, Kevin, Bobbi and Brandi. These children are involved in rodeo, and Lyle won the Canadian Junior Calf Roping Championship in 1975. They have all had their hand in the film industry. The Edge children took part in a story about ranch children for the T.V. program "Sesame Street" and it was filmed on the Beaupré Creek Ranch. Lyle also played a part in Walt Disney's movie, "The Boy Who Talked to Badgers." Terry, Duane and Kevin recently worked on the "Buffalo Bill and the Indians" movie filmed on the Morley Indian Reservation. Jackie spent last summer working as camp cook on trail rides out of Banff. Edith and Quentin's children, Margaret, Clem and Teddy, although still very young, have already been involved in the local horse shows and gymkhanas.

The tree of life goes on. Old roots give way to new limbs and it is apparent that ranching, rodeo, and packing or trail riding in the high country has consistently crept into the lives of the Edges, no matter what the generation.

CALGARY STAMPEDE QUEEN — 1953

Edith Edge, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clem Edge of Cochrane, was sponsored by the Cochrane Light Horse Association in 1953 and became Calgary Stampede Queen that year.

Raised on the Bar 50 Ranch west of Cochrane, Edith learned to ride at an early age and took part in all ranching activities. She was active in the Cochrane Light Horse Association, The Ghost River Pony Club and rode her horse to school.

In 1953 Edith was adopted by the Stoney Indian Tribe as an Honorary Princess and given the name of "Princess Good Eagle Girl."

In the October 1954 issue of Chatelaine Magazine, Edith was chosen as one of three women to represent Alberta in an article on Women of the Year for each province across Canada.

In 1955 she competed in the Miss Rodeo of Canada Contest which was held at Ft. Macleod during their annual rodeo. She was runner up to the Miss Rodeo Queen, Connie Ivens, from Cardston, who later married Bob Robinson of the Jumping Pound district, south of Cochrane.

Edith Edge, Calgary Stampede Queen 1953.

Edith worked for several years as a comptometer operator for an oil company. She also worked on pack trips and trail rides in the Canadian Rockies and held a Class "A" guide's license for the National Parks. For two years she accompanied her brother, Donald, as camp cook on Buffalo Hunts in the Northwest Territories.

She married Quentin Armstrong, of Nanton, in 1965. They raise cattle and horses on a ranch southwest of Nanton where they live with their three children, Margaret, Clem and Teddy.

MR. AND MRS. EGLEY — by Mary Morrison

Around the early 1900s, Mr. and Mrs. Egley lived on the Captain Trainer place on the north side of the Bow River about eight miles northwest of Cochrane. Part of their original house still exists on the property. Later they took up a homestead, NE½ 22-26-5-5. Their two sons, George and Ernie, each took up homesteads, NW¼ and SE¼ of the same section, respectively. They all sold out and went to the West Coast.

THE EYMAS

Not only Queen Juliana enjoys a visit to the Eymas but so do people in all walks of life.

The Eymas, who now live on the Chinook Ranch, are very pleased with their home and surroundings but are a bit sorry they did not continue to call their ranch the "Robber's Roost" as it was called in earlier days. Pierre realizes he did not know the history of the place when he came or he would have done just that.

Pierre was born in Leerdam, Holland, in 1905. In 1924, after attending College in Holland, he came to Canada on a C.P.R. ship, the S.S. Melita. He was one of the first Hollanders to immigrate to Canada.

He went to Quilchena on Nicola Lake, in British Columbia, to learn about fur farming. Later he came back to Calgary and started the Chinook Silver Fox Farm on land adjoining Harry Hays' farm, just south of the old polo grounds. He imported silver fox breeding stock from Prince Edward Island for $2,000 a pair.

Robber's Roost, 1934.

When Pierre first came to Calgary he was anxious to meet young people. The streetcar that used to come out to the loop at Kingsland on Macleod Trail, stopped quite a distance from any house. He thought maybe it would be a good idea to get in his Model T and give some of the girls that got off, a ride. He drove up to the loop and sure enough a lovely blonde girl got off just loaded with parcels. She accepted his kindness and he drove her home, doing his damndest to get a date but with no luck. One day he was asked by a neighboring fox farmer, Henri Andersen, to give him a hand. Pierre was asked for dinner, and to come in and meet the wife. When Pierre was introduced to Henri's wife, Nini, the girl he had driven home, all he could say was, "Mrs.!"

In 1932 Pierre came to Cochrane and bought a quarter section of land for the exorbitant price of $5.50 an acre from Jim Baptie of Exshaw. The going price for land was $2.50 to $3.00 an acre. The cabin on the land had been called "Robber's Roost" and the place was referred to as the Old Mill. Apparently Tom Quigley had had a sawmill on the property and after that it became a haven where single men, with no fixed abode, made their home in between jobs, which, in the 1930s, were hard to find. The story has been told about one cowboy riding in hoping to get a good dinner on his way to the Dog Pound Stampede. Seeing a clean shirt on the line, he decided he was no longer hungry, exchanged his dirty shirt for the clean, and rode on. People say the boys staying there would give you the shirt off their back but sometimes it was your own shirt.

Pierre decided to come and live at Cochrane so he built himself a four-wheeled trailer to pull behind his Chev roadster. He moved seventy foxes, all his pens and equipment to Cochrane, a distance of fifty miles, making 52 trips in all. No easy task when it rained, as the Cochrane Hill had not been hard-surfaced and sometimes the ruts crisscrossed on the hill were a foot deep.

On his very first trip Pierre met a rider who, in a very quiet voice, while chewing his moustache, introduced himself as D. P. Mcdonald. After the usual salutations, D. P. wished him well but warned him whatever he did to watch a certain Dave McDougall. Half an hour later a second rider came galloping up the road and, in a voice that was anything but quiet, introduced himself as Dave McDougall. Before he left he reminded Pierre to be sure and watch that D. P. Mcdonald. Pierre found himself in the middle between the Hatfields and the McCoys.

One time Henri Andersen came with Pierre and was so taken up with the country that he went back to Calgary and brought his friend Peter Hansen out. Later Henri and Peter bought land in the next valley. Pierre considers that he is to blame for the Danish Invasion in Beaupré.

The original Robber's Roost, although not exactly level, had been well built and the doorstep was a cut round from a huge log which served the purpose very well. Lying on the doorstep were

five rods with Roman numerals on them that puzzled Pierre for days. Finally he asked a friend what they were for. When told they were survey pins and you could be heavily fined for having them in your possession, Pierre soon decided to move them somewhere else. Later he quietly watched a neighbor move one of his survey pins out of the proper hole. After the coast was clear, Pierre put the pin back where it belonged. This fellow never did find out how he lost the land he was figuring to gain.

His biggest problem when he first came to this district was keeping the neighbor's cattle and horses out of his field. One lady not only used his corrals to corral her horses without asking, but told him off because they were not in good repair.

One day in desperation Pierre decided to go to Delbeke and tell him in no uncertain terms to keep his cattle in his own field. Pierre changed his mind when he got to Delbekes and claims he got even with him because Marie Delbeke, the oldest daughter, is now Pierre's wife.

Pierre and Marie were married in 1935. They have three children, Anita, Jay and Clay. Anita married Newt Kessler. They have four children and live in Houston, Texas. Jay married Lynne Smith. They have four children and live in Jackass Canyon on the home place. Clay finished school and helps his parents on the ranch.

In 1939 just before World War II was declared, Pierre took his wife and two children, Anita and Jay, aged three and two, back to Holland for a holiday and to meet his parents. Their return tickets were booked for passage on the Duchess of Bedford. The Duchess of Bedford was not able to leave port so her passengers were given first place on the Athenia. The Eymas, desperate to get back to Canada due to the unrest in Europe, were given the last cabin on the Empress of Australia. The Athenia was torpedoed off the coast of Ireland with the loss of most of her passengers. World War II was declared the day the Eymas arrived in Montreal.

Soon after Pierre came to Cochrane he added to his fur bearing animals by buying platinum foxes and platinum mink. He takes great pride in his show rabbits, pigeons, chickens and guinea pigs and has been engaged in this endeavor since 1913, as an eight-year-old in Holland. His family are very proud, and justifiably so, of the over 1,000 ribbons and trophies he has won over the years.

The walls in Eymas' trophy room are covered with hunting trophies and different collections of interest. They have over 60 sets of horns on their place. One thing in the trophy room that is really fascinating is Pierre's Hans Brinker skates. When he first came to Calgary in 1924 he decided he would join a skating party on Elbow Drive. He quickly strapped on his skates and went skating across the ice. Everyone wondered what the heck, because they could not see his skates.

The Eymas now have a new home, and their prize birds have taken over the original Robber's Roost, which has been enlarged several times during the years.

Pierre and Marie have been kept busy but have had time to fulfill their interest in community life. Pierre was president of the Ghost River Pony Club for ten years. He was school trustee for Beaupré Creek School until it closed in 1962, was instrumental in getting the Beaupré Community Association started, and was president of the Association for five years.

The Eymas have not been fur farming for several years. They raised Thoroughbred horses and dairy cattle. The only drawback with the property was the road and gate problem. At first there were seven gates to open from the main road to their home, a distance of about five miles. Dirt roads were seldom fit for travel by car in the spring or winter, so they left their car at the Hollowood Store and would drive a team and wagon and leave them there while they went to Calgary and back in the car. The team being tied up for hours at the fence resulted in many a runaway with feed and groceries scattered along the trail.

One of the highlights of their life was the visit of Queen Juliana of the Netherlands, in 1967, accompanied by the Ambassadors and Consuls and their wives, from both Canada and Holland.

The security precautions before and during the visit were most impressive. At one point when the Queen was leaving, one of the detectives spotted a movement in the trees and whipped out his gun. Pierre almost lost one of his best bulls.

The Dutch Princesses, Queen Juliana's daughters, attended Pierre's uncle's (Kees Boeke) private school in Holland.

When Queen Juliana was shown through the trophy room she showed an amazing knowledge of hunting and wildlife.

QUEEN JULIANA'S VISIT (1967) — by Clay Eyma

The visit of Queen Juliana begins like this. One cold, snowy day in March, the Dutch Consuls from Edmonton and Calgary came to visit us. On April 30, they came again and were joined by His Excellency, the Ambassador of the Netherlands to Canada.

May 12, the Consuls from Edmonton and Calgary called again and informed us that Queen Juliana would visit us May 22, at 2:15 p.m. for fifty minutes. We could not tell a soul as it was top security.

Mom immediately started to clean house and do some fancy cooking. Mom also got out her lace tablecloth and china for the big occasion. Dad tidied up the place outside. I cleaned my bedroom.

May 18, twenty security men, including R.C.M.P. detectives and army officials, arrived to see where to park and where they would be

Queen Juliana at the Eyma's ranch.

posted during the visit. May 20, we had two television men from Holland who were taking pictures of the place and who had an interview with Dad. These pictures were shown in Holland the following day. May 21, four more television men came out to take pictures of the scenery. It was quite an experience to see how plans are made for dignitaries.

We were informed by the Edmonton Consul that Queen Juliana's flight would be late and she would arrive at 3.15 p.m. instead of 2.15 p.m. First the R.C.M.P. police car came up the road. They went up past our house and later came down the road again. A little later a car arrived, stopped by the corral and the men started setting up their cameras. Within minutes a second car stopped at the same place and the men put their cameras up. About ten minutes later we saw a bus coming. When the bus drove up, about thirty reporters and more television men jumped out. By this time we felt that we were invaded.

About fifteen minutes later two R.C.M.P. police cars followed by a cavalcade of seven cars came up the road. A small white car drove up to our gate at the walk. The door opened and before anyone could assist her, out stepped Queen Juliana.

Her Majesty's hair was almost golden in color. She wore a blue dress with black shoes, hat and purse. Her Majesty was introduced to the family while cameramen were pushing and shoving everyone around. Finally we managed to get into the house.

After talking a few minutes, the Queen was asked to see the den. In the den she looked at the deer heads, moose horns, coyote, bear, badger, goat and muskrat hides, and many different varieties of birds.

While the Queen was in the den, the table was set up and when the Queen came back, coffee was served. We had moose meat sandwiches among other varieties of sandwiches and the Queen chose to eat four moose sandwiches.

The Queen was to stay fifty minutes but stayed an hour and a half. The cameramen wanted to take pictures inside and asked her permission. Her Majesty said, "Certainly not. You're not going to spoil my visit when I am enjoying myself." That sure made the cameramen keep quiet for a while.

We served coffee and tea to sixteen people who included the Lady-in-Waiting, the Canadian Ambassador to Holland, the Dutch Ambassador to Canada and their wives. There was also an "Equerry" which is a sort of General. He was

dressed in a Dutch uniform which was navy blue with gold braid, and a matching cap. Altogether there were about fifty people including the press and cameramen who were being served lunch outside.

Her Majesty had to leave as she had another stop and an engagement in Calgary at seven thirty p.m. The Queen was very charming. Before she left, she asked if she could take greetings to anyone in Holland. Dad replied by asking her to say hello to everyone in Holland for him.

We were very sorry to see her go so quickly. My father's uncle was a teacher to the princesses, Her Majesty's daughters, and several of the Royal Party were acquainted with his relatives in Holland. There were three families picked out of one hundred families, the Lublinkhofs, DeWitts and ourselves.

NOTE: Written in 1967, the year of the Royal Visit, when Clay was thirteen years of age.

CLIFFORD AND JUDY FOX — by Judy Fox

Prior to 1930 my husband and I lived in Banff, where Cliff was employed by the Brewster Transport Co. In 1930 he was sent to Brewster's leaseland in the Black Rock mountain area to care for the Brewster horses used during the summer tourist season in Banff and Lake Louise.

In 1931 our son Arthur was born in the log cabin on the ranch — on a cold and blizzardy day. Three years later our daughter Barbara arrived, but she chose a fine September day.

During the intervening three years I seldom saw a woman, as the road to the ranch was a dubious one as far as the Eau Claire logging camp, and from there, four miles of pony trail. The Indians from the Stoney Reserve going north through the ranch was a looked-for event and were very welcome, as were our closest neighbors, the Duncans at the Bar C, seven miles distant.

Meadow Creek, which ran beside the house, was teeming with trout; the water was very cold, which served as a refrigerator in the summer. The log cabin was sturdily built and stands today, I believe, as strong as it did fifty years ago. The wind blew constantly and sometimes the ceiling vibrated so much we felt it would surely blow off.

With regret we left there in 1942, and have only been back twice to see the old place, which looks much the same.

Arthur is now the manager of the airport in Grand Forks, British Columbia, and Barbara and her husband are working in Washington State government offices. My husband passed away several years ago. I now live at Grand Forks.

Barbara Fox halter-breaking an orphan colt

THE GHOST DAM — by Katherine Gaskell

One day in the late 1920s two men stood on a high bank overlooking the junction of the Ghost and Bow Rivers. We have been told that one man said to the other, "Let's build a dam here." As these men were G. A. Gaherty and G. H. Thompson, both officials and engineers of Calgary Power Ltd., their suggestion was carried out and the Ghost Dam and Power Plant came into being.

The peaceful site was soon a hive of activity with narrow gauge tracks being laid from borrow pits to the dam site, and small steam engines hauling gravel and clay to build the mile long earth-filled dam.

By 1929 one of the units of the plant was in operation, manned by personnel from Seebe. Arthur Postlethwaite was in charge while Warrender Robertson Sr., Bill Carle and Doug Lamont operated. John Guinn and Robert Allen were maintenance men and Dick Sandilands was the lineman who patrolled No. 12 line from the Ghost to Olds. He patrolled the line once a month, summer and winter, riding horseback.

When the powerhouse was built the roof was sloped to shed water and an ornamental cement wall was built around three sides of the roof with vents for water run-off. In the fall of 1930 a high wind blew waves over the dam. The vents became plugged with gravel and the water not being able to run off, became so heavy the roof collapsed. Tons of water poured into the plant, pushing out a wall and nearly drowning Bill Carle and Doug Lamont; they had to swim for their lives and fortunately escaped with minor injuries. The generators were overhauled, the plant repaired and production resumed again before too long.

Gordon Milligan was then put in charge and Fred Gaskell was his assistant.

The small settlement known as "the camp" consisted of Gordon Milligan and his wife Mabel, Fred and Katherine Gaskell, Bill and Bessie Carle, Dick and Rose Sandilands, and Ken and Madge Miller. As the 1930s progressed, children were added to these families until there were nine little hopefuls.

The single men were sternly but lovingly cared for by Mrs. Nisbet who was the staff housekeeper for seventeen years. The single boys came and went; among the longer residents were Tom Stanley, Harold Hurdle, Chris Ritchie, Kent Carruthers, Andrew Simpson, Bill

The Ghost River bridge under construction, around 1927-28.

Braisher, Bill Moore, Roy Boissoneault, Malcolm Clarke and Dan Lobylynk.

There were not many changes during the depression years but at the outbreak of hostilities in 1939 some men enlisted and new ones were hired to take their places. Harry Coleman and Bill Hope joined the Company in 1941. Keith Cole and his wife Joyce, and Tom Crowder and his wife Marion were transferred from Seebe about this time and Gordon Milligan was transferred to Edmonton. Fred Gaskell was then in charge. With very few exceptions the above mentioned are still with Calgary Power or have been retired from the Company.

THE GHOST RIVER PONY CLUB — by Mrs. Jack Poynter

For many years gymkhanas were held on what was known as the D. P. McDonald picnic grounds on the Mount Royal Ranch. When they were discontinued, Helen McDonald and Agness Hammond decided, in 1947, to form a pony club for contestants 18 years and under.

The first shows were held at Agness Hammond's Ghost River Ranch (thus the name "The Ghost River Pony Club"). Agness received a cheque from Eric Harvie, a well-known Calgary oilman, so that all entrants would receive a prize of some sort at the first show. For some years the prizes were donated by interested people.

Later the show was held on the Beaupre School grounds, now owned by the Beaupre Community Assocation. The show has been held there the third Sunday of August each year with full cooperation of the weatherman to date.

Now, horse show and gymkhana events include all ages with some 26 English and Western classes.

Over the years many prominent judges have donated their services, judging classes with as high as fifty-four entries in one class.

Contestants pay only one entry fee for horse, and one entry fee for rider; this entitles them to take part in the day's events and numerous classes.

By the late 1950s the Club was in a financial position to purchase trophies as well as rosette ribbons for first, second, and third winners; ribbons for fourths, fifths, and sixths are given, depending upon the number of contestants in the class.

Over the years it has been considered one of the better shows in southern Alberta with as high as 124 horses being entered. Many entries are from contestants who travel the horse show and gymkhana circuits, making keen competition. Two former contestants who have represented Canada on the Olympic Equestrian Team are: Barbara Kerr (neé Simpson) and Torchy Miller (nephew of Agness Hammond). Torchy received his first trophy here.

The Ghost River Pony Club has had many enthusiastic members and workers throughout the years; many have moved away, but return every year to visit and renew old friendships — some even have children and grandchildren competing.

In 1975 the Club had 24 members. This is a non-profit organization with hard-working dedicated members. For years, two generations of members were common; now there are two families represented by third-generation members.

GUY GIBSON OF BENCHLANDS — by Jean L. Johnson

Guy Gibson was born in England in 1883 and came to Canada with his parents in 1891. They settled in the Simons Valley district north of Calgary on a place they called The-cup-of-tea Ranch. Guy became a wandering cowboy and a good roughrider. In World War I, he enlisted in the Army and went Overseas where he became a P.T. Instructor and an expert at dismantling and assembling the Lewis gun.

After the war he worked for Ruth Laycock on the old Coleman Ranch. Around 1922 Mrs. Ethel Wynne came from Vancouver and bought the Warnock place, just east of the Coleman Ranch. She had some Aberdeen Angus cattle and hired Guy to manage them. Thus was formed an association which lasted for many years.

In 1927 Mrs. Wynne sold out to Pat Render and bought NE¼ 5-27-6-5 from the C.P.R. This was a lovely place. The Ghost River flowed through the land and far to the northwest the Devil's Head Mountain brooded over the valley from behind the shoulder of Black Rock. From the pine-covered hills on the south side of the Ghost an old Indian trail wound down to the Buffalo Crossing and passed along the river flat on the north side, up the steep hills and northward. Between the old trail and the river bank Guy built a log cabin for Mrs. Wynne and a bunkhouse for himself. The few remaining black cattle were turned out in the Rabbit Creek Valley where they rustled winter and summer.

On September 4, 1929, a wildcat oilwell, Baymar No. I, was spudded in, almost on the line between the north quarters of section 5. Guy built a little log cabin there for the use of the men. George Webster (once Mayor of Calgary) had an interest in the well, and when it proved to be a dry hole, he obtained the cabin and the northwest quarter of land and transferred both to his daughter, May Olson. May and Orren Olson began using the cabin in 1930 and became the first of the summer people, the first "cabiners." They sold the cabin to the Suiters and Guy built the Olsons a log cabin on their land just west of Robinson Creek. The Suiters, too, had a new cabin built and sold the oilwell cabin to the Trowsdales who wanted it placed down on the flat near Mrs. Wynne's cabin. Guy, who was equal to any task confronting him, somehow slid the old cabin down the steep hill and set it on the river flat.

Guy Gibson of the Benchlands, around 1940.

Mrs. Wynne registered her quarter section as a Junior Townsite so that she might have it surveyed into lots. She called it Benchlands, a descriptive name, for the land rose steeply from the river flat to a level bench which followed the contour of the Ghost, and from there it rose much higher to the flats above, making three levels in all.

One of the first cabins on Benchlands was built for Elsie French at the east end of the middle bench. In September, 1938, Elsie French sold out to F. C. Manning for $300. This gave him clear title to the lot, the cabin, two cots, the folding chairs and the coal oil lamps, once so dear to the hearts of the cabiners.

About the same time that Guy built the French cabin he built one for Miss Scott on the same bench. This cabin, with some additions, is now the permanent home of Lloyd Greenway.

In 1934 Mrs. Wynne sold Benchlands to Guy so that he might homestead an adjacent quarter of Section 4. He built many more cabins on Benchlands. At first they served only as summer places but in time several families made their permanent homes there.

In 1935 May Olson sold a piece of her land to Donald Leslie and Guy built a cabin for him west of Olsons. When Guy Gibson passed away in April, 1965, Donald Leslie gave this story to the Calgary Albertan: "Guy always had a smile and an amusing story to tell — I don't know how true all the tales were but they showed the spirit of the man. After the First World War, Guy had had enough of bugle-blowing and restricted life. So when he returned to the West, Guy put his alarm clock on a wooden block and smashed it to bits. He said the sun and the stars could tell him the time of day in the future. Although Guy was wild and tough, he was one of the gentlest people I've ever known.

"Aside from his dogs and his horse he always kept a goat. Guy used to say the goat was his refrigerator. Whenever he needed milk he'd call the goat to him."

Guy Gibson's ashes were scattered over Benchlands.

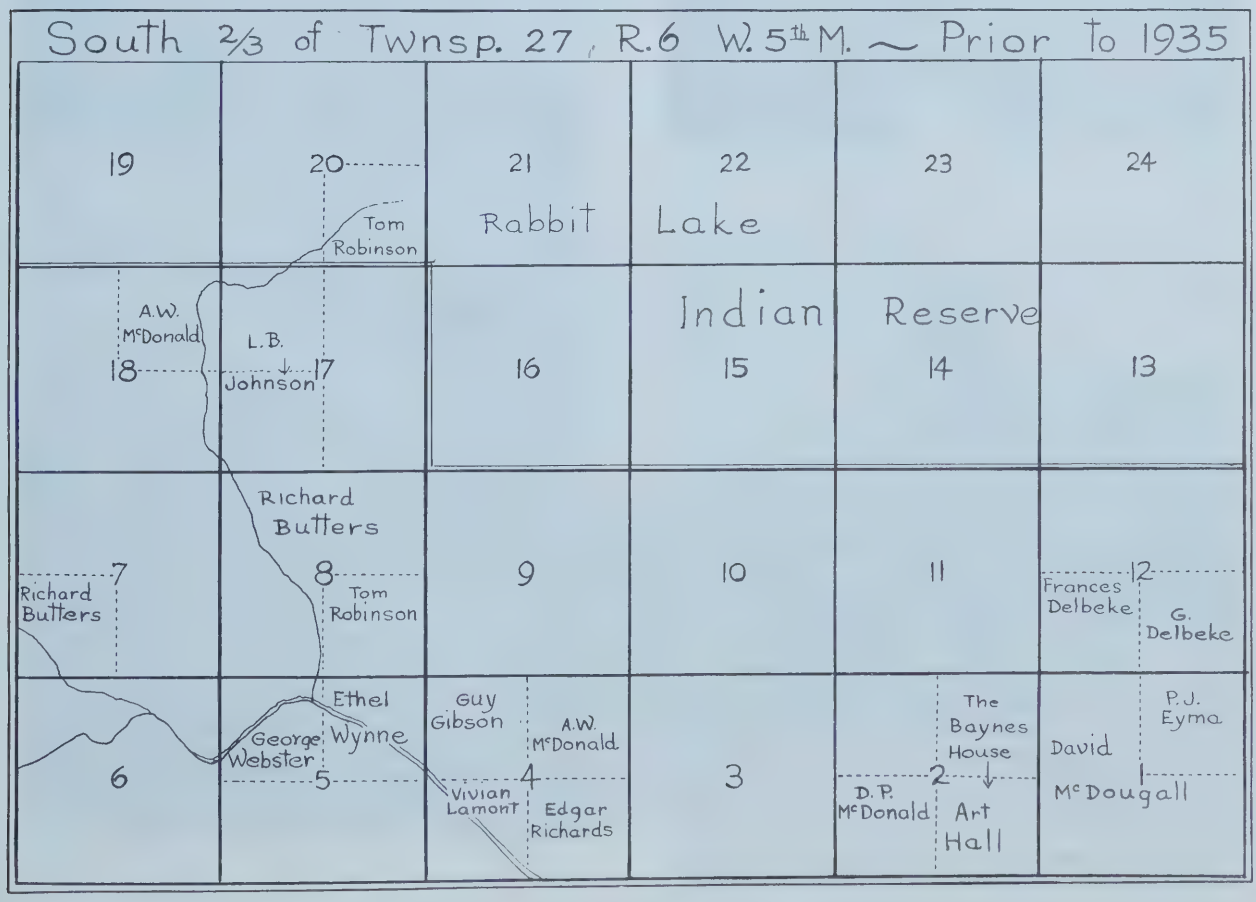
A REAL SWELL "GUY"

Guy Gibson was born in Gaythorpe, Lincolnshire, England. He came to Canada when he was eight years old, away back in 1891. His mother packed all the food for the trip in England and brought it to Canada in wicker baskets. When they arrived in Canada they took a settlers' train to Calgary. On the train they were allowed to cook their own meals to save expenses. The Gibsons ate the last of their food sitting beside the C.P.R. tracks in Calgary.

Guy's parents homesteaded in the Simons Valley area. When Guy was ten, he went to help a neighbor with chores; here he learned to ride and train horses. Later he worked and ranched on different places. He served with the 31st Battalion in France during the First World War and was wounded twice. After returning in 1918 he settled in the Ghost River area. Over the years he became known as Lord of the Ghost.

Guy was a skilled axeman and claimed he had built over 1,000 log cabins in his lifetime. In 1927 he built a log cabin at the bottom of a steep hill on a flat beside the Ghost River. He built a fireplace of stones in the middle of his cabin. The hinges on his door were made from willow roots that hooked into one another. The door latch was made the same way; his own original idea. His bedspread was a tanned horsehide with the tail and mane still intact, from his favourite horse, he said.

When Guy was in his eighties he became ill and was taken to the Colonel Belcher Hospital in Calgary. In April 1965, at the age of 82, Guy Gibson, who had ridden broncs with the best of them and who had been friends with such legendary cowboys as John Ware and Guy Weadick, passed away. Guy had been married at one time. His wife, Bella, predeceased him.



ALEXANDER GILLIES — by Bessie (Simpson) Harris

Alexander Gillies and his wife, who had been Mary Gillies of Morar, came to the Cochrane district from Inverness-shire, Scotland, in October, 1884. With them they brought their six children, John, Jessie, Kate, Mary, Alexandrina and Duncan. Annie was born at Cochrane and a little son, Donald, died in infancy. Mary Gillies made her husband keep travelling west till they found hills that looked like those of Scotland. They were undoubtedly influenced, too, by the fact that A. W. McDonald, who was married to Alexander's sister, had been in the district since 1881. They stayed with the McDonalds while they built a small shack by the spring on the Mount Royal picnic grounds. There they lived while building the log house close to the east bank of the Ghost River. Both Alexander Gillies and his son, John, homesteaded near the Ghost River and had, altogether, a section and a half of land. They raised both horses and cattle. This place has always been known as the Ghost River Ranch.

One day Alexander was away getting out building logs and his wife was alone with the small children. She had just taken a pan of scones out of the oven when a big Indian with a gun appeared at the door with two or three companions behind him. Naturally she was frightened. The Indian pointed at the pan of scones so she put them in his sack. A couple of weeks later the Indian came back and brought her a beautiful set of buffalo horns. These were hung at the front of the ranch house. From then on, the Gillies and the Indians remained very good friends.

Mrs. Alexander Gillies.

Alexander Gillies.

Ghost River Ranch — the Gillies' house.

At the Gillies' home, Ghost River. L to R: Don Simpson, Alex Simpson, Jim Murphy, Enie Gillies, Eva, Irene and Helen Murphy, Jim Simpson.

John and Annie Gillies (standing), Mr. and Mrs. Gillies and Duncan.

Alexander Gillies died in 1922. Mary, with John and Annie, moved into Cochrane after the ranch was sold. They lived in the house built by Mr. Tesky for Joe Murphy. Mary Gillies died in 1935.

The following was written in May 1922, by Hugh Farthing, an old friend of the family:

"During the early days in the West, Alexander Gillies' strong, courageous personality and straightforward dealing endeared him to the hearts of all with whom he came in contact. Friends and strangers alike were always sure of a hearty welcome and true Highland hospitality at the Ghost River Ranch.

"The little cemetery at Cochrane is a fitting resting place for such an old-timer as he. Far below, the silver thread of the Bow River winds its way through the wooded slopes of the foothills he loved so well, and in the distance the Rockies, majestic and unchanged as when he first saw them thirty-eight years ago, complete one of the most wonderful pictures in the world."

John remained a bachelor. Jessie married John McPhail and their children were Lawrence, Mamie, Wallace and Alice. Kate married Alvin Rellinger. They had five children: Mary, Herbert, Alice, Josie and Catherine. Mary married William Simpson. The Simpson children were: James, Donald, Alexander, Edward, William, Bessie, Duncan and Theresa. Mary Simpson died in 1969. Duncan married Josie Elliott. They had no children. Alexandrina married Roland Gissing. They, too, had no children. Annie remained single.

Mary and Katie Gillies.

ROLAND GISSING — by Jean L. Johnson

Roland Gissing was born in England in 1895, the son of Algernon Gissing. He was a nephew of the well-known English novelist and critic, George Gissing, and a brother of Alwin who was, for a short time in 1927, the owner and editor of The Cochrane Advocate.

Roland came to Canada in April 1913, hoping to make a living as a cowboy. His first job was with the Hon. F. A. McNaughton, caring for the polo ponies at the ranch in Bowness. He loved this work with the horses and undoubtedly was still in charge of the ponies when McNaughton competed in the polo tournament at Cochrane. In September 1913, he went to work for James Robertson of the AC Ranch. He saved his money while he was there and decided that he now had enough capital to take up a homestead. In October 1914, he found a quarter section which suited him up on the Raven River and, with Jim Wimshurt, a friend from England, he put up a very primitive cabin in the wilderness.

When the two young men tired of eating rabbits they gave up the homestead, and in 1916 Roland went down to the Western United States. There he worked on a ranch and became a friend of Will James, the writer and cowboy artist. Together they rode and sketched and Roland became interested in drawing cowboys and horses. In the late summer of 1918 he returned to Canada, joined the British Expeditionary Force and was sent to Quebec. There he contracted the Spanish influenza and was discharged from the Army.

In 1919 he was back in Alberta where he had many friends and was known to all of them as Gus. After working around Cochrane for some time he wanted a place of his own, and in the spring of 1921 he rented a piece of land from Frank Brooks and built a cabin dug into the side of the hill south of the mill. While there he

worked for the Delbekes and at Brooks' sawmill. Roland's next stop was at D. P. McDonald's calf camp where he stayed for the best part of a year before going a second time to the AC Ranch. He spent Christmas of 1923 with the Chappie Clarksons and stayed on there till March when he left to build up his homestead on the Ghost River. He helped Major Mortimer, who had a roadhouse near by, and was rewarded with a set of oil paints which had once belonged to Lionel Barrymore.

Although his first sketches were of cowboys and horses his forte was landscape painting. At first he used pastels and water colours but his favourite medium was oil. He was a self-taught artist having had only the usual instruction in art when a youth at George Watson's College in Edinburgh. He was well read in the styles and techniques of the Masters and was helped in his work by the advice of A. C. Leighton. In 1925 Leonard Richmond, a well-known English artist, paid a visit to Canada and gave him a great deal of help and encouragement. By hard work, keen observation and by experimenting with light and colour, Roland's paintings improved over the years and he became one of Western Canada's best-known and best-loved artists.

His first exhibition was held in 1925 at Booth's Galleries in Calgary and was quite successful, but it was not until 1932 that he was able to make a good living from full-time painting. He has won many awards and his work is represented in private and public collections all over North America and in Europe. He was a member of the Calgary Sketch Club and of the Alberta Society of Artists. He was always willing to help an amateur painter by criticising his work, pointing out ways to improve a picture and giving encouragement.

His great love of nature was apparent in his paintings. "When Roland Gissing paints the Rockies you remember the bright, sharp air — the deep blue silence of lakes and towering peaks — the brave little settlers' cabins standing in jagged clearings, and you long to own a picture proving the colour and scope and rich generosity of Alberta." (From "Our Alberta Heritage" by Calgary Power Ltd.)

When the late R. B. Bennett left for England, the City of Calgary presented him with a Gissing landscape, and when Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip stopped off at Cochrane on their cross-country trip in 1951, Graeme Broatch, the Mayor of Cochrane, presented them with a Gissing on behalf of the town.

In 1933 Roland Gissing married Alexandrina (Enie) Gillies, one of his nearest neighbors. Now with a good wife to take charge of the household duties and the chores, he found time for his hobbies. He built a loom, prepared and dyed wool and wove saddle blankets. He made model trains, exact in every detail and with every type of passenger and freight car. He built lengthy railway tracks beside his house, with bridges

A group of Beaupré school children watching Roland Gissing's model train.

and tunnels, and his four-wheel drive locomotives of the British type were a wonder to behold, steam driven, burning coal and puffing smoke.

He was commissioned by the oil industry to paint a series of pictures, among them one of the derrick up at Rabbit Lake. He made a trip down through the Porcupine Hills and painted the old ranches there. This series, just completed, was lost when his house burned down. He felt the loss of his books most deeply; many were first editions and in some cases all other remaining copies were lost in the London Blitz. The house burned on Friday, March 3, 1944. The following is part of a letter he wrote to his sister Enid:

"Enie went to the studio and started the fire in the stove about 8 o'clock and we then had breakfast. (Tom McIvor was staying with us.) After breakfast he and I sat and talked in the dining room and Enie went out to feed the chickens and came back about 9:15 and when she came in the house she said she smelt smoke.

"She opened a door leading to the studio and smoke came pouring out into the dining room. Tom and I rushed outside and I got a ladder and Tom some water and I got up on the roof and opened a manhole that was leading into the studio ceiling. When I opened it I saw the whole studio was ablaze inside and I knew the place was going. That moment was the worst of all — the feeling of utter hopelessness and helplessness. It was impossible to get near any of my treasured books and photographs and somehow when I realized that what I really valued was lost I didn't care much about the rest.

"When it was all over there was simply nothing left but the old stone fireplace standing alone like a long forgotten Druid altar."

He spoke warmly of the help of neighbors, of the shower given for them, of the house supplied to them on the Ghost River Ranch by Agness and Tilda Hammond while he built a new home. But a few years later he sold the homestead and moved to Okotoks. Enie Gissing passed away in the 1960s. Roland remarried. His wife, Ester Glockzin, nee Skogheim, was brought up at Hardisty, Alberta, and now makes her home in Calgary. Roland Gissing died on September 29, 1967.

Following is a list of Canadian collections which have works by Roland Gissing:

Royal Canadian Academy
National Gallery of Canada
Edmonton Art Gallery
Glenbow Foundation, Calgary
Montreal Art Association
International Watercolour Society of Vancouver
Alberta Society of Artists, Calgary

ARTHUR H. HALL

Arthur, third oldest of five, was born at Odanah, Manitoba, January 18, 1894, the son of Arthur George and Elizabeth Hall. Arthur's father, an officer in the Royal Navy, retired from service early and came to Canada to settle on a farm in Manitoba. Here he met and married Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Kenneth McKenzie, well-known pioneer of agriculture in Manitoba and Ontario. Shortly after Arthur was born the family moved to California where his father set up a successful warehouse business in Los Angeles. His untimely death necessitated the return of Arthur and his brother Ken to their uncle's farm in Manitoba in 1906. In 1909 Arthur travelled west to visit his sister Ann and their aunt Annie McDougall at Morley. Much inspired with the country, Arthur took up a homestead near the Ghost and stayed with his sister and brother-in-law, Ann and Dave H. McDougall west of Cochrane. In the summer of 1913, a couple of months was spent by Ken and Arthur in driving four horses, on a wagon and grain box to Edson some 300 miles north. The trail was difficult so they continued their journey by packhorse another 350 miles north to Dawson Creek. A return trip was made in 1919 when his brothers Ken and Jack took up homesteads, and Arthur returned to Cochrane.

In 1915 Arthur enlisted in the 12th C.M.R. at Cochrane and left Canada June 4, to join the Canadian Cavalry at Canterbury, England. His youngest brother, Jack, joined him in France in 1916. Many wartime leaves were spent with Clem Edge, Jack, and relations in England and Scotland. On May 2, 1919, Arthur attended, with his regiment, a service at St. Paul's Cathedral, London, in memory of those who gave their lives in active service.

In August 1919, Arthur returned to Cochrane and bought the Thompson place, south of the McDougall home place. As stories are recalled

Arthur Hall during World War 1.

Arthur had difficulty in making payments; a visit was made to John A. McFarland, who owned the place at the time, and the result of the interview was to make payments when possible and no more postage would be wasted. Later Arthur homesteaded a quarter section in the Mount Royal Valley, west of D. P. McDonald's. Chappy Clarkson and Arthur moved the old Niddrie house at Morleyville to this homestead and rebuilt it log by log (the logs being marked as it was torn down). A return trip to this homestead in a Model T Ford is recalled. It was dark, the car kept heating and many stops were made near water holes, Arthur using his hat to fill the radiator.

Ranching life, haying, farming and daily chores were mixed with an active social life. Neighborhood visits, dinners, picnics and dances were enjoyed by young and old. Many good times were had playing polo with Bumpy and Dusty Rhodes, and Chappy Clarkson at the Rhodes and Kerfoot ranches. A one-time rodeo, by the Rhodes, Clem Gardner and Arthur was staged on the old racetrack west of Cochrane. The gymkhana at D. P. McDonald's, the Morley Stampede and Indian Days at Banff were annual outings for Arthur long after he moved to Springbank.

In 1923 Arthur met and married Ruby May Brown, daughter of Julia, nee McElroy, and Matthew Brown, owner of Ross, Hall and Brown Milling Company, Kenora, Ontario, later a rancher with partner Walter Ross in southern Alberta. Ruby, born at Kenora, spent most of her

life in and around Calgary. A short while was spent in training at the Holy Cross Hospital before attending Olds Agriculture School. After graduation from Olds, she worked in the Union Bank in Cochrane, where she became good friends with Enid Maggs. Many weekends were spent with Enid and her parents, and it was at this time Ruby met and married Arthur on April 24, 1923. They lived in the Grand Valley on a quarter, later known as the Ford place, where their daughter Ruby Elizabeth (Betty) was born.

In 1925 the Halls moved by horse and wagon to their new home, the former Dyer place at Springbank, three miles west of the Twin Bridges. Here they started a new life in farming among many of Arthur's wartime buddies. Arthur bought the old Carling brand, ZE on the left shoulder. While farming this place they acquired an interest in the Dunford farm and bought the Darling place. Here their son Arthur George (Bud) was born.

In 1934 Arthur broadened his interests further by opening Hall's Feed & Grain at the corner of 9th Avenue and 9th Street S.W., Calgary. He still retained his interest in farming at Springbank and raising racehorses and Hereford cattle. Many of his buying trips for his feed operation and cattle kept Arthur in close contact with his many friends in the Cochrane area throughout his lifetime.

During the Second World War, he took over the management of Crown Feed and leased and operated the Rhodes Ranch in Grand Valley northwest of Cochrane. In the latter years of the War he sold his Springbank farm to Roy Milner and bought the Turner place west of Okotoks. After the War he moved Hall's Feed & Grain Ltd. to McDougall Road and 3rd Street N.E. Later he sold the Turner place and bought and operated a feedlot south of Midnapore. In 1953 he established Hall's Garage & Cartage Ltd. with partners Howard Emerton and Joseph Keeler. In 1961 he sold his interest in this business to his partners, retaining Hall's Feed and the feedlot. These enterprizes are still carried on today by his daughter Ruby Elizabeth, a schoolteacher, and his son Arthur George, a petroleum consultant.

Ruby passed away in 1963 at the age of 65, and Arthur passed away in 1971.

AGNESS HAMMOND

My sister Tilda and I bought the Ghost River Ranch from the Gillies family in the early 1930s. We had a couple of saddle horses and needed somewhere to keep them. For a while we boarded horses, then I bought my first cow and calf from Mrs. Roland Gissing for the large sum of ten dollars! After that I used to get newborn calves from the dairy at Canmore, bringing them home tied in sacks, in the back of the old car.

We also raised horses, among them, little "Chick," who won many stake races, and "The Bard," who went to shows throughout Alberta and Saskatchewan, winning many jumping classes.

My brand is Reversed F, Hanging Y, which was originally issued to my grandfather in the 1880s.

In 1941 Tilda left for India, where she married Captain Hugh Millar, and where they spent most of the War years. They then returned to Canada, and their son, Torchy, was born in Calgary. Afterwards they were stationed in various parts of England and Canada, and I bought out Tilda's share of the ranch.

Having horses wherever they were stationed, Torchy naturally took to riding and has represented Canada at two Olympics, being on the team that won the Gold Medal in 1968. He also won an individual Bronze Medal.

Tilda and her husband are now retired and have a quarter section of the ranch where they have built their home, "Runaway Hill."

During the years I built up the cattle herd, with the help of the people who worked for me. George Hope, long-time blacksmith of Cochrane, was probably the first. Elmer and Mamie Pratt were here for several years, and Elmer broke most of my Belgian horses. Another family, the Morrises, had five children. The children attended Beaupré School, and drove "Tom" in the buggy; when he retired they drove "Old Cush," whom we borrowed from Poynters.

We have had many pleasant visits with our country neighbours. I remember driving in the buggy to Helen McDonald's, and always being invited in for fresh baked buns or cake. It was Helen, who, with me, started the Ghost River Pony Club gymkhana. The first one was held in the field in front of the ranch house, and was primarily for junior riders, as we felt all other shows had little to attract the young.

We rode up to Guy Gibson's to enquire about his handmade furniture, and were immediately invited in for a cup of tea. Finding no milk in the house, he grabbed the cream jug, ran outside, and filled it from his goat. Guy built my beautiful log cabin, which burned to the ground some years later, and Steve Hope (George's brother) made all the hand-wrought latches and hinges that decorated the cabin.

Jack and Tootie Poynter were always ready to go on a midnight ride or on a wiener roast. Enie Gissing always greeted us when we walked down the hill to look at Roland's paintings. The Gissings spent two years in our little cottage while building their new home after the fire which destroyed so many of Roland's paintings. George and Norma Pocaterra would often stop in on their way to their cabin up the river.

For several years I ran a summer camp for girls, teaching them how to ride and care for their horses.

Besides raising and showing horses, I raised and showed dogs all over Canada and the United States. Many of them won championships and obedience degrees.

Elmer Pratt sweeping hay at the Ghost River Ranch.

I have been actively involved with the Calgary S.P.C.A., the Alberta S.P.C.A. and many other humane associations.

Throughout the years I have done paintings and sculpturing which have gone to various parts of Canada, the United States and England.

Recently I started a museum of horse artifacts on the ranch.

The first edition of the Calgary Herald, dated August 31, 1883, had an advertisement describing "land lying north of the Bow River and east of the Ghost River" as a horse ranch containing the best winter grazing east of the Rockies. As I am now raising Welsh ponies, I like to feel that it is still a horse ranch, with the best winter grazing east of the Rockies.

HISTORY OF PETER AND CHRISTINA HANSEN

To leave the comforts of known surroundings and friends, cross the ocean and head across Canada by train with two small children, was indeed a big undertaking. Arriving in Calgary on a cold, stormy April day led them to wonder if they had made the right choice. But Peter and Christina Hansen were of adventurous blood and they never looked back. Peter's sister and her husband had convinced them that Canada had a great future to offer and had met them at the train.

Peter had a wonderful talent for landscaping and gardening and had no problem finding work in and around Calgary. Their daughters, Tina and Edith both started school and in 1932, when they moved to the Manchester area, their son Eric was born. At this time they met three people who soon became life long friends, Henri and Nini Andersen and Morris Johnsen. The five of them decided to buy some land west of Cochrane up in the Stimson Valley, (S.E. 5-27-5-5) and they settled there in 1934.

Peter had never had any experience with housebuilding but he could see that to cut the logs around the place where he wanted to build would be twofold. He could clear some land and also build a log house for his wife and children. He worked alone and did not bring the family out until the house was complete enough to keep them warm and dry. To make his living Peter turned to sawmill work, and for the next five years was

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Hansen.

employed by Rex Kendrew, who had his mill on a nearby quarter.

A business acquaintance convinced Peter to go into the fur business. He started raising silver foxes. In those hungry 1930s the purchase of feed for these animals was a hardship, so in the summer the children trapped gophers. In the winter Peter shot rabbits and bought the occasional foxmeat horse for about $5.00.

Peter still picked up odd jobs to make a few dollars and one such job was working for Mr. Fia from Drumheller, skidding logs out of the nearby bush to be used for mine props. He used his own horse and took his own lunch, all for a dollar a day.

The fur business seemed to be improving and Peter and his friend Chris Hansen added more pens to house fitch and mink. The daily feeding of these animals, along with milking cows, raising chickens and turkeys, and a big garden, kept the whole family busy. The children all rode to Beaupré School and Edith's talent for art began to show through when she drew pictures in everyone's autograph book.

During the summers when Peter's love for gardening and the need for additional cash drew him to Calgary to do landscaping, Christina and the children manned the ranch. She became very adept at all the chores and when she did have spare time she spent it making the children's clothes and moccasins. She too loved gardening and spent many a long evening working among her flowers.

At 15 Tina left home to go to work in Calgary and three years later Edith followed. In 1946 Edith married Charlie MacDonald, a carpenter in Calgary. In 1949 Tina married Edward Little, formerly of Bashaw, and they moved to Edmonton. Eric moved to Calgary to work with Charlie in the carpenter business and Peter and Christina were once again alone.

In 1959 they flew to their home country (Denmark) with Eric for a two month visit. They anxiously returned to Canada to resume their home life in the Stimson Valley. Peter and Christina had become true Canadians.

In the fall of 1966, Christina passed away. Eric moved home to be with his father and commuted to work in Calgary. Peter passed away three years later, in 1969, after a lengthy illness. Eric built a new home beside the old log house and lives there with his sister Edith and her husband. The surrounding sculptured hedges first started by Peter in 1935, are still kept up by the family and are a fine tribute to a well-loved and long-remembered Peter and Christina Hansen.

THE HOLLOWOOD RANCH STORE and ANGUS AND GUDRUN MacDONALD — by Tootie Poynter

In the spring of 1938 Jack and I, with the help of my dad and Dave Pow, built a store on our Hollowood Ranch, the W½ of 17-26-5-5. The store was named after the ranch, named by me after all the hollow wood in the coulee.

In October of the same year an acreage and the store were sold to my dad and mom, Jack and Gudrun Nissen. My dad suffered considerably from cancer caused by an old injury and passed away in June 1941, at the age of 54 years. Mom managed the store alone until November, when she married Corporal Angus MacDonald.

Angus was formerly from Nova Scotia. After serving in the First World War he came West and farmed in the Shepard district till he returned to the service during World War II. He was stationed at the Ozada Internment Camp on the Morley Flats near Seebe, where German and Italian prisoners of war were imprisoned during World War II. Later he was transferred to the internment camp at Lethbridge. In 1953 he was transferred back to Calgary and became a Commissionaire at Lincoln Airport.

When Mom was at the store the coffee pot was always on and many good visits were held in the store. Later a streetcar was moved to the store property to be used as a restaurant. Many still remember Nini Andersen of Beaupré, who ran the restaurant 1950-51-52. Many will remember

Angus and Gudrun MacDonald, 1943.

the delicious chicken dinners and homemade Danish pastry she served. All the cooking was done on a wood stove. Highway One A was the only highway between Calgary and Banff and tourists and skiers alike stopped on their way home for another delicious bite.

In 1953 the store and part of the acreage was sold to Harry and Babs Woods. A young Saskatchewan boy, Bobby Gibson, came to work for them. The streetcar was joined onto the store and renovated into a very attractive dining car. The store is now owned by John McGillis. Bobby continued to work for John McGillis for several years before going to work at Bowridge Motors in Cochrane. A new store and restaurant have now been built a little closer to the coulee.

Angus and Mom moved back to their acreage in 1962. Angus was not well and spent a lot of time in and out of the Belcher Hospital. Mom and Angus both passed away in their sleep, Mom, July 7, 1963, and Angus, August 25, 1963.

JAMES LAMON IRWIN — by Dorothy M. Edge

Jim was born in 1862 in Nova Scotia. He was a big, husky, broad-shouldered man who stood well over six feet tall. Before coming to Cochrane in 1914 Jim had been a lumberjack and spent several years in British Columbia logging camps. Jim's wife and two daughters remained in Nova Scotia.

In 1919 Jim homesteaded the SW ¼ 32-26-5-5 in Jackass Canyon, and received his Patent in February 1923. Jim had a few cows, but he worked in the bush and sold wood and fence posts in Cochrane.

Jim was very hospitable, had a good sense of humor, and told many stories. His trademark was the leather vest that he always wore. He was a good cook and was known for making the best sourdough in the West.

Fred Voight lived with Jim off and on for about six years. Just before Christmas in 1929, Jim was burned to death in his log cabin. He had built the cabin himself and it was about 16 feet by 20 feet with saddleback corners. Jim was buried in the Cochrane cemetery.

The big hill to the southeast on part of his property, 51° 15' 30" Latitude, 114° 40' 30" Longitude, was officially named "Irwin Hill" in June 1930. Some local residents refer to this as Beaupré Hill because it is located directly northwest of the old Beaupré cabin site.

THE JOHNSON FAMILY — by Laurie Johnson

My father, Everett C. Johnson, was born in Virginia in 1860 and moved to Minnesota with his parents after the American Civil War. At the age of fifteen, he drove stagecoach in the Black Hills, and a year later he went to Wyoming where he rode with Bill Cody and Portugee Phillips. He went to work for the Powder River Cattle Company and was one of the three foremen under Fred Hess. He was captain of the roundup in Johnson County at the age of nineteen. He

E. C. Johnson, Cheyenne, Wyoming, 1882.

L to R: Laurie, Mary Johnson, Bert, Dot and E. C. Johnson. (1902)

became a friend and hunting companion of Owen Wister who used my father's character and some of his adventures in the book "The Virginian." In 1886 Hess sent him to Canada to locate a ranch for the 76. He returned to Wyoming but soon came back to Canada. In 1890 he was foreman of the North West Cattle Company under the manager, Fred Stimson, at the Bar U.

My mother, Mary Eleanor Bigland, was born in Windermere, England, and came to Western Canada with her uncle, William Laycock. She was a Registered Nurse, and while nursing Mrs. Stimson at the Bar U, she met my father. They were married on November 18, 1891, by the Presbyterian minister, J. C. Herdman. My father's best man was his old friend from Wyoming, Harry Longabough, known as the Sundance Kid. The bridesmaid was mother's cousin, Maggie Laycock, who married Blue Osborne.

For several years, Dad, as everyone called him, was cattle buyer for Gordon, Ironsides and Fares, and he located and built up the Two Bar Ranch for them. I spent my early life at the d'Eyncourt Ranch where Dad was a partner. About 1904 we built a house on 18th Ave. in Calgary and Bert and I went to school at the Convent. Our elder sister went to school in the United States.

In 1910 my parents moved to Cochrane where Dad opened a butcher shop. When the Spanish Influenza epidemic broke out my mother turned our home into a hospital and nursed a great many in 1918 and 1919. She also delivered many babies during her years in Cochrane.

There were four children in the family: Jessie Lucretia who married John Annear, a locomotive engineer, and lived in Edmonton, where they raised nine children; Robert Everett Poindexter who went Overseas in the First World War, married Ona Patterson and lived in Banff where he had a service station and took an active part in the affairs of the town; myself, Laurence Branch; and Frances Olive, the youngest, known as Dot.

Dot married H. K. (Chappie) Clarkson, the son of oldtimers in the Pincher Creek district. He owned the NW¼ 15 and SE¼ 22-26-5-5, on the highway west of Cochrane. Their two eldest children, Patricia and Robert were born there. Chappie moved his family to Turner Valley where he became a driller and worked in the oilfields for years. Three more children were born to them: Donald, Laurine and William.

Patricia and Robert both enlisted in the Army in World War Two. Patricia joined the C.W.A.C. and played the trombone in their brass band and did the comedy numbers. They played in cities all across Canada and gave concerts in England, France, Germany and in Apeldoorn, Holland, where they were stationed for several weeks.

Robert enlisted when he was sixteen and was a corporal before he left Calgary. In England, he held the middleweight boxing title for the Canadian forces and was a Commando instructor. By the end of the war he was a Lieutenant. He went to work in the Leduc oilfields and was elected the first Mayor of Drayton Valley. He established the Clarkson Oilfield Construction Ltd., a very successful company, but he died at the age of thirty-nine, leaving his wife, Mona, three daughters and a little son.

I have spent most of my life in the Cochrane district. In 1917 after I left the Bar C, I went to work for D. P. McDonald, breaking workhorses and saddle horses. We brought some horses in to the Calgary Horse Show where young Peter Welsh rode Smokey and I rode Osborne Johnson's horse, Beaver, in performance jumping and in jumping pairs.

In 1918 the Parks Department took over the Ya-Ha Tinda, away up in the Red Deer River, and Jim Brewster had to get his horses out of there. He sold them to P. D. Bowlen, Norman Luxton and Bill Logan. Boney Thompson, Eddy Rowe and I gathered them and took them down to the Beaupré Ranch.

In 1919 Frank Wellman bought Tom Wilson's Powderhorn horses which ran on the Kootenay Plains, up the North Saskatchewan River. Jack Fuller, Wat Potts, Bill Potts, Johnny Wilson and I went up with Wellman to gather them, taking Paul Beaver along as guide. We stayed at the Wilson place where we were able to hold the horses as we gathered them. Paul, a Stoney Indian, was a great help to us. Once when the horses were about to get away down the river, he raced his horse along a high bank and jumped him far out into the river to head them off. Horse and rider went out of sight in the water for a moment or two, but he turned the horses. It was in May but the snow was very deep for much of the way as we trailed the horses south. Paul broke trail all the way, leading an old mare whose family of young stuff kept right with her. There were many broke horses in the bunch so every so often we would catch one and take it up to Paul so that he could have a fresh horse.

After we got back from the Kootenay Plains we took a large party up the Kananaskis. Frank Wellman, the outfitter, did not go but hired Bill

Laurie Johnson on Griselda.

Potts as guide and he and I did the cooking. The packers were Wat Potts, Jack Fuller, Marshall Baptie and Bobby Quigley. We started out from Morley with the party of publicity people: Murray Gibbon of the C.P.R.; Jack Lait, editor of the Chicago Tribune; Grantland Rice and his wife; Mr. Wheeler and his wife, and Charlie Towne, a poet. Byron Harmon was the movie camera man and Dawson, the C.P.R. photographer, took the stills. On this trip the idea of the C.P.R. Trail Ride was born. Later that year I took out two more parties, Henry Colgate and his wife on their honeymoon, and Bob and Sue Johnson (of Johnson & Johnson) on a hunting trip to the Clearwater country.

In 1923 John Hazza asked me to manage a Polo Pony Ranch for him, west of Calgary. There I schooled many good polo ponies, most of which were shipped to New York and Aiken, South Carolina. Some of these ponies played international polo.

In 1927, while foreman of the Rhodes Ranch in Grand Valley, I married Jean Lamont of Calgary who came west with her parents from Woodstock, Ontario, in 1912. While at the Rhodes Ranch we lived at the old Oddie place which Rhodes then owned. He sold it to Sherriffs. In 1930 I bought land along the Bow River, west of Cochrane. This was the S½ 14 and the SE¼ 15-26-5-5, which had been vacated by Lloyd Noland who had it under the Soldier Settlement Board. I leased two sections of Crown land in Big and Little Coulees.

Our buildings were on the river flat with a spring creek running between the house and the stables. By means of a furrow plowed along the sidehill from the spring, we were able to irrigate a large garden and the trees which we obtained from Indian Head, Saskatchewan: 100 ash, 100 elm and 375 caraganas. The hot, dry years of the Depression were upon us but we had plenty of vegetables which we could keep in good condition, a couple of milk cows and a large flock of hens.

Here are some figures and facts from Jean's account book:

1931: Total for a year's groceries, $127.60.

Cream went down in price till special was only 17¢, per lb. butterfat.

Eggs sold for 20¢ per dozen.

Wheat sold: 549 bushels for $164.50.

On Oct. 20th gave the Calgary Herald 10 bus. of wheat to pay for a subscription to the paper. The paper was thrown off a mile away up at the highway, by the Brewster Transport bus, every evening.

We took wheat to a flour mill and paid for the milling with wheat. We got flour, middlings, shorts and bran.

On Oct. 29th sold to R. B. Rogers: 100 lbs. of carrots $1.50; 90 lbs. of turnips 90¢; 75 lbs. of potatoes 75¢; 60 lbs. of cabbage 90¢; Total $4.05.

Income for the year: $882.77, mostly from the sale of horses.

Total expenses for the year: $741.45.

1932: Things were tougher.

Total for a year's groceries: $91.60 (100 lbs. flour $2.25, 100 lbs. sugar $5.50, 5 lbs. tea $1.95, 5 lbs. coffee $1.85.)

Total for clothes $13.09.

Cream, graded special, was as low as 14¢.

Sold Johnny Morrison 250 lbs. carrots and turnips for $2.50.

Total income: $441.71; total expenditures $428.55.

We still played polo, went on hunting trips and had parties and dances. R. B. Rogers, Duncan and Archie Kerfoot and the Rhodes Ranch had tennis courts and gave very enjoyable tennis parties. We often had dinner parties in those days, and I remember one at R. B. Rogers' when Pierre Eyma, a new neighbor in the district, arrived in formal dinner clothes. It did not take him long to get used to our strange ways.

In 1933 I leased the old Coleman Ranch from my cousin, Ruth Laycock. It was seventeen hun-

At the Lazy JL Ranch, 1937. Back row, left to right: Alma Zuccolo, Maimie Pratt, Helen McDonald, Agness Hammond, Gwen McDougall, Tilda Hammond, Marj Atkins, Mrs. Lamont, Molly Rogers, Joan Kerfoot, Hazel Baudre, Mrs. Elder, Mrs. Pat Kerfoot, Ruth Hinde, Peggy Edge, Mrs. Patterson, Doris Ambler, Mrs. McDougall, Helen Lougheed, Vera Morrison. Seated: Jean Johnson with Peggy and Donna, Kate Rowe with Pat Morrison, Tillie Zuccolo, Agnes Richards, Mrs. Jamieson, Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Ambler, Ann Liddell, Valerie Kerfoot, Mrs. Liddell, Lucy Kerfoot with Jean.

dred acres in extent and took in Lot 5 of Morleyville Settlement. In 1885 Lucius Coleman was living in the Adams house, later owned by Jack McDonald. Two years later he built a large log house on the E½ 20-26-6-5. We moved into this house and lived there for three years. In 1933 Duncan Kerfoot was instrumental in getting my team on for the building of the Banff-Jasper Highway. They went up again in 1934, and I took them up myself and worked there in 1935 when the pay was much better. In 1936 there was a change of government, and we were told that our horses were Conservatives and could not work there. They were the best Conservatives that ever looked through a bridle.

In 1934 my wife bought the NW¼ 8-28-6-5 and homesteaded the NE¼ of 7 adjacent to it. She camped there for four summers on a creek which flowed into Rabbit Creek and it became known as Jean's Creek. I homesteaded the SW¼ 17-27-6-5, and we took a twenty year lease on three sections of Crown land. Guy Gibson put up the logs and built the fieldstone fireplace for the house on my homestead, the Lazy JL. We moved there in 1936 and finished building the house. Our daughters, Donna Carroll and Margaret Jean, got their education by Correspondence School from Edmonton till the younger of the two went to High School in Calgary and then to Olds Agricultural College.

For several years I was head guide on the C.P.R. Trail Ride. When Donna was thirteen, she came as a guide, taking complete charge of ten horses and riders. She guided in the mountains for three years and always trailed our horses up and back, alone. From 1939 till the girls left home we took in dudes, mostly children, every summer. In this way the girls were able to associate with young people from all over Canada and some from the United States and England. Every Saturday during the winter, they rode the ten miles down to Pocaterra's where Norma Piper Pocaterra gave them piano lessons and Mr. Pocaterra taught them Spanish.

In 1950 Donna married Richard Butters whose grandfather came to Alberta in 1883. Richard had a ranch, the OC, which joined our land on the south. Late in 1964 Donna and Richard bought our land and cattle to add to their own and moved up to the Lazy JL. They have three sons: Erik, Lamont and Ian.

Our younger daughter, Peggy, also lives in the Cochrane district. She spent two years in the Navy at Halifax where she married Lieutenant-Commander S. R. Wallace. He is now with the University of Calgary and they live just east of

At the forks of the Ghost River. Levi Cobb, Donna and Peggy Johnson, 1941.

Cochrane on the Lochend Road. They have three children: Robert, Laurence and Carolyn.

On June 7, 1975, Erik Butters and Wendy Fenton were married and went to live at the OC Ranch. Wendy is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lynn Fenton.

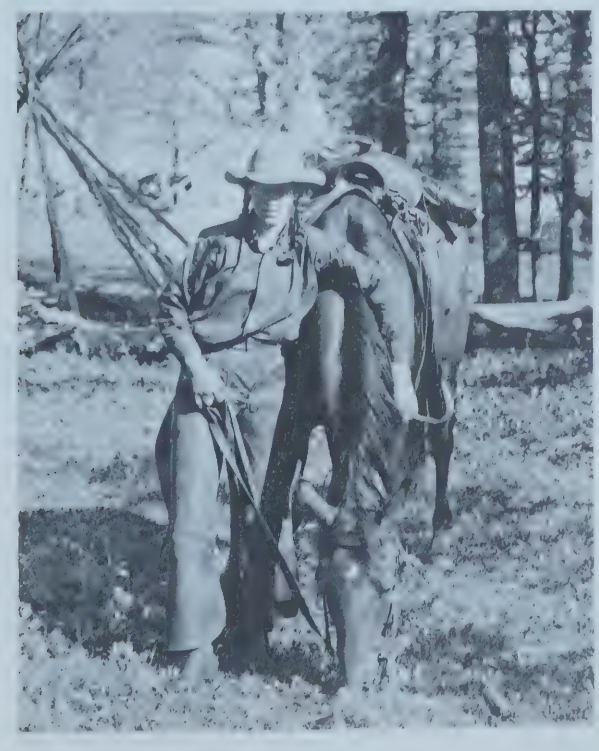
FROM "TRAIL RIDERS OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES" — June 1945

"Cochrane Girl is Horse Show Star" proclaimed a large, two-column headline in the Calgary Herald of April 7th.

The Cochrane girl is the Trail Rider's own little Donna Johnson who made her debut as a 13-year-old wrangler on the Trail Ride of three years ago, and who has been with the outfit on the last three rides, doing a man's job so capably that even her dad, Chief Wrangler Laurie Johnson, has been forced to admit that she is as good as any man.

Now nearing 16, Donna is the graceful star of the show ring. Practically born to the saddle, she is a natural rider whose effortless ease with horses has captured the envious admiration of "dudes" on the trail.

Donna's years on her dad's ranch in the Cochrane hills gave her supreme skill and confidence as a range rider, and under Laurie's tutelage she electrified the Calgary Horse Show held early in April. Laurie himself, in the days following the First World War, was top string rider at John Hazza's polo pony ranch, and still rates as one of the really stylish horsemen in the Alberta country.



Donna Johnson on C.P.R. Trail Ride at Mount Assiniboine, 1943.

Donna, of course, sits on a horse as if she were part of him, and with some coaching by her dad in show-ring deportment and style, breezed through the Calgary show. Attired in conventional bowler hat, riding habit and high riding boots, her long hair in braids down her back, Donna presented a different picture than she does on the Trail Rides where she wears practical men's shirts and denim longs and a wide-brimmed stetson.

Donna won the Calgary Herald trophy as the best rider in the show between the ages of 15 and 20 years, and an hour later went on to win the class for ladies' hunters with a sparkling performance aboard F. M. Holden's "Tiny Toes." When she appears on the Trail Rides next summer — and they wouldn't be the same without Donna — some of the guests will be having their horses saddled and cinched by one of Canada's best young riders. This is something Trail Riders suspected for a long time, but it probably took her smashing wins at the Calgary show to prove it. Whether or not Donna continues her horse show activities, one thing is certain: she has an assured future in the fancy riding profession if she chooses to follow it.

JOHN THOMAS KENDREW

John Kendrew was born in Yorkshire, England. After coming to Canada he met Jennie Gertrude Graham who was born in St. Thomas, Ontario. They were married in Willowdale, Ontario, in 1906.

The Kendrews then came to Grassy Lake, Alberta, where they homesteaded. In 1934 they started a sawmill business in the Stimson Valley northwest of Cochrane. Later they operated a sawmill in Jumping Pound and one at Kananaskis. The majority of the sawlogs for the mill were cut on the Morley Indian Reserve.

Several local boys worked at the sawmill: Bill Lathwell, Tom Beatty, Fred Kirkland, Floyd Steeves, Hamish Begg, Ted Poynter, Cliff Sargent and Bill Liddell. The boys all worked hard but still had time for fun. One night Bill Liddell came to camp with a new pair of boots; when he got up in the morning someone had nailed them to the floor.

Several weddings and births took place among the families that were camped and working at Kendrew's sawmills. When Helen and Bill Liddell were planning their marriage, they made an appointment with the minister at Morley for him to marry them. When they arrived at the church, the minister, who had forgotten the appointment, had gone on holiday. The wedding group and guests went home and got all the food they had prepared for the reception, then motored to Banff, where Bill and Helen were married in St. George's in the Pines Anglican Church. After the wedding they held the reception at a picnic ground.

The bush work was all done with horses and Thomas Hardy supplied the camp with hay.

Rex Kendrew at the sawmill.

In 1945 the Kendrews moved to Sooke, British Columbia. They had five children: Rex, born at Grassy Lake, married Dorothy Bamford of Stettler, and they have three children; Frank, Esther and Helen were born at Red Deer. Frank married Marguerite Martin and they had one son. Frank served in the Armed Forces during World War II. He passed away in 1973; Esther married Hans Amdam and they have five children; Helen married Bill Liddell and they have six children; Mary was born in Calgary, she married Bob Waters from Australia, and they have three children. All of the Kendrew children are living in British Columbia. Mr. and Mrs. John Kendrew have passed away.

THE LIDDELL FAMILY — by Isabella Milburn, with much help and material from my sister Anna Cameron.

Dad, Billy Liddell, was born in Sterling, Scotland, in 1887. He came to Canada sometime around 1903. Mom, Milda Voigt, was born near Berlin, Germany, in 1892. She was very young when her family moved to Canada. She has a younger sister, Emma, and a younger brother, Fred, who lives at Cochrane.

Mom, Dad, Bill aged six, myself aged four, and Don aged two, came from Elbow, Saskatchewan, to the Beaupré district in 1920. I can still remember going into the big house with Bill after our long trip, to find our little red play table and chairs had arrived before us.

Bill rode to the Grand Valley School. It seemed like such a long way; perhaps it was because we could not see beyond the hill to the east. The fact that Dad bought a balky pony for him did not help either. She would go along fine until she could no longer see the house, then she stopped and refused to go any farther. When I was old enough to go to school, classes were held in the Cooper house, an old vacant ranch house, a mile to the east of our northeast quarter. This was Don's first school too. We enjoyed going to school there; the partitions had been taken out, and we learned our lessons as well as we would have anywhere else. Our first teacher was Mr. Clancy. Another was Mr. MacKay. If the weather was nice he would take us outside in the afternoon. We would sit in a circle on the grass under the trees while he read to us from a big book of Bible stories. The old barns, sheds and corrals provided wonderful places to play during recesses and noon hours.

It was decided that we must have a new school — one that was more central for everyone. I can remember Mr. and Mrs. McDougall coming one evening to talk it over with my parents. Soon a new school, called Beaupré Creek, was built. This was where Anna started to school. Vernon McNamee was her first teacher and a very good one. When it was cold she would bundle up on the toboggan and Bill would pull her to school. If there was lots of snow and it was really cold, Dad hitched up a team and we rode in comfort in the sleigh. Our folks believed children should have as much education as possible so we attended regularly.

The beautiful Rocky Mountains have played a large part in our lives. They taught us all to appreciate real beauty. Although we were money poor, we had much to be thankful for.

Added to our family were six more children: Anna, Edith, Hazel, Jean, Laura and Sandy. Now

Don Liddell and Jack Poynter, 1935.

there were nine children — enough for a ball team!

Softball was one sport our district enjoyed very much. Our girls' team was very good. We won games with town and city teams. During the depression years, men in relief camps were building the 1A Highway. Their ball team would play our boys' team and after the game there would be cocoa and doughnuts in the huge cook tents. Sunday afternoon there was usually a ball game at the school and during the holidays we played in the evenings.

It seemed that for many years our world was confined to our immediate neighborhood and the three other families whose youngsters attended Beaupré Creek School: Amblers, Delbekes and McDougalls. It was quite a drive for our family, with several little ones, when we took the team and wagon to visit Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brooks in the Wildcat Hills, north of us. Grand Valley was beyond the range of hills to the east. South of us was the Bow River and the Banff Trail where, if we were really adventurous, we could catch the Calgary bus, but that was much later. Cochrane was a faraway place and it was a real occasion for us to go that far. We did have a Model T Ford car but it was only used in the warm weather and then only for long trips such as the Dog Pound picnic. We felt we were lucky to be able to go to Sunday school which was held at the Spencer Creek Ranch not far from our place. Mom appreciated this too. The ministers were: Mr. Halstead, Mr. Powell, who became the Reverend Dr. Thomas Powell, and Mr. Aldridge, who became the Reverend Dr. A. R. Aldridge.

We were fascinated with the place known as "The Old Mill" or "Robber's Roost" where fellows without homes or families made their home. I feel sad my family did not know more of these fellows. We knew one, Irish Armstrong, who had a beautiful accent and told wonderful stories. Jim Erwin, an old man, burned to death in his shack. Then there was Hughie McDonald in Jackass Canyon — he made wonderful bread. When he built his new cabin many neighbors came to give him a "housewarming." Mother's brother, Fred Voigt, stayed with us sometimes; he lived in the Canyon. Uncle George Kistner, Mom's half brother, lived with us for a while. He farmed east of Red Deer, and passed away last summer.

We had many visitors. There was seldom a meal when we did not set an extra place or two for a neighbor or a rider who dropped in. Jim McEachen was one of our favorites. He always had a kind word for us children. He walked over the hills to our place and had a visit and a coffee before leaving in time to be home for chores. We had a special regard for Mr. and Mrs. D. P. McDonald and their two lovely daughters. Helen often rode with her father. She always wore a beautiful riding habit and rode sidesaddle. She was also one of our most enthusiastic ball players. Beyond their ranch was the Glenfinnan Flats where Jack Connell had his sheep ranch.

Bill Liddell and Fred Voight sawing wood with a Model T during the 1920s.

The highlights of our year were the 24th of May picnic at D. P. McDonalds; the School Fair in Cochrane in September when Bob Hogarth or Walter Aris came out to pick up our calves, sheep, and vegetables for the fair, and we rode to Cochrane in the truck with him; and the Christmas concert at the school when the school would be packed with people from far and near.

We liked the Indians, though Mom always seemed a little afraid of them. They would come and ask for milk. We always had plenty and were glad to give them some. The day before the Dog Pound picnic we would watch them go by with teams and wagons; many riders followed behind. They would camp overnight on their way to the picnic. We loved the little ones, so bright eyed and solemn. We also enjoyed playing ball with the Indian girls at the Morley School.

Our parents must have found times very hard during the Depression with so many to feed and clothe, but we can truthfully say we never went hungry. Mother's baked beans and baking powder biscuits were company fare anytime. She could make a good meal with what most people waste. We always had a good garden and we all grew up to be a healthy lot. Bill and Don hunted big game so we usually had lots of venison and moose which we enjoyed very much. If there was any left in the spring Mom would can it for summer use. Our brothers brought home many a mess of delicious trout from Robinson Creek. Fresh fish and meat were real treats in the summer. We always had milk cows and a herd of beautiful purebred Herefords, which were worth little in those days. We shipped cream to the Cochrane creamery and that helped to pay the grocery bill.

On the hills west of us was lots of wild fruit: saskatoons, chokecherries, raspberries and strawberries. We would pack a lunch, take the team and wagon, and the family would go berry picking. Mom was a real berry picker and I am

sure she was disappointed many times with what we brought home when we went alone on our ponies. We had so much fun walking, climbing the hills, and just riding.

Dad and my brothers would go to the bush to cut dry wood, then haul it home to be sawed in stove length blocks. The trip took all day. The wood was sawed by jacking up the Model T car; a belt was put around the rear wheel of the car and the pulley on the saw. A large wagon load of stove wood sold in Cochrane for $10.00. If the men were late coming home from the bush, Mom would light the coal-oil lantern and take it with her as she walked around the big hill to the west to listen for the wagons coming. When she heard them she returned home and had supper ready to put on the table when the men came in from tending the horses. She always made sure the chores were finished before dark.

Don trapped a lot of coyotes and weasels. He was not very popular when he caught a skunk, which left a most unpleasant smell around the place. During the summer we trapped gophers and sold them to Pierre Eyma, who fed them to his mink. Pierre paid us one cent for each gopher. We saved the tails and the Government paid us one cent for them. We also got money for magpie eggs, crow eggs, and their legs.

We looked forward to threshing time. Lloyd Fenton was our thresherman. He would pull his huge machine into the district and thresh each crop as it was ready. Many men and teams were needed to load the racks with the bundles and to haul the grain. The men had to be up early to feed and harness the horses so they could be ready to start work at daylight.

When they were drilling for oil and gas in the Wildcat Hills north of us, wooden derricks were used. The men lived in tents. Dad hauled water from a lake to the well site with horses and a big water tank mounted on a wagon. He pumped the water by hand. After the drilling outfit moved out of our district, we used the wagon and tank during the dry years, to haul water from Spencer Creek to the ranch. Our creek would dry up except for a few deep holes where the cattle and horses could drink.

Don worked on the Jasper highway. Bill went to work at Kendrew's sawmill. Kendrews moved into the district in the mid-1930s. Bill bought Mom a Maytag washing machine with his first pay cheque. She was still using it in 1975.

In September 1939, we moved from the Beaupré district to a farm in the Madden area. Dad passed away in 1948. Mother stayed on the farm then moved to Carstairs in 1965. We have our family gatherings at her home. She is very active and looks after her house and garden.

I married Jack Milburn and we live at Bonanza, Alberta. We took up a homestead here ten years ago. Our four daughters are married. We see them and their families often.

Bill married Helen Kendrew in 1940 and they are living in Kimberley, British Columbia. They raised five sons and one daughter.

Anna married Roy Cameron in 1942. They raised a family of eleven. Roy passed away in 1964 and a dear son passed away in September 1973. Anna, one daughter, and one son are still on their farm at Madden.

Hazel and her husband, Willard Jordan, one son and one daughter make their home at Grand Centre, Alberta.

Jean and her husband, Denny Ryan, and their two married daughters live in Victoria.

Sandy's wife, Pat Sheilds, had four boys from a previous marriage. She and Sandy have one son and one daughter. They live in Eckville, Alberta.

All the other members of our family live in Red Deer. Don married a Madden girl, Helen Pride, and they have three daughters and one son.

Edith has never married. She works at the Associate Clinic in Red Deer and has been there many years.

Laura and her husband, John Wittchen, have four sons and two daughters. Terry, their oldest son, is married. He and his brother Larry are well known in local hockey and play for the Red Deer Rustlers.

A. W. MacDONALD 1831-1927 — by D. M. McDonald

A. W. MacDonald was born in the northwestern highlands of Scotland in Invernesshire, a land as rugged as the inhabitants of this picturesque home of the clan MacDonald. Earning a living was either by being a gamekeeper, shepherd, or a crofter. A crofter was a tenant farmer of the large landowners who were either titled people or wealthy people called Lairds.

MacDonald was an employee and also a crofter on land owned by a Laird MacDonnell. The Laird had dreams of a fortune to be made by trading with the Indians in far off western Canada. He asked MacDonald to accompany him as an employee on this venture. In 1881 they sailed from Scotland for the United States where they sailed by riverboat up the Missouri River to Fort Benton, Montana. The Laird purchased four horses, a wagon and all the goods and necessary articles they would need on their long journey on the trail to the banks of the Ghost River. They followed the route used by the I. G. Baker Company who were operating a trading post and supplying the N.W.M.P. in Calgary.

After a journey of six months from the time they left Scotland, they arrived on the North Fork of the Ghost River north of Morley, Alberta. Here they built a trading post and spent the winter of 1881. In the spring of 1882, the Laird returned to Scotland and instructed MacDonald to meet him in Fort Benton in the spring of 1883 and to purchase more goods to trade. When MacDonald arrived in Fort Benton there was a

Mr. and Mrs. Angus MacDonald.

letter for him advising him the Laird was not going to return to Canada and that he was to keep all the Laird's property as wages. It must have been quite a shock to a 53 year old man, in a strange country, his family in far off Scotland, with very little money and miles away from the Ghost River. He had no other choice but to return to Canada. To have embarked on such an undertaking in the first place at the age of 50 years, an age at which most of us think we have reached the twilight of our lives, speaks well of the courage of our ancestors. Starting an entirely new type of life in a far off land shows the true pioneering spirit of our forefathers.

Upon his return to the Ghost River, he filed a homestead which he named Glenfinnan in remembrance of the birthplace of his wife in far off Scotland. He worked hard, cutting hay which he sold to the construction crews that were building the C.P.R. He even hauled hay as far as Banff, no mean feat I would say. He raised a few cattle and by 1886 he had saved enough money to send for his family.

Mrs. MacDonald was living on the banks of the loch near Arisaig, which is about 60 miles west of Fort William. She and her three daughters and three sons had to walk five miles

Angus MacDonald family at the Glennfinnan Ranch. Left to right: Maggie, Mr. and Mrs. MacDonald, Sandy, D. P. and Joanne.

Taken at a 50th Anniversary, standing left to right: Mrs. Coatsworth, Joanne Phipps, and Jessie Perry. Seated: Mrs. James Quigley, Mrs. D. P. McDonald and Mrs. Phipps.

around the loch where they had to be rowed out to the ship that was to take them to Canada. Their many friends and neighbours carried their belongings to the ship and wished them Godspeed on their journey. The children were, Margaret, age 20, later known as Maggie Robertson, wife of James Robertson; Jessie, age 19, later Mrs. Charlie Perry; Donald, age 18, later known as D.P. of the Mount Royal Ranch; Angus, age 14, who later homesteaded north of Cochrane; Alex, age 12, best known as Sandy and foreman of the last Cochrane Roundup, and Joanne, age 9, later Mrs. George Phipps. It must have been quite an experience looking after this brood on the long journey to Cochrane. Mr. MacDonald met them at Cochrane where they arrived on one of the first trains that was going to Vancouver. They arrived late in the evening and drove the 20 miles to their new home.

Mrs. MacDonald was born in 1836, and passed away in 1912. Shortly after her passing, and upon the death of his son-in-law, George Phipps, Mr. MacDonald sold the Glenfinnan to Doctor Muir. He and his daughter, Mrs. Joanne Phipps, and her two children, Agnes and Jack, moved to live with his son, Angus, who at that time was not

A family gathering at the Glenfinnan Ranch. From the left: Duncan Gillies, William Simpson, Enie Gillies, D. P. McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Morrison, Maggie Robertson holding her daughter Margaret, Annie Gillies, Mrs. D. P. McDonald, Mrs. Simpson, Jim Robertson, Joanne McDonald, Grandma McDonald, Mr. McEachen, Mr. Gillies, Grandpa McDonald, Mrs. Gillies. Children: Donald Simpson, Helen McDonald, Chrissie Robertson, Toddles McDonald, Angus Robertson, Jim Simpson.

married. In 1917 Mr. MacDonald purchased a house in the east end of the village of Cochrane where he, Mrs. Phipps and her two children lived until he passed away in his sleep on the 20th of February, 1927, at the age of 96. He had at no time in his life been ill and, till the very last, did not show any signs of being senile.

It was men and women of the caliber of Mr. and Mrs. MacDonald that helped to develop this wonderful country of ours. It took a great deal of courage and faith in the future to bear the trials and tribulations that must have beset them.

The last owner of the Glenfinnan was Hamish Begg. He sold the ranch to the Alberta Government who returned it to the Stoney Indians for road allowance rights on another part of the Morley Reserve. Truly a fitting end to the story of Mr. MacDonald.

D. P. McDONALD FAMILY — by Kathleen Bowlen

My mother, Isabel (Belle) McLachlan, her sister, Kate, (who later married Murdoch McPherson) and their brother, Dan, came West from Glengarry County, Ontario, in 1886. The girls worked in and around Calgary. On February 19, 1894. Belle married D. P. McDonald. The wedding took place at the Bayne house, a two-storey frame house situated a little west of the Mount Royal ranch; they lived there until Father took over the Mount Royal ranch from Mr. Wells. Momma was well educated and she enjoyed music and good books. She was an excellent cook and certainly had plenty of practice. There were no convenient household appliances in those days that are available to the women on the ranches today. Momma enjoyed company and was always pleased when some of the neighbors dropped in. She dearly loved a good argument and nine times out of ten, she came out the winner. Father and Momma were fond of dancing and they went to several balls in Calgary. In 1917 Momma and Aunt Kate put on a concert and dance in the Chester Hall in Cochrane and the proceeds went to the Cochrane boys serving Overseas.

There were a lot of ducks, geese and turkeys raised on the ranch. One Sunday in July 1927, there was a terrible hail storm, the stones at the beginning of the storm were as large as golf balls The geese, ducks and turkeys were all killed before they could get into shelter. Four horses were killed by lightning, several went through fences and were badly cut. After the storm was over, there was nine inches of hail on the ground.

Helen and I attended school in Calgary at Sacred Heart Convent. It was rough at first, after being used to roaming the wide open spaces. The nearest school was the Grand Valley and that was too far to ride, especially, in the winter time. At school we played baseball, basketball, and other games, had long walks, then back to the books, but every evening we could dance for half an hour. Lights out at 9:00 p.m. and up at 6:30 a.m.

D. P. McDonald, Mrs. McDonald, Helen and Toddles.

Helen was terrified of chickens; one day when we were going riding, there were two hens in the harness room. Helen went in to get her horse bridle, I shut the door, hooked it from the outside, and left her there. Boy! did I ever get a licking. That ended my pranks for awhile. Helen always rode side saddle and I a flat saddle. Helen rode over the jumps, but I was too chicken to try.

Angus McDonald (son of Sandy McDonald), Toddles and Helen, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. D. P. McDonald.

For six years prior to her death, Momma was in poor health. July 19, 1939, Momma passed away. Helen took care of her and it was no easy task.

My father was called D.P. by most people. He was a fair athlete, was good at pole vaulting and could run a right smart 100 yard dash. He could ride a pretty good bucking horse and he loved to curl. Often, when the roads were bad he would take his saddle horse and ride to Cochrane for a game. On the "North of the Bow" roundups in the 1890s, D.P. and Osborn Reid of Dog Pound were said to be the snappiest calf wrestling team in the business. He always rode some of his own horses at the Cochrane races and judged the light horses a few times at the spring and summer shows in Calgary.

The hospitality at the Mount Royal was well known and no one wanting a meal or a bed was ever turned away. That same hospitality goes for all the other ranchers around the district. The doors were never locked, anyone could go in and make a meal and maybe leave a note on the table saying who had been there.

D.P. took his last ride July 18, 1944. He was bringing cattle in from the lease, suffered a heart attack and passed away. I know that he would not have wanted it any other way.

After my father's death, Helen took over the running of the ranch, except for the cattle. It was quite a task for Helen, and often very lonely. Helen was a generous person and was very good to our children. She took them to the ranch for holidays; we sent a girl along to help with the small ones and to help Helen with the work. Helen was an excellent cook and her special dinners were more like banquets. She never bothered to take a holiday and her health finally failed her.

My father always had black Angus cattle. Some of the better cows were kept and my husband, Eddie, bought a white Shorthorn bull; as a result we had some very nice blue roan cattle. Over the years the ranch was stocked with good Hereford cattle. All the horses excepting the saddle horses and some work horses, were sold. Most of them went to the fox farm. The pasture was needed for the cattle.

In 1965 Helen sold her interest in the ranch and cattle to our son, Jaye. He has made a lot of improvements on the ranch, breaking up more land and is able to grow more cattle feed. I am sure Jaye and his wife, Yvonne, will be very successful in their ranching venture.

There were a lot of good horses raised on the ranch. Among them was Pride, a good looking chestnut horse by Eagle Plume out of a mare called Lizzet. Pride was undefeated in the saddle horse classes at Calgary from 1909 to 1911. In 1911 he was Grand Champion at the Provincial Horse Show in Calgary. That same year he won several prizes in Winnipeg, including the one mile Hunt Club race over jumps. He was sold then to Colonel A. D. McRae of Vancouver. Mrs. McRae went on to win many prizes with Pride. They docked him and changed his name to Gold Dust. He won the Champion Steeplechase over a three mile course.

My pride and joy was a bay 14.2 pony called "Colleen." She won many first prizes at the Calgary and Edmonton shows. She was later taken to New York and sold to Mr. Zeigler. She won the light weight polo pony class at Madison Square Gardens, in New York City. The only thing Colleen could not do was beat a horse named "Dingin" owned by Alex Beadle. He could beat Colleen every time in the quarter-mile dash.

THE MOUNT ROYAL RANCH

In 1881 A. P. Patrick, a Dominion Government surveyor, took out a lease of five thousand acres along the Ghost River about four miles north of the Bow River. He called it the Mount Royal Ranch and it was the first privately owned ranch in the area. At that time the Government allowed large leases to be taken out for a cent an acre. A homestead could be established on the leases if there was ample water supply; naturally most early settlers built their houses and stables near good springs and creeks. After obtaining his lease and erecting the necessary buildings required, A. P. Patrick went to Eastern Canada and purchased two hundred head of stock to put on the lease. The cattle were shipped as far as Winnipeg and then trailed overland to the ranch. The drive from Winnipeg took six months. In 1883 A. P. Patrick took Mr. Bayne into partnership with him on the Mount Royal. In September of that year, Frank Ricks arrived from Oregon with two hundred and fifty head of horses for the ranch. They had been purchased from D. E. Gilman and Company in Oregon. Frank Ricks started north with the herd in May and came through the Crows Nest Pass and then along the foothills. The drive ended in September. Frank remained working for the Mount Royal and became well known as an outstanding rider of the area.

A. P. Patrick married Maggie McPherson, daughter of Murdoch McPherson who came into the area in 1884. In 1886 they sold the ranch to W. C. Wells and Nelson Brown. Mr. Wells owned a sawmill at Palliser, British Columbia, and he did not spend much time on the ranch. A. P. Patrick had been concentrating on raising horses but Wells and Brown decided to change over to cattle. They brought five hundred head from British Columbia and added to the herd they had purchased with the ranch. The following winter was extremely cold and many of the cattle that were brought from British Columbia perished.

Around 1887 Donald Peter McDonald went to work on the Mount Royal and at that time Frank Sibbald, son of Andrew Sibbald of Morleyville, was the ranch foreman. In 1890 D. P. McDonald became ranch foreman and in 1901 he made an

agreement with Wells and Brown to take over the ranch and he eventually became owner of it. After Mr. Wells sold out his interest in the ranch, he entered politics in British Columbia and became a member of the Legislature there. A grandson of D. P. McDonald, Jaye Bowlen, is now operating the Mount Royal Ranch.

SMOKEY — by K. Bowlen

In the early 1900s, my father, D. P. McDonald, bought some horses from W. D. Kerfoot of Grand Valley, and Smokey was one of the horses. He was by the Thoroughbred horse, Porton, out of a hackney mare. In his younger days, he was generally esteemed as one of the smartest and handiest cow ponies on the range.

I really don't know how Smokey's jumping ability was discovered, but he would jump out of the corral whenever he felt like it. I think the credit will have to go to Tom McCaul, a young Irish boy, who came to work at the ranch. Anyway, Tom and Smokey made their jumping debut at the Calgary Exhibition in 1908, clearing the bar at 5'6''. After very little training, the next year he raised his mark by four inches. In 1910 he jumped 6'2''.

In 1911 at the spring show in the old Sherman Rink on 17th Avenue and Centre Street, Miss Bernice Walsh rode him over a 6'2'' bar; incidentally, that was a world's record for Miss Walsh as an amateur lady high jump rider. In 1912 Smokey jumped 6'2''; he was ridden by Angus McPherson of the Merino Ranch, who weighed 165 pounds. That was the first time Angus McPherson had ever ridden him. In 1913, ridden by a stranger, he quit at 5'10'' and was beaten by Sioux who made six feet. At the following exhibition, ridden by Jack Hennessey, he cleared 6'3''. Between these two shows he got the only real training he ever had. At the Edmonton show he was ridden out by Percy Sawtelle at five feet. After the Edmonton show he was turned out and not touched until February, then he was taken up and jumped on the line. At the Edmonton show the first week in April, 1914, Smokey cleared 6'10'' ridden by Percy Sawtelle (a jockey). After that a lot of people wanted my father to retire him, but the old horse went on to jump 7 feet, which was a record for an Alberta bred horse. Smokey's record of 7 feet held until 1930 when Rolla G. Kripp, ridden by Ernie Bell, jumped 7 feet.

Smokey was retired in 1915 and died on the ranch at age 26. Percy Sawtelle went to war the summer of 1914 and was killed in Action in 1915.

MOUNT ROYAL PICNIC — by K. Bowlen

Weather permitting, there was a picnic held every year on May 24, at the Mount Royal Ranch owned by Mr. and Mrs. D. P. McDonald. The site was about a mile southeast of the ranch buildings. The night prior to the picnic our barn was always bulging with horses that would be contesting the next day. At first my mother did all the cooking for the event, but it wasn't long until everyone brought food. Tablecloths were spread on the ground, the food set out, and tea and coffee was served. After lunch there were foot races for the children and grown ups, pole vaulting, high jumping, a few horse races, and a tug of war. It gradually got bigger and from 1936 on, it was all horse races, with many novelty

Picnic grounds at the Mount Royal Ranch.

events added. People came from near and far to take part. In 1946 the gymkhana was moved to Cochrane, thus, ending one of the yearly events that was looked forward to each year and had been enjoyed by so many.

MR. AND MRS. D P McDONALD — by Jack Fuller

D P was a quiet man. Almost shy. Perhaps a little awed by the women in his life for he was, first and last, a horse and cow man of the old school. Soft spoken with a subtle sense of humour and, a soft, almost silent laugh. In a country where cussing was a fine art his sole contribution to blasphemy was, "Great Scott, is zat so." Once when told that the Mounted Police had found fifty of his beef hides cached in the Red Deer River his only comment was, "Great Scott, I wonder who did it." (The rustlers were later caught and drew seven years for luck.) Though a canny Scot by birth, he was, in many ways, generous to a fault. He may not have always paid top wages but his monthly grub bill must have been the highest, for his hospitality was the warmest in the country. Kids, cowpunchers, cattle buyers, horse thieves and Indians rode miles out of their way to rest their elbows on Momma D P's red flowered tablecloths and she served more between-meal dinners than any short order cook in the country. Looking back across the years, the untiring effort, energy and achievements of such Old Timers is almost unbelievable; few could wear their moccasins today.

D P must have had more than a little administrative ability to accomplish what he did. He ran two brands: 75 and DP. His cattle ranged over the muskeg and timbered valleys of the foothills as far as the Greasy Plains twenty-odd miles to the north. His horses ranged over the same country but as far west as the Sand Hills on the North Fork of the Ghost River. He had calf camps up Big Hill Creek and on the Burnt Ground northeast of Cochrane and camps and range on the Rosebud, a hundred miles to the east. There were no trucks or cattle liners in those days; he trailed his cattle back and forth, bossed the job from a horse's back and covered more miles a year than a Canada goose. As well as running these several outfits he found time to raise a fair-sized bunch of pedigreed Thoroughbreds, Hunters, French Coach, Clyde and Shire horses, train and race a small string of race horses, train and show jumpers, hunters, saddle stock and prize studs, ship carloads of polo ponies, hunters and saddle stock to New York and the southern States, butcher his own beef, drive his family to church in Cochrane on Sunday and stage an annual picnic at the Big Springs on Spencer Creek every twenty-fourth of May, which left just enough time to get Brodie to cut his hair and say, "Here's where I get paid for going through the motions."

D P raised some good horses and, but for Government red tape, might have had some fame. Shortly after World War I, two government men made a special trip from Ottawa to purchase a chestnut stud D P had raised, which, according to statistics, was the biggest boned Thoroughbred on record. They were authorized to pay D P one thousand dollars for the horse and ship him east where his skeleton was to be mounted in the Ottawa museum. D P had sold the horse a short time before to a neighboring rancher but offered to buy it back; however, because he did not own it at the time, they refused to take it. A shining example of governmental hair splitting. Perhaps, of all the horses D P raised or owned he will be best remembered for the Alberta Cow Country's Aristrocrat, "Smokey", the little high jump champion.

D P didn't quite deserve all the credit for Smokey. Smokey's hide should be in a museum but it likely fed a hungry coyote. If it's still hanging on someone's fence, you might find a crown brand on the right thigh. Duncan and Pat Kerfoot raised Smokey, broke him and trained him for a polo pony. They did a good job for he turned out to be the best cutting horse in the country and D P bought him for just that. The Kerfoot boys knew he could jump and likely told D P, but, from then on D P deserves all the credit, for he trained the little horse and made him a champion.

I happened to stop at the Mount Royal Ranch the night they got home from the show where Smokey's record was broken. At supper that night, Irish, D P's trainer, and the rest of the boys, were all mad enough to chew nails and spit nickels. In spite of D P insisting it had been a fair contest, he couldn't shut the boys up. Irish claimed that when Smokey had made his record jump, the top bar had been tied on with two strands of binder twine but when the horse that broke Smokey's record made his jump, the top bar was buckled on with a double wrap of a flat saddle stirrup leather. Just how great a contribution D P made to Alberta's Light Horse and horse show industry is hard to say but I doubt if he got more than a small part of the

D. P. McDonald with his Coach horse, Napoleon, and his Shire, Governor, held by Harry Bullock.

credit due for the time, effort and expense involved.

The Mount Royal Ranch is fifteen miles or so from Cochrane. Cochrane was twenty-two miles from Calgary by rail. Stock had to be trailed to Cochrane, loaded on cars and shipped to Calgary, Edmonton or elsewhere. You couldn't turn a bunch of bang tails, show ring stock and prize studs loose and haze them down the trail; maybe you could have, but they would never have looked the same again. They all had to be led separately. Napoleon's retreat from Moscow might have been bigger but no more spectacular than the Mount Royal Ranch en route to the big show.

First the Thoroughbreds, led by exercise boys, blanketed if the weather was bad, eager to run, or walking with the long, gliding stride only the Thoroughbred knows. Next the show ring stock, hunters, jumpers, saddle and harness stock and last, the big prize stallions, fat and slick as seals, their foretops, manes and tails a hairdresser's masterpiece of French braids and colored wool, brass and silver studded halters, saddle soaped and shining, as the big studs, full of fight, reared and squealed or, grunted, as the men leading them jerked on the brightly burnished lead chains running through the stud bits to keep each in its place. Strung out half a mile or more along the dusty trail or, through the snow or through the rain and mud for, then as now, the show must go on. Surely a worthwhile effort, as historical as the prairie trail they trod.

Behind every great man is a great woman and Momma D P was all that and more. She loved her horses. To watch the McDonald silks lead the field under the wire, and her two daughters winning ribbons in the show ring, were the great thrills of her life. D P might not have been so enthusiastic had she not loved it so. It was her only luxury, her only extravagance, she loved it every minute and no one deserved it more, for she was a hard-working woman with plain and simple tastes and a heart as big as the whole outdoors.

She'd walk a mile to watch a horse jump, buck or race. Boney Thompson was her favorite bronc rider and she never tired telling of watching him ride a big, brown Thoroughbred mare of D P's that, she claimed, turned a complete somersault with Thompson scratching sparks out of her ears, laughing and talking all the while.

There was a little paddock around the house to keep the stock away but in the spring at foaling time, Momma D P kept her

Branding at the Mount Royal Ranch. Ropers: Gordon Carling, Angus McDonald. Branding: D. P. McDonald, Alex McLachlan, Duncan and Archie Kerfoot. Do not know others in background.

Thoroughbred mares there where she could keep an eye on them in case they needed help. They often did and many a Thoroughbred colt would never have lived to carry the McDonald colors but for her gentle hands.

We'd come to the Cochrane district in 1905. In 1910 my folks located on the forks of the Grease Creek and Little Red Deer River and started a small horse ranch. It takes horses a while to range break and for the next few years it seemed I spent most of my days and a lot of my nights, tracking down horses and trailing them home. I was only ten or eleven years old at that time and a regular customer at Momma D P's dinner table, usually an hour or two late, but she'd get my dinner and sit and talk to me while I ate. She would ask me all about our place and how many horses we had and when I'd tell her she'd say, "Great God, you'll soon be as rich as old George Creighton." I think she enjoyed kidding me but our horses finally range broke and maybe she was as glad as we were. Even at that we had better luck than old Hughie McDonald.

Hughie and his brother George had a place near Calgary and too many horses. They took out a lease up the Ghost River west of D P's, trailed their horses up and turned them loose but they were a homesick bunch. Hughie said he could trail them up from Calgary, turn them loose on the lease, ride into Morley, sack his saddle, catch the train to Calgary, take a taxi home and his horses would be waiting for him to let them in the gate.

Besides taking care of a big house, cooking three meals a day for a gang of men and feeding half the riders in the country, Momma D P raised a few hundred geese, turkeys, and chickens. Hunting up the nests they stole away, gathering the eggs, hatching her broods and fighting off the magpies and coyotes was a man-sized job. She kept a few coyote hounds and when they jumped a coyote out on the flat I think she enjoyed the chase as much as the hounds did. Magpies and coyotes were about the only unwelcome visitors at the Mount Royal and some hundred-odd coyote tails nailed on the back wall of the machine shed proved a lot of coyotes learned it the hard way.

My dad and I stopped for supper one night on our way home with a bunch of horses. When she learned my mother had some geese but no gander, she went down to the barn with us after supper, corralled a bunch of her geese, caught a big gander and gave it to my dad. He put the gander in an oat sack, stuck its head out through a hole and handed it to me. I tied the sack to my saddle horn with the old gander half sitting on my off knee. It was early spring and near dark by the time we got strung out and by the time we got in the timber up the Montreal Valley it was black as pitch. Those horses wanted to go any place but where we were headed and broke up every draw and through every patch of timber on the trail home. The old gander never let out a squawk and ducked the limbs and brush like an old horse thief. I'll bet he's still telling his grandchildren of chasing range horses through the Alberta foothills in the dark of the moon.

D. P. McDonald, when he worked for Mr. Wells at the Mount Royal.

The fact that Momma D P had a couple of good-looking daughters almost as nice as she was didn't help D P's grub bill any. The spring of 1917, while the girls were home for Easter, Marshall Baptie, Laurie Johnson and I were breaking remounts at the lower Bar C. We galloped our broncs out on Beaupré Flats, which was open country at that time. Once our broncs got strung out we'd ride over to D P's, kid a while with the girls and ride back and get a new string. We could ride out fifteen or twenty broncs a day with a few little visits on the side.

None of us fancied our own or each other's cooking, so we usually just happened to be talking to the girls about the time Momma D P would come out and say, "Come and set the table, girls, and you boys might as well tie up your horses and stay for dinner." We took an unfair advantage of her for a week or more, for I doubt if she enjoyed our company as much as we did her cooking.

Not long after the First World War the bottom dropped out of the cow business. Fall calves sold for three dollars a head, cows for fifteen and horses for a dime a dozen. Folks pensioned their old horses off and turned them loose to enjoy what life they had left, and fur farms and horsemeat packing plants were a curse to come. The slump left a lot of the boys, just back from the war, at loose ends and more than a few of those loose ends drifted into Jack Ass Canyon and holed up at the Mill. Exshaw McDonald paid some of the grub bills but for the most part they lived off the fat of the land and the best place to

get fat in that part of the land was Momma D P's dining room table. Scarce a day passed but one or more of those loose ends dropped in to help keep D P's grub from spoiling.

One day, when a couple of those loose ends dropped in for dinner, Momma D P apologized for not having any meat. She said, Donald has had a beef in for a week but just hasn't had the time to butcher." One of them said, "Gee Mrs. McDonald I'm sure sorry I didn't know, I'd have brought you over some. We had a calf break its leg and we had to butcher it, I'll bring you over a hindquarter this afternoon." He was as good as his word but it was one of D P's calves they'd sidehill butchered a few nights before. Even so, with calves at three dollars a head it was a friendly gesture, typical of the man who made it for he'd have given you the shirt off his back and, taken yours while you slept, yet, the world would be a dreary place but for his kind.

Grub-line riders, or saddle tramps, as they are called today, were, in reality, non-existent in this part of the country. Cowpunchers were a restless lot. The men that graced Momma D P's dining room table represented most of the Western States. Some had been to the Argentine and back. Even the local boys had worked on ranches scattered over most of Alberta. They'd drop in for a meal, a day or maybe a week, sometimes they'd stay all winter, but they were always welcome and more than earned their keep. They were congenial, capable, and often did more work than a high-priced hired man. Of the "loose ends" that hung around the Mill, those still living are respected citizens today in many walks of life. Most have crossed the Big Divide but they have lots of friends at both ends of the trail. Nor were Momma and Poppa D P the only big-hearted couple in the country, they were one of many. Hospitality was a common courtesy of the open range, but fortunately for the women, now a historical has-been, for it was the women who bore the brunt of the worry and the work.

A lot of water has run down Spencer Creek since those days. The D P picnic at the Big Springs is but a memory. Trucks, tractors and farm machinery clutter the little paddock where Momma D P once kept her Thoroughbred mares at foaling time. No horse wears the DP high on its withers, and Charlie Russell would have starved to death painting the breed of cows that pack the old 75 brand. The old machine shed with the hundreds of coyote tails tacked on the north wall is long gone. There are no flocks of geese and turkeys squawking around the barnyard and the creek is mostly dry. The big barn still stands but no prize studs or Thoroughbreds breast the box stall doors taking playful nips at you as you walk by. The big harness room is empty. The hundreds of ribbons that once adorned the walls are packed away in trunks. Only the wind sighs through the empty loft and sagging doors, mourning an era forever gone.

Momma and Poppa D P have long since taken the trail where the tracks lead only one way but if there is a Short Grass Country in that Great Beyond, five will get you ten, that they are still dishing up grub to a bunch of broken-down cowpunchers, horse thieves and Indians. They'd all be there. Boney Thompson, George Creighton, Charlie Miokle, Ed Johnson, Frank Ricks, Me Track'em, Irish, Paul Beaver and Jonas Benjamin and maybe more, with D P sitting at the head of the table carving half-inch thick slices off a hundred-dollar roast laughing soft at the tall stories being swapped across that red-flowered tablecloth. If there's an extra place set I hope it's for me. Progress may be a great thing for the country's economy but it's left a hell of a big hole they'll never, never fill.

OLD COWBOY'S DREAM — by E. Ward Rivard

To all the happy memories of the Mount Royal and Bar C Ranches

Last night I dreamed that I rode once again
With the friends of my youth on that far distant plain.
The friends of my youth, the old friends so dear,
Like music the laughter that fell on my ear.

The Rockies arose, majestic and grand,
Like sentinels stationed to guard that fair land.
The Bow swiftly flowing beneath the blue sky;
'Twas a scene ne'er forgot till the day that I die.

From the hilltop we gazed o'er the valley below
Where the herds slowly grazed by the sides of the Bow.
On far distant ridge there vanished from sight
A bunch of wild horses in fear-maddened flight.

The horse that I rode, oh! Strange did it seem
To be riding old Smokey again, in my dream;
There wasn't a doubt, it was plain as could be,
The crown on his hip, on his shoulder "DP."

The creaking of leather, the jingle of spurs
Was sweeter to me than the song of the birds;
Down the trail I could hear a voice gaily sing
As we rode the old range on the roundup in spring.

Dawn came, and my heart seemed to break with its pain,
When I tried to recall the sweet dream again,
To turn back the pages of time
To the days of my youth and the joy that was mine.

DAVID RODERICK MACDONALD AND JOHN HARDY McDONALD — by Dorothy M. Edge

Going West seemed like a good idea to brothers David and John. Due to an oversight their last names were spelled differently. David was better known as "Exshaw" Macdonald or "Mac." John went by the name of Hardy McDonald. They had one sister, Hannah, who lived and passed away in Vancouver.

Mac was born on November 21, 1881, in Springhill, Nova Scotia. After spending two or three years in Winnipeg, Mac came West in 1910 and started a general store in Exshaw. Two or three years later Hardy came West and worked for Mac in the store, the Exshaw Trading Company. Mac also was the postmaster.

Mac and Hardy married sisters, Adam Baptie's daughters. Hardy married Cecile and Mac married Margaret (Sis). Adam had left his homestead in Grand Valley to be the stockman on the Morley Indian Reserve. While there, the Bapties lived close to the McDougall Church and their children attended school at Morley. Later Adam Baptie ran the post office in Exshaw.

As a sideline Mac purchased the SW¼ 6-27-5-5 from Mr. Robinson in the Beaupré area in 1916. He also leased land in the surrounding area and owned and raised many horses. The Macdonalds did not live on this property and Ed Rowe was Mac's right-hand man. Mac used the Four Bar brand, and the old Wolfhead brand, which was Adam Baptie's old brand.

At one time the Quigleys operated a sawmill on this property. The small house only had two rooms but to anyone needing a place to stay for the night, there was always room for one more. This so called local YMCA named itself "Robber's Roost." Over the years many visitors came and went: Clem Edge, horsebreaker, stockman and rancher; Boney Thompson, bronc rider; George Forgey, horse wrangler; Doc Morgan, an American; Ed Bowlen, champion calf roper at the Calgary Stampede in 1923; Charlie Pedeprat, expert axeman; Pat Linfoot, horseman and polo player; Laurie Johnson, horseman and polo player; Brian Walker, a member of the North West Mounted Police; Walter Armsdon, a Mount Royal Ranch cowboy; Jake Two Youngman, southern Alberta Indian who lived on the Morley Reserve; Bill Loblaw, who rounded up horses for Mac and Hardy; Jim, Bob and Marshall Baptie, Mac and Hardy's brothers-in-law; Garry Fuller and his son Jack, Jack became a famous sculptor; Tom Powderface, a Stoney Indian; Ray Bagley, mountain guide, and his sons Earl, Bill and Jim; Jim Irwin, who worked for Mac and Hardy part time feeding cattle; Johnnie Musgo, trapper, packer and guide; Fred Voight, who looked after horses sometimes and attended to Johnnie Musgo's trapline in his absence; Chet Ogan, mountain guide and cowboy, who never backed down from anybody regardless of size; Irish Armstrong, who had joined the British Navy at the age of 14; Watty Potts, who did the cooking; Frank Wellman, neighbor west of Mount Royal Ranch; Wes Farr, a Bar C Ranch foreman; Bill Reid, who had been a physical instructor in the British Navy and was an ardent boxer; Ivan O'Neill, horse buyer from Crossfield; Hughie McDonald, a good biscuit maker; Len Blow, cowboy and dealer; Noah Goat, a Stoney Indian, who camped near during summers; and Gustave Delbeke, cowboy and neighbor; and a cowboy, Ollie Armstrong, and his wife stayed one summer.

Anyone who was at Robber's Roost for any length of time got plenty of practice at riding broncs and tossing lassos. When Harry Knight was just a young boy Mac brought him down from Banff, and while here Harry rode many broncs and became a well-known cowboy. He now lives in Colorado.

Usually someone was in charge of the cooking detail and there was always a supply of beans on hand. The rule was that if anyone grouched about the victuals being served, he would have to do the cooking. Ed Rowe narrowly escaped when he said, "These beans aren't cooked — but they're sure good!"

Bill Ross, a horse buyer from Saskatchewan, drove out to take a look at some horses. He and Ed Rowe rode all day north of Mill Valley and DP Valley. Watty Potts was doing the cooking. Bill's big Buick car just happened to be full of groceries, and since supplies were low in camp, a big supper was prepared. Bill Ross left in a huff without eating and never did come back to buy the horses.

At one time Mac owned the Archie Howard place on the Little Red Deer River. Eventually he sold it to Bill Loblaw.

Hardy also owned C.P.R. property, NE¼ 31-26-5-5, in the Beaupré area. There were never any buildings on his land. The big hill on this land near Jackass Canyon is called "Hardy Hill" by the local residents.

Quite often Mac's and Hardy's sons and daughters would stay at Robber's Roost during summer holidays. They liked to visit Jim Irwin and Fred Voight for sourdough. One time they and the Delbeke kids went up on top of Irwin Hill to watch the Calgary Stampede fireworks.

During the latter part of the 1920s, after the Exshaw Trading Company closed, Mac sold his property to Jim Baptie. The Macdonalds continued to spend summers at Robber's Roost until Jim sold it to Pierre Eyma in 1932.

Mac and Sis had three children: Alex, born January 4, 1918, served in the Canadian Army in World War II and now works for Brewster Transport in Banff; Don, born July 21, 1919, served in the Canadian Air Force in World War II, now works for Built-Rite Homes; and Jean, born November 7, 1922, at their home when the Macdonalds lived in the big two-storey brick house at the bottom of Cochrane Hill.

Another oversight occurred when Alex's name was registered as McDonald and Don's was registered as MacDonald. Don married Eileen Anderson and they have a daughter, Sandra, and a son, Roderick. Jean married Bill Atkey and they have a son, Jim, and a daughter, Merrill. Both families live in Calgary.

Mac passed away on Christmas Day 1932. Sis passed away two days after Christmas in 1965. They are buried in the Banff cemetery.

Hardy and Cecile had two children: Marjorie and Brud. Marjorie married Archie Dick and they have four girls: Penny, Ginny, Margie and Marcia, and they live in Edmonton. Brud married Mandy Kek and they have one boy, Brian; they live in Banff.

Cecile passed away in the summer of 1952, and Hardy passed away in February 1969. They are buried in the Banff cemetery.

HUGH (HUGHIE) McDONALD

Hughie was born in Maitland Hants County, Nova Scotia, in 1875, and came to Calgary in 1893. At that time his father ran a shoe store on Stephen Avenue.

At one time Hughie rode the range for Gordon and Ironsides who, at that time, owned the Two Bar Ranch southeast of Calgary.

For several years before World War I, Hughie was range inspector for southern Alberta. After the War started he raised horses and grazed them on open range at Robinson Creek, northwest of Cochrane.

In 1930 Hughie bought the Jim Irwin quarter in Jackass Canyon for $2.50 per acre. Everyone was welcome at Hughie's cabin and he always greeted them with the same phrase, "Come in and have a dirty bite." People loved to listen to his stories about the early days; he helped with the 1898 roundup, and after about 4,000 cattle were gathered, Angus Sparrow suddenly decided to shoot a wild duck and the cattle stampeded. It took four days to re-gather the herd.

Hughie lived a good life, but he liked to play poker, and often told about the cowboys buying all the minister's change so they could play poker.

On Hughie's 70th birthday the people of the Beaupré district had a party for him at his house, and presented him with a rocking chair and a radio. Hughie promptly sat in the chair, turned on the radio and listened to the 10 p.m. news. He was surprised and almost cried when he heard the district's birthday greetings to him announced over the radio at the end of the news.

Hughie retired in 1953 and moved to Calgary, where he passed away in October 1963.

His land is now owned by Ed and Kathleen Steel of Banff.

THE McPHERSON STORY — by Jean L. Johnson

The McPherson story belongs to the early history of the West and is unique in that three great pioneer families are involved in it. It covers many years and vast stretches of Canada from the Atlantic to the Rockies and the Arctic Ocean. It is a long, long trail to the Bow Valley west of Cochrane.

Murdoch McPherson, the elder, was born about 1796 at Gairloch, Rosshire, Scotland. He came to Canada at an early age and in 1816 he entered the service of the North West Company. In 1821 when the two fur-trading companies joined forces he went as a clerk to the Hudson's Bay Company. Two years later he was transferred to the Mackenzie River Department where he has given his name to a lonely outpost on the Peel River. Fort McPherson is one hundred miles north of the Arctic Circle.

In 1825 he married Jane Smith and their first child, Joseph Edward, was born at Fort Laird, on the Laird River. Altogether they had eight children, all born in the far North — some at Fort Simpson on the Mackenzie River. It was a hard life for a woman in that desolate region. Four of their children died at a very early age.

Murdoch McPherson was made a Chief Trader in 1834 and a Chief Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1847. During his time with the Company he travelled incredible distances. In 1834 he left Lachine, Quebec, with Governor George Simpson in two North West Company canoes, each with a crew of eight men. They travelled nine hundred miles to Moose Factory on James Bay and from there eleven hundred and fifty-five miles to the Red River Settlement. From there they went by barge to Norway House at the head of Lake Winnipeg, three hundred and forty miles; up to York Factory on Hudson's Bay and back to the lake. Their journey, under great difficulties, was now little more than half completed for they made their way by boat, by horses and over portages another two thousand miles before they reached Fort Good Hope on the Mackenzie River. They called at every trading post on this journey which took over two years to accomplish. The mileage and time is taken from Murdoch McPherson's diary which tells of rough water, drenching rain, mosquitos, burning sun and bitter cold but makes little mention of other hardships and perils. In these early diaries written on the trail, the weather is described almost daily; perhaps those stout hearted

pioneers felt that it was the only hazard over which they had no control.

On September 30th, 1848, Joseph Howe appointed Murdoch McPherson Justice of the Peace for the County of Pictou, Nova Scotia. In 1851 he retired to "Norway House" on McPherson Point, near Pictou. This beautiful old manor house was named after the Hudson's Bay Trading Post. It was built of stone brought over from Scotland, had eight fireplaces, heavy mahogany doors and a beautiful circular stairway. There in 1863, Murdoch McPherson died.

Joseph Edward McPherson married Mary Hardisty whose sister, Isabel, was married to Donald Smith, later Lord Strathcona. Mary and Isabel were daughters of Richard Hardisty, a native of Lachine, Quebec. Richard Hardisty joined the Hudson's Bay Company when he was seventeen years of age and was sent West in 1830. In 1870 he was Chief Factor at Victoria on the North Saskatchewan River, then Chief Factor for the Edmonton District, and for the last fifteen years of his life was Inspecting Chief Factor. His wife was Elizabeth McDougall of Meaford, Ontario, who came West at the age of seventeen.

Joseph McPherson was made Chief Trader for the Hudson's Bay Company and in 1865 Richard Hardisty used his influence to have him appointed Chief Factor of Norway House. Although Norway House was situated in a barren region it was one of the principal posts of the Company and a distributing point for supplies to other forts and trading posts. There, the Governor and his council assembled annually, and there, the Factors and Traders met with Sir Donald Smith when the Hudson's Bay Company ceded its sovereignty to Canada.

Joseph and Mary McPherson had six children, Murdoch, Donald, William, Joseph, May and Margaret. Mary McPherson spent most of her married life in the East where the children could have a good education, first with a governess at their home, "Norway House", and later at the Academy. All the children studied music and took piano lessons.

Joseph Edward McPherson must have had a premonition of his death for he appointed Donald Smith, his brother-in-law, guardian of his children and asked him to take charge of his estate and arrange an annuity for his wife, Mary. Joseph contracted pneumonia while curling and died suddenly. It appears from letters that Donald Smith wanted "Norway House" for himself and it was not long before Mary McPherson was informed that nothing was left of the estate but some land along the Bow River. According to young Murdoch they "were shipped West."

Mrs. McPherson started West with her children. From the Red River Settlement they went with Red River carts to Prince Albert where they took lodgings and spent some time before going on by boat up the Saskatchewan River to Edmonton. At one point in their journey many of their treasures and supplies were lost or damaged by water when a canoe overturned. From Edmonton they were taken by buckboard to the land on the north bank of the Bow River. They arrived at their destination around 1877 and rented a shack from David McDougall till they could have a log house put up on their land which lay between Beaupré Creek and Spencer Creek.

Murdoch, the eldest son, took charge of the ranch and homesteaded some additional land in Section 16. The hard life there was very different from the life they had led at "Norway House" but they were from pioneer stock and managed well. The girls rode side saddle to Morleyville to pick up mail for themselves and their neighbors. Margaret could remember Murdoch making bannock as he had seen it done on the trail and as old roundup cooks did at a later date. He would add some salt and baking powder to the flour at the top of the barrel, rub in some shortening, add some milk, mix it round and round and finally lift a round lump of dough out of the barrel and bake it. They paid David McDougall $12.00 per hundred pounds for flour. Possibly Isabel Smith felt that they owed something to the McPhersons for she sent her sister, Mary, money from time to time.

William McPherson became a locomotive engineer on the C.P.R. One boy became a pianist in the United Sates. May, also a pianist, won a gold medal for her playing in Montreal. There she met and married Dr. Porter. Murdoch, too, played the piano.

Margaret McPherson, at the age of seventeen, married A. P. Patrick, who received his certificate as a Dominion Government Surveyor in 1869 and had been in the West on Government work since 1878. He had many degrees, spoke French fluently and was present at the signing of the Indian Treaties as an advisor to the Government. In 1879 he purchased fifty head of cattle from Lynch and Emerson at eleven dollars per head and about that time established the Mount Royal Ranch a few miles north of the McPherson place. He went East and bought 208 head of stock in Ontario, shipped them to Winnipeg on the C.P.R. which had reached there and then hired men to drive them over the prairies to the large Mount Royal leases along the Ghost River. Unfortunately, he had to be away from the ranch much of the time and Baynes, whom he had taken in as partner was a poor manager. In 1886 A. P. Patrick sold the Mount Royal to W. C. Wells and Nelson Brown. The Patricks built a large home on the west side of Calgary and much of Mr. Patrick's work was with the city. They had five daughters, Lillian, Mary, Grace, Winnifred and Daisy, and two sons Alfred and Laurence.

Murdoch McPherson married Catherine McLachlan who came West from Glengarry County, Ontario, about 1890. Catherine was a very beautiful woman, tall and slender with auburn hair. She was an immaculate

housekeeper. The board floors of her house were scrubbed so white that friends who came removed their shoes at the door. Murdoch's mother spent her last years with her daughters.

Murdoch and Catherine had one son, Joseph, who was sent to school at Western Canada College. He inherited the McPherson talent in music, choosing the violin. In winter when the roads were bad he used to cross the river on the ice and catch the train for Calgary. There he took lessons on the violin from Mrs. Dudley Smith and he played in the Calgary orchestra.

After Catherine McPherson died Murdoch was very lonely and in 1927 he sold the ranch to R. B. Rogers. He retired to Winnipeg but often came to Calgary or Edmonton to visit his many relatives. Joseph was teaching violin in Calgary but the income from it was unsatisfactory. He studied engineering and went Overseas in the Second World War. His wife was Catherine Moffat of Banff and they had no children. He was working for the Government at Grande Prairie at the time of his death.

THE MOTHERWELL FAMILY AT GHOST RIVER — by J. P. Motherwell

My mother's great-grandparents, Duncan and Phillips, came to New York, from Ulster, Ireland, before the War of 1812. After the War of 1812, they received a land grant near Malton, Ontario, and moved there refusing to swear allegiance to the United States. My maternal grandfather, Dr. Phillips, was the first medical officer in Winnipeg, where my mother was born.

My father, William Motherwell, arrived in Calgary from Scotland in 1912. He was an engineer, having served part of his training in Pittsburgh, U.S.A. in 1908. He built several houses in Calgary before enlisting in the 31st Battalion in Calgary in 1914. He served Overseas until 1919. He received his commission in the Royal Engineers, in Britain, in 1903, and today, at the age of 90, is probably one of the oldest commissioned officers in the country.

My parents were married in Toronto in 1920 and moved to Calgary, where Father entered the machinery business. He retired in 1946, after managing Union Tractor Co. for 21 years.

Father had a Peterborough boat on the Elbow River in 1928, and in 1930 this boat, with a five horse-power engine, was the first boat to navigate the new Ghost reservior.

Harry Thompson, Eric McLean, E. J. Chambers (all of Calgary Power) and my father purchased the 8.9 acre site of our present cottage in 1932. The other three partners were transferred away from Calgary, and my father became sole owner of the land. The cottage was built in 1937. All the lumber, cement and hardware had to be brought down the 400 foot almost vertical hill, by hand. The carpenter and his helper camped on the site and received $1.00, and 25¢ per hour, respectively.

The land was purchased through the Gillies family, and I remember, as an 11-year-old boy, visiting them at what is now Miss Hammond's ranch. Mrs. Gillies spoke Gaelic, and her son and daughter interpreted for me. She was a fine person, and as she sat at her spinning wheel, she told me that they had come to the Ghost River when her husband accepted a job at the Hudson's Bay Fort at the junction of the Bow and Ghost Rivers.

We have a boathouse directly below what was then Roland Gissing's house. As a lad I often used to visit Roland and his wife and be treated to cookies and milk. I was fascinated by Roland's machine shop and model railroad, with working steam engine models, that used to chug and whistle out through his studio, running north on a concrete trestle track, through the bush, and returned, chugging and whistling, through the south end of the studio a few minutes later. The models of the C.P.R. 5900 and the Flying Scotsman were, unfortunately, lost in Roland's house fire during World War Two. After the fire, Roland lost interest in his hobby to a large extent. His machine shop had a foundry for casting metal parts, as well as equipment for finishing them, and for making boilers and other models; all his equipment was powered by a small gas engine, through a maze of line shafts.

Roland had a fine collection of Indian tomahawks and arrowheads, which he found on a flat above the Ghost River when he was plowing. These no doubt were relics of the Indian battles between the Stoneys and the Blackfoot.

Another interesting character who lived nearby was George Pocaterra, an Italian who lived upstream from us. He married Norma Piper, a famous soprano. He bought his land from Raymond Patterson, the author who wrote "Dangerous River." Mr. Pocaterra was an explorer and a friend of the Indians.

Times were never dull with such characters as Guy Gibson around. Sometime after World War Two, Guy Gibson came over one morning to ask for my assistance. His vehicle was hopelessly stuck in a boggy coulee above Agness Hammond's. I got a chain and after much difficulty managed to pull him out and assisted him to the top of the hill, so he could coast down, as he had mislaid his key. After completing the herculean task, we decided to quench our thirst and began reminiscing about the War. Guy had been in the First World War; conditions in the trenches were horrible, with mud and muck and vermin to boot. The shelling had been terrible one day; many men were killed around Guy but, miraculously, he remained untouched and wandered about the trenches amid the chlorine gas. After the battle he was sent to the hospital to be treated for flea bites that had been infected by the chlorine gas. Subsequently, he was decorated for bravery. Guy thought that he was the only soldier in the War that had been decorated for bravery for being wounded by a flea!

In the 1930s the Eau Claire Lumber Company used to hold a log drive every spring on the Ghost River and Ghost Lake. In the winter logs were piled on the river ice below the cofferdams on the Waiparous Creek and South Fork of the Ghost. In the spring the dams were opened, and the ensuing flood would bring the logs down by the thousands. The drive in those days went right down to Calgary. Problems getting the logs over the Ghost Dam eventually stopped the drives.

Our cottage on the Ghost was wood-fueled for years and it was a standard joke among my father's friends as to whether they were hired men for wood-cutting, or weekend guests. I remember Ed Cotterell, area manager of the C.P.R., refusing to go to bed at 5 a.m. until he had won the 50¢ back that he was out in a poker game. The hands were dealt to the others while they were in bed.

I took over the cottage from my father when he retired. He is still well and lives in Calgary. My sister Elizabeth lives there also. My mother passed away Christmas Day 1974.

My wife Dorothy, our children, Betty Anne, William, Robert, and I reside in Calgary when not out at our cottage at the Ghost.

JACK AND GUDRUN NISSEN — by Marie D. (Tootie) Poynter

My dad was born in Denmark in 1886. In the early 1900s he came to the Standard district where he farmed 2,000 acres of wheatland. He also bought and sold horses and cattle and did a lot of business with Jack Morton of the Two Bar Ranch at Gleichen.

He returned to Denmark in 1919, where he married my mother, Gudrun. They returned to the Standard district where I, their only child, was born in 1920. We went back to Denmark in 1924 and returned to Canada in 1928 to go into business in Rosedale, Alberta, where my parents owned and operated a small store and filling station.

Their business was completely destroyed by fire in October 1929. My parents, who had been well-off, were left penniless overnight. The fire started in the shoe-repair shop on our street; seven stores were burned; ours was the last one to burn. The hotel next to us was saved.

The Depression started and we made many moves. For two years Dad was a horse buyer for Jim Colpitts at Springbank, and Mother was head housekeeper. I attended Elbow River School. Later we lived at Maryland, near Shepard, Alberta. In March 1935, Mom and Dad rented the Poynter place at Beaupré. Clara Knudson, who made her home with us for four years, and I attended the one-roomed Beaupré Creek School. Our teacher, Miss Doris Ambler, taught students from grade one to grade twelve.

Times were hard but there were happy times. To get a little pocket money we snared gophers and picked wild berries. In winter we would take our long dresses and our curling tongs in our saddle bags, mount our saddle ponies and ride to the different ranches to enjoy the dances. When we arrived we would put on our dresses, heat our curling tongs in the chimney of the coal-oil lamp and repair our hairdos. Music for the dances was often supplied by Frank Johnson, violin; Mrs. Jean Johnson or Mrs. Frances Delbeke, piano; and Charlie Sungren, accordion. Some of the pioneer ranchers who attended the dances were: D. P. McDonald, Mr. Richards, Dad Johnson and Guy Gibson. Pantries were used as "watering holes" for the little nip to liven up the dances. A summer Sunday treat was a dish of homemade ice cream at the "Oasis" Ice Cream Parlor, operated by the Jim Ambler family, near the Ghost Dam turnoff. Church services were held at Mrs. King's Spencer Creek Ranch.

When we first arrived in the district, Jack Poynter came to visit us. He was very shy. I can still remember when he asked Clara and me to go for a ride to see the country. I wore riding skirts for years, and I will never forget the look on Jack's face when I unbuttoned the front buttons of my skirt and got on my horse. My next indication from Jack was in church when he would wink at me; this led up to thirty-eight years of married life to date.

A P. PATRICK

Allan Poyntz Patrick was born in Montreal on July 18, 1849, the son of Alfred and Tirzah Patrick. His father was clerk of the House of Commons for 50 years.

A P. Patrick was educated at Upper Canada College, Toronto, and also attended Kingston Military College. He was a member of the first exploratory survey for the railway north of the Great Lakes. In 1874 he was on special survey work in Manitoba under Lindsay Russell, when the Principal Meridian was established.

In 1877 he was one of six surveyors granted a commission as Dominion Topographical Surveyor, and came to Western Canada in 1878 by Red River cart. From that time on, he surveyed a great deal of Southern Alberta. He is known to have surveyed much of the land in the Cochrane area.

A. P. Patrick was one of the first cattle ranchers in the country, having established the Mount Royal Ranch near the Ghost River in 1881. L. V. Kelly notes in his book, "The Range Men", that Patrick went east and purchased two hundred and eight head of good stock in Ontario. He shipped the stock to Winnipeg on the Canadian Pacific Railway, which had not reached beyond that point, and then drove them overland, assisted by Sandy McDonald and Jack Ellis. The trip lasted from April 10 until early fall. This stock was the first of the Mount Royal herds which ranged on the Ghost River. Evidently it was good stock, and thrived in the foothills, for in March 1884, A. P. Patrick butchered a two-year-old steer which had rustled all winter and had

Margaret Patrick (nee McPherson).

Captain A. P. Patrick, Queen's Own Rifles, around 1869.

been killed right off the range. The animal dressed six hundred pounds.

It is also noted in "The Range Men" that A. P. Patrick had a partner at the Mount Royal named Baynes. In 1884 E. A. Baynes had 12,000 acres of lease land between Nose Creek and Big Hill Creek; it is not known whether he was the man in partnership with Patrick at this time.

In 1886 A. P. Patrick sold the Mount Royal Ranch to W. C. Wells and Nelson Brown. The new owners brought five hundred head of cattle from British Columbia to add to the existing herd on the ranch.

In 1886 A. P. Patrick had 5,120 acres of land leased; this may have been in the Bottrel-Dog Pound area, since it is known that he owned land there at one time.

It may be assumed that A. P. Patrick was not actively engaged in ranching much of the time, since he was still working as a surveyor. He surveyed the Stoney and Sarcee Indian Reserves in 1880 and became a district engineer in 1881. He served during the Riel Rebellion of 1885, and afterwards homesteaded where the Calgary Court House now stands. However, the land proved to be stony, so Patrick gave it up, and filed on a homestead, Section 12-24-2-5, further west. He named his place the "Plateau Farm"; in later years when it was taken into the city limits it was named Holmpatrick.

In 1887 he married Margaret Charlotte McPherson, formerly of Pictou, Nova Scotia. She and her family moved to land west of Cochrane in the 1880s.

A P. Patrick started in private practise in 1888, and in that year he found oil at "Crude Oil City" in what is now Waterton Park, and was instrumental in getting Dr. Selwyn, Dominion Geologist, to come to Alberta and make a report on the oil. It is believed that the discovery of oil came about when a squaw showed Patrick the black substance bubbling out of a crack in the rocks. She put some in a can, stuffed a rag in the can, and told Patrick to light the rag. The resulting flame convinced him of the presence of oil, he collected more and sent it to his father in Ottawa, who then sent it to London, England, for analysis.

With the exception of Leduc, all the railway townsites between Macleod and Edmonton were surveyed by A. P. Patrick. He surveyed a great part of the city of Calgary, laying out the grid system of streets and avenues in the older part of the city. He also surveyed the townsite of Silver City, 18 miles west of Banff, which became a ghost town shortly after its establishment.

The Patricks had two sons and five daughters. Mrs. Patrick passed away in 1940, and A. P. passed away on April 9, 1949, just three months short of his 100th birthday.

R. M. PATTERSON

Raymond came to Canada from England in the 1920s. About 1930 he and his wife Marigold decided to build on their land along the Ghost River, on the NW ¼ 19-26-6-5. There was no road into the property; they commuted by canoe and walked to where they built their cabin. Although they only lived two miles from Highway IA via the river, their land was a very secluded spot and they often saw and heard deer and elk, and on one occasion saw a mountain sheep high on a hill behind their cabin. Raymond described their land as "A perfect picture of the foothills at their untouched best."

They could have cut logs for their cabin on their own land, but it was such a lovely place they did not want to fell any of their own trees. The Eau Claire Lumber Company had a sawmill located across the IA Highway from the Ghost Dam, and Raymond made arrangements with them to pick out a set of building logs from their winter cut, as the logs were run downstream to the mill. Hamish Begg roped the logs, Raymond waded into the river and put a logging chain around them, then Marigold hooked the chain onto her team's doubletrees, and the team would snake the logs out of the river. The cabin was built in a deep glen on a grassy point of the Ghost. There was an old road at the top of the glen, along which the rest of the material was hauled, then rolled down the hill. On one occasion the rolls of tarpaper and the stovepipes rolled into the river and had to be retrieved. When all the supplies were ready, Guy Gibson built the cabin. In Raymond's book, "Far Pastures", he relates the following about their closest neighbors:

"A mile or more down the Ghost Arm, and on the same side as the cabin, there stood one lonely white house, high up on the grass slopes and by a splendid spring. With its barns and corrals it was the centre of a small ranch. For years we tried to buy that property and add it to other land that we owned adjoining — but we were never able to agree with the owners on the price. That was no barrier to friendship — and many a good high tea, with eggs and scones and whisky on the table, greeted us there after long days on the lake or the Bow River. At the head of the table always sat the lady of the house, old Mrs. Gillies. She could remember the coming of the Canadian Pacific Railway to Calgary in 1883, and she could remember the Riel Rebellion of 1885, and all the worry and the wondering which side of the fence the Indians would come down. She still spun the wool off her own sheep on her own spinning wheel, and to her the right language was still the Gaelic. There was a Gaelic name that she had for a grassy knoll close to the house, a knoll that was purple with crocuses in the springtime; and I am certain that old Mrs. Gillies thought in Gaelic, for you could almost see her translating. That was a table to linger at and hear stories of old times."

One night in October Raymond listened to the stories too long and had to break through shell ice in the dark with his canoe to reach the open water, before he could get back to his cabin.

The Pattersons loved their home on the Ghost, but traded it to George and Norma Pocaterra in 1945 as part payment on the Buffalo Head Ranch on the Highwood River. The land has now been subdivided and the portion where the Pattersons' cabin is, is now owned by Kenzie McLeod of Cochrane.

R. M. Patterson loved adventure and has written three very interesting books: Far Pastures, The Buffalo Head, and Dangerous River. One of Raymond's favorite Indian friends was Paul Amos of Morley.

CHARLES AND JESSIE PERRY — by Margaret Perry

Charles Calvin Perry, my father, was born in Appleton, Maine, U.S.A. on February 18, 1861. He was the only son of Clements and Philander Perry. He had only one sister, Ella, who was older than himself. His mother died when he was born and his father left for the West to prospect in California. Apparently the father did not keep contact with his family, but an uncle in British Columbia, corresponded occasionally.

When he was about 16 or 17 my father left home to go to his uncle who was ranching in central British Columbia. At that time it was necessary to go by way of San Francisco, California. We do not know how long it took as he travelled mostly by stage coach, but we do know that for a young lad fresh from the East it was an exciting journey. My father often told us of some of the adventures which he experienced on that trip.

On one occasion when he had stopped in Cheyenne, Wyoming, he attended the theatre and during the performance a fire broke out. As always in those frontier wooden structures, it was only minutes before the fire had almost engulfed the building and pandemonium broke loose. My father escaped by climbing a pillar and jumping from a window in the balcony.

On another occasion he was in a hotel waiting for the next stage when a group of outlaws rode in and shot up the place.

When he arrived in San Francisco he took a boat for Seattle and eventually arrived in British Columbia sometime in 1878. Here he found his uncle and then went to work for the Harper Bros. who, at that time, owned the Gang Ranch. He made two trips to Calgary, the first time with Wilbur Johnstone. They drove a herd of wild horses from the Caribou to Calgary, swimming the Fraser River en route.

On the second trip in 1885 he stayed to work, first for Colonel Walker and then for William Pearce who was one of the early surveyors in Alberta. Here he met my mother, Jessie MacDonald, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Angus MacDonald who were operating the Glenfinnan ranch 18 miles west of Cochrane. At this time my mother was working at the Pearce home, and in later years often told me of her first meeting with my father — it must have been love at first sight or Scottish "second sight" because right away she had the feeling that this was the man she was going to marry. For my father's part, he said he would never forget the expression on her face when they were introduced.

My parents were married in Calgary on April 30, 1890, the second couple to be married in the new St. Mary's Cathedral. They drove to Grandfather's ranch, tne Glenfinnan. My three uncles, who were very excited about the newlyweds' arrival, picked all the crocuses they could find and made a path from the gate to the steps of the house.

After a short visit they returned to Calgary where they lived until 1893. On January 29, 1891, their first child, Ella Mary, was born and on October 1, 1892, a son, Angus Philander, arrived.

About 1893 my father took up a homestead, in the Stimson Valley ten miles west of Cochrane, which they named Willow Springs ranch. Besides raising cattle he broke horses for some of the neighbors and also followed the North Bow roundup for two or three years. It was really something to watch him handle horses. He was always firm but gentle, patient and persuasive.

Illness or accident in these early days meant that the people had to cope as best they could as a doctor was rarely available. One time when my father was breaking horses, he put his knee out of joint. Mr. McEachen, the closest neighbor, and some other men undertook to put it back. Sitting on a kitchen chair, Dad had the excruciating experience of having his leg pulled and twisted until the knee went back into place.

My mother also was a horsewoman and could handle a team as well as any man. On one occasion my uncle made a bet with another man who had a team of horses of which he was very proud. He boasted his could beat any team in the country. My uncle also had a new matched team of which he was very proud, so with my mother driving Uncle's team the race was on. It took place on the well-known grass race track in Cochrane, the only one of its kind in the West. Much to Uncle's delight Mother drove his team to victory.

The next few years saw three more welcome babies added to the family; on October 3, 1894, Charles Lawrence, July 14, 1896, a baby girl, Johanna Elizabeth, and April 13, 1901, another boy, Seabury Alexander. He was named after the son of old friends of the family, Mr. and Mrs. William Pearce.

Sometime in 1899 or 1900 my father received word that his father had passed away in Idaho, U.S.A. My father went down for the funeral. He drove home a fast little team of horses and a covered wagon which were all that was left of my grandfather's effects.

About this time my parents became concerned about the education of their young family. The older children were going a long distance to a small one room school and the church was 18 miles away, with Mass only once a month. So after much thought it was decided to make a move.

In 1902 my father gave up the homestead and went to Edmonton where he became a partner in the Ross & Perry Livery stable. The family moved a year later and became a part of the rapidly growing city. Two more children arrived in the next few years, Ernest Michael, born June 24, 1906, and Josephine Margaret on February 28, 1909.

Though the Perry family left the Cochrane district they came back many times to enjoy holidays with their relatives on the ranches they continued to love.

THE POCATERRAS — by Norma Piper

Pocaterra

What is a pioneer?

Many of the pioneers who came to Western Canada were young men, sons of wealthy and cultured families of the British Isles and European countries, who, tired of the social life of the Old Countries, wanted to learn to live by their own efforts, to carve out their own destinies in a New World.

Such a man was George Pocaterra. Born of an aristocratic family in Northern Italy, he had been educated in the best schools of Italy and Switzerland, and also in England, and could speak fluently six languages. He came to Canada in 1903. He spent a few months in Manitoba, and came that same fall to the Foothills of Alberta. In 1905 he founded the Buffalo Head Ranch, on the Highwood River, when Alberta was still under the North West Territories.

He became a friend of the Stoney Indians, learning their language, and spending months with them in the Rocky Mountains. He was probably the first white man to view the Kananaskis Lakes from the south. With the Indians he explored territory which was blank on the maps, and sent reports to Ottawa, so much so, that the Government sent out a survey party the following summer.

In recognition of his work, his name was given to several features in the Kananaskis area; Pocaterra Creek, Pocaterra Valley, Elpoca Mountain, (between the source of the Elbow River and that of Pocaterra Creek) and others, which were on the map for two years before he knew it.

Norma and George Pocaterra.

Valnorma, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Pocaterra.

His ranch, the Buffalo Head, became one of the first Dude Ranches of Western Canada. He sold it in 1933, returning to Italy.

It was there that he met me, Norma Piper, as I had gone to Milan in 1934 to study Opera.

William Piper, my grandfather on my father's side, came in 1837, from Devonshire, England. It took six weeks in a sailing vessel to cross the Atlantic. He settled near London, Ontario.

On my mother's side, my grandfather, Major J. E. Johnson, lived in Leamington, Ontario, and was the founder and editor of the newspaper, The Leamington Post. His brother, George W. Johnson, was a University Professor in the United States, and wrote the well-known song "When you and I were young, Maggie."

My father, Dr. W. A. Piper, practiced dentistry in the Greyhound Building in Calgary.

My meeting in Milan with George Pocaterra, which was arranged by mutual friends in Calgary, was most propitious. Being a lover of music, he was able to help me in my career, so that in the six years we lived in Milan I was able to achieve continuing success, in larger and larger theatres, until in 1939 I was "sitting on top of the world."

Then came the war, and our world crashed around us, forcing us to make a new life.

Our new life, the pioneer life, began on the Highwood River, in the Sibley cabins, across the river from the Buffalo Head Ranch. When George sold his ranch in 1933, he gave away all his horses to his Indian friends, with the exception of six, which his friends, the Runcimans, were keeping for him. With the help of Ted Schintz, the noted artist, he brought them to our new home on the Highwood. This was in the fall of 1940. We spent a happy year on the Highwood, riding around the country-side and up into the mountains to Pocaterra Valley and the Kananaskis, often visiting with old friends of George's, especially the Guy Weadicks, the Joe Bews and the Frazier Hunts.

Then in the fall of 1941, we moved to our new home on the Ghost River. Kind friends from Calgary, the T. M. Carlyles and the L. C. Campbells, brought many of our possessions in to Calgary and stored them for us, but we still had four pack horses loaded for the trip from the Highwood up to the Ghost.

George had cracked his ribs, and he wasn't able to get up on Moon, the tall horse that he usually rode for long trips, so Moon had to be packed. Now for Moon that was the height of insult! He showed his displeasure by pawing the ground every time we stopped, and that was frequently, because the old trails which George remembered had been crossed by wire fences, and there was no getting through them. So George would leave me with the horses, and set out to find a gate. It was at such a time that we came to the Basilici place, cozily nestled down in the valley, its beckoning light very welcome. It was then that I spoke to Moon. Very earnestly, I said,

"Moon dear, the Master didn't want to pack you. He wanted to ride you, but you know he hurt his ribs, and he can't get on you with sore ribs; you are too tall. He has to ride Darkie because she is shorter, but Moon, I promise you, on my word of honour, that the Master will never pack you again as long as you live."

Moon whinnied, and after that he never pawed again.

I am astonished at the wonderful hospitality of the pioneers. Here we were, landing in on them at supper-time. They were genuinely glad to see George, and they didn't mind taking him to the barn to unsaddle the six horses, and give them a good feed of hay. We had a happy evening reminiscing about old times, and next morning, well fortified with a good breakfast, we set out for our next stop, the Muncaster place.

The Muncasters also welcomed us warmly. That evening we had a glorious sunset. The en-

tire sky was red and orange, and we felt that we were due for a Chinook. Indeed, that night a fierce wind blew up, but it was not a Chinook as we discovered next morning, when we saw a foot of snow.

On our trip we ploughed through snow as far as the Jumping Pound Creek, but after we crossed the creek, and climbed to the valley of the Bow there was no more snow—just wind. Far in the distance we saw the white George Copithorne house, and we headed for that. It was almost dusk when we arrived. We received a cordial welcome, then refreshed by a good cup of tea and some little cakes, we set out for the Ghost Lake Dam.

When we arrived we discovered that the strong wind had blown the water up over the dam, where it was now a solid sheet of ice. George told me to get off my horse, that we would have to lead them across. George went first, leading Darkie, two pack horses came next, then I came leading Grey Cloud, and our little procession ended with two pack horses. None of our horses were shod and they stepped very gingerly.

Past the dam we kept going north, and then we came to Miss Agness Hammond's place. When the horses saw the barns they perked up, because they expected that we would be stopping there, but no, we kept on going. It was hard getting them past the buildings, but we succeeded and continued on for the three miles to our place.

Arriving at our top gate, we zigzagged down a grassy coulee to the river bank, and stopped in front of the little cabin that Guy Gibson had built for Raymond Patterson. George unlocked the door and lit the coal-oil lamp, and by its feeble light we unsaddled all the horses, putting all the saddles and packs inside the tiny cabin. Then we took off the bridles and halters, hung them up on the inside wall of the cabin, and said "Goodnight" and thanks to the horses. We took off our buckskin jackets and our overshoes, and lay down fully clothed on the plank bed with a pillow for our heads and covered by a 4 point Hudson's Bay blanket. In no time we were fast asleep.

Next morning when we opened the door, we saw the six horses in exactly the same position that they had been the night before, but it wasn't long before they began to graze. Like George and me, they too, had arrived home.

The first work George did was to start making a road before winter set in. With a pick and shovel he carved a long gradual road, four feet wide, up the steep grassy coulee, up one side of the coulee for a certain distance, then over to the other side of the coulee for a certain distance, then over to the other side, and then back again to the first side. With a garden rake I pulled the loosened dirt over the edge of the road.

That finished, he made a couple of sleighs to be pulled by a horse. He selected slender fir branches that were turned up at one end for runners, and put cross pieces on them. On top of those he put pieces of planking. On to one sleigh he fitted a large wooden packing box, and when kind friends would bring us back from town with our provisions, we would put them in the box, and George would pull them down to the cabin with the horse.

I had been invited to join the staff of Mount Royal Conservatory of Music as a teacher of singing. I started in January of 1942 and my first student was Cleone Duncan.

I was teaching on Saturdays only, and kind friends (the Mathers—English people who spent the war years in Canada) would drive out on Friday afternoon for us and keep us over-night in their apartment, taking us back to "Valnorma", the name George gave our home, either Saturday or Sunday. This continued for some time, until gasoline rationing prohibited it, then we had to buy a car ourselves. From a friend of George's, a garage owner, we got a beautiful big grey Graham Paige for the princely sum of $375.00. George called it "Pegasine", after the mythical horse "Pegasus."

Now we had to have a garage for "Pegasine", so on the top of our hill George made the framework of slender fir logs, and covered the sides and roof with rough fir siding which we got from the sawmill on the west side of the Ghost Lake.

That summer we started working on our new home. First, George dug a 10 by 10 foot cellar to be under the kitchen. He loosened the dirt with a pick, filled the slip with it, got on his horse, and pulled the loaded slip out. With the dirt he made a road down a little hill toward the cabin, I following along, giving a lift to the handles of the slip at the moment George would signal.

The cellar dug, we started bringing large rocks up from the river bank for the foundation, hundreds and hundreds of them. The living room was to be 24 feet by 30 feet, with a complete foundation on all four sides. To this was added a kitchen complex of 20 feet by 27 feet, divided into two rooms, bedroom and kitchen. The foundation was two feet wide and two and a half feet high. As the land was sloping, George dug a trench at the back part of the house, and the foundation was laid in it. My job in this work was to keep George supplied with cement.

In the spring of 1943 George started the house. He had had his blood brother, Spotted Wolf, bring him a large number of logs from Morley and pile them at the top of our hill. They had to be brought down one at a time by saddle horse and piled by the foundation. George did all the log work alone. He was very strong, but best of all he knew what to do. He had been trained on the Highwood by a Norwegian friend, when he was a young man, and he never made a false move.

George always put his notches in the newly raised log, which required much fitting. Axe in hand, he would run along the walls like a cat from one end of the log to the other. The kitchen complex was joined to the living room with each

row of logs being fastened to the living room by a groove and tenon, so as not to ruin the smooth beauty of the living room walls. Only the very top logs came all the way through.

I helped George saw out the windows and doors with the two-handled crosscut saw, and also to saw the outside log ends, by the light of the moon. By the third of November it was all completed and the furniture in it. George took me by the hand and led me into our new home. It was Heaven indeed.

We loved our life at "Valnorma." We had kind neighbors, Agness Hammond, Roland and Enie Gissing, Laurie and Jean Johnson and the Hamish Beggs.

Pioneering was new to me, but we pioneered, just as George had done, when he left his luxurious home in Northern Italy and came to Western Canada. What it taught me was a great respect for all the pioneers who have made this country, and an appreciation of the fact that the comforts we are enjoying now, are the result of the efforts they made in the early days of the settlement of this beautiful land.

AGNES AND JAMES POW — by James Pow, Jr.

Dr. James Pow, M.R.C.V.S., his wife Agnes and their youngest son David, emigrated from Jedburgh, Scotland, where their families had lived for one hundred and fifty years. Their eldest son, William, had come to Canada in 1905. Around 1908 the Pows took up a homestead in the Radnor area (Section 18-25-5-5) and built their homestead home in a most beautiful setting close to the south bank of the Bow River. Dr. Pow carried out his veterinarian practice in and around the Cochrane area on horseback, or by horse and buggy, until his untimely death in a blizzard. He tried to find his way from Morley to Radnor by following the railway tracks and was overtaken and struck by a train.

Some of the highlights of living there at that time were the long buggy trips to Cochrane for mail and supplies, before a station and section house were set up at Radnor, and the ferry trip across the Bow River east of the junction of the Spencer Creek and the Bow. This ferry at one time was operated by James Ambler who lived on the north side of the river. Mrs. Pow and Mrs. Ambler were always glad when the river froze over so they could make their yearly visits by walking across the ice.

Dave Pow and his mother at their farm near Radnor.

Living so close to Morley, the Pows made many good friends among the Stoney Indians, and always considered them to be good neighbors. Some of their friends were George McLean (Chief Walking Buffalo), Noah Goat and Enos Hunter.

After Dr. Pow's death Mrs. Pow and son David stayed at the farm until Calgary Power took over their property to build the Ghost Dam in 1926. Their house was used for several years by Calgary Power as an employee's residence.

After his mother's death David moved to the north side of the river and farmed east of the King farm on Spencer Creek. He continued to farm there until his health failed and he moved to Calgary where he spent his remaining years. As he never married, the only surviving member of this pioneer family is James Pow, son of William, who resides in Calgary with his wife Cathie, one son, and one daughter.

William Pow went Overseas and fought in World War I where he received the Military Medal for bravery. When in Scotland he met and married Wilhimina Davidson, my mother.

Dr. and Mrs. James Pow are both buried in the Union Cemetery in Calgary.

FRED AND ESTELLE POYNTER — by Tootie Poynter

In 1905, after selling their hotel in Ontario, the William H. Poynter family came to Saskatchewan and homesteaded the land where the town site of Unity is located. Later they moved to Alberta and purchased a ranch in the Neutral Hills near Provost.

Their oldest son, Fred, homesteaded near Uni ty. In 1911 he married Estelle Rooth from Port Colbourne, Ontario. Estelle had graduated from the John Hopkins Hospital in Toronto, in 1905. Fred and Estelle had two sons, Ted and Jack, both born at Unity. Fred and his family moved to Alberta and built and operated a hardware store in Metiskow, where they lived until moving to the Beaupré district in 1928. They bought a half section of C.P.R. land, W½ 17-26-5-5, for $7.00 an acre. In 1974 $1,700.00 an acre was offered for this land.

After building on their property the Poynters raised registered dual purpose Shorthorn cattle. Due to hard times, Jack and Ted worked at sawmills and ranches and Mrs. Poynter did private nursing in Calgary.

After losing 70 chickens in one night, a pair of wild mink and four young were caught in a box trap set in the coulee. With the help of George Wearmouth, who was working for Mrs. King at the Spencer Creek Ranch, mink pens were built and the Poynters raised mink for four years.

Fred Poynter, cook at A. Crawford's.

In 1934 Mrs. Poynter made her home in Calgary and Mr. Poynter went to live with Roland Gissing. Later he went to work for Arthur and Ethel Crawford where he worked as a cook until he passed away in 1956.

Ted Poynter worked for Kendrew's sawmill before going to work for the Hardware-Teria in Calgary where he was a salesman for Bapco paint. He served in the R.C.A.F. in World War II. He married Eileen Howden of Blackie, and they are in the hardware business in Edmonton. They have two daughters, one son, and six grandchildren. Jack Poynter continued to live on the original ranch in Beaupré.

Mrs. Poynter kept active in nursing all her life. She did volunteer nursing during the flu epidemic in 1918. She was a deeply religious woman and attended the Berean Bible College in Calgary, graduating in 1949. Much of her life was devoted to relieving the afflicted in mind and soul.

Her nursing career was followed to the end of her physical life. During the summer of 1952, under difficult conditions, she helped with the polio epidemic. Many in Cochrane remember this as some were her patients. Her health failed and she passed away. She was laid to rest in her white uniform on December 24, 1952, at the secret age of 74 years.

JACK AND TOOTIE POYNTER, HOLLOWOOD RANCH — by Tootie Poynter

In the 1930s Jack Poynter worked for Arthur Crawford. While there he broke a number of Arthur's famous Clydesdale horses. Even the stallion was broke to harness.

In the spring of 1938, Jack and I were married at the Nazarene Church in Calgary. With very little money, three saddle horses and lots of ambition we decided to build the Hollowood Store. We were ready for business in June but to make ends meet Jack hayed with Ian McKinnon at Mr. Wright's Ranch, presently known as the Two Rivers Ranch, and I cooked dinners for twenty-two government men for about a month while looking after the store.

Sometime before, my dad, who was renting the Poynter Ranch, had been hurt while working in Calgary. In October 1938 he decided it would be better for him if he and Mom took over the store and Jack and I managed the Ranch.

By this time Jack owned all the Poynter property, an acreage was surveyed and the acreage and store were deeded to my folks.

We were both interested in horses and were able to accumulate a number of them by trading and dealing with Joe Allen and Bob McDougall. The nine hundred acre Spencer Creek Ranch bordered our land and we leased this property for seventeen years. Ace Charters, who came to stay with us, helped Jack break saddle horses.

During World War II, we started a Dude Ranch. Many of our weekend guests were Canadian girls in the Air Force and Airmen from Australia, New Zealand and England who had come to Canada for their training.

On December 27, 1943, Pilot Officers Pete Levy and Slim Somerville from Melbourne, Australia, stayed with us for ten days. It was so cold they only rode one day with Jack when he went to visit our neighbor, Jerry Cotterell. Jim Storey, an English Officer, stayed with us the following Easter.

A year later we received a letter from Jim Storey, who was stationed in Burma, telling us, — "A group of young Air Force Officers who were spending Christmas in Burma, were in a canteen and he heard someone comparing the hot humid weather with the cold he had experienced last year in Canada at the Hollowood Ranch. He introduced himself to Pete Levy and they enjoyed reminiscing the good times they had in Canada at the Poynters."

These were happy and interesting times but there was a lot of work cooking, and all the washing was done on the scrub board.

Jack Poynter and his daughter Linda, with their sleigh dogs.

For twenty-three years, we supplied the people at the Ghost Dam with milk by milking six to eight cows. We cut ice on the Ghost Dam in winter and used it to keep our milk cool in summer.

Our son, John, was born December 28, 1938. When he was five years old he was an active rider. One day when he took a group of riders on a trail ride around Brooks' Sawmill and the Wildcat Hills, he decided to take a short cut home and became lost in the dark timber. He assured his companions his horse would take them home and it did.

By 1948 Jack worked permanently for Calgary Power, so we sold our cattle and most of our horses. Some of our horses and equipment went to Simpson's Outfitters at Lake Louise.

On January 28, 1954, when John was fifteen years old, our daughter, Linda, was born.

In 1958 Johnny married Suzy Richards. Their wedding took place at the McDougall Church on the Morley Indian Reserve. They have three children, Rose Marie, Gary and Jerry. John works at the Petrofina Gas Plant and lives in the Beaupré district.

In 1963 I started raising registered Samoyed dogs for a hobby. We broke some of them to harness and at times used four of them on a sleigh to travel. This was so unusual in this area, they were shown on television..

The last few years Jack has suffered from painful arthritis in both hips and has had to give up horseback riding. He had both hips replaced in 1972 and both operations were successful.

Linda married David Beddoes in the Cochrane United Church, in 1973, and they live in the Crossfield area.

Jack and I are active in the Beaupré Community Association and The Ghost River Pony Club. I served as Regional School Trustee for Beaupré, was President of the Parent Teacher Association for the Cochrane School and was President for the Cochrane Girl Guides and Brownies. I wrote the Beaupré news for the Rocky View News for eighteen years.

Jack and I were one of the first Appaloosa Breeders in Alberta. In 1942 we bought a grey stallion with black spots on his hindquarters from Chet Ogan of Canmore. This horse changed color as he matured. We used this stallion to increase our herd when we were operating a Dude Ranch near the Ghost Dam; the result was foals of various colors.

Well-known Calgary horseman, Harry Jacques, identified the stallion as an Appaloosa. The stallion was my saddle horse and I refused to sell him. Through the efforts of Mr. Jacques, we were able to register the horse as "Sonny Boy" number 261 in the Appaloosa Club at Moscow, Idaho. He was the first Appaloosa registered from Canada.

We purchased some well-bred mares and produced some fine colts, with characteristic appaloosa markings, that included two stallions, "Speckle Boy" and "Ghost River Son." Jim Wyatt, an interested Appaloosa breeder from High River, bought these two stallions.

We found that a great deal of travelling, work, time, and money was necessary to establish the breed, so we sold all but three registered Appaloosa mares; one of these was "Ghost River Lady" better known as "Cheyenne" who was a full sister to "Speckle Boy." She is owned by our son, John and has won a number of ribbons at horse shows as a top little stake horse. Her daughter, "Ghost River Cheyenne", is also owned by our son. Cheyenne's granddaughter, "Ghost River Tiki Bar", is owned by our daughter, Mrs. Linda Beddoes. Ghost River Cheyenne and Ghost River Tiki Bar are still competing and won the Reserve Champion and Grand Champion ribbons at the 1974 Didsbury Horse Show.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Wyatt put a great deal of time and effort into promoting the Appaloosa Breed in Canada and it became a Canadian Registered Breed in 1961. Over the years, Wyatts sold a number of horses to Hollywood and the well-known rodeo clown, Slim Pickens, was the first to ride one of these horses in a Western Movie. In 1974 Wyatts sold a stallion to a breeder in New Zealand.

MR. AND MRS. R. B. ROGERS AND FAMILY

Reginald B. Rogers was born in Cornwall, England, and immigrated to Canada at the age of 21. He settled in Lestock, Saskatchewan.

Miss L. M. Chads, also born in Cornwall, arrived in Lestock in 1907, where she and "R.B." were married. Their two children, Dick and Molly, were born in Lestock.

Mr. and Mrs. Rogers raised Aberdeen Angus cattle and Thoroughbred horses, until an influx of settlers from Hungary in the Lestock area caused a shortage of grazing land. Schooling for Dick and Molly was also a problem, so the Rogers sold their homestead and moved to the Calgary-Cochrane area in 1928. They purchased the Bow Valley Ranch, where the Fina Gas Plant is now located, and carried on a mixed farming operation.

R. B. and Mrs. Rogers were strong supporters of All Saints Anglican Church. They were well known for their hospitality, and their many friends and neighbors enjoyed good times at their "swimming hole" by the river or on their tennis court. R. B. was a keen sportsman and loved a good duck shoot.

In 1939 R. B. and Mrs. Rogers sold their Cochrane farm and retired to Victoria, British Columbia. R. B. passed away in 1940, and Mrs. Rogers in 1943.

Dick raised raccoon at Bow Valley Ranch during the Depression. For several years he was Assistant Manager of the Homestead Hotel in Banff. He joined the R.C.A. as a Gunner in 1941 and served Overseas during the war. Upon his return, he was in business in Calgary for 16

years. He opened the first laundromat in Calgary and operated it successfully for a number of years. After selling the business, Dick then opened the White Hat Dairy Bar in Calgary, which he sold after building up a successful business. He moved to Victoria in 1963, and died there in 1972.

Molly attended St. Hilda's School For Girls in Calgary. She married Graeme Broatch on June 1, 1938, at All Saints Anglican Church, Cochrane.

THE SPENCER CREEK RANCH — by Jean L. Johnson

Mr. Spencer was the first settler in the area between the Ghost River and the Big Hill (now Cochrane). He was an Easterner who met the Rev. George McDougall in Edmonton. The Rev. George recommended the Morleyville district to him and introduced him to a Stoney Indian who guided him there. However, Spencer chose a location east of the Ghost River on the creek which now bears his name. He arrived there in 1874, and that year he and the McDougalls went to Montana and bought a small herd of cattle. Unfortunately, we do not know more about Mr. Spencer, who must have been a hardy and adventurous man to take two such difficult journeys in a wild and unknown country.

In 1880 Jean d'Artigue settled on Spencer Creek close to the Bow River. He was an original member of the N.W.M.P. and served with that force from 1874 till 1880. He left Spencer Creek for the Bottrel district and, in 1884 he homesteaded on Dog Pound Creek.

The Wainwrights were the next to choose Spencer Creek for a home. In 1882 Mr. Wainwright was working for the Cochrane Ranche. We learn this from Frank White's Diary. Also from the diary we have this: "May 30th, 1885. We started for Ghost River. Nooned above Wainwright's and got milk and butter from them."

In those days and for many years after, milking cows was one way to keep the wolf from the door. According to Charlie Pedeprat, a nephew of Jean d'Artigue, there was even one old trail called the "Milk Trail." It came down Big Hill Creek to the Cochrane Ranche.

The Wainwrights lived on Spencer Creek below the old ford and at that time the creek was known as Wainwright Creek, although later on, it was named for the first settler. Their house was on SE¼ 19-26-5-5 where the old Spencer Creek Ranch buildings are today. Mary Elizabeth Wainwright was the owner of the land when she passed away. John Pascoe Jephson who was the administrator of her estate took possession of this quarter in 1901. In 1902 he sold it to H. P. Le Sueur who, in 1890, had homesteaded the land vacated by Jean d'Artigue, namely the NE½ 18-26-5-5.

In 1908 H. P. Le Sueur sold his half section to Arthur Scott Lewis, who also bought the N½ 19 and the NW¼ 20. The latter piece of land had been homesteaded by the Pogocheskys; Beaupré Lake, once known as Jews Lake is on that quarter.

Arthur Lewis was an Englishman and a talented pianist. Shortly after he established his Spencer Creek Ranch, he married Maud Lewis who had come out from Wales to be governess to the Goddard children, at the Bow River Horse Ranch. Sometimes Arthur rode his bicycle to Cochrane to get the mail; sometimes the two of them drove in with their little roan horse, Paddy, hitched to the buggy. Mrs. Lewis, a capable nurse, was often called in case of an emergency and was always willing to deliver a baby or do what she could to help.

In 1909 Arthur and Maud Lewis gave a party for David and Annie McDougall when they returned from their honeymoon. Every year the Lewises held a Masquerade Ball in Cochrane for friends and neighbors. Possibly the music was supplied by the Ritchies from Jumping Pound.

Arthur Lewis lost his life in the First World War, shortly after inheriting a fortune from his father. Maud Lewis nursed in England during the War but returned to Canada after the War was over. Back on the ranch and now a wealthy woman, she felt that she needed a man to look after her business. She married George King and they went to Australia on their honeymoon. Maud was very unhappy. George decided that he liked Australia and not long after the couple came home he left for that country again and Maud was left alone. Her happiest years were those she spent with Arthur Lewis. When she died her nephew, Rod Raymont, inherited the Spencer Creek Ranch.

David Pow homesteaded SW¼ 18-26-5-5, south of the Bow River. When the Ghost Dam was built, about 1930, he sold the quarter to the Calgary Power Company and bought the SW¼ of 20 adjoining the Spencer Creek place on the east. This quarter section was homesteaded in the early days by W. Urquhart. David Pow sold out to Mrs. McDonald of Banff and she sold the quarter to Margaret Hess who put new buildings on the place. This remained her ranch headquarters even after she bought the Spencer Creek Ranch from Rod Raymont. Margaret now has a section and a half where she has raised a few good horses. Horses have always been one of her great interests; she competed in Horse Shows and raced her Thoroughbreds on the Western Circuit. For several years she ran cattle on the ranch. While Eddy Rowe was her manager, she got a great deal of pleasure out of the place although she never lived there. With the help of Katie Rowe she used to entertain her neighbors at a dinner party which became an annual event. Lately, she has been so involved with her Calgary Galleries and other interests that she has not been able to spend much time at her ranch.

FRED STIMSON

In 1881 Fred Stimson came to Western Canada from Compton, Quebec. He soon realized the potential of the West. When he returned to Quebec he encouraged Hugh Allan, a director of the C.P.R., to form the North-West Cattle Company.

Fred came back west the same year and camped northwest of Cochrane on NE¼ 32-26-5-5, land just outside the Cochrane Ranching Company lease. There are still a few remains of the small cabin he built for a shelter. Fred did not stay here very long, but long enough to have the valley where he camped named after him.

The North-West Ranching Company secured a fifty thousand acre lease west of the Crossing (High River) and Fred Stimson became the manager in 1882. This land later became the Bar U ranch owned by George Lane.

Fred was the first stockman to have cattle and horses trailed to Canada from the United States, the majority of them being trailed from Lost River, Idaho, about 150 miles east of Boise. It was on the first cattle drive that John Ware was hired to help, and when he arrived at the ranch Fred hired him permanently.

Fred always kept in close contact with the Cochrane ranchers, one of whom was Frank Ricks.

During the Depression many of the Cochrane boys trailed horses and haying machinery to Pekisko west of High River. It is interesting to note that Fred named this area.

Mowing prairie wool.

GRAND VALLEY AND NORTH TO THE LITTLE RED DEER RIVER

GRAND VALLEY — by Jean L. Johnson

Despite the claim of Calgary to be the Sunshine City of the Foothills — the Foothills in fact begin, sharply and without any geological doubt, some miles west of Cochrane. The fault, along which folded Upper Cretaceous sediments are thrust over gently dipping Tertiary sandstones, cuts the No. 1A highway just west of Coal Creek. Along this geological line the weakened earth has allowed itself to be moulded into soft and gentle contours mantled with deep soil and watered by a pleasant creek. Tributaries to this creek, such as Rhodes Creek, run off the steep east face of the Wildcat Hills whose wooded slopes shelter the valley on its west side. Eastward, a lower landscape marked by a few poplar clumps amongst the pasture and cultivation, sets the bounds of this beautiful valley. These words "beautiful valley", were written across the map that Dominion Land Surveyor, A. J. Brabazon, handed to his superiors in Ottawa in 1888 after the completion of the surveys begun there by Fawcett in 1883. And so impressed have been each generation of settlers in this place that the appellation, Grand Valley, has remained on locally fashioned signposts if not in the records of the Surveyor General.

The first men to settle in Grand Valley, W. Bell-Irving in 1883 and W. D. Kerfoot in 1885, saw it as fine ranching country with abundant grass and shelter for their livestock. There were natural hayfields, timber for building, and, most important, good springs and Grand Valley Creek, as it was called on the old maps. This stream, now known as Coal Creek, has its source in the Montreal Valley, flows in a semicircle around the north end of the Wildcat Hills and meanders down the valley forming numerous ox-bows. Just before reaching the highway it plunges into a canyon and on to the Bow River.

One of the old Indian trails used by the Stoneys went up this valley on the west side of the creek. The paths, long grown over, that they took with their horses and travois and later with wagons, could be detected by the mower wheels bumping over the ruts in the hayfields. The old trail which the McDougalls took from Edmonton to Morley crossed the Dog Pound Creek at a point northeast of the Wildcat Hills, cut across a corner of the Tempany land and so down Grand Valley before swinging west.

So far as is known, the first building in the valley was a sod-roofed log cabin on what was later Kerfoot land. It is mentioned in Frank White's diary and was sometimes used as a line camp by the Cochrane Ranche.

Just before Grand Valley reaches the 1A Highway it spreads out into the valley of the Bow. Grand Valley road begins in Section 24, land which once belonged to Earl Norbury and Thomas Belhaven Cochrane, of Mitford. Most of the land lying athwart the wide mouth of the valley became part of the McDougall Ranches.

In the days of the Cochrane Ranche it was always referred to as "the big valley." It is said that Donald McEachen named it. Looking across its wide expanse he exclaimed, "Aye, it's a grand valley," and it has been called Grand Valley ever since.

THE RURAL TELEPHONE LINE

In 1909 the telephone line was built up Grand Valley and west to the Mount Royal Ranch. This was a great boon to the denizens of the valley; not only was it useful for business purposes, it was a source of entertainment and news and an ever present help in time of trouble. One long ring was an alarm which brought everyone to the phone. It might be a call for help in putting out a fire or for hunting for a lost person. Strictly speaking, everyone who could, went to the phone for every ring. This was known as "rubbering." It was not done surreptitiously but was freely admitted and the news passed on to anyone who might have missed it.

Following is a list of the first subscribers.

GRAND VALLEY RURAL LINE

201 Bevan, G. A.
207 Boston, Jos.
209 Elder, A.
206 Grand Valley School
210 Kerfoot, Mrs. A. M.
211 Lumsden, H. M.
203 McDonald, D. P.
205 McEachen, D.
208 Mackay, Alex.

213 Meiklejon, R. W.
204 Morrison, D. C.
212 Patterson, Jas.
202 Quigley, Thos.
214 Thompson, E. F.

It took sixteen miles of poles and twenty miles of wire to build this line. According to the rules of the Alberta Government Telephones, there had to be one subscriber for every mile of poles, so to qualify for the line Mrs. Kerfoot and Mr. Meiklejon put phones in their stables. Ed Thompson, who had not finished building the log cabin on his homestead, had his telephone attached to a tree.

THE FIRST RANCH IN GRAND VALLEY

The ranch that William Bell-Irving established was the oldest in Grand Valley. It has been called the Minnehaha Ranch, the Grand Valley Ranch and for many years it was known as the Rhodes Ranch. It lay just north of W. D. Kerfoot's Virginia Ranche, on both sides of Grand Valley Creek (Coal Creek) and took in the east slopes of the Wildcat Hills. William Bell-Irving came from Scotland in 1882, and in 1883 he homesteaded the SE¼ 21-27-5-5, where he built a large log house, log stables and corrals. He bought a section of C.P.R. land, and by 1886 he held 5,280 acres of Crown land under lease. That year the law was changed to allow ranchers to buy their leased land and he was able to buy more land. Very little fencing was done in those days of the open range, and the fences that were built were seldom on the line.

The winter of 1886-87 was a disastrous one for the ranchers of Alberta, the deep snow and the bitter cold causing the death of thousands of cattle. William Bell-Irving was more fortunate than most as the snow was not as deep in that district, and he had shelter for his stock. Records show that by 1890 he had 91 head of horses and 150 head of cattle. All through the 1880s and 1890s wolves were a menace in the country and in some districts killed up to 25 per cent of the foals and calves.

Mr. Bell-Irving raised good light horses which were entered in local races and Mrs. Bell-Irving rode in Ladies' Races with great success. In 1900 he sold the ranch to R. W. Meiklejon and moved to Cuba, where he bought land for a ranch in the Province of Santiago.

EDWARD HOWARD AND FRANCES ABELL

Edward Abell and his wife Frances (nee Willis) once lived on the Boney Thompson homestead in Grand Valley. They had four children: Cecil, Enid, Leslie and Edward (Ted). Cecil and his wife lived in British Columbia. Cecil passed away at the age of 51 years. His wife had predeceased him. They had no children. Enid was born while the Abells lived on the Thompson homestead. She married F. C. Hopkinson, a Calgary fireman. They have two children. Leslie lives in Grande Prairie. Edward was in the Air Force for twenty years. Mr. Abell passed away in 1950. Frances, now in her eighties, lives in Calgary.

THE ALDERDICES — by Jack Fuller

The Alderdices came from Colorado. They trailed to Cochrane in a sheep wagon and homesteaded the NW¼ 18-28-5-5 located on the west end of Dog Pound Creek, about six miles south of us.

Bill had been a jerkline skinner and freighter in Colorado and Wyoming. He once told me how he had helped move a two-storey hotel over thirty miles across the prairie.

Bill was a big man. Mrs. Alderdice was a little woman, with a heart as big as Bill. I believe Bill's only fault was gambling. He was a great entertainer and played the jew's-harp and guitar. He gave his guitar to me and showed me three chords. I've never forgotten them or learned many more but I have had a lot of pleasure out of Bill's old guitar. He had a lot of good songs and everyone enjoyed his singing.

Herb, Bill's brother, had wrangled horses for Bill from the time he was ten. Herb stood six foot four and had a crooked wrist — a faster man had beat him to the draw.

I rode out from Cochrane with him in 1911. It rained all the way up Grand Valley and we stopped at Reamers for dinner. The oldest boy was trying to break a pony to ride but it bucked him off as fast as he got on. Herb said he would take the rough off it for him, and without changing the stirrups, he rode the pony until it was tired of bucking. Herb was a life-long friend of the Reamer boys from then on.

Bill worked on the Shouldice project just outside Bowness in 1911 and lived in his sheep wagon. Times failed and the Alderdices went back to the United States.

Bill Tempany later owned the Alderdice homestead and traded it to Bumpy Rhodes for a quarter section of land in Grand Valley. The land is now part of the S7 Ranch, owned by A. Garfield Stewart.

Mr. and Mrs. William Alderdice. Taken in front of their homestead shack on the Dog Pound Creek.

ROBERT AND EMMA ANDERTON

Bob Anderton and Emma Thompson were both born in England. They were married in England and their first two children were born there. The Andertons came to Halifax, Nova Scotia, in 1907 and lived there for one year before coming to Cochrane, where they brought up their five children.

At Cochrane Bob worked at the Glenbow Stone Quarry. In 1914 he joined the Armed Forces and was Overseas for four years.

After the War the Andertons lived on the John Phipps homestead for several years. From there they moved to the Bob Hogarth homestead before moving to the Elder place in Grand Valley. After Don Matthews bought the land the Andertons continued to look after the place for Don Matthews until 1951 when the land was sold to Percy Copithorne, then they moved to adjoining land owned by Joe Boston. While living there, Bob passed away in January 1953. He was buried in The Field of Honor in Burnsland Park, Calgary.

After Bob passed away Emma went to live in a little log cabin at the Hollowood Store on Highway 1A. Here she spent her time knitting and crocheting, at which she was one of the best. She passed away in Calgary on Christmas Day 1954, and was buried in Queen's Park Cemetery, Calgary.

CHARLES ANSON

Charles Anson was one of the earliest settlers in Grand Valley. In 1891 he homesteaded the NE¼ 26-26-5-5, which was sold to Don Campbell Morrison in 1895. The Bruce Boothby family now live on this land.

THE RAY BAGLEY FAMILY — by Dorothy M. Edge

Ray Bagley was born in January 1880, in a little log shack not far from the town of Sidney, Iowa. Supposedly the first Bagleys arrived on the Mayflower. When just a young boy Ray's family moved to Manitoba, but later they moved closer toward the setting sun. They reached Alberta and settled in Lacombe in 1892. Ray was just twelve years old.

Ray grew up at Lacombe with his two brothers and four sisters. One of Ray's sisters, "Missy", married Bill Brewster of Banff. She had one daughter, Sydney, from a previous marriage. She and Bill had two sons, Claude and Jack. Claude and his father started Brewster Industries in Banff. Jack and his family lived in the Dartigue district for a few years.

It was a Scottish girl, Elizabeth Ann Swanson of Lacombe, who caught Ray's eye, and he and Elizabeth were married around 1900. Elizabeth's parents had come from Scotland in the early 1880s. First they homesteaded in Manitoba and later went to Ontario, and in 1897 they came to Lacombe. Ray and Elizabeth raised six children: Jim, who was in the outfitting business; Nina, a schoolteacher, taught in Exshaw for many years; Earl, who worked for Calgary Power, deceased 1966; Parley, known as "Dude"; Bill; and Teresa, who lives in Vancouver.

As a young man Earl worked for Archie Kerfoot in Grand Valley breaking horses. He grew a little tired of this job and suggested to Archie that he hire his kid brother, Bill, to do the job. So in 1929 Bill went to work for Archie.

Bill had an early start as far as riding was concerned, as he won the boys' wild steer riding contest at the Calgary Stampede in 1928.

Part of 1934 and 1935 Bill worked for D. P. McDonald on the Mount Royal Ranch. One of his first tasks was to break "Old Floppy", a nine-year-old sorrel gelding of D.P.'s. About the time Bill was getting organized, the chore boy came up to the fence and said, "Oh, I see, now it's your job to break old Floppy; everyone that comes here has to break old Floppy."

For a time during the 1930s Bill worked hauling freight, with four horses and a sleigh during winter and four horses and a wagon during summer, up the Kananaskis when a cofferdam was being built at Kananaskis Lakes. In 1948 Bill was hired to build a log extension on the north end of Clem Edge's barn. For about thirty years now Bill has worked for Brewster Mountain Pack Trains in Banff as a packer. During the off season Bill winters the Brewster horses on the company ranch west of the Bar C. In 1975 Bill celebrated his 64th birthday at a party held in his honor by Jim and Alma Brewster at their Three Quarter Circle Guest Ranch at Seebe, Alberta.

During the years when Ray and Elizabeth were raising their family, they ranched in the Red Deer-Lacombe area. Here they raised Thoroughbred horses. These famous Thoroughbreds wore the Quarter Circle Triangle brand on the left ribs. Another of Ray's brands was the Rail Pen or "Window Sash" as he called it. Although Bill uses the Seven V brand, he also has the Quarter Circle Triangle brand, and a good friend of Ray's, Paula Hopkins, a nurse at the Foothills Hospital in Calgary, has the old Rail Pen brand.

At one time Ray had his own chuckwagon outfit and was also in the chuckwagon business with Tom Lauder. They also owned a string of good bucking horses. At different times Ray rode the Cochrane range and one of his poems, "The Cochrane Trail", came from an inspiration received while riding in this area.

In later years Ray lived in Calgary and spent many summers trail riding in the Rockies. In the evenings he would recite his home-spun poetry to the other guests. His many poems depicted how the pioneers knew Alberta before the 20th Century — wide-open country, no fences, no roads, only the trail from Calgary to Edmonton. As Ray remembered it in 1892 the Indians travelled with travois and Red River Carts and their ruts cut

deep into the sod. When the ruts became too deep a new trail was started and oftimes there were a dozen or fifteen sets of ruts. People travelled the way of the least resistance around the bush, sloughs and hills. Ray's poems portrayed something of the spirit of the people and the life that gradually came to them through civilization. In 1969 a book of Ray's poems, "Those Other Days", was published and dedicated to his son Bill and to The Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies. He said, "May your memories of those other days always be as wonderful as mine."

At the ripe old age of 93, Ray went to meet his maker. Funeral services were held in Banff, and the interment was in the Canmore cemetery. About a year and a half later Elizabeth passed away and she is also buried in the Canmore cemetery.

THE FIDDLE-FOOTED COWBOY — by Ray Bagley

He leaned upon the garden gate
His foot was on the rail
He twirled a spur rowel with his thumb
And said, "I'll hit the trail.

"They're fighting over 'cross the pond
I got a chore to do.
But when we get the mess cleaned up
Will you be waiting, Sue?"

"Boy your twine's all tangled,
I've heard that line before.
Just a fiddle-footed cowboy
That's why you're off to War.

"The first good-looking gal you spy
When you get across the sea
You'll start your rope a-spinning
And you'll never think of me."

He kicked his spur against the gate
And slowly shook his head.
"Don't reckon I would fancy
No China dolls," he said.

A rowel fell from out the spur
He placed it in her hand.
"I'll leave you this one souvenir
Whilst I'm in a foreign land.

"Without the rowel the spur's no good
Or the rowel without the spur."
He seemed about to mount his hoss
And never looked at her.

"We wouldn't put the hobbles on."
And as he turned his head
"You fiddle-footed cowboy,
I'll be waiting," she said.

ADAM M. BAPTIE, SR. — by Marshall Baptie

My dad came out from Scotland — Hawick was where he was raised — in 1887. His first job was herding sheep at Swift Current, Saskatchewan. He came to Calgary in 1888 and had a butcher shop on Stephen Avenue and 1st Street West in partnership with a man named King. My mother came from Edinburgh, Scotland. She was Irish and Scotch — perhaps that is why I am so ornery. Her first job was maid for Senator Lougheed, our present Premier's grandfather. She and Dad met in Calgary and were married by Ralph Connor, the great writer, at Anthracite, just east of Banff, in 1890. There were eight of us in the family — three girls, Cecil, Margaret and Hazel — five boys, James, Marshall, Robert, William and George.

After their marriage my dad and mother returned to Calgary and for a time my dad was employed on the Hope-Johnson Ranch in the Rosebud district. That was my mother's first encounter with Indians. She looked up from her sewing one day to see an Indian's face looking through the window at her — just about scared her to death as she was alone at the time with nobody near her.

Dad moved to Grand Valley, northwest of Cochrane, about 1901, and started ranching. He came there about the same time as Donald Morrison, Donald McEachen and Jimmy Patterson. They all went to the tall timbers at the head of Grand Valley, cut logs and other timber, built houses, barns, corrals, pig pens and such, all from timber they hauled by team and wagon about ten miles. Those days there were no fences; everyone turned their stock out on the range and then had a big roundup in the fall. Every rancher took part in the roundup, took his own stock (which of course was branded) and took them home for the winter. In 1905 Dad was appointed stock man at Morley, in charge of some 800 head of cattle.

He went to Exshaw in 1908 and started the first dairy there. Dad was then appointed Homestead Inspector and drove all over his territory with team and buggy. He sold the dairy at Exshaw and moved back to Cochrane where he was appointed Road Foreman; south to the old Drummond Corner, about eight miles west to the Ghost River and north about ten or fifteen miles.

Rob and Marjorie Baptie.

He employed men from Cochrane such as George Mortimer, Mr. Raby Sr., Al Raby, Bob Armistead, Archie Howard and James Quigley. They had a road camp about a mile west of the Ghost River. Archie Howard was going to Exshaw and James Quigley asked him to bring a newspaper back. Archie had dinner at the Exshaw Hotel where they had a Chinese cook, so he got a Chinese newspaper and threw it out to James as he was going by the camp. James was going to have Archie's hide, but it all turned out as a real good joke.

James for a time used to dig graves. One of his customers didn't pay although James had tried to get the money. One day he came across the guy in Billy Andison's store so he tapped him on the shoulder and said, "Look here, if ye dinna pay me, up he comes and over the fence he goes."

Dad and Mother returned to Exshaw in 1926, and Dad worked in the Exshaw Post Office until failing health forced his retirement. Dad passed away at Exshaw on November 30, 1934.

After Marshall Baptie's death in September 1974, his brother, Robert Baptie, added the following notes to the Adam Baptie story:

My mother's maiden name was Susannah McRavey. After Grandfather McRavey died, our grandmother married John Curren Sr. and came to Canada with him and Susannah, and his children by his first marriage, John Curren Jr. and a daughter who became Mrs. David White. The second marriage produced Isabella.

John Curren and son took up land, the north half of Section 14, west of Coal Creek. There were two houses on the place and the Adam Baptics lived in one while building a house on their land in Grand Valley. Adam Baptie named his homestead Wolf Lea after a place in Scotland and his brand was the Wolf Head.

John Curren sold out to David White of Banff, and he in turn sold the land to David McDougall.

During the First War, James, Marshall and Robert Baptie all went Overseas together in the 4th Ammunition Divisional Column, Horse Artillery.

ARCHIE BAPTIE — A HIGHLAND MAN — Taken off tape.

I was born in Scotland in 1885, and came out to the Cochrane area in 1906. I came out to join my uncle Adam who was assistant agent and stockman at Morley. I arrived at Morley in April 1906.

There were not a great many fences and no roads at all, just trails. The main road was between Calgary and Banff and it was just a trail at that. It was on the north side of the river — just holes at the creeks and no bridges at all.

I had known the William Elders all my life. They came out from Scotland in 1903 and homesteaded the NE¼ 2-27-5-5. They had three sons, Andrew, Cecil (Scotty), and Jim, and two girls, Mary and Jeannie. Scotty homesteaded on the very headwaters of Coal Creek, the creek that runs down Grand Valley. I homesteaded on the NW¼ 4-27-5-5. I lived with Scotty on his homestead and took out logs for my house and stable which were two miles away.

In the fall of 1907 Scotty and I built my shack and stable. The shack is still there — I have a photograph of it — in a little valley called Baptie's Valley. This is on the east side of the Wild Cat Hills and before the Stimson Valley.

Two of my brothers came to Canada, Tom and Adam. Adam lived in the Cochrane area for a few years and eventually went to work as a grain buyer in the Erskine-Stettler area. He is now retired and living in Lacombe. Tom came out in 1913 and settled in Grand Valley. He married Gladys Coatsworth.

In 1908 I bought a team from George Creighton of the Bar C Ranch, and went to work for Thomas Quigley hauling lumber. Quigley had a sawmill just a little north and east of the Mount Royal Ranch. We hauled lumber from there to the government road gangs. We crossed the Bow River on the ferry and loaded onto the C.P.R. cars at Radnor.

In 1910 I took the contract to lay the material for the first transmission line in Alberta. Scotty, myself, and a young lad named Johnnie McLintock worked on it. The contract was with the Montreal Engineering Company and they were building the transmission line for the Calgary Power Plant. During that summer we laid down all the poles, crossarms, cables, and insulators along the right of way. The first line was up to the headwaters of the Jumping Pound to a store there. The line went south then east.

I married Jeannie Elder in 1910, after I had finished the contract. We had two daughters and

two sons. Our eldest daughter, Catherine (Kay), married Harold Engley who worked for the Edmonton School Board. They had no family. Kay passed away several years ago in Edmonton.

Mary married Gordon Quigley, son of Tom Quigley, and they live near Kelowna. They have two children, Sandra and Randy.

Robert (Bob) was in the Air Force in World War II. He married Dorothy Miller who was born in Cobham, Surrey, England. They have two daughters, Valerie and Janet. Bob is now director for the Veterans Land Act for Manitoba and Western Ontario.

Stuart was in the Armed Forces also. He married Doreen Alson, a Winnipeg girl, and they have three children; Barry, Glen and Catherine Anne. Stuart is Service Manager for the City of Edmonton telephones.

Jeannie died in 1941 after a long illness. I remarried in 1942. My second wife, Laura MacKenzie, was born in Nova Scotia, and came to Edson, Alberta, as a young woman. Laura passed away in October 1973. I have seven grandchildren and nine great-grandchildren.

I was Overseas in the First World War from 1915 to 1919. I was two years with the Infantry Battalion, the 89th, then transferred to the 31st Battalion, where I was eighteen months with the Canadian Corps mounted police headquarters.

I joined the Air Force in 1941, with the rank of Flying Officer, and saw many of Canada's training stations — Dartmouth, St. John's, Summerside, Brandon, Three Rivers and Saskatoon — and was promoted to Active Flight Lieutenant.

After the War I was appointed Chief Investigator with the Welfare and Western Trade Board in Edmonton, and after they wound up the controls, I was secretary-manager of the Edmonton Golf and Country Club. I was an insurance adjuster until I retired in 1960, at the age of 74.

I have served on five police forces during my lifetime: the Alberta Provincial Police, as special game officer in 1932 — then transferred to the R.C.M.P. in 1945. When I left Cochrane for good I was appointed Chief Inspector with the Alberta Game Branch. I resigned in 1947 — they made my junior inspector the Commissioner and I wouldn't work with him. I then specialized with the Edmonton City Police for a short time, and was Deputy Assistant Provost Marshal in the Air Force, in charge of security branch service police.

I have been in many places and countries but Cochrane is the nicest place I know. I am now living in Edmonton.

WILLIAM (BILL) BASLER — by Alice Gano

As I remember Bill Basler in 1938, or before: He reminded me of a man of the gold rush days — a tall, quiet-spoken man with a shaggy beard and long untidy hair. His clothes were worn and not too clean. He more or less lived off the land, or perhaps on welfare. He used to walk a lot. Several times he came to our house and would enjoy a cup of tea or a bite to eat and just sit and chat awhile. Finally he was reported missing. Everyone thought he must have wandered off. The neighbors, and R.C.M.P. with tracking dogs, set out to search for him. They found him dead, not too far from his shack.

Note: Bill Basler was believed to have come to Cochrane from Missouri. In 1916 he homesteaded the NE¼ 16-28-5-5. The log cabin on his homestead had been built in the late 1800s and was used as a shelter for the men who worked on the old Betsy Railroad Line, which was used to transport logs from the upper end of Grand Valley to the sawmill at Mitford. There is still a rotted pile of logs of this land, that had been cut for the Mitford sawmill.

Bill was buried in the Cochrane cemetery on April 27, 1943. No next of kin have ever been located. His land was sold to Newt Gilbert and is now owned by Audrey Tempany.

MAN HUNT — by Lloyd Dolen

In the hills out west of Bottrel,
In the year of forty-three.
A homesteader left his cabin
His neighbor for to see.

He left for home at sundown,
He was heading for his shack.
They little knew that poor old Bill
Would not be coming back.

They say that he was feeble,
He was getting old and grey.
While he was walking through the woods
It seemed he lost his way.

For days and nights he wandered
Ere the curtain round him fold,
One loaf of bread was all he had
And the nights were bitter cold.

On Easter Sunday morning
We all gathered round
To look for poor old Billy,
They said, "He can't be found."

We climbed o'er hill and dead fall,
Hoping we would not fail.
We walked through all the jungle
We never missed a trail.

It seemed we walked for miles
A hundred men or more.
When a young cowboy from Bottrel
He finally made the score.

He said, "Here is old Billy,"
And as we all gathered round,
To gaze on the lifeless body
That was lying on the ground.

We all gathered around him,
To look at Bill once more.
We hoped that he had made it
Across the Golden Shore.

And now the man hunt is over,
Bill Basler was his name.
We all went out to find him,
We did not go for fame.

THE GEORGE BEATTY FAMILY

George Beatty came to Calgary from Eastern Canada with his parents in 1910. He married Florence Thiessens, daughter of a well-known pioneer family of Red Deer Lake, Alberta.

George and Florence lived at Red Deer Lake before coming to Cochrane. They had three children: Billy, Edna and Betty.

In 1936-37 the Beattys rented the Clem Edge place in Grand Valley where they boarded and cared for show horses.

George and his son Bill are well known in the calf roping circuit.

Bill married Violet Gerlitz of Red Deer Lake. Edna married Bud Gardner from Ravine, Alberta. Betty married Hank Coreman from Red Deer Lake.

George and Florence now live at Olds, Alberta. They have nine grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

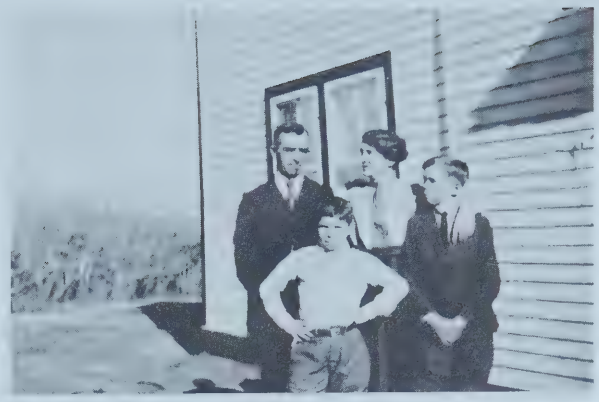
MR. AND MRS. JAMES BEGG — by their granddaughter, Helen Warner

James Begg and Helen Neil were married in Ayr, Scotland, in 1904. In 1911, Jim and Helen (Nellie) and their young son Matt, decided to leave their grocery business in Ayr and move to Canada to join their friend, Jack Connell on a farm near Claresholm, Alberta.

In 1912 their second son, Neil, was born in Claresholm. Their son Hamish was born in Carmangay, Alberta, in 1916. Two years later, Jack Connell and the Beggs moved to work on a cattle ranch in the Cyprus Hills. There they prospered, but tragedy struck during a bad flu epidemic after the First World War, when young Matt was stricken with the flu and died in the Dunmore hospital in 1919, at the age of twelve.

Neil started school in Medicine Hat, while his parents were working on the 76 Ranch near the city. In 1921 Jim and Nellie and their sons moved to Cochrane. Jack Connell bought the Glenfinnan Ranch west of Cochrane from D. P. McDonald; he and Jim worked together there, raising sheep, cattle and horses. In 1922, the Begg family moved to Cochrane and lived in the "Dad" Johnson house. Hamish started school in Cochrane. A year later, Jim and Nellie and the boys moved to Dunmore, where Jim worked for the C.P.R. In 1925 they moved back to Cochrane, to work at the Rhodes Ranch in Grand Valley. Neil and Hamish went to Chapelton School, and then, when it was opened, to the Grand Valley School.

In 1927 the family moved to Calgary, and Jim worked for the C.P.R. and later for the city. He and Nellie spent the rest of their busy lives in Calgary. The boys finished their schooling in Calgary.



Mr. and Mrs. James Begg with their sons, Hamish and Neil, 1926.

Neil worked at odd jobs around Calgary after finishing school. He managed the Hudson Bay store in Banff when it was first opened. He married Adele Templeton of Calgary in 1940. During the Second World War he served in the Navy. Following the War he bought a tire shop on the Hope-Princeton Highway in British Columbia. He later sold it and worked for Nestles Products Ltd., until he retired in 1972.

Hamish worked for Andy Garson in Cochrane after completing his schooling. He also worked for Frank Murray in Claresholm, at the Fuller Brush Warehouse in Calgary, the Rex Kendrew sawmill and the Mud Lake sawmill, both west of Cochrane, and Little Yoho National Park, where he helped to build the Alpine Chalet. He married Amy Nagy of Cochrane, and they bought the Glenfinnan Ranch from Jack Connell and Raymond Patterson, a well-known author of many good books. Hamish and Amy lived there until 1969, when they sold their ranch to the Department of Indian Affairs, Government of Canada; the land is now part of the Morley Indian Reserve. They are still living in the Cochrane district. They had four children, Jim, Helen, Donald and Beverly. Jim works in the construction industry in Calgary. He and his wife have a son and a daughter. Helen married Mark Warner; they farm north of Cochrane and have two sons and two daughters. Donald owns and operates a bronze foundry in Cochrane. He married Shirley Stevens of Calgary, and they have a daughter. Beverly is married and lives in Kamloops, British Columbia.

THE BELL-IRVINGS — by Percy Kerfoot

My grandfather Bell-Irving, on my mother's side had large holdings in South America in a textile manufacturing industry, in Demerara, Georgetown, Guiana (now Guyana). The foreman of this plant let the insurance lapse and everything was lost in a fire. Instead of being well-off the family had to watch its spending. As a result it was decided to educate the family, or some of them in Germany, as good education was cheaper there.

My uncle, Harry Bell-Irving, graduated as a civil engineer and worked in that capacity for the C.P.R. from Regina to Vancouver. My uncle Duncan was a doctor and practised in Vancouver. He and Uncle Harry started the Anglo British Columbia Packing Company. My uncle Will was in partnership with my dad in a very large lease from the Government. They bought stock enough to stock this lease and the Government cancelled the lease. They were left with too many cattle for the land they owned and lost money quite heavily. The Government offered them a chance to buy leased land at one dollar an acre but they were not able to buy much. By building a dam on Grand Valley creek and digging ditches to prove that the land could be irrigated, they could buy additional land at one dollar per acre. The little dam was on the SE¼ 27-27-5-5.

At first my grandmother Bell-Irving had a half section which is now under the Glenmore Lake. She called the place Bonny Blink. After my mother married my father, W. D. Kerfoot, Grandmother sold her land to Joe Robinson of the Chipman Ranche and homesteaded just west of my parents' home in the Valley, and had a log house built. This she used for a summer home. She spent the winters in Banff.

My father had an Indian, named Moses, working for him. One day Moses went to Morley, expecting to be back next day. After four days passed with no sign of him, Archie and I became very worried and were sure that he had become lost. The next week-end my grandmother took us with her to Banff and on Sunday morning we went to church. In his sermon the minister told that Moses wandered for forty days in the great and terrible wilderness. Little Archie stood up in church and announced, "No he didn't! He came back last Friday."

I am the "baby" of the clan — born in 1900. Some of the stories of the past I was told, some I remember myself. When I was a baby we had a large coyote hound named Joe that was broken to drive. He pulled me around on a sleigh with a box on it. One day Joe sighted a coyote and away we went on high, till we hit an A fence which stopped everything. In later years Joe used to haul our sleigh up the hill which was both high and steep. He would gallop down behind the sleigh. After doing this about three times Joe would get lost.

In those days grub lining was a common practice. In the late fall a man would ride in and stay all winter, doing some chores and cutting wood for a warm bed and grub. Ed Thompson, who had a small ranch, had a man come in to stay the winter. In the spring, Ed arrived over at our house in a bad temper and told my mother his boarder had left, taking Ed's bridle and silver-mounted spurs with him.

My mother said, "What's the matter with the man. Has he got kleptomania?" There was a pause and then Ed said, "I don't know if he got that but he got most everything else in the house."

THE LANE E. BERRY FAMILY

Lane E. Berry (Breezy) came to Cochrane from Trochu, Alberta, with Tom Lauder. In the winter he and Tom hunted coyotes with hounds. At that time coyote pelts were worth around twenty-five dollars each.

Breezy was a real old-time cowboy. He loved horses and always appreciated a horse that bucked a little when he first got on. He was well known in the chuckwagon races at the Calgary Stampede and thought nothing of using a bronc on his team.

Breezy entered two of his horses, Spider and Ranger, in the 30 mile race at Midnapore. Breezy placed but Chet Baldwin, riding Ranger, pulled up his horse before the end of the race. A Doctor Joe colt came in first and in excellent condition.

Three of Breezy's brothers — Art, Irwin and Herman also worked on ranches around Cochrane. Art married Bertha Alice Buckley, and they lived in Jumping Pound. Irwin drowned in the Old Man River shortly after leaving Cochrane. Herman returned to Trochu.

During the 1920s Breezy rode the range for D. P. McDonald. In the early 1930s he drove a team

Herman Kober's Chuckwagon outfit, about 1939.

Lone Breeze, riding in the 30-mile race at Midnapore.

at Lake Louise for Clem Edge when the Banff-Lake Louise Highway was being built. He often stayed with the Charlie Copithornes and always had a bed there whether they were home or not. One night he came in late and while tiptoeing to his bed upstairs, stepped onto the unfinished floor and ended up with both feet hanging through the kitchen ceiling!

During World War II, Breezy went north and packed on the DEW Line. After he returned he married Hazel Lanaway from Raven. They lived on the Hill place and then on the Parker place in Grand Valley. Grandad Lanaway lived with them.

The Berrys have seven children: Louise, Lane (Little Beaver), Jean, Leah, Orr, Urben, and Joan. A set of twins died at birth. After Jean was born Breezy and Hazel moved to Stanmore, Alberta.

The last few years Lane Berry Jr. has been receiving high points at rodeos in the bronc and bull riding events.

THE BISHOP BROTHERS

Billy and John Bishop came from Washington State and homesteaded the SE¼ 18-28-5-5, adjoining the Sid Edge homestead, and the NE¼ 18 in the same Township, adjoining the Alderdices' land. Billy was the original owner of the Bar 50 brands for cattle and horses, which he sold to Clem Edge. These brands are still being used by a member of the Edge family.

John and his wife had two daughters. The Bishops left Cochrane in 1913, when they sold their land to Dave Malloch. The SE¼ 18 is now owned by James Motta and the NE¼ 18 has been subdivided.

KATHERINE BLANEY

Katherine Blaney, a widow, came from Hamilton, Scotland, and homesteaded the SW¼ 34-26-5-5 in Grand Valley near her brother Donald McEachen. Her two children, Dennis and Annie, attended Grand Valley School when it opened in 1901. Later the Blaneys moved to Calgary where Mrs. Blaney passed away in July 1939.

Dennis worked for the provincial government for twelve years. He passed away after a brief illness at the age of 52.

Annie also worked in Calgary for several years. She died of cancer in 1954.

Neither Dennis nor Annie married.

FRED BLOOMFIELD — by Jean L. Johnson

The Grand Valley road, after following the section line for a short distance, takes off on the old Betsy Line grade. This bend in the road comes at the SW corner of the Bloomfield place, the NW¼ 36-26-5-5. It has always been called the Bloomfield place although Fred Bloomfield died many years ago. It is rumoured that he only squatted on the land in the first place. Certainly there is no record of his homesteading. Not a great deal is known of him, but perhaps that is not surprising of a man who was a recluse and was writing a Bible. Then too, he was an honest man and a bachelor.

This quarter section where he once lived in a dugout, is a pleasant place. There are poplar bluffs and outcroppings of sandstone on the gentle slopes which are still clothed with prairie wool. It was here, through the kindness of Mrs. Duncan Kerfoot, that the Grand Valley picnic was held for many years on Dominion Day; a get-together for local families with foot races for the children, but that was not in Fred's time.

Upon one occasion this quiet man did indulge in an evening's entertainment — it is on record that he attended a Grand Valley School meeting. He had no telephone and in his day radios were unknown. But, he had his banjo and his music. Perhaps a lone rider heading home up the valley in the dusk, heard the soft strumming and the old hymn, "Shall we gather at the river" or the haunting strains of "Far, far, beyond the starlit skies."

Mr. Bloomfield had a team of large Clydesdale horses, Buck and Jake. He put up hay, his only source of income from the land, and raked it up with a narrow one-horse hayrake. After the haying was over he removed the teeth from the rake and used this frail, two-wheeled vehicle for his transportation. When Andy Garson had the MacKay place rented he said to Fred, "Come over and stay with me and help me hay. Someday you will be found dead in that dugout." Fred went, and while there, he asked Andy to buy him a couple of plugs of T & B tobacco. When he died he left Andy one dollar in his will, to pay for the tobacco.

GEORGE BOSTON

George Boston came to Canada from Cheshire, England, in the early 1880s. He started working for the C.P.R. when the Trans-Canada railway line was being built, and worked on the line until its completion. He and his son, Joe, were both present when the last spike was driven at Craigellachie, British Columbia.

In 1894 George came to Cochrane and homesteaded the SE¼ 36-26-5-5, where he raised cattle and horses. His brand was 13, on the left hip for cattle and on the left shoulder for horses.

George passed away in 1900. It is believed that he was buried in a homemade coffin made of slabs, and buried in the Mitford cemetery. Although there is no record of his burial there in the All Saints Anglican Church Registry of Burials, it may be so. One of his sons, Ernest, is also said to have been buried at Mitford.

JOSEPH AND ALICE BOSTON

Joe Boston and his brother came from Cheshire, England, in search of their father, whom they found working on the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway line at Canmore. Joe went to work as an engineer on the railroad,

then worked in the Canmore mines before homesteading at Grand Valley on the SW¼ 36-26-5-5 in 1894. The Betsy Line which ran through Joe's homestead was in operation at that time, and he was the engineer of "Old Betsy", the little locomotive that hauled logs to the sawmill, and clay to the kilns, at Mitford. Joe bought the NE¼ 25 from the C.P.R., south of him, and altogether he had some excellent hay land.

Alice Coomber, a sister of Mrs. Dicky Smith, came over from England as Lady Adela's maid, and she and Joe were married shortly after.

The Bostons raised horses, cattle and pigs. During the Depression Joe kept his steers,

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Boston and their son Walter.

Joe Boston's 1907 Maxwell.

Form B.—For Rural Districts.

E. L. CHRISTIE, Western Headquarters for all School Supplies, Brandon, Man.

Assessment Notice.

School District of ..... No. ..... N. W. T.

To .....

..... P.O.

You are hereby notified that your name appears on the Assessment Roll of the above named School District for the year 190 . as owner or occupant of S 1/2 36 M E 1/4 25

, and that you are assessed for 480 acres of land

You are further notified that if you object to this assessment you must appeal to the Justice of the Peace nearest my residence within fifteen days after the posting of the Assessment Roll, otherwise the assessment will stand.

DATED at ..... this .....

day of .....

.....

Secretary or Secretary-Treasurer.

Residence of Secretary or Secretary-Treasurer—

Section 36 Tp. 26 Rge 5 M. 3

mostly dairy breed with horns, until they were five or six years old, hoping the price would go up. Most of the steers looked like Texas longhorns. He once kept a sow until it was so big that he had to take the end out of the building to get her out.

Having no children of their own, the Bostons took in orphans to help with the work. The boys found Joe to be an ornery old customer, but that changed when Walter came. He took it out of Joe's hide down in the stable, and from then on Walter could do no wrong. He was the white-haired boy, and took the name of Boston. Joe filed on the NE¼ 18-27-5-5 for Walter.

Walter attended Grand Valley School, and joined the 16th Field Ambulance Corps during World War I. He was killed in action on April 16, 1919, and was buried in Siberia.

Joe and Alice were hospitable people and made all visitors welcome. On a hot summer day during the Depression, they would bring out the supreme treat — a large, cool tin of tomatoes. Joe was a great admirer of William Aberhart. With his crystal set and headphones he listened to every Prophetic Bible broadcast. And — Aha! Twenty-five dollars a month with Social Credit elected!

Although they lived beyond their Golden Wedding Anniversary, Alice Boston did not have an easy life.

Although the first car in the Cochrane district was a small steam car owned by the Cochrane Ranche, Joe Boston was the first to have a car in Grand Valley. In 1907 he bought a two-cylinder Maxwell. It would go ten to fifteen miles an hour, but did not have much power in high gear. When Joe came to a hill he turned the car around and backed up. The car was sold to Ken Cohoe for ten dollars in 1945. Ken renovated it, and it is now in Stan Reynold's Museum at Wetaskiwin.

It is believed that Joe was one of the first members of the Calgary Volunteer Fire Brigade before the Calgary Fire Department was organized. Presumably he must have been living in the city at the time.

Alice Boston passed away in the Canmore Hospital in 1944, and was buried in Canmore. Joe remarried, and he and his wife, the former Violet Emily Aellen, lived in Calgary. Joe passed away October 2, 1951, and Emily passed away December 10, 1973.

MR. AND MRS. JOHN BROWN

Mr. and Mrs. John Brown came from Saskatchewan and took up homestead land, the SW¼ 2-28-6-5. They lived in a four-room two storey house that they had moved from Saskatchewan. The house had been completely dismantled and was rebuilt on their homestead. The land was later bought by Donald Patterson, and he moved the house to his Hudson's Bay quarter further down Grand Valley. Several teams of horses were used to move the house. It was destroyed by fire in 1952.

The Browns did not stay very long at Cochrane. Mr. Brown was a minister. They did not have any family while they were here.

DAVE BRYANT

I was born in London, England, on May 1, 1903, and came to Toronto, Ontario, in 1907. My mother was born in Scotland and my father was born in Ireland. I have two brothers and two sisters.

My sister Lillian and I came to Cochrane from Toronto in September 1914. I was eleven years old, she was eight. Our father had been electrocuted while wiring a hotel in Toronto. Our uncle at Cochrane, Jimmy Patterson, sent two tickets to my mother and asked her to let two of her children come and live with his family. My mother kept the tickets for almost a year before she would let us come. We travelled three days and three nights by train. Lillian soon became homesick and cried nearly all the way. Someone had given me a pair of gauntlet gloves before I left Toronto. One day I opened the window of the train and held my hand out. The cinders from the engine blew back and burned small holes in my gloves. This almost ruined my trip out West.

Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. Darke met us at the station. We drove eleven miles with a team and democrat to the Patterson ranch in Grand Valley. Their home was also the Caldbeck Post Office.

Young Jimmy (age ten) met us at the barn. He was wheeling a wheelbarrow load of hay to the cows. He set the wheelbarrow down, looked me over and with a grin as broad as himself, asked me if I could swear. I told him I thought I could a little bit. We were good friends from then on. He took me to the house where I met Jeannie Smith, a Scottish lady, who had lived with the Pattersons for several years. She was very strict and her first glance made me feel like Oliver Twist. Jimmy did not mind her a bit. It was nothing to come to the house just in time to see Jimmy running out the door with Jeannie after him, shouting, "The deevil is in yar fangers, ye kinna lev nethin alane! I sweer I'll tell Pettersin on ye."

There were two boys, Donald and Jimmy, in the Patterson family and we three boys slept in one bed. Jeannie woke everyone in the morning by rapping on the door with her cane. I could hear her shout, "Pettersin aer ye up?" Apparently Jeannie was to wake us and judging by the dint in the door she had not shirked her duty.

As we dressed I could not help noticing the socks the boys were wearing. When we came out of the bedroom, Jeannie had breakfast ready and was standing at the stove stirring a huge pot of oatmeal porridge with a wooden stick. After breakfast I soon learned the secret of the good socks. Everytime Mrs. Patterson or Jeannie had a moment to spare, they would sit and knit. The main knitting needle was inserted into a ball (about the size of a softball) of hard-packed

Lillian and Dave Bryant, taken just before they left Toronto in 1914.

prairie wool hay, tightly wrapped in cord and placed on their laps; then they would knit so fast you could almost see the socks grow.

I remember my aunt best when I think of loaves and loaves of delicious homemade bread, and cows and more cows to milk. When Ruth Hinde was born, Mrs. Patterson went to help. Jimmy and I started to milk cows at seven in the morning and finished at two in the afternoon. Jimmy said, "What will we do now?" I decided we had better start over again. After much puffing and sighing, we did.

Shortly after Lillian and I started to attend Chapelton School, we were riding double bareback and I wanted the horse to trot. Lillian lost her balance and we fell off and I broke my arm. Uncle Jimmy took me to Cochrane. The doctor was out so Bob Chapman took me to a ranch south of Cochrane, where Dr. Ritchie and his son set my arm without giving me any anesthetic. Later I went to the West Brook one-room school.

When I was fourteen I raked hay for Gordon Hinde, manager of the Rhodes Ranch in Grand Valley, for one dollar a day. During the War I took a flatrack of wool to Crossfield for Chris Larson. Ab Banta also raised sheep and his hired man took a load in for Ab. We each drove a four-horse team. It was a two-day trip and as we did not have any money we slept in a Chinese cafe all night. The next day we each tied one team behind our rack and headed for home. On the way home I gave a girl a ride for two miles. She sat in the far corner of the rack and never spoke. I'm still wondering who she was. The hard winter of 1919 I fed cattle for Bill Tempany. In the spring of 1920 I went to work at the Virginia Ranch for T. B. Jenkinson. Mrs. Oldaker was the housekeeper and she was an excellent cook.

Late in the fall of 1920, sadness struck the Patterson home when Jimmy took sick with scarlet fever and developed infected mastoids and pneumonia. The roads were very bad and Mr. and Mrs. Patterson rented a house and moved Jimmy to Cochrane so that Dr. Waite and Dr. Park could do all they could to save him. Anne Beynon was his nurse and stayed with him night and day. When all hope for Jimmy's recovery was given up, Mr. Patterson, Donald and I rode horseback to Cochrane to see Jimmy. We stayed in Cochrane overnight and our neighbor Clem Edge did the chores. Jimmy was propped up in bed so we could see him through the window. As all hope had been given up for Jimmy, Dr. Waite decided to try one more thing. He lanced Jimmy's lung to drain away the fluid. Suddenly, Jimmy started to get better. Although he lost his hearing, he soon regained his health and there was happiness in the Patterson home once more.

In 1921 I worked for Paul Swanson on the irrigation ditch at Barnes in Southern Alberta. Don Patterson, Bill Hughes, Pat Kerfoot and I spent several falls pitching bundles for large steam threshing outfits in the Langdon, Cheadle,

Jeannie Smith.

and the High River areas. In 1923 Don Patterson and I worked for Mr. and Mrs. Dave McDougall. Although they had a large family of their own, they always referred to us as their boys.

It wasn't all work and no play in those days either. I often rode to dances held in Cochrane or in schoolhouses. I could ride from Pattersons across country to the Summit Hill School without opening a gate. One night I thought I would leave early and have supper with Susan and Jim Reeve. After supper I admitted to Susan that I was sweet on the teacher at Summit Hill. Susan was aghast and replied, "Dave, she can't even milk cows!"

Late in 1923 I went back to Toronto and worked six-and-one-half years for General Motors of Canada at Oshawa, Ontario. My mother passed away in 1929, and I returned to Cochrane and went to work on the Dog Pound and Lochend roads for George Woodson. All the road work was done with horses and a fresno or a walking plough.

I bought a team of my own and drove them to Lake Louise to work on the highway. When there was no roadwork, I worked for Andy Garson, Tom Baptie, Chappy Clarkson, and Archie Kerfoot. The winter of 1934, after working on the road at Lake Louise, Bill Melleck and I drove our teams back to Seebe to work in the relief camp. Food, clothing, hay and oats were paid for by the Government. We were paid 20¢ a day for our work and 80¢ a day for our team. It was twenty degrees below zero when we left Pattersons, and I drove my team and walked beside my wagon almost forty miles to Seebe. Bill had asthma so bad he could not walk and he nearly froze to death before we got there.

In 1933 I bought a quarter secton of Hudson's Bay land, NW¼ 26-27-5-5, in Grand Valley for $8.00 per acre, where my wife and I still reside.

In the 1930s taxes were low but hard to pay. You could pay part of your taxes by working on the road, which I did. One year the Social Credit Government paid us with scrip. Scrip and stinkweed were often referred to as "Aberhart's Alfalfa." William Aberhart was Premier of Alberta at the time.

On September 10, 1936, Ellen Ullery and I were married by Reverend Dr. McKeen Reid, at my home in Grand Valley. We have three children: David Earl, married to Betty Grievson; Dorothy May, married to Donald Edge; and Lillian Ethel, who married Harvey Short from Winnipeg, Manitoba. Lillian is now married to Gary Gingles from Exshaw. We have three grandchildren, Gary and Bary Bryant and Dallas Anita Short.

David has his own road construction business and builds roads in the Cochrane and Calgary areas. Dorothy has been a secretary for Mobil Oil of Canada, Ltd. for seventeen years. Lillian is also a secretary and works for Alberta Natural Gas Company at their plant just northwest of Cochrane.

My sister Lillian went back to Ontario when she was eighteen and married Robert Colquhoun. They have three children, Bob, Ron and Joan, and eight grandchildren: Bob and Shirley's children, Robert and Craig; Ron and Audrey's children, Laura, Betty, Barbara and Allan; Don and Joan Gruber's children, Sheena and Tasha Dawn. Allan passed away at the age of eight due to a riding accident. Lillian, now a widow, loves to visit the West and drive up the Grand Valley road. She often recalls the times the Patterson boys would tease her until she cried, then hug her and say, "Now, now, wee womany, don't cry."

CHARLES COPITHORNE — by Harry Copithorne

Charles was the second youngest son of John and Susan Copithorne of Jumping Pound. Perhaps because of his happy-go-lucky nature and sunny disposition, his brothers often complained jealously that he was his father's fair-haired boy. He could do no wrong.

When his parents retired to Victoria in 1912, he was one of the younger children taken along, ostensibly to further his education. In 1916 he returned to the ranch and as is often the case, young boys rebel at having to take orders from an older brother. He soon departed and went to work with his brother Claude who farmed near Cochrane.

In 1929 he married Louise Tempany and his father set them up on a section of land in Jumping Pound. It was during the Depression when many families found it difficult to subsist on the weekly cream cheque and a few steers driven to market in the fall. Two sons, William and Ian, were born while they resided in Jumping Pound. There were no roads, and unable to figure any appreciable change for the better in the foreseeable future, they sold their land and moved to the Grand Valley district north of Cochrane. Here, at least, there were roads and they felt less isolated.

The farm they purchased was in an attractive setting close to a small creek flowing through a meadow. This stream abounded in rainbow trout and brother Harry and family deemed it a privilege to be invited on a Sunday to fish and explore the wonders of this stream that meandered secretly through the dense growth, the pools murky with minnows, and noisy with harrumphing bullfrogs. Here deer came down from the hills to drink, leaving their hoofprints in the damp earth. There was a good spring close to their house, and for those who had no running water on their homesite it seemed like a little bit of Heaven.

Another son, Rolfe, was born while they resided in Grand Valley. Now there were three boys to be raised and educated. Aiming for a less uncertain way to make a living, they moved to the Turner Valley oil fields where work was plentiful

and wages good. After a few years they returned to their home in Grand Valley.

Several years later when economy was on the upswing, Charlie and Louise became aware of the potential of land values in the Midnapore area, and the obvious fact that it would one day become a suburb of Calgary. They sold their land in Grand Valley and purchased a farm at Midnapore near the highway. Here the boys grew to manhood, a credit to their parents. It is one of the tragedies of life that one is not always spared to enjoy the successful fruition of a life filled with hard work and sound investment.

Charles died in February 1964.

THE GERRARD (GEORGE) CRANE FAMILY

George Crane, son of a clergyman, was born in Holden Clough House near the village of Holden in the northwest corner of Yorkshire, England. He married Norah Hornsby in England and they had two daughters, Vivienne and Sheila.

Mr. Crane went to Wyoming, USA, in 1908. In 1912 he drove a herd of horses to Cochrane. A white Shetland pony, Pixie, led the herd all the way.

Mr. Crane was an excellent horse judge and schooled light horses. On several occasions he returned to England and bought valuable Thoroughbred stallions and brought them back to Canada to sell. Some of these stallions were: Vambrace, sold to Duncan Kerfoot, and Broxa, sold to E. D. Adams.

Mrs. Crane and the two girls came to Cochrane in 1918. The Cranes lived on several places south of the Bow River, first where Lionel Barrows now lives, the Joe Clemens ranch and the SL. While on the SL the girls liked to go through the Frank Ricks home, which was vacant at the time and was supposed to be haunted. Later the family moved to the Adam Baptie homestead in Grand Valley, and the girls attended the Grand Valley School.

While in Grand Valley, Mr. Crane spent a lot of time schooling horses for T. B. Jenkinson at the Virginia Ranch on the Dog Pound.

George Crane.

Mrs. Crane and Vivienne.

The girls rode Pixie to the Caldbeck Post Office to get their mail. The Patterson boys would wait until the girls were back on their horse, lift it up by the front legs and slide the girls off the back. One event the girls looked forward to was watching the Patterson boys go past in the fall with their teams and racks, to go threshing.

Mr. Crane schooled many of his own horses for the Calgary Horse Show and they were usually ridden by Mrs. Harvie.

Mrs. Crane went to work for awhile on the Indian Reserve at Brockett, Alberta, but she died of pneumonia in January 1924, at the age of 39. She was buried at Fort Macleod. In October of the same year Mrs. Jim Elder took the girls back to England to live; Vivienne, with her maternal grandmother, and Sheila, with her uncle Lieutenant Colonel C. P. Crane. Pixie was left with the Duncan Kerfoot children.

Vivienne followed in her father's footsteps, became an ardent horsewoman and won many coveted trophies in England. On many occasions she rode with the Quorn Hounds in Leicester.

Sheila took nurse's training and received her R.N. She was one of the nurses who landed in France with the Normandy Invasion and went with the British troops right through to Berlin. After returning to England, she was decorated by Queen Elizabeth II and given the highest honors a nurse can receive in England. Sheila has never married or returned to Canada. She is now the Matron at Lodge Hospital near Grays, Essex. When she first went there she was classed as one of the youngest matrons in England.

Sheila Crane.

Vivienne Crane and Dr. Gibson, mounted on horses bought from Archie Kerfoot and taken to England.

Mr. Crane continued to import Thoroughbred stallions to Canada until he passed away in December 1931, in England.

Vivienne and a friend, Dr. Mary Gibson, returned to Canada in 1936 to visit the Archie Kerfoots. While there they bought two saddle horses from Archie and took them back to England on board the Empress of Canada. The boat had never transported livestock before; stalls were built and special arrangements were made to unload the horses at their destination.

In 1939 Vivienne, Mary, and Jean Kirkpatrick came back to visit the Kerfoots. World War II was declared and Vivienne stayed in Canada. She married Bud Ullery on November 15, 1939. They have three children: William Earl, James Crane and Heather Ann.

The night Bud and Vivienne were married, Vivienne put her shoes outside the hotel room door. Bud wanted to know what on earth she was doing. When she told him they needed polishing, Bud replied, "If you don't want to be barefoot by morning you better bring 'em back in."

They bought Hudson's Bay land, SE¼ 8-27-5-5, in the Beaupré area, where they still reside. Unfortunately, they lost their first home by fire in 1946. Vivienne, alone at the time, put her children in the barn manger and hurried back to the house, threw out the dresser drawers and stripped the walls of pictures. A Gissing original burned as it was too high for her to reach. The Ullerys then went to live at Maud King's Spencer Creek Ranch until another house could be built.

Quite a few orphan animals have been pensioned off at the Ullerys. One, a donkey, Flight Lieutenant Prunes, owned by Charlie Beil, was an honored guest in the neighborhood for several years. At Christmas time he ate more oranges than the "kids." Prunes had been a mascot in the American Air Force and had a uniform and hat of his own. Pixie also spent his last years there.

When the movie "Saskatchewan" was filmed in Banff, Alan Ladd drove Bud's horses, and Bud was hired to drive the second covered wagon. In 1975 Vivienne played the role of the pioneer midwife in the movie "The Grand Mother."

Bud raised sheep and cattle for a number of years and is now working on construction with his backhoe and does a lot of work for the Fina Gas Plant. He is proud of his Charolais cattle; one cow has had six calves in three years.

William (Bill) married Joan Schott and they have two children, Darwin and Shelly. Bill has won many trophies in team roping.

James (Jim) married Connie Fenton, and they have four children: a daughter Kelly, a son Kenny and twins, Keith and Wayne. Jim works for the Department of Highways.

Heather married John Hindes and they have two children, Rodney and Wesley; they live at the home place.

OSWALD ASHETON CRITCHLEY

O. A. Critchley bought the Stapleton Ranch on the Bow River some six miles west of Calgary in the 1880s, paying $3.00 per acre for it. Here he raised two sons, Cecil (born 1890) and Walter (1892), by his first wife, Maria Newbolt, who died in childbirth in 1892. He then married Winnifred Holt of the Holt Shipping Line, in Liverpool, who bore him a son, Jack, in November 1893, and twin sons, Dick and Gerald, in 1906. In 1899 he sold the ranch on the Bow for $10.00 per acre and returned to England until 1909. He and his family came again to Canada and bought the original Bell-Irving ranch in Grand Valley from Robert Meiklejon. It was to this ranch that Margaret Melly came from Liverpool, in the summer of 1911, to stay with her aunt, Winnie Critchley, and met Duncan Kerfoot, eldest son on the neighboring Virginia Ranch. They were married in Liverpool in 1912.

O. A. Critchley took in Gilbert Rhodes as a partner and ranched in Grand Valley until the outbreak of World War One. He took his brand from his initials, O bar A. He was a founding member of the Ranchmen's Club in Calgary.

With the coming of war, he joined two of his sons, Cecil and Jack, in Lord Strathcona's Horse and served with them in France. He died in 1935, in London, still actively assisting Cecil to run his greyhound racing establishment.

Cecil joined the Straths in 1910 and had a meteoric military career, being promoted to Brigadier General at the age of 27 and playing a part in the formation of the Royal Air Force in 1918. Between the wars he purchased the White City Stadium in London (site of the 1908 Olympics) and there established greyhound racing. He also played championship golf and was elected to the British Parliament as a Conservative in 1934. During World War Two he was in charge of all initial training for the R.A.F. and was made an Air Commodore. Later he reorganized and directed British Overseas Airways Corporation most successfully until he went blind in 1953. During his distinguished career he was awarded the C.M.G., C.B.E. and D.S.O. He died in the 1960s.

Walter joined the 10th Infantry Battalion at the outbreak of World War One and became commander of this Battalion in France, where he was awarded the D.S.O. for gallantry in action. During World War Two he trained troops in Canada.

Jack, serving with Lord Strathcona's Horse, and temporarily in command of the regiment, died of wounds received in a cavalry charge on entrenched positions, in 1917. He was 24 years old.

The twins, Dick and Gerald, served with Indian Cavalry regiments and became a Brigadier and a Colonel in World War Two. Like all the family they were great athletes and fine horsemen and played high handicap polo in the 1930s.

MR. AND MRS. JAMES DARKE — by Lillian Tedder

My parents were born in Ontario and grew up at Stonewall near Winnipeg, Manitoba. They were married February 1, 1899, and moved to Summerland, British Columbia.

In June 1914, my parents and five children, Maurice, Gertrude, myself, Gladys, and Ada, a baby of six months, moved to a ranch in the Grand Valley district 11 miles northwest of Cochrane. The ranch was bought from H. M. Lumsden. The Lumsdens then moved to Summerland. Our belongings, including our pet horse Nettie, were moved from Summerland by boxcar.

While on the ranch we went to Cochrane by team and buggy, or wagon. We rode four miles to Chapelton School close to the Walter Crowe ranch. I'll never forget those cold rides! Church services were held in the Grand Valley School, and ministers took turns with the services. Our neighbors were the Pattersons, Kerfoots, Elders, Bapties and Morrisons.

Mr. and Mrs. James G. Darke on their Golden Wedding Anniversary, February 1, 1949.

In 1918 my parents had an auction sale and all our livestock was sold but Nettie. Joe Taylor was the auctioneer, and I believe it was his first sale. Duncan Kerfoot bought one of our Holstein cows for $115, a very high price at that time. The family then moved to Cochrane. We only lived in Cochrane for a short time. Arthur, who was born on the ranch, passed away at the age of nine months, and was buried in Cochrane.

In 1915 my father had homesteaded the SW¼ 4-27-5-5. He sold this land to Mr. Visby of Lethbridge. He in turn sold it to George Perrenoud, who still owns the land. George built a cabin, "Pine Lodge", there, where he and Alex Beadle camped in the winter and cut firewood. George homesteaded the adjoining NW¼. No timber has been cut on this quarter, and George has made arrangements for it to revert back to the Alberta Government for a wilderness reserve.

My sister Gertrude worked as a secretary for J. C. Leslie, a real-estate dealer in Calgary. He made all Dad's property deals for him.

We bought our first car in Cochrane and moved to Innisfail. In 1919 we took Nettie and moved back to Summerland, where my parents spent the rest of their lives. My brother John was born after we returned to Summerland.

Ada died in Summerland at the age of thirteen. Dad died in 1949, just nine days after he and Mother had celebrated their 50th Wedding Anniversary. Maurice died in 1959, Gertrude in 1967, and Mother in 1968. Maurice's wife, Viola, still lives in Summerland.

Gladys married Robert Scott and they live in Vernon. John lives in Vancouver. I graduated as a nurse from the Royal Jubilee Hospital in Victoria. My husband, George, and I had two daughters; they both became schoolteachers, married, and are living on Vancouver Island. I have been a widow for five years and now live in Kamloops.

ROBERT DOWNEY

Mr. Downey was a carpenter and contracted building homes, either log or frame. The Downeys lived in Cochrane and they had three children, two girls and one boy.

Mr. Downey built the kitchen extension onto the D. C. Morrison house in Grand Valley around 1905.

Charlie Pedeprat learned his log art work from Jim Cooper and Robert Downey.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT — by Speer Grass, Grand Valley, Cochrane, 1899

Draw near, ye ranchers, list to me, a fearful tale I'll tell,
That lately on a moonlight night to an old man befell.
This old man was of Scottish blood, a Highland man was he,
He knew no fear, yet had his faults like all humanity.
The greatest of this old man's faults when ere to town he went,
Was just to drink and tipple on till he could not find a cent.
It seems he lately came to town, provisions for to buy;
The trails had very dusty been, and he got very dry;
Poor man, he knew that day was to be his fate,
Or he would not a-tippling been in Cochrane so late,
When last he thought of going home his head was full of whiskey,
So gathering up his lines, he jumped into his rig quite frisky.
By this time the moon was shining bright, across the Bow its rays were glancing,
Just such a night do witches meet and have a glorious time of dancing.
But to my tale; he travelled on, sometimes he felt a little dreary,
And whiles he'd chant a Scottish song to pass the time and keep him cheery,
But coming over Betsy's track, and just beyond the dump,
He there a curious sight beheld that made his heart go bump
A band of witches there had met and formed themselves in a ring
Around an old and withered hag, who danced the Highland fling.
She danced and flung her legs on high with now and then a skirl,
While all the other witches flew around her in a whirl.
Bold Scotty for awhile looked on, and cried, "Tuts that is wrong,"
And with a jump about his rig and in among the throng.
Says he, "Ye're not of Scottish blood, I ken that by your prancing.
"Ye canna mak' me swallow that's the Highland fling yer dancing."
But all at once the dancing stopped, poor Scotty was in sad despair
For upwards all the witches flew and took poor Scotty through the air.
They flew along by the Coal Creek, by Morrison's they flew,
And over by MacKay's haystack and around by Bloomfield's too.
Astride a broom stick, poor man, he felt scared and sore with pain
And vowed that drink he'd never taste if he got down again.
By this time they were near Kerfoot's, he with the witches pled,
To put him down; they only laughed and faster upwards sped.
At last the sun towards the east around the hills did peep.
And just when near Bell-Irving's fence they dropped him in a heap.
Their mocking laugh then rent the air, poor Scotty held his breath.
And with one fearful shriek they fled and all was still as death.
Meanwhile the patient anxious wife was lone and weary waiting
She really knew not what to do, at last she summoned Creighton.
Brave Creighton, well we all know him, a Klondyker quite bold,
Who lately from the far far north had brought home lots of gold
The straight away he to Cochrane rode and told his tale of woe,
And Malcolm with his nasal drawl said, "Dear me, is that so!"
Then to the Airdrie ranch they came, and there the team they found,
But sad to say the rig it lay all smashed upon the ground.
They roused old Curren from out his bed, and Baptie too as well,
And with a solemn serious face again their tale did tell.
They then took lanterns in their hand and hunted round the mine,
Under the bridge, along the creek no Scotty could they find.

Some parcels there by chance they found and a box with some Old Rye,
But they little thought that the old Scot was sailing to the sky,
The news it spread from north to south just like a prairie fire,
And ranchers came from everywhere, to help was their desire.
It must have been at noon next day a party Scotty found,
A-lying in a muddled heap a-moaning on the ground.
They raised him up with gentle hands and took him home to bed,
And praised the Lord with one accord for him they thought was dead.
A warning now all people take if you should pleasure seek,
Be careful and keep far away from the old mine at Coal Creek,
Or you will live to rue the act I'll bet you my old breeches,
And think alas what came to pass poor Scotty with the witches.

THE WILLIAM ELDER FAMILY

William Elder was born in Scotland on March 28, 1840. Catherine Baptie, a sister to Adam Baptie, was born on December 11, 1851. William and Catherine were married in Scotland on June 27, 1873. They had five children all born in Scotland; three sons, Andrew, Jim and Cecil (Scotty) and two daughters, Mary and Jeannie.

At the turn of the century the William Elders and their family came to Exshaw, Alberta, where William and his sons helped build the first cement plant built in Exshaw. In 1903 the Elders homesteaded in Grand Valley, William on the NE¼ 2-27-5-5, Andrew on the SW¼ 12-27-5-5, and James on the SE¼ 12-27-5-5. Scotty had homesteaded the SW¼ 30-27-5-5 in the Montreal Valley a few years earlier.

William and Andrew built a log house with a sod roof. This building was still standing in the 1940s. The Elders called their ranch the Minto Ranch. William had been a shepherd in the Old Country and soon acquired a flock of sheep as well as a few milk cows. The Elders' homesteads were low rolling hills covered with prairie wool grass. Granny Elder, as she became known, milked cows and sold butter. Butter churned from the cream when the cows grazed on this grass had a flavor that was unsurpassed. In the winter William, Andrew and Jim worked in the woods.

Granny had a name for everything on the place, even her hot water bottle was named Hewey.

Andrew built himself a nice frame house with a veranda and planted lilac bushes that bloomed beautifully each year. "A bit of old Scotland," he said.

Jeannie married Archie Baptie in 1901. Archie built a house close to Andrew's and he and Jeannie lived there until 1933 when they moved to Cochrane. Mary married Bob Hogarth and they lived close by on their homestead in the Horse Creek district.

William Elder passed away on July 2, 1915, at the age of 71, and Granny went to live with Andrew.

Scotty sold his homestead to John and Tom Ireland in 1914 and went to live on the Metcalfe place in Horse Creek. He had a herd of prize Clydesdale horses and several Shorthorn cattle. He lost most of them the winter of 1919, and Scotty never really tried again. While on the Metcalfe place he built a new log house and planned to marry the governess of the Duncan Kerfoot children, but the wedding never took place.

Scotty was good at witching wells. Mr. Metcalfe had never been able to get water in the wells he dug. Scotty witched one but when digging the well, he hit a large flat rock about 20 feet down. He blasted the rock and went in for dinner. When he came out the well was overflowing. There are few people in the Horse Creek or Grand Valley area that haven't got a well witched by Scotty Elder.

Jim married Cecile Melville in 1921. Cecile, a sister to Tom and Archie Baptie, had married before, but her first husband had been killed in World War One.

In 1927 Jim lost his hand while sawing firewood with a buzz saw and wore a hook for a hand. They lived on their own homestead until 1935, when they sold their land to Cyril Britton. They moved to the Archie Baptie house for a while, then moved to Slocan Valley, then to a dairy farm at Armstrong, British Columbia.

Granny Elder passed away on December 31, 1935. Andrew sold his land to Don Matthews in 1944, and went to live with Jim and Cecile.

In 1946 Jim and Cecile retired to the town of Armstrong. Jim passed away in 1962 at the age of 82. Cecile passed away in 1964. They had no children. Andrew predeceased them in the 1950s.

After Scotty left the Metcalfe place he went to live at Wolf Lea for a while then bought C.P.R. land, the SE¼ 25-27-5-5 in the Horse Creek area.

Cecil (Scotty) Elder and his faithful friend.

His closest neighbors were the McKays, Balls and John Morrison. John was also a bachelor. He lived in a lovely two-storey frame house he had built for a bride who never came out from Scotland.

Scotty had ideas of his own and in the Depression when the Government supplied the district farmers with seed grain on a pay later basis, Scotty got a bill for it that he couldn't pay. After reading the bill Scotty said, "Well, I'm part of the Government so I'll just mark this one paid."

In 1949 he sold all but seven acres of his land to George and Herman Kinch. The Horse Creek road cut off seven acres from the main quarter. Here Scotty built himself a one-roomed house beside the road, where he lived for 21 years. He always grew a good garden and had built a root house in the hillside, lined it with whitewashed logs and made neat little bins for his vegetables.

Scotty had many Stoney Indian friends and did a lot of trading with them. He claimed the pioneer women did more to make friends with the Indians than the men, by giving them food. Scotty vowed all Indians were honest, and often told of the time Adam Baptie lost a purse full of money on the station platform at Morley and an Indian returned it to him with every cent intact.

Scotty was an excellent stockman and was always willing to help his neighbors. He was a regular visitor at peoples' places at lambing and shearing time. He always burned the tails off the lambs with the bar of a branding iron. It seemed cruel but the lambs did not bleed that way.

Scotty was especially good at training dogs and one of his dogs, Ben, became as well known in the district as Scotty. Scotty outlived his family by several years and became a legend in our district. Children and old folks alike liked to hear him tell stories about the early days when there were no fences as far as the eye could see and the kit fox roamed the prairies in grass a foot deep.

Scotty always got up early in the morning and it was a pleasing sight to see him and his dog walking across the fields to see a neighbor.

Scotty was a tall, straight, handsome man with sharp features and always wore a mustache and smoked a pipe. In 1970 Ken Fox, a young Indian lad from Morley, found Scotty very sick in bed. Scotty had a new dog, Ted, and he did not trust anyone near his master. Ken went for Art Cross and Art managed to talk the dog into letting him take Scotty away. Art and Glen McKay took Scotty to the hospital where he passed away several months later. He died August 19, 1970, at the age of 91, and was buried beside his parents in the Cochrane cemetery. Ben died while Scotty was in the hospital and Ted was given away.

There is a bit of mystery about the Minto Ranch, as someone scattered ashes along a crest of rocks on top of the hill overlooking Grand Valley. On several different occasions wreaths of fresh flowers are placed on top of this hill in memory of someone's mother, but no one in Grand Valley has ever found out just who.

ALBERT FEAR

Albert Fear was originally from England. He came to Cochrane in 1929 and in 1930 homesteaded the SW¼ 12-28-6-5.

Albert married Clare Sirr in 1936, and they had three children. Dawn married Robert King from Water Valley and they live at Edson, Alberta. Dan married Mae Coleman and they live at Cremona. Joyce married Ed Dahrouge and they live at Dysart, Saskatchewan, northeast of Regina.

Albert sold his land to Dave Mallock in 1938, and moved to Calgary. He now lives at Campbell River, British Columbia.

MARGARET FORD — by Kelsie Dawson

Margaret Edwards was born on October 28, 1867, at Twin Bridges, Montana. In 1886, at Butte City, Montana, she married James Ford, a construction engineer who was born in Quebec in 1859. James had leased a gold mine, the Hudson, and from this successful adventure made enough money to buy a ranch in Alberta.

In 1902 the Fords, with their five children, James, Charlie, Kelsie, Frances and Nelson, moved from Silver Star, a small town about ten miles north of Twin Bridges, to a ranch about 25 miles southwest of Nanton, Alberta. The ranch consisted of one half section of deeded land, 400 head of Shorthorn-Hereford cross cows, 50 horses and all the open range one could want. The cow herd gradually increased to about a thousand head. The brand was L4L.

In 1907, after a short illness, James passed away at the age of 47 years, leaving his wife to manage the ranch, which she did until she sold to Harry Streeter in 1919. Mr. and Mrs. Jac Streeter now live on the old Ford ranch.

After leaving the L4L Mrs. Ford moved to Cochrane, where she purchased a section of hayland in Grand Valley, the Burnside Ranch, part of the Ewen MacKay estate. She operated

Mrs. Margaret Ford on her 85th birthday.

Mrs. Ford's House in Grand Valley. (The Ewen MacKay homestead house, now in Heritage Park, Calgary.) The old Model Ts belong to Charlie Pedeprat, Margaret Ford and Ed Stewart. 1926.

this ranch with the help of Ed Stewart, who had been with her on the L4L. A nephew from Ontario, Percy Ford, who was a veteran of World War I, also helped for a time. The brand used on this ranch was XYX on the left rib. Being a bit of a gambler, Margaret liked to dabble in the cattle market. When she felt the price was right, she would buy a carload of young stock at the Calgary stockyards and feed them out on the grass in Grand Valley, seldom, if ever, losing money on the deal.

One of her first tasks was to renovate the two-storey ranch house which was later moved to Heritage Park, Calgary, where it serves as the typical, old-time farm house.

By 1942 good help was hard to get and Margaret sold the ranch to Charles Matthews. She went to live with her son James on a quarter section in Jackass Canyon, northwest of her Grand Valley home.

Her last years were spent in Calgary with her daughter, Mrs. Frances Delbeke, who nursed her through a series of strokes until she passed away at the age of 95 on October 7, 1962. She was buried beside her husband in the Nanton cemetery.

James Jr. now lives at the Bow View Nursing Home in Calgary. He has been blind for several years. Charles, after his retirement from the oil fields in Turner Valley, lived in Calgary. He passed away in 1972. Kelsie (Dawson), now a widow, with the help of her daughter and son-in-law, Helen and Bill Bird, is still active on her ranch west of Claresholm. Frances (Delbeke), also a widow, after living many years in the Cochrane district, now lives in Calgary. Arthur (Casey) one of her sons, makes his home with her. Nelson Ford married Jean Bennett who passed away suddenly shortly after their marriage. Nelson died in Phoenix, Arizona, in 1963.

Margaret Ford is survived by many grandchildren and great-grandchildren. One grandson, Traven Ford, Jean and Nelson's son, made his home with Mrs. Ford from the time he was three years old until he enlisted in the Navy during the Second World War. Traven now lives in Banff.

Treasured and kept by a granddaughter, Marie Eyma, are Mrs. Ford's old sidesaddle bearing the stamp "Great West Saddlery Co." Calgary, N.W.T. and a hand-braided leather bridle made by a prisoner at Leavenworth Prison, Kansas. The bridle had been given to Margaret Ford's niece, Janie Nolte, and Mrs. Ford bought it from Janie for Marie.

THE FRIESENS AND PENNERS

Mr. and Mrs. Friesen, their children Susan and Jimmy, and Mrs. Friesen's children by a previous marriage, Ben and Nancy Penner, came to live on the Hornbach homestead around 1930. Ben bought the land from Clem Edge, and farmed there for a few years until he sold out and the family returned to the Acme, Alberta area, where they had previously lived.

Mr. Friesen had been a minister in the Mennonite church; he was retired and quite elderly when he lived at Grand Valley. Nancy Penner entered the missionary field and worked in South America for some time. Jimmy attended Chapelton School while living here.

THE FULLERS — By Jack Fuller

We came to the Cochrane district in the late summer of 1905. Dad had been working for Ike Ruttle in the Bain Stables in Calgary but left to work on a ranch on the Beaver Dam for Captain Inglis.

Inglis was a typical Imperial Army Officer who had served in India and Africa. Mrs. Inglis was a product of the gay nineties with a heart as big as all out doors and a good sport to boot.

There was quite a bit of open range between Calgary and the Beaver Dam. From Calgary we went out across the Langevin Bridge. There was only one building on top of the North Hill, a big, red, brick place. There were springs and a cattle dip somewhere near what is now the end of Fourth Street. The stone house on Nose Creek was there but it was all open range to the south. We went through R. G. Robinson's Half Diamond H horse ranch. I don't remember any more gates after that. They called it the "Wood Road." During the winter heavy loads of fire wood, posts, corral rails and building logs were hauled by ox and horse teams from Dog Pound Creek district and the Klondike Valley. Dad always took me with him when he went to the bush for wood. One day we passed the only four-up bull team I ever saw. Four black polled oxen, weighing close to a ton each, wearing brass-mounted harness and horse collars with the hames upside down. They could haul a big load, but they were sure slow. The driver drove that bull team with lines like horses only he had rings in the oxen's noses instead of bits.

The Drexler family, who had two grown daughters, had homesteaded just west of Inglis.

The Fuller ranch, 1911.

Clifford Murphy (left) and Jack Fuller.

They lived in a sod house that was really well built, clean and comfortable. Just south and west of them was Angus McDonald's ranch and a few miles to the north lived the Urquharts, with whom we were quite friendly. Just across the road allowance to the east was the R. F. Bevan ranch.

Bevan and Captain Inglis once had an argument as to who owned a certain stray dog. They finally decided to let the dog decide. One stood at the corner of the Murphy Hotel in Cochrane and the other by the Fisher Block. Albert Masters, who worked for Bevan, held the dog in the middle of the street and was to let him go when they both called. The dog took one look at the crowd and headed for the hills.

Bevan and Masters had a ritual they went through at mealtime. Bevan's three big coyote

Jerry Fuller and his orchestra, wife Bonnie in background.

hounds sat beside him at the table, drooling, and he would feed them as he ate. Masters would sit and glower until finally he would get up and put the dogs out, then Bevan would sit and glower at Masters for the rest of the meal.

Both Bevan and Inglis got their mail in Cochrane; whoever went to town brought the mail. When Bevan brought the mail, I would ride over to get it. I had to cross the road allowance and open and close two wire gates. I used to have quite a struggle with the gates but I knew better than to leave them open. It was on one of these trips I first met Boney Thompson and George Forgey. I was closing Bevan's gate when they rode up. They had just come from Montana and were going to see Bevan about breaking horses. Forgey told Thompson, "I want to see how this kid gets on that big horse." Old Banjo was about seventeen hands or more but I had my own way of crawling on. After I got on, George said, "Can't you find a bigger horse, kid?" I was used to being kidded so didn't say anything. We got to be good friends in later years.

We had some experiences on the Beaver Dam, a hailstorm with stones as big as hen's eggs, and a prairie fire that all hands fought from early morning until after midnight.

Dad hooked up a team to a walking plow and ploughed a fireguard a mile long. My mother and Mrs. Inglis wet sacks and old blankets in the creek and carried them up the hill to beat out the fire. The valley was filled with smoke, when the sun went down it was red as fire. After dark we could see the light from the fire for miles. Every once in awhile a figure could be seen beating at the fire with sacks, sparks flying up in the air. Everyone was worried about Drexlers but it took more than a prairie fire to hurt their sod house. That fire started near the head of Grand Valley and burned right through to the C.P.R. North Line.

I got my first horse the summer of my sixth birthday, a five-dollar, one-year-old cayuse filly Dad bought from the Sarcee Indians during the Calgary Fair.

In August 1906, we left Captain Inglis, went back to Calgary and stayed at the Arlington Hotel for a couple of weeks, waiting for Dad's mother, his twin brothers Harold and Vernon, and his sister Gladys to arrive from England. Dad had rented the d'Artigue place for a year, and had bought a good team of bay horses, a set of bob sleighs, a wagon, and a set of harness which was handmade by Mother's brother in Innisfail.

When Dad's folks arrived, we moved to Cochrane and stayed at the Murphy Hotel until my grandmother's stuff arrived. Billy Simpson was running the hotel at that time and Katie Gillies was the waitress. We had to wait a couple of weeks for the freight to arrive from the Old Country. When it did, Dad had to haul it out to the Dog Pound before we could move out. My grandmother had hired a firm who specialized in packing household goods for "the Colonies" as they called it. When she unpacked her stuff at d'Artigue's more than half of her dishes were broken. Fortunately, the piano was all in one piece.

The winter of 1906-1907 was one of the worst in history. It was a year of the "Rabbit Sickness," wolves, lynx and bobcats came out of the bush in search of food. We saw a lynx when Dad and I went to get a milk cow from Mr. McRobbie. The Bouchers saw three wolves around Bottrel and Jim Patterson wounded a wolf in Grand Valley. Later, Osborne Johnson killed the wolf; the head was mounted and hung in the Murphy Hotel until the hotel burned down.

Dad's twin brothers were only five years older than I and were pretty green. Mother was an ardent fisherman and there were lots of Dolly Varden trout in the Dog Pound. One day the twins went fishing with us. The ice was about three feet thick on the creek with over two feet of snow on top, and Mother walked into a fishing hole someone had cut through the ice. She would have gone under if I hadn't grabbed her skirt. Both boys climbed the bank and wouldn't come back. We finally used a pole and pushed a willow bush down so she could pull herself out.

Once when Dad and I were in the bush, a chip stuck to Dad's axe and he cut his toe. He put a tourniquet on it, we went home, put the horses in the stable and unharnessed them. When Mom examined Dad's foot, she decided he should go to the doctor. I stood on the manger and told Mother and the twins which collar and harness went on each horse, how to buckle them and how to hook the horses to the sleigh. She made it into Cochrane and Dr. Park stitched up Dad's toe.

The Fullers were all in each other's hair by spring. My grandmother moved into Calgary and later went back to England. My folks worked in Cochrane at Quigley's brickyard for awhile, then went out to Tom Quigley's mill.

Jimmie Andison was hauling lumber; he hooked up his team with the short lines on the inside. I helped him change the lines around. We never thought of unhooking the team and putting the horses in their proper places.

It was at the old Bayne place I first saw the two McDonald girls. They were wrangling the milk cows on an old white horse, on the mad gallop. Helen was in the saddle and Toddles was hanging on behind with her red hair flying in the wind. I don't know if I was more afraid of D P's bulls or his girls!

There was an old well at the mill. My sister Vere, who was just three, fell in and according to her, she climbed up the side and got out. Mother was more than glad when we moved to the Bar C.

We left Tom Quigley's mill and my folks went to work for George Creighton on the Beaupré place. Everyone told Dad how hard Creighton was to get along with, but he proved to be the best man my folks ever worked for.

That year I started school at the Grand Valley School. Johnny Morrison and one of the Goodwin kids started that same year. There were two Jewish families homesteading near Beaupré Lake. The Goodwin boys, Alec and Morris, and a fifteen-year-old girl from another Jewish family, rode to school with me. The Jewish families didn't stay very long, but long enough for the lake to be known as "Jew's Lake."

George Creighton's wife, who had died a year or two before, was buried on the hill behind the house. All Mrs. Creighton's clothes were still hanging in the cupboard, but Creighton sent them back East. He told Mother to use Mrs. Creighton's sidesaddle, or team and buggy anytime. The horses' names were Roy and Togo. Roy was also a saddle horse and Mother rode him with the sidesaddle. She often went to visit Mrs. Jim Cooper, who lived on the next place east. Both of Mrs. Cooper's feet were crippled and turned in at right angles. The Coopers later retired and moved to Banff.

Adam Dalgleish had gone to Banff to run the Tourist and Livery for Bill and Jim Brewster. In 1908 Adam got the job of caretaker at the Buffalo Park. Dad applied for, and got, Adam's old job with Brewsters. He went to Banff on the 1st of May and we went to Innisfail and lived with my mother's mother, until Dad was settled. I went to school in Innisfail until the end of June. Uncle Cyril Fuller, who had gone to South Africa during the Boer War, stayed five years with the South African constabulary, came back to Innisfail, then joined Dad in Banff.

We arrived in Banff, July 1, 1908. Jimmie McEwan from Cochrane was pony boy. I got a job with my pony carrying the mail for the Banff Springs Hotel, for fifty cents a day.

We had a pleasant summer that year in Banff, except for the time Fulcher's Pekinese dogs spooked Bar C Smokey at the Cave and Basin and he ran away with me. I jumped off at the first sharp turn, knocked myself out, wandered around all night, and never "came to" properly until Dad and Hughie Sibbald found me at six in the morning.

After the season had finished Mother and Vere went to Innisfail. Dad, Uncle Cyril and I went to Calgary to look up homestead land, then back to Cochrane, where we hired a team and buggy. We looked at various places — the old Mill, and up Robinson Creek. We never found anything suitable and finally got some lumber and built a two-roomed house in Cochrane. Uncle Cyril went to work for D P McDonald at one of his calf camps. Dad worked in the livery stable. In the spring Dad bought about sixty head of mares and three studs for Jim and Bill Brewster to start a horse ranch on the Ya Ha Tinda. In the spring Brewsters sent down some of their guides and packers and they trailed the mares out to the Big Red Deer River and up to the Ya Ha Tinda. They stopped one night at Coleman's calf camp on the Little Red Deer River. Dad was all enthused about that country. He later made a deal with Jim Brewster to start a ranch there and winter the Brewster horses every year. I lost my pony that spring and she was replaced by a little roan mare named Phyllis. She had white rings around her eyes and always kept one ear dropped on you. She looked mean but didn't have a mean hair on her. She was the start of my bunch of horses.

We went to Victoria for the winter of 1909, and rented a house at 1913 Maple Street. I started to school and had to go by streetcar. The first day someone stole my cap so I never went back.

Dad went to see the White Tally Ho Co. about a job. They told him they were selling all their equipment and going into trucks and buses. Dad bought all the White's tally hos, harness and equipment for Brewsters. They were the finest and the last of the coach maker's craft. Jack Garson of Cochrane bought all the old tally hos, and the silver-mounted harness during the First World War and shipped it to the Peace River country.

Dad and Cyril saw an ad in the Vancouver Island Power Co.'s window for a man to pack horses. Dad got the job. Neither he or Cyril knew how to throw the Diamond Hitch so they bought a hank of clothes line rope, made a pack-saddle out of two kitchen chairs, and worked out a squaw hitch that was just about as good as the diamond.

We went to live 40 miles up the Jordan River. We got on the Lumber Co.'s tug. One blade was broken off the prop which made it a bit jittery but we enjoyed the ride. They had no pier at Jordan River, so we had to get into a dory and be rowed ashore. The men had a tent all fixed up for us. There was a big Indian Village there and I played with the Indian kids.

Some may remember McLeods who lived across the street from the Range Grill in Cochrane. They went out to the Coast and Ray became a "high rigger."

While at camp I watched an old Indian whittle a dugout canoe out of a piece of cedar driftwood, using only a double bitted axe and a small hand adze.

We left for Banff on my sister's birthday, March 13. We got hung up in a couple of big snow slides around Field so it was St. Patrick's Day when we arrived in Banff, to find two feet of snow on the streets.

Grandfather Fuller had sold his business in Guernsey, in the Channel Islands; my grandparents and my dad's twin brothers, Harold and Vernon, were due to arrive in Banff before the season started.

Harold and I worked with Jimmie McEwan in the pony barn.

Cyril had stayed on at Jordan River after we left. He had his ankle broken by a kick from one of the pack horses and spent most of the summer in the hospital in Victoria, then came back to Banff. We moved into a Standish house on

Beaver Street and I had started back to school. About the 15th of September, Dad sent me with Cyril to help locate some land for a horse ranch. The first night we camped beside the track near Seebe and it rained. We had quite a time finding the right trail north from Morley.

We spent about a week looking the country over. Cyril finally settled on the NE¼ 35-28-6-5, at the forks of Grease Creek and the Little Red, for Grandfather Fuller. Cyril took the N½ 1-29-6-5 for his South African scrip, this included the balance of the flat. It was virgin country and we were the first to settle there. Every sidehill facing south was covered with bunch grass. Each bunch held nearly a fork full of the very finest naturally cured hay, round hard grass.

Bunch grass is different from most grasses. The grass dries out and turns brown in the fall; from the old roots, new grass shoots start around the outside of the bunch, and the old or dead grass is held inside and remains edible, in fact the best of hay, for many years. However, once fed off it takes twenty years to completely restock the country, and overgrazing will kill it completely.

We went up Grease Creek until we came to a small flat covered with bunch grass, here a set of Indian tipi poles, tied with brush, was still standing. We picketed our horses out in the bunch grass, had our supper, and made up our bed. We named it "Tipi Pole Flat"; it likely still goes by that name.

There was an old wash, like a small deep coulee, that ran across the bottom end of this flat, only about ten feet deep and twenty feet or so across. Years later I was riding up the creek, when I saw a team of horses coming, hitched to a stoneboat. The driver was standing up. He didn't see me because just as he got to the edge of the dip he turned to look at a saddle horse he was leading behind. Then, just as the stoneboat started down the dip, he took off his cap and waved it in front of the old horse, who reared back on the halter shank; this kept the stoneboat from running up on the team. I think that was the most primitive "brake" ever designed by man. It was Charlie Logan coming from the Fallen Timber; he was moving out. He had his forty year's gatherings on that stoneboat.

The summer of 1910 had been dry with lots of fires. The Greasy Plains had been burnt, with the peat moss still smoldering along Harold Creek. There was a beautiful spring that stayed open all winter on a Hudson's Bay quarter on Grease Creek and a government quarter joining to the north that closed off the Grease Creek valley. Cyril took the government quarter for his homestead and the Hudson's Bay quarter to lease. We went back down the Grease, up the Little Red and camped near the mouth of Big Coulee. I later homesteaded that quarter.

We sized up the country for open range and there was lots of it. Then we headed back down Robinson Creek and camped by Salter Lake (the Indians called it Rabbit Lake). It was a good thing our trip was about over for the weather was changing. It was snowing in the morning and the wind was whistling in from the north. There must have been thousands of white geese on Salter Lake, hugging the west bank out of the wind. After we got down past the Glenfinnan Ranch, I went on ahead as we were going to stop at the Bar C. There was no one at home so I left a note on the door saying I had gone on to Cooper's. Cyril never stopped at the Bar C and went on into Cochrane. I went on to Cochrane the next morning, met Cyril, we sacked our saddle and pack equipment to ship back to Banff, and left our horses in the barn for Soapy Smith to pick up as he was going to winter them for us, then we caught the evening train for Banff.

The C.P.R. decided to put another spur into Bankhead. Brewsters had the contract for grading and Dad had to boss the job. However, it was completed by Christmas, and after the New Year, the Fuller men took off for the Little Red.

George Pitter, a blacksmith in Cochrane, had a place up Horse Creek. He was wintering the Brewster horses. Cyril and Harold took the four teams they had been using on the spur, down to Cochrane, riding one horse each and leading three. It was below zero weather and no pleasure trip. They took the horses out to Pitter's and picked up a little bay team, Jack and Jim, that Dad had borrowed from Brewsters for the winter.

Dad, Grandfather Fuller and Vernon went to Cochrane, bought a Bain wagon and box and a set of bob sleighs. They had ordered a lot of stuff from Eaton's, a box of tools (which I still have), a three-foot box stove and a kitchen range. They had shipped a lot of stuff down from Banff, a 16' x 20' tent and supplies to last a couple of months. They left Cochrane January 10, 1911. It was well below zero but they made it out to McDonald's hay meadow, where they stayed in an old shack that hadn't been used for years, and just about froze to death. They made Coleman's calf camp on the Little Red the next day. There was a fairly good log cabin there.

It was only five or six miles from there to the Grease Creek and Grandfather Fuller's homestead, that he had never seen and would never like. When they arrived at the Grease Creek, they picked a site to build a house and pitched the tent among the big spruce trees. They partitioned off the first eight feet of the tent for the horses. They put both the box stove and the kitchen range up in the living part.

The temperature dropped to 60 degrees below zero. Coleman had two men, Harry Collins and Charlie Evans, living in a little log cabin, feeding cattle. It got too cold for them and they turned the cattle into the hay stacks and went home.

There were lots of good spruce logs along the river. A centre part was built for the house, about 20 feet square, then a 12' x 20' addition was built on each end and each divided with a board

partition that made four 10' x 12' bedrooms and a 20' square living room and kitchen. Cyril and Dad did the work. Neither of them had done log work before. They used saddle corners which are easy but tricky. After they had the log walls completed on both ends and centre, they put purlines full length, two on each side, plus the ridge, and built them into the gable ends. They put their lumber up and down with rubberoid roofing on top.

Toward the end of February Dad came to Banff to take me back with him. That was the end of my schooling. He sent me to Cochrane on the train. I rented a saddle horse from Bill Tempany's livery barn and rode out to Soapy Smith's to get our saddle horses. That was when Soapy lived out on the Jumping Pound.

Cyril and Dad had cut a new trail out from the Little Red to the head of Grand Valley. It turned west at Garlin's corner to the Montreal Valley. Dad and I went through Bishop's and crossed the Dog Pound in front of Bill Alderdice's shack, from there on it was strictly sidehills and muskegs with only a 50-50 chance you would make it.

When we got out to the ranch the snow was still deep. We put our cayuses on dragging pickets; they fed along the foot of the hill on bunch grass. The logs for the house were pretty well up by this time.

Dad started Vernon and me chinking the house with moss but Grandfather Fuller put the kibosh on it by telling Dad the moss would take root in the logs and rot them. I guess he thought he was still in the Old Country. He suggested we use the tree moss; it took the two of us all day to pick one sack. We were both good and sick of moss by the time we had that house chinked inside and out.

Dad had our mail come to Dog Pound in care of Winchells. I wasn't there long until he sent me to get it. I had to go down the river to MacMillan's and out to Winchell's. After lunch, Vern Williams came with me and showed me the Township Line trail which I used from then on.

After the house was finished we built a dandy little horse stable, it held six head. Later a cow stable and a shed were built. The house was a good job but they should have put one more round of logs up as the doors were all too low. Most of the Fullers were six feet and the Fuller temper showed blue smoke every time a head was bumped.

As soon as the house was finished the women folk moved down from Banff. Granny's piano made its last trip for her. Dad swore he would never move it again. That piano holds the record for world travel: Cambridge, England, to Innisfail, N.W.T., in 1899 and return; from Cambridge to Guernsey, Channel Islands; from Guernsey to Cochrane and Dog Pound 1906-07 and return; Guernsey to Banff 1910; Banff to Cochrane to the Little Red in 1911; ranch to Calgary 1928, Calgary to Banff 1931 and Banff to Vancouver 1935. I sold it to a man named Ford in 1939 for fifty dollars.

From the time I was three years old I travelled with Dad around the country. He delivered the mail to Millarville and to Bateman's at Jumping Pound. We drove into an old cellar near Millarville in the dark and upset. I lost my sailor hat and never did find it. We drove down a long sidehill to a bridge. It was raining hard and the trail was washed out. A "cowpuncher" in a yellow slicker rode along on the downhill side of the buggy with his right hand pushing against the seat to keep the buggy from sliding off the trail. The bridge at the foot of the hill was under water with the guard rails just barely showing. I had to climb up on the buggy seat as the water was running over the buggy between the seat and dashboard. We had many experiences over the years until Dad and Cyril joined the Canadian Mounted Rifles in February 1915.

Dad was a natural leader and left an enviable reputation everywhere he worked (except carpentry work). His dream was to have a big ranch, owned and operated by him and his family. With some families this may be the ideal way of life but with a bunch of hot tempered people like the Fullers it was impossible. The "Ranch on the Little Red Deer River" was the third attempt, and the last.

Grandfather Fuller was an upper middle class country gentleman, a caterer to King's College, Cambridge, and had had an average income of 2500 pounds per year. He had built his own home on a small estate known as St. Albans, across the road from Charles Darwin. Cyril had gone to school with Darwin's son. In 1899 he sold out for sixty thousand pounds with the intention of coming to Alberta. With that kind of money, at that time, he could have bought half the North West Territories. Instead he bought a greenhouse and market garden on Guernsey, Channel Islands, and just about lost his shirt trying to grow a blue rose.

In 1910 we went back to Banff with Dad in April. We lived in a little house on Bear Street. I went to school until the holidays but was pretty far behind. I carried the mail and helped around the pony barn. The year before, the first car had come to Banff. The owner wasn't allowed to drive it around but had to park it on what is now the school grounds. All the kids in town went to see it.

My brother Jerry was born July 16, 1910. In August Dad sent me to the ranch with two cayuse mares and a colt. I made Exshaw the first day, Mrs. Cooper's the second day and home on the third. It rained most of the trip and when I got to the Little Red it was swimming deep but I made it across. About a week later my dad and mother arrived as we had to get ready for the Brewster horses.

Harold was the unsung hero of that winter. We had about eighty drivers and workhorses that had to be fed. We bought a bunch of greenfeed bundles from Garlins at the head of Grand Valley. It was about fifteen miles over the worst road you could imagine. There wasn't enough snow to use sleighs but enough to make it bad for wagons. Harold made a trip to Garlins and brought a load home every day.

Cyril and Dad built a lean-to, about 14' x 30', on to Grandfather Fuller's house, and we lived there.

Dad hired Mark Poucette to cut rails at 1½ cents a piece. He cut enough to fence in a section.

We didn't go back to Banff that year. After the Brewster horses had gone, Cyril and Dad built a house for us on the other side of Grease Creek. Mother peeled most of the logs and it was quite a nice cottage-roofed house. That was the year of the first Calgary Stampede. Ike Brooks and the gang from the Ya-Ha Tinda stayed with us on their way to the Stampede. One of the kids, Francis Fitten, stayed until they came back. Cyril and I went in for the last three days of the Stampede. It rained all the time but we enjoyed it all. Each contestant was given two box stalls, one for his horse and one to sleep in. We spent most of our spare time visiting Boney Thompson in his "Horse Boudoir."

We didn't get the Brewster horses that fall. They gave them to Clem Gardner. It made things a bit tough for us as we had done a lot of fencing and building in preparation for the horses. We had bought the Anchor T Lazy V horses from Canmore. They were more trouble to hold than they were worth.

That year George Creighton was having trouble with the Department of the Interior. He had a twenty-year lease in the Forest Reserve and they wanted to build a ranger station on his lease. He didn't want them cutting green timber, fencing off his springs or cutting his hay meadows. He ran off the first man they sent out, and later, two Mounties.

Creighton asked Dad if he would like to apply for the forest ranger job, which Dad did and became head ranger in the Bow River Forest Reserve. Cyril was hired for the summer ranger on the Fallen Timber so they were both okay.

Dad had a letter from the Department of the Interior asking him to pick out and blaze a trail through the Forest Reserve from the Ghost River to the Big Red Deer River, west of the Greasy Plains Trail. We stayed overnight with Jack Bevan at the Park Warden's cabin on the Panther River and intended to start from there. Bevan and his wife were going into Morley and Johnny Bearspaw, a Stoney Indian, a good friend of Bevan's, was camped there with his family. Johnny told us of the old original moccasin trail to Morley that kept close to the head waters of the creeks and rivers. Johnny sent his family on to Morley over the regular trail and he stayed to show the Bevans and us the old trail. Johnny not only showed us the old trail which followed dry ground all the way, but he told us the Stoney names of every hill, meadow and creek, along with the story how each got its name.

The Forestry never did use that trail, but instead had Dad and Cyril corduroy and bridge all the mud holes and muskegs on the Greasy Plains and Robinson Creek trails. Although the Plains are dried up now, many of the corduroys are still there.

The years 1912 and 1913 were wet years. You could leave home in the morning and the river wouldn't be up to your horse's knees. By late afternoon it would be swimming deep. One survey party saw the sun twice in fifty-two days. The ground was so soaked with water that a heavy rain would bring the rivers up to swimming in a couple of hours. Our pack horses were Indian horses and they could cross a muskeg that would bog a saddle blanket and barely get their hooves dirty. If we were crossing strange muskegs we let our horses go ahead and pick the way.

It was a dry year in 1914. Around the middle of August Dad and I went home to get the mail and his cheque. About noon we saw smoke to the west. We rode up the Little Red Deer to a big hill they named "Old Baldy." From there we could see the smoke rising somewhere near the North Fork of the Ghost.

We went home, got our packs, and headed for the Bar C. Creighton and Boney Thompson went with us; we found the fire burning on the south side of the North Fork opposite a creek the Stoneys called Shaganappi Cut.

The fire had been started by lightning and was burning between two small creeks. It burned back and forth over the same ground with every change of the wind. It was only about six miles up the river from the main Eau Claire logging camp. We had the use of all the Eau Claire equipment. Within a couple of days we had a camp set up with fifty to sixty men. The Eau Claire man hauled the grub from Cochrane or Morley to the camp and I packed it up the river on our horses. I got $4.50 per day for myself and my horse. The crew held the fire pretty well. However, when the wind was in the north, it would spread to the south a bit more every time.

We had a young Forest Assistant with us, named Macdonald, a college graduate who had been sent West to learn the practical end of Forestry. That Macdonald is the father of Federal Energy Minister, Donald S. Macdonald. Mac went Overseas, was reported killed but returned and became Minister of the Interior. He was in Banff a short while before his death and called to see Mother and Cyril.

Dad sent me to Morley to get tobacco for the gang. That day England declared war on Germany. There were no papers in Morley. I brought the news back to camp but no one would believe me.

Boney Thompson and I were up the Ghost with some pack horses. The wind had come up strong from the south and the smoke was rolling across the valley. As we watched, it broke out in flames and a ball of flame sailed across the North Fork, hit the top of a hill covered with second growth jack pine, went bouncing from hilltop to hilltop, close to twenty miles in a semicircle to the east. By the time we got to camp the fire was completely out of hand. The fire, in just a few hours, stretched from Black Rock mountain in a semicircle around to the No. 1 Camp. We had to move our camp out to the hay meadows. Then it rained and put the fire out.

That winter Grandmother Smith died in Innisfail and not long after the funeral, Cyril and Dad joined the 12th CMRs in Calgary. Dad and Cyril had paid Grandfather Fuller for his share in the ranch and my grandparents moved back to Calgary. Harold and Vernon had gone to Windermere, British Columbia, but they too went to Calgary and joined up.

George Creighton died that spring and his brother Tom came to oversee the Bar C. Mother's youngest brother, Fred Smith, and Buck Fenton came down from Innisfail. They trailed down with the worst Shaganappi outfit I ever saw, three head of two-year-olds they must have stolen from someone, and a homemade packsaddle. Boney Thompson, at the Bar C, gave Fred a job. Fred moved his wife up to the upper place to cook. When Fred quit, Tom Creighton brought her to our place. Dad and Cyril got a week's leave from the Army and came home. I met them at Bottrel with saddle horses. We hooked up a team to a democrat and we all went along when they went back to Calgary. The roads were muddy; our team was just about played out by the time we turned off Grand Valley on to the Banff road. There weren't many cars in the country but a Model T Ford went by just before we turned east. I said, "I'll be glad when they have roads so we can all have cars and won't need these damn hay burners." Dad got all het up and said, "You'll never see the time they won't need horses in this country."

We spent the week with Dad and Cyril then came back to Cochrane for the Ladies' Ball. Mrs. Bill Tempany took me.

It wasn't long after that the boys came home on a weekend pass before leaving for Overseas. A year later, June 2, 1916, my dad was killed and Cyril was taken prisoner.

The summer of 1915 was one of the wettest in history. The ground was soaked to capacity. Dad had made a deal with George Creighton for a work team. Harry Earle said he would give me a hand to get them. I took two saddle horses and rode up Grease Creek to Earle's. It rained all night, when we got up in the morning Grease Creek was over its banks and about fifteen feet deep. I took my horses and headed for home.

We had a bridge across Grease Creek but it had washed out. I decided to swim the creek but I picked the wrong horse. I took off my boots, spurs and pants, tied them on behind my saddle and hit the brink. My horse swam almost to the far side then tried to reach bottom with his hind foot. The current hit him and he rolled over backwards and down the river. I grabbed an overhanging tree and pulled myself out. My horse got out on the other side and went home. I had to walk back to Earle's in my "undies."

Maggie and her children left the end of June and three of mother's nieces came to spend the summer. The river was high all summer, by fall my mother was ready to throw in the sponge. That winter was pretty rough on Mother.

Some of our neighbours began running their stock on our range along Grease Creek. One neighbour got a young couple, who was working for them, to file on a government quarter we had fenced in on the Plains, with the understanding they sell it to them after it was proved up on. An old gag that seldom worked. We had two quarters fenced in joining our home place. We applied for a twenty-year lease and got it: 1,920 acres at 2½ cents per acre per year.

Mother's niece, Itta, who had spent the previous summer with us was a school teacher and was engaged to a local doctor. She was a lovely girl but she died early that spring from blood poisoning in a tiny pimple on her chin. Her death was a shock to all, especially my mother.

That winter we got a couple to look after our place; we spent most of the winter in Innisfail. We went back about February and rented the ranch to Mallochs, then we moved back to Banff.

I joined the Army in September 1918. The War ended in November; they let me out in January. Cyril and other war prisoners had been exchanged to Holland, and Cyril made it home before Christmas. We moved back to the ranch in May. We bought four good workhorses at $100 per head. I also bought a Suffolk Punch stallion from Bouchers.

Boney Thompson was more or less homeless and Bill Tempany let him use the Alderdice place. I asked Boney to come and live with us.

That summer I worked for Bill Pott's Outfitting along with Bob and Marshall Baptie and Laurie Johnson. Anna, Mother's niece, spent the holidays with my mother. Charlie and Orville Boucher were steady visitors; Charlie wound up engaged to Anna and Orville to my sister Vere.

It was near the end of October when I got home and it was 30 degrees below zero. Thompson had moved down with Tom Harvey. Boney and Mother couldn't see eye to eye, but we remained good friends.

Harold and Vernon spent that summer and winter with us, then went back to Windermere. Harold and Cyril built a hip-roofed barn with living quarters on the Hudson's Bay quarter.

I spent the winter building corrals. We hauled seed oats from Cochrane on sleighs the 5th of May 1920.

We bought about sixty head of Shorthorn cows for $67.00 per head. In 1920 and 1921 we sold our calves for $50.00 per head, in 1922 we sold the same cows for $16.50 per head and the calves for $5.00 each.

Later we rented the ranch to the Belmonte Ranching Company for four years at $800.00 per year. They paid us one year in cash and took our Soldier Settlement mortgage for the balance. The Soldier Settlement Board and our lawyer should have stipulated that the mortgage was non-transferable, as it turned out, Belmonte went broke, sold the mortgage and everything that was loose on our place, and burned most of our corrals for firewood.

I borrowed a team from Bortons and went in and got my forge, blacksmith vise, kitchen range, box stove and piano. We let the rest go for the taxes with the exception of my homestead. I sold it to Norman Smith.

I went up there in 1962, borrowing a saddle horse from Dan Colvin. I was disappointed but I wouldn't trade those years, the friends, the fun, the love, the mad gallops, the experience and the knowledge I gained on that place for a ringside seat at the Right-Hand-Side of the Golden Throne.

THE HAS BEEN — by Jack Fuller

There's an old Visalia saddle, built way back in '84,
Hanging out there in the hay shed in the dust.
The cantle strings are missing and the lining's ripped and torn,
The rigging rings are coated thick with rust.
The forks are broke and rotten, the cantle bindings worn
There are spur tracks aplenty 'cross the seat.
The feathers on the horn are burnt with dally wraps galore
But it's got a reputation few can beat.

You can hardly see the stamping, it's so filled with grease and mold.
The skirts are curled and cracked from rain and sun.
Tho' it isn't worth a nickle, half a million bucks in gold
Wouldn't cancel out the stakes it's lost and won.
The rigging's patched with rawhide and the lacing's busted loose,
One stirrup fender is torn clean away,
It's covered lots of country and it's taken more abuse,
It's a has been who has seen a better day.

You'll find a lead slug in the cantle, from a cattle rustler's gun
Picked up down south along the trail.
And a rope burn on the fork where a steer caught on the run
Took the best part of a dally wrapper's thumb.
It's the history of an era, of harvests reaped and sowed
A tombstone to the West that long is dead,
This could still be "Injun country" but for those men that rode
That old Visalia saddle hanging in the dust out in the shed.

LOUIS GARLIN

Louis Garlin lived on the SE¼ 3-28-5-5, which he purchased from the C.P.R. He married Mrs. Caroline Herzog, who had three children, Arthur, Paul and Ella. The Garlins had one daughter, Blanche.

The Garlins cut and sold timber to make their living. There was a gravel pit near their buildings on the south side of the quarter, which was a boon to local farmers, who came with teams and wagons to buy some and haul it home.

In 1901-02, Ella rode six miles to attend Grand Valley School. When Blanche was old enough to start school, Lillian Bryant used to ride four miles north from Patterson's to take her to Chapelton School.

Caroline passed away in December 1918, while Blanche was still attending school at Chapelton. Mrs. Tempany was called but she was too late to be of any help. Caroline was buried in the Cochrane cemetery.

Ella married Bruce Cressman and they lived in Calgary. Ella has now passed away. Paul is living in Calgary. Blanche married Roy Baker and they live in Edmonton.

Louis Garlin left the Cochrane area in 1934 and has since passed away. Mr. and Mrs. Bill Rolston now own and live on the Garlin place.

JOSHUA GLENNON

Joshua Glennon, of Irish descent, was born in Gibralter on June 19, 1855. He came to Montreal and moved to Banff, Alberta, in 1904. He helped build the Banff Springs Hotel, and later drove a taxi for the taxi stand at the hotel.

Joshua was a steam engineer and he ran a donkey engine at the Ghost Dam when it was under construction.

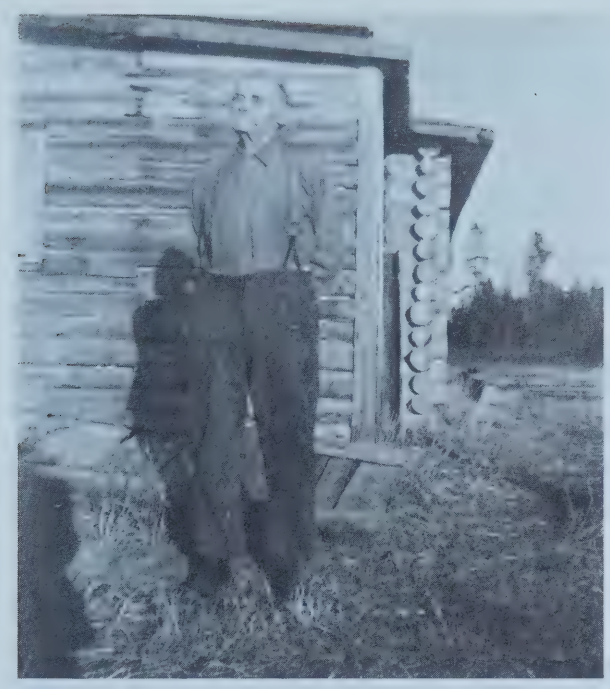
In 1934 he bought a quarter section of bush land in upper Grand Valley, the old Colgan homestead, the SE¼ 9-28-5-5. He lived there with his son Tom and his wife. Mrs. Oscar Clarke of Cochrane was also Joshua's daughter.

There was no well on his land and Joshua hauled drinking water in 45 gallon wooden barrels with his team. The water was hauled two and one-half miles from Paul Swanson's.

In 1946 he went to live with his daughter, Mary Hamilton, in Garden City, Michigan, where he spent his remaining years. He lived until he was just seven days short of being 100 years old.

After the Glennons left, Joshua's granddaughter, Mary, and her husband, Frank Wills, lived on the place for two years. The place was sold to Bob and Edna Iredale in 1957.

The little log cabin on the land had been built by Clem Colgan when he first homesteaded in



Joshua Glennon, 1937.

1919. It is one of the few homestead cabins that has been kept in good repair. It had been well built with large square notched corners not unlike dovetail, and has been kept well plastered between the logs. The logs have been whitewashed on the outside. It is located well off the road in a clearing in the trees. Anyone picking wild cranberries in the field and suddenly discovering the cabin for the first time, feels like Goldilocks, and immediately starts thinking of the three bears.

The Iredales prize this little log cabin with its lean-to, its chimney made of small bricks, and board walk, and plan to keep it in repair.

MR. AND MRS. HARRY GOODRICH

Harry Goodrich and his wife came from Cleveland, Ohio, and homesteaded the NE¼ 7-28-5-5. They later sold the land to Bill Wasson and moved into Cochrane. Harry built a house in the coulee beside the old highway on the east side of Cochrane, where the Glen Anderson family lives now. The Goodrichs had one son, born after they moved to Cochrane.

Mr. Wasson passed away soon after purchasing the Goodrich homestead and the land reverted back to Mr. Goodrich who sold to Paul Swanson in 1919.

GRAND VALLEY SCHOOL DISTRICT NO. 559

A complete set of the Grand Valley School minutes from 1900 to June 22, 1932, can be seen in the Glenbow Archives, Calgary. One only has to read these minutes to realize the hardships our pioneers had to endure and the stamina they had.

The first meeting was held on September 7, 1900, with W. D. Kerfoot, Chairman; Adam Baptie, Secretary; and Donald McEachen and Donald Morrison.

After petitioning Edmonton they were given permission to build a school. At that time the government did not give any financial assistance to build schools. The trustees voted to build one 26' by 18' with a 9' ceiling; a porch 6' by 16' was to be built on the south end. Two privies were to be built, placed in opposite corners of the schoolyard, and facing in opposite directions. A well was to be dug and cribbed, a pump installed and a well house built. The yard was to be fenced with a four-rail fence; a pole gate that could be easily opened was to have iron hinges. The fence posts were to be 14 feet apart. Most of the advice on how to run a school district was obtained from James Short of Calgary.

The land was donated by Donald McEachen with the understanding that, should the school ever be moved or closed permanently, the land would revert back to him. The school was located on the northwest corner of the NE¼ 34-26-5-5 and was to be placed at least 60 feet from the road allowance.

The school was built by James Cooper in 1901. The logs were hewed with dovetail corners. The cost was $390.00, a sum the people could not pay until a loan could be secured almost a year later.

This was the first country school built in the Cochrane area north of the Bow River. The school desks were bought from the old classroom in the hotel at Mitford for $24.25. Robert Downey dug and cribbed the well for $1.50 per foot.

A teacher was hired for $45.00 per month and classes started in May 1901, with eleven students attending. The first students were the Kerfoots, Perrys, McEachens, Bapties, and Blaneys.

At the annual meeting held January 1901, the auditor's report stated the financial statement was "Nil", and Jim Cooper had not been paid.

Frank McKenna and Billy McKay, who was just over from Scotland, started in 1903. One day Billy was in trouble for eating in class. The teacher asked what he had in his mouth and Billy replied, "Sweeties." When told to spit them out, he replied, "I kinna, thur doon the noo."

The school must have been heated entirely with wood for several years as no bill seems to have been submitted for coal. They ordered eight cords of wood at a time. The school and outbuildings were whitewashed on the outside once every year; one of the ladies, usually Mrs. Blaney, was given $1.00 to scrub the floor and thoroughly clean the inside. In 1914 the school was veneered inside and the outside was covered with shiplap.

The well did not prove satisfactory and Frank McKenna was given 5¢ per day to carry two gallons of water to school. His bill came to $4.35 before the trustees had enough money to pay him. The janitor received 50¢ per month. After Frank quit school Walter Boston was water boy.

Grand Valley School, 1904 or 1905. Back R.: Jim McEachen, Angus Perry, Dennis Blaney, Cecile Baptie, Ella Perry, Olive Kerfoot. Front r.: Anna Perry, Henry McEachen, Lawrence Perry, Margaret Baptie, Kate McEachen, Annie Blaney, Valerie Kerfoot.

The old Grand Valley School after the logs had been covered with siding

In 1905 the pupils were the Morrisons, Walter Boston, the Griffith children, Ella Garlin and the two Reimer boys. Later the two Patterson boys, the Goodmans, Racheskys and Jack Fuller attended. Classes were held through February to December.

In 1905 the trustees put an ad in the Herald stating: "Teacher Wanted, female preferred. Distance from nearest railway station seven miles; distance to nearest boarding house one and one half miles." Miss Elmherst applied and her application was accepted. Some teachers boarded at Morrisons but most of them boarded at McEachens.

In 1904 the government started giving the schools a teacher's grant, but, still, in 1905 finances were so low the teacher had not been paid for three months.

In 1909 Chapelton School was built in the Horse Creek district and all children north of the correction line were to attend there. The Patterson boys, now in the Chapelton district, still attended Grand Valley. At the annual meeting in 1912 a motion was made stating children attending Grand Valley and living in another school district had to pay 4¢ per school day for each child. The secretary was to notify James Patterson concerning this matter. At one time Frank Brooks and Harry Hardy had to pay $16.00 per year for each child so their children could attend. The boundary of the school district was altered several times, but Frank Brooks' land was never taken into the district.

In 1919 the Grand Valley school closed and Andrew Elder was hired to take the children to Chapelton. This was not satisfactory and the school re-opened in 1920.

Miss Leeming, teacher at the old Grand Valley School.

Grand Valley School pupils, 1923. L. to R. Back row: Charlie Nutkins from Bostons, Vivienne Crane, Harry Brooks, Katie Baptie. 2nd row: L. to R.: Billy Liddell, Mary Baptie, Frank Brooks, Tom Hardy. Front row: Marie Delbeke, Bobby Baptie, Sheila Crane.

Grand Valley School students. Back r.: Marie Delbeke, Mary and Kate Baptie, Peggy Kerfoot, Mary Rees. Kneeling: Jim and Bill Kerfoot, Bob Baptie. Second R.: Roy and Frank Brooks, Jim Delbeke. Front: Evelyn Delbeke, Stewart Baptie.

Some of the school teachers through the years were: Ernest Gregory the first teacher in 1901; W. Bayne from Banff, 1903; C. W. Brown, 1904; Miss Pearle Babbitt, until June 1905; Miss Elmherst, 1905; Miss Kerslake, 1906; Miss Roy, 1907; an American, Mr. Oakley, 1908, rode to school from his home at Morley. His salary was raised to $50.00 per month, but he could not receive the teacher's grant as he did not have a qualified Alberta license; he was given 10¢ a day extra because he had a first class certificate. Miss Russel 1909; Miss McLelan, 1910; Miss Cascallen, and Miss Gillis, 1912; Miss Lameron, 1913; Miss Cameron, 1914; Miss Loomis, 1915; Miss Gillis, 1915; Earl Bickle (who just retired in 1974 from the Earl Grey school in Calgary); Miss Wright Hay; Miss F. M. Leaming; Miss Ralinett; Miss Lange, and Miss Daggett, 1929-30-31 (now Mrs. Wild and living in Okotoks).

When Miss Lange was teaching 1925-1927 she was paid $1,000 for each term plus the government grant for teaching grade nine. During this period Mary Baptie won the Bennett Medal two years in succession. Through the years school books were ordered from F. E. Osborne's Book Store in Calgary and were paid for by the parents.

The school inspectors through the years were: J. A. Smith, 1901-06; Mr. Boyce to 1913; and Colonel MacGregor.

Some of the trustees and interested pioneers mentioned in the minutes were: W. D. Kerfoot, Adam Baptie, Donald McEachen, Donald Morrison, 1900; Joe Boston, Murdock McPherson and Archie Howard, 1901; Charles Perry 1901-1902. Hugh Stien, 1901-02; Jim Cooper, George Creighton, John Curren, and Ewen MacKay,

1903; Andrew Elder and Mr. Bayne, 1904; George Egley, 1907; Dan Shine, 1911; Jack Garson, Mr. Meicklejon and Duncan Kerfoot, 1912. By 1929 some of the first school students' names were noted in the minutes, such as Jim McEachen.

The trustees found it hard to finance the school and it is interesting to note that the tax rate started at 2½¢ per acre and the homesteaders were still unable to pay their taxes. Later, taxes were raised to 4¢ per acre with an 8 percent deduction if paid before July 1; 8

The Grand Valley Gymkana to be held on Sept. 20th 1917. at the G.V. School grounds, in aide of the Red Cross - Field Comforts for the boys at the front. Program of Sports & Attractions are as follows.

Horse Races. (for Gents.)

1. Egg & Spoon Race
2. Bending Race
3. Obstacle Race
4. Stake Pulling Contest

For Ladies & Gents together

5. Thread the needle Race
6. Getting Green Race.

For Ladies

7. Egg & Spoon Race
8. Bending Race
9. Stake Pulling
10. Obstacle Race.

Foot Races for Gents.

1. Obstacle Race
2. Walking Race.
3. Three Legged Race
4. Fat Gents Race
5.

(over)

For Ladies & Gents.

6. Derby Grem Race ✓
7. Sack Race. ✓
12. Slippery Pig Race. Pig. Don. by. A. K. Kerfoot.

For Ladies

8. Walking Race ✓
9. Three Legged Race ✓
10. Fat woman's Race
11. Obstacle Race. ✓

Pole Jumping ✓
Broad Jumping ✓
Putting the Shot. ✓

Attractions

"Fish Pond". — "Kill the Kaiser". & "Raffle".

Best Butter in Prints—First prize presented by Hon. C. W. Fisher; second, $1.50.

Best Bread (White)—First prize presented by Western Milling Co; second prize value $1.

Best Bread (Brown)—First prize presented by Calgary Milling Co; second prize value $1.

Best Bread—By girls under 16—First prize value $1; second, 50c.

Best Bread—By batchelors over 18 and under 90—First prize, sack of flour presented by Western Milling Co.

(Above confined to amateurs, professionals may exhibit but do not compete.)

Best Writing—Open to schools in district, all grades—Prizes for same presented by Donald McEachen, Esq.

Best Drawing—Prizes not fixed.

Prizes are promised, not yet presented or nominated for by following: Mrs. Meiklejon, Mrs. Kerfoot, Dave Alexander, J. A. Campbell, Adam Baptie, D. P. McDonald, and others whose names cannot be ascertained in time to put in program.

Mr. Thomas Quigley kindly presented the Society with lumber to build a booth for refreshments.

In bread, prizes are promised by Calgary and Western Milling Companies, under condition that in different classes their flour is used.

Grand Valley Agricultural Society Exhibition, 1909

Program and Prize List

President, DONALD MCEACHEN

1st Vice-Pres., S. D. CHESTER — *2nd Vice-Pres.*, D. MORRISON

DIRECTORS

ANDREW ELDER — H. M. LUMSDEN — MRS. DEWAR
S. D. CHESTER — MRS. CHESTER — MISS J. ELDER
MISS RUSSELL

Manager and Hon. Secretary, H. M. LUMSDEN

Grand Valley Agricultural Society Exhibition

PROGRAM AND PRIZE LIST

Stallions—First, second and third tickets.

Heavy Draft Horses—First, second and third rosettes.

General Purpose Team—First, second and third rosettes.

Drivers—First, second and third rosettes.

Agricultural Team—First, second and third rosettes.

Single Driver—First, silver cup presented by J. T. Macdonald, Esq., Calgary; second, $10 prize, presented by F. C. Lowes, Esq., Calgary; third prize, as yet unfilled.

Gent's Saddle Horse—Prizes not fixed.

Best Decorated Team—First, $3; second, $2.

Best Grade Mare and Colt—First, second and third rosettes.

Best Ladies' Driver—First prize, $7.50; second, $2.50; presented by W. Hutchinson, Esq.

Best Ladies' Saddle Horse—$15 prize presented by I. G. Creighton, Esq.

Best Light Mare and Foal—First, second and third rosettes.

Best Yearling—First, second and third rosettes.

Best Two Year Old—First, second and third rosettes.

Best Milch Cow—Ribbon.

Best Bull—Ribbon.

RACES

Gent's Race, 1 Mile—Owners up. First, cup, presented by H. M. Lumsden; second, $3; third, $2.

Open Race, ½ Mile—First, $10; second, $5; third, $2.

Hurdle Race, 1½ Mile—First, $10; second, $5; third, $2.

Polo Pony Race, ½ Mile—First, $3; second, $2.

Ladies' Race, ½ Mile—First, $3; second, $2.

Indian Race—Prize not fixed.

Bucking Contest—$10 first if three entries.

100 Yards Race—First and second prizes presented by D. E. Black, Esq., Calgary.

1 Mile Race—Prize not fixed.

$1.00 entry in each race, except ladies.

Best Bunch of Vegetables—First, $3, presented by Mrs. Elder; second, $2; third, $1.

Best Potatoes—First prize presented by Massey Harris Co; second, $3; third, $2.

Best Celery, Parsnips, Turnips, Carrots, Red and White Cabbage, Kale, Cauliflower, Cucumbers, Salsify, Beets, Mangols—First card for each.

Best Bunch of Four Threshed Grains—First prize, presented by R. W. Widdess, Esq.; second, $2; third, $1.

Best Spring and Fall Wheat—First, second and third cards for all.

Best Oats in Sheaf and Threshed, Barley, Speltz, Rye, Tame Grass and Hay—First, second and third cards for all.

Best Tatting—First prize, 50c value.

Best Dressed Doll—Made by girl under 16—First prize value $1.00; second, 50c.

Best Home Made Mat—Prize value 50c.

Best Painting on Silk—Prize value 50c.

Best Piece of Fancy Work—Prize value 50c.

Best Knitted Quilt—Prize value 50c.

Best Scones—Prize value 50c.

Best Biscuits—Prize value 50c.

Best Candy—Prize value 50c.

Best Pickles—Prize value 50c.

Best Jam—Sack rolled oats, presented by Brackman-Ker & Co.

Best Jelly—Prize value 50c.

Best Cake—First prize, sack of flour, presented by Western Milling Co.

Best Hand Sewing—Prize value 50c.

Best Button Holes—Prize value 50c.

Best Drawn Thread Work—Prize value 50c.

Best Darning and Patching—Prize value 50c.

Best Crochet—Prize value 50c.

Best Knitting—Prize value 50c.

Best House Plants—First, second and third tickets.

Best Garden Plants—First, second and third tickets.

Best 12 Eggs—Prize value $1.00.

Best Exhibit of Poultry—Any Breed—Prizes presented by Hon. C. W. Fisher.

Best Dog—First, second and third tickets.

Best Butter in Tubs—First prize presented by Hon. C. W. Fisher; second $1.50.

percent was to be charged on overdue accounts. Outside livestock grazing in the area were taxed so much per head.

By 1904 taxes were badly in arrears and at one point it was suggested that Adam Baptie, secretary, be excused from his position if he did not collect. Adam replied he would gladly resign if anyone thought they could. A bailiff was hired and managed to collect $198.91. Adam was then told to pay all outstanding debits as far as the money would go. In 1912 taxes were lowered to 2¢ per acre. In 1920 taxes were 8½¢ per acre. October 9, 1932, after the school had been closed, John Boothby was nominated to collect the arrears. He did not collect much money. However, the secretary was asked to send him a vote of thanks for his efforts.

The chapter on the little log Grand Valley School was closed on June 30, 1932. The doors and gates were padlocked and the building was never used as a school again. The school still stands on its original site, but on February 24, 1942, approval was given by the Calgary School Division to dispose of the old Grand Valley School and the stable.

ARTHUR HERZOG

Arthur Herzog, Caroline Garlin's son, homesteaded the NW¼ 34-27-5-5 in 1912. He was married to a Scottish girl, and they had two children, both born while they were living in Grand Valley.

The Herzogs sold their land to Bill Tempany in 1916. There was a log house on the land, which Bill moved to his home quarter and used for a bunkhouse for several years. When the Chapelton School burned down, classes were held in this bunkhouse.

FRED HILL

Fred Hill, his wife Grace and their family moved to the Adam Baptie homestead in Grand Valley in 1930. Several babies were born while they lived there, including a set of twins. Mrs. Jimmie Patterson was midwife and was quite happy to have helped bring twins into the world. One of the twins was named Georgina, after Mrs. Patterson.

The Hills milked cows, and worked very hard to make a living during the 1930s on a place where it was almost impossible to make a living at any time.

HISTORY OF GORDON HINDE — by Ruth Hinde

My father, Gordon Hinde, was born in 1885 and grew up on a farm at Croxton, Leicestershire. After a few years of working in a bank in Nottingham, he decided to come to Canada. In 1906 he arrived at Cochrane and spent his first winter on Horse Creek at the ranch belonging to Osborne Johnson's father. This place was later owned by the Zangs. He worked with Osborne and Bill Johnson to gain experience and as the winter of 1906-7 was one of the worst on record, he got plenty. Later he worked at various jobs: haying at the Big Hill with D. P. McDonald's outfit, on an irrigation

Back row: H. Viney, JoAnne Phipps, Dora Hinde, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Perrenoud. Seated: Stuart Walker and son Billy, Jack Phipps, Vincent Phipps, Gordon Hinde holding Ruth, Mrs. Phipps, Agnes Phipps, Agnes Perrenoud (standing), Emma Perrenoud, Vickey Walker holding Betty.

ditch south of Calgary, and one summer with saddle horses up in Banff. Whom he was with there, I do not know. I cannot remember if he was with Mr. Meiklejon in Grand Valley or not, but I think that he was for awhile. He was employed by Mr. Critchley, from about 1912 to 1919. During the years of the First World War, he was manager, or foreman as they said in those days. Whichever it was, he managed the ranch while the Critchleys were Overseas.

My father came of a riding family and was an excellent horseman. This accomplishment was very useful, and he was soon breaking broncs with the cowboys. He also learned to rope, and despite lack of practice in later years, could still catch calves at branding time with seldom a miss. When at the Critchley ranch, he and Boney Thompson often rode the range together. Like many westerners, Boney disliked riding an English saddle, while my father preferred it. If Boney's horse was gentle enough to be trained to the English saddle and Father's was still at the western stage, they would switch horses and each go on their ride contented.

Ruth Hinde on her first saddlehorse.

My father must have joined the Cochrane Polo Club the first year that it was formed. He played in the tournaments of 1912 and 1913 and won a trophy each year. He had a chestnut polo pony, named Nimrod, which he later gave to Mother for an engagement present. Nimrod was a very versatile horse, one of the best in the polo field, a good stock horse, fast, and could also jump. Like many of his time, he was broke to single harness. How I loved going out with Mother in the buggy with Nimrod. By that time the prairie trails were worn smooth, and we would go along at a spanking trot, the sun shining, (we only went out on nice days), birds singing, and the big jack rabbits bounding off, then sitting up to watch with their long ears wagging.

In 1914 my mother, Dora Phipps, and father became engaged. They were married on October 7, 1915. Before Dad was married he had bought the NW¼ 22-27-5-5 from Andy Garson, but they lived on the Critchley ranch till the spring of 1919. I was born July 3, 1916. In the early 1920s my father homesteaded the SW¼ 32-27-5-5.

Our house was log, consisting of four rooms, kitchen, living room and two bedrooms. The living room and bedrooms are still in use, though for how much longer they will stand up I'm not sure. Incidently, that part of the house was built by Boney Thompson in approximately 1910.

Our water supply was a spring and creek. It was brought into the house by two pails, man powered and later woman powered, by me.

Paul Swanson was hired to do our first plowing. How it was worked down I don't remember, as we had no machinery at that time. The next thing I recall was sowing the seed. Our first seeder was Mother driving the team with me

Off for a winter drive — pioneer style!

perched beside her and Father sowing by hand from a tub in the back of the wagon, (Mother whacked the team and pitched him into the tub). Our harrows to cover it that year were made from bushy willows about eight to ten feet long, nailed to a pole. He quickly improved upon these methods. He soon had a sulky plow, (well named), a seeder, and proper harrows. In 1922 he bought a new mower, a Deering giant, which after using for ourselves and also a lot of custom mowing, still cuts grass. He acquired a second hand hayrake which with a new tongue would still rake hay.

The post-war slump was upon us, followed by the Hungry Thirties. Mother and Father were both hard workers. Mother is a good cook and an excellent dress maker. Father, besides running the farm, sold timber off his homestead quarter. He worked in the bush every winter. With care, we always had enough to eat and clothes to wear. Though hard cash was noticeable by its absence and a bank account was unheard of, we had a lot of fun and many good get-togethers with our neighbors. By the 1920s the country was settled and people visited around in the districts. During the thirties a lot of us had tennis courts, made with teams and scrapers and man power. (No expensive bulldozers in those days). The parties were gay affairs, tennis in the afternoon followed by music in the evening. Father had a very nice baritone voice and did a lot of singing. Most of us could play some instrument so we made plenty of noise. As one man put it, "not a grand opera, but a grand uproar." Still most of it sounded rather nice.

In 1940 my father had a heart attack. That curtailed a great many of his activities. I used to help him outdoors and learned to do most of the work. After fourteen years of semi-invalidism, he passed away in August, 1954.

As I had the experience of helping him run the farm during his illness, I simply carried on with the job, and Mother and I are still living on the home quarter. We no longer have the homestead in the bush, having sold it in 1971.

HORNBACH

Mr. Hornbach homesteaded the NE¼ 34-27-5-5 around 1900. He later went to live north of Edmonton, and one severe winter he went insane. He died of a bullet wound that was believed to have been self-inflicted.

Several families have lived on this land. The Fred Sholtz family from Bottrel lived there during World War II, and they sold the land to Bert Fox in 1948. When Mr. Sholtz had his sale it was a very cold day and neighbours two miles away could hear Joe Taylor, the auctioneer, shouting, "Now are you a-l-l done?"

THE HOWARD FAMILY — by Laurie Johnson

Bob and Joe Howard and one sister came to live in Cochrane in the early days. The sister

The Joe Howard family.

married Jack Wright, a section foreman, who became a C.P.R. inspector. Their son, Walter, worked in the general store for his uncle, Joe Howard.

Joe Howard built the block where the hardware store is now, and it was known then as the Howard Block. He sold the block and Stringer and his partner ran a general store there. They sold out to Tommy Quigley. Stringer went into partnership with William Andison in a store at Cremona. Later Willie Andison bought out Stringer's interest in the store.

Bob Howard owned the land where the racetrack was put, later on, and his land went south to the Bow River. Mrs. Bob Howard ran a dairy in Cochrane. They had four girls and a boy. One girl married Bob Brown, one married Bob Hewitt and Clara married Earl Shattuck. Pearl married Grant Saunders, a brother to Dr. Saunders. Grant ran the ranch at Lochend for his father. Grant and Pearl were the parents of Smokey Saunders, the jockey.

Archie Howard, Bob's son, worked in the store for C. W. Fisher. Archie and Charlie Burnham spent some time in British Columbia. For several years Archie and George Dodds cut hay for the Copithornes. For a while Archie was a Forest Ranger, stationed at Jumping Pound where he lived in the Roper house west of Frank Rick's ranch. He bought Elliot's horses on Horse Creek and Jack Bevan's horses up on the Panther River. He homesteaded on the Little Red Deer River up next to the Forest Reserve and he leased the land in Big Coulee. Ed Thompson looked after the horses and built up the homestead for him.

Archie Howard married Rena Ritchie, a daughter of Dr. Ritchie, who lived south of the

Bow River. Dr. Ritchie came to Canada from Virginia. He was a wonderful physician and helped many people. Once when he was called to Cochrane on a case he was held up by a train over the crossing. He sued the C.P.R. and won.

When Rena married Archie Howard, Dr. Ritchie was not too pleased because he and Archie did not see eye to eye. Several years after Rena and Archie were married, they had a little son, St. Clair, who was a very sickly baby. He couldn't keep any food down and he was skin and bones. Rena took him to different doctors and specialists but none could help him. At one year old he weighed just about his weight at birth.

I was well acquainted with the Ritchie family for I used to go with Kathleen Ritchie. One day Dr. Ritchie met me on the street in Cochrane and asked me about the baby. I told him. He then asked me if Archie was at home and when I told him that Archie was away he asked me to go to the house with him. Rena let us in and showed her father the child. Dr. Ritchie asked her many questions about the doctors she had seen and the treatment prescribed. Finally he said, "Rena, there is only one way to save this child. You take him and move in with the horses."

At Archie's Little Red Deer place, Ed Thompson had built a horse stable with living quarters in one end. A door from the one room opened into the stable. Rena Howard showed great faith in her father and incredible courage. She and Archie took the baby, and with team and wagon they drove the rough trail of over thirty miles up to the place on the Little Red. There, far from neighbors, with no telephone and no real road out, they lived with the horses, keeping the door open between the two parts of the log building.

Within two months the little boy showed great improvement. They had a log house built and they lived at that place until St. Clair was ready for school. They then moved back to Cochrane and eventually they went to live at the West Coast. There St. Clair was killed in a car accident.

THE ALEX HOWES FAMILY

Alex Howes was born in Guelph, Ontario, and Eva Sivigny was born in Littleton, Vermont, U.S.A. Both their families moved to Success, Saskatchewan, where they homesteaded. Here Alex and Eva met and were married in 1921.

In the fall of 1940 they moved to the Cochrane district where Alex started a sawmill up the Grand Valley. In 1950 Alex and his sons started a lumberyard in the village of Cochrane as A. Howes & Sons. In 1953 Alex passed away and his sons carried on the lumberyard as Howes Bros.

Alex and Eva had fifteen children. A baby son, Oscar, died in Success. The other sons and daughters are: James, Cochrane; Orville (Bud), Edgar and Alfred, Calgary; Arthur, Strathmore; Earl, Revelstoke, British Columbia; Gordon, Ann Raby and Margaret Clarke, Cochrane; Mae Sauvey, Marie Briscoe, Calgary; Emma Pepper, Edmonton; Pearl Campbell, Oakville, Ontario; and Agnes Moore, Prince George, British Columbia.

Mrs. Howes now lives in Calgary.

JOHN AND TOM IRELAND — by Ruth Hinde

John and Tom Ireland were born in Cumberland County, England. The villages of St. Bee's and Whitehaven were the places that they talked of and I think their home was in that vicinity.

John spent some time in Africa before he came to Canada. For a few years he and Tom farmed in the Delburne, Alberta, district. In 1915 John and Tom moved to Cochrane. John bought the NW¼ 34-27-4-5 from Lester Brink in 1916, and he and Tom lived there for a while. Then the land was sold and the Ireland brothers moved to the bush. John homesteaded the NE¼ 30-27-5-5, and Tom filed on the adjoining SE¼.

For a while they lived in a one-roomed log shack, then Tom built himself a three-roomed frame house before he married. When he and his wife moved to Calgary in 1925, a year after their marriage, John moved into the house and carried on the farm alone. For several years he milked cows, hauling his cream with team and buggy to Hindes or Pattersons. Then it was taken to Cochrane the next time there was a town trip from either place. In later years he raised beef cattle, which saved the weekly trip with the cream. He sold his place to Nowlin and Storey in 1936 and moved to Vancouver Island, where he died in the late 1940s.

John was a large man, with aquiline features, brilliant blue eyes and reddish curly hair. Though not in the same class as Tom with regards music, he played the piano and his little organ, and sang very nicely. He was an excellent conversationalist and extremely witty, and took a great interest in politics. I would like to hear his opinion of some of the politicians of today.

How well I remember his expressive language and colorful descriptions. Once a friend and I put some cattle in the corral where Irelands had been butchering. As there was about 18 inches of snow, we were unaware of this fact. John came out of the house about 400 yards away and bellowed at us that we could not put the cattle in that corral. When I asked why, he replied in a voice that my father could hear a quarter of a mile away, "You can't put them in there. There's all those heads and tails, six empty bellies and a hundred thousand yards of guts in there."

John's departure from the district left a void and I often think of the times we would ride over for a visit. On a fine day I liked to sit on the doorstep and look down the beautiful valley through his captain's spy glass while he played the organ and sang, with my mother and father joining in. In the days before radio and TV, people really felt a need for music in their lives, and even the toughest of the cowboys used

to ask John to sing and play, and would sit and listen for hours.

This is not much of a history as to John Ireland's life and accomplishments, but as he lived the ordinary life of a small rancher, there is really not too much to relate about that. It was his personality that made the biggest impression, and that is what his friends remember most about him.

Tom tuned pianos in Delburne and, later, in Cochrane. He joined the 10th Battalion of the Canadian Army in 1917, and was discharged in 1919.

As a young man in England, Tom was apprenticed to an organ and piano builder. He sang in church choirs in England, and in later years, sang in the Pro-Cathedral and St. Michaels, in Calgary, and in Victoria Cathedral.

Tom and Annie Ireland have a son and a daughter. Tom is now blind, and makes his home in the Veteran's Hospital in Victoria; his wife lives in Victoria also.

Music was Tom's life, and no matter what other job he was working at, he enjoyed playing or singing most.

JULIUS JENSEN

Jules Jensen was from Denmark. One of the first ranchers he worked for in this district was William Tempany, around 1918. Jules was an expert at digging wells and dug several in the district and neighboring towns. He homesteaded the E½ 4-28-5-5. His buildings were located on the southeast quarter. He did a lot of work for Jack Dickenson, manager of the Russell Hotel in Cochrane. While there he took care of the lawn at the hotel. He also landscaped the lawn and built the rock gardens at Mr. Dickensons house, which was the big two-storey house at the foot of Cochrane Hill where the Andrew Sharpes now live. The rocks for the garden were hauled from Big Hill Springs. Jules worked on the basement of the Elks' (Cochrane Community) Hall, with his team, and on the building itself until its completion. All the work was volunteer. On the opening night Jules dressed as a clown and did an excellent job of entertaining young and old alike.

Jules Jensen was a bachelor. On February 22, 1938, he was found dead in his home. He was thought to have been helpless in bed for several days before he died. His land was sold to Robert Meggett and is now owned by Audrey Tempany.

JOE JUMP

Joe Jump, a widower, came to Cochrane around 1900, and eventually homesteaded the SW ¼ 30-26-4-5. He received his Patent in 1906.

Apparently he did not have a wagon, as he drove to Cochrane with the hayrake to pick up his supplies.

In January 1911, he sold out to Edwin Townend and moved to Strathmore, Alberta, where he died.

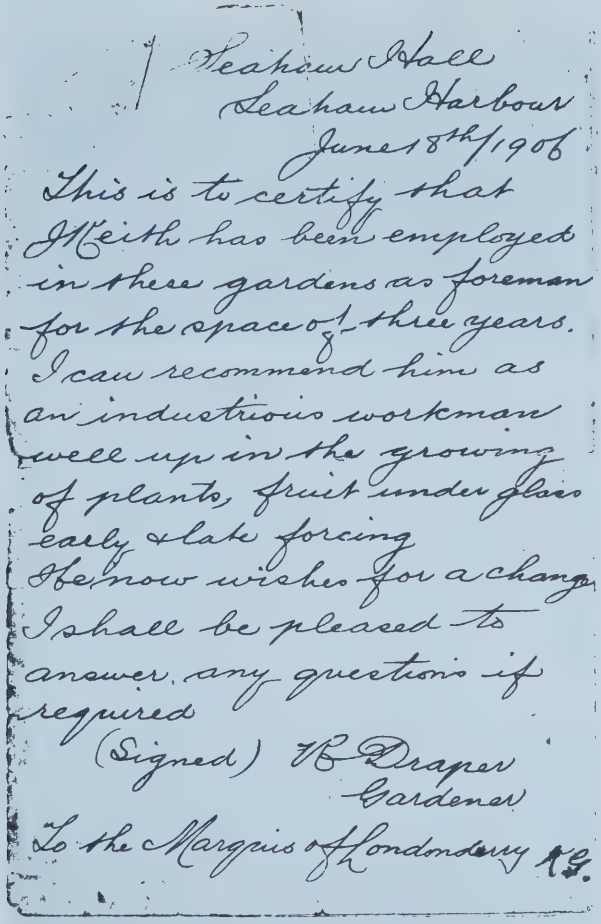
JOSHUA (JOSH) AND JANE KEITH — by Gertrude Fox

Josh Keith was born in Scotland on October 31, 1875. When he was very young he was brought to England to be raised by his grandparents. When he grew up he worked as a cabin boy on a merchant ship. He became interested in gardening and landscaping which led to his being employed as head gardener for Lord and Lady La Salle. Josh had a landscaping book that he used in his work that is now in the possession of a landscape gardener in Calgary. In this book he had a picture that he referred to as "Josh and TEDDIE." This was a picture of King Edward VII and him strolling through "Josh's Gardena."

Jane Bebb, a young lady from Wales, came to England to work for Lord and Lady La Salle as head cook and it was there she met and married Josh Keith. They decided to come to Canada in 1910. Among the treasures they brought with them was a copper kettle, a wedding gift from their employer, and a Singer sewing machine made in 1875. Both these items are in the possession of Mrs. Joey Cowan, neé Fairweather, who was a very close friend of the Keiths.

One of Josh's first jobs in Canada was landscaping a golf course at Niagara-on-the-Lake. They arrived in the Cochrane area in 1916. From Cochrane Mr. Keith drove a team and wagon piled with their possessions. Mrs. Keith followed, driving one horse on a hay rake, and on

Mr. and Mrs. Josh Keith.



Seahouse Hall
Seahouse Harbour
June 18th/1906

This is to certify that J Keith has been employed in these gardens as foreman for the space of three years. I can recommend him as an industrious workman well up in the growing of plants, fruit under glass early & late forcing He now wishes for a change I shall be pleased to answer any questions if required

(Signed) W Draper
Gardener
To the Marquis of Londonderry K.G.

her lap sat her dog. They settled on what was known as the Taylor quarter SW¼ 6-28-4-5, ten miles from Highway 1A on the Horse Creek road. Here they spent a great deal of time digging for water but were never successful. Later they homesteaded approximately 13 miles north of Highway 1A on the Grand Valley road. Although there was water on this quarter, they still found it necessary some winters to bring their cattle down to water every day at a spring three miles south of where they lived.

Keith's homestead was a model mixed farm on a small scale; a neat farmstead with a duck pond and rabbits and a pretty little log house, cosily furnished. It was a delight to visit them and have afternoon tea. They took a pre-emption on another quarter in 1916 and worked hard with horses to break and brush the land. They also rented a quarter from Louis Garlin where they grew fall rye which Josh referred to as a mortgage lifter.

Keiths had no children of their own, but they had young boys come to live with them. One of these boys was Francis Dalton who married Elsie Hopper, who was later killed in a car accident. In his later years Francis worked for the City of Calgary. He passed away in 1974.

Jane Keith decorated cakes beautifully. Her cake decorating tools are still being used by Mary Aarsby. Mrs. Keith was a mother to all, often acting as mid-wife and caring for families in time of sickness. When her husband was telling of his moose hunting experiences one of her favorite expressions would be "Oh Josh, isn't he a caution." Mrs. Keith was petite, prim and sedate. She dressed like Queen Victoria and always wore her hat, gloves and jewellery whenever she went to town or to visit friends.

Mrs. Keith drove a white horse, named Nigger, on a buggy and would travel the near 20 miles to Cochrane for her supplies. This was a two-day trip; she would stop at the Beynon and Davies Ranch, near the Highway 1A-Highway 22 intersection (the Old Cochrane Ranche), feed her horse there and stop for a visit. The next day she would pick up her supplies and return home. How sad it was in 1946 when Mrs. Keith suffered a stroke and was confined to bed in her little log cabin. Josh cared for her very well and always had flowers or something green by her bedside. Mrs. Joey Cowan and Mrs. William Tempany came to be with Josh and Mrs. Keith when she passed away five years later on November 10, 1950. She was 81 years of age.

Josh was a sunny little man with bright red hair. He was always talking and laughing. He wore a spade guinea, that he brought from England, on his watch chain. He thought it was valuable. After his death it was appraised and found to be counterfeit. Josh entered a contest sponsored by Remington to name their new ammunition. He suggested the name "Rem Rem." For this he was given an honourable mention and a two by three-foot framed, colored picture of migratory birds and game animals of the Province of Alberta. Mr. Keith's lawyer now has this plaque. Once Josh traded a rooster for a very valuable army rifle, that he thought he could sell if he really needed money. After his death, Fairweathers wanted to return it to its original owner but found that the owner had passed away. Josh would go moose hunting every fall to get their winter's meat, and he very seldom failed. He had a picture of the last moose he shot from the kitchen window. It was no effort for him to walk for miles, when hunting or going to Cochrane to get supplies. If a neighbor happened to be going to town he would take a ride. If not he would keep on walking.

He sold peat moss off his homestead to greenhouses in Calgary. A sample was sent to California. It was a very satisfactory sample but was not economical to ship such a bulky product. Josh was a great one for telling stories, always starting out, "Cracky as I say," so he was sometimes referred to as "Cracky." He told of the time when he was in the hospital and said to the nurse, "I didn't care for the juice you served this morning." The nurse turned and said, "Mr. Keith, you just drank your mouth wash!" He also told about the time he was being fitted for his teeth; he was talking and laughing all the

Josh Keith and his best moose trophy.

time. Finally the dentist said, "If you ever quit talking, I'll put these teeth in your mouth."

In October, 1959, when Josh was 84, he fell off a load of logs he was hauling for firewood and died instantly.

Mr. and Mrs. Keith are buried in the Cochrane Cemetery. Their Estate was given to the Wood's Christian Home, Institute of the Blind and the Cancer Clinic in Calgary. Their homestead was bought by Phil Austin and is now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Stan Harding of Calgary.

Thanks to George Fairweather and Mrs. Joey Cowan, Calgary, for giving the information to make this history possible. George Fairweather was a lightweight boxer who had competed in 26 fights before he tried out for the Olympics to be held in Antwerp, Belgium. He was not successful. In 1924, when the Cochrane race track was operating, he and Mel Cowie were paid $75.00 each to fight. This was an added attraction to the race meet. The fight was held in the Orange Hall in Cochrane.

THE KERFOOT FAMILY — by James Duncan Kerfoot

The story of the Cochrane Ranche relates that in 1882, Col. Walker, the first resident manager, resigned, such resignation to be effective as soon as a suitable replacement could be found. That replacement was found in the person of William Duncan (W. D.) Kerfoot, an experienced stockman, who, on August 10, 1882, at Fort Benton, Montana, signed a contract with the Cochrane Ranche to take over as resident manager.

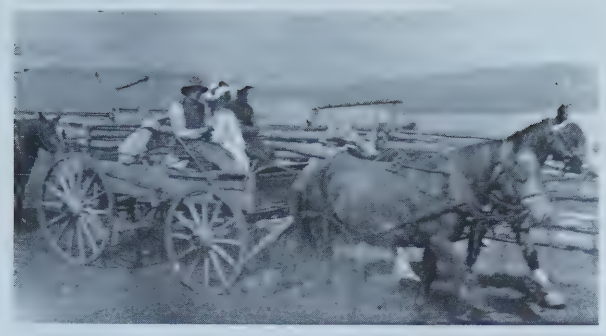
W. D. Kerfoot was born in 1859 at Providence, the family estate in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia, son of James F. Kerfoot, a cavalry captain in General Lee's Confederate Army.

"W. D." had ranched for several years in Montana, and came to Cochrane in 1882 to assume his new role. He was an experienced rancher and a great horseman, and some of his exploits are set forth in the recollections of his son, Archie Kerfoot.

In 1884 he married Adriana Bell-Irving and brought his bride to live in the log house still standing on the old ranch site just west of Cochrane. Their first-born, Duncan Irving, born in Calgary in 1885, was an infant when his father parted company with the ranch and homesteaded just outside the Cochrane Ranche lease, in Grand Valley, on SW¼ 10-27-5-5, his brother-in-law, Will Bell-Irving, having taken up SE¼ 21-27-5-5, some two miles up the valley. Here W. D. raised a family of six: four sons, Duncan I., Adrian R. (Pat), Archibald D., and Percival C.,

Branding at the Kerfoot ranch.

Branding at the Kerfoot ranch.



Off to town from the Kerfoot ranch.

all of whom continued to live in Grand Valley on adjacent properties until after the Second World War, and two daughters, Olive Lee who married a Jumping Pound rancher, Victor Saunders; they now live in Sidney, British Columbia, and Valentine McBean, who married W. R. Wolley-Dod in 1927, the son of a pioneer rancher of the Fish Creek area; they are both deceased. Their only child, W. R. Wolley-Dod, is an Alberta Land Surveyor living in Calgary, while the only Saunders child, Jean, makes her home in England. She was once a seeded lawn tennis player for Great Britain.

Of the second generation, Duncan, who married Margaret M. Melly in Liverpool in 1912, lived most of his life in Grand Valley on the property now known as Providence Ranch. He met his future wife in the Valley, as she had come out to stay with her aunt, Mrs. Oswald Critchley, on the Bell-Irving ranch which had passed to the Critchley family around 1910. Also a keen horseman, Duncan was active in the Cochrane Polo Club for many years, as were all his brothers, especially Archie. Duncan imported a fine Thoroughbred stallion (Vambrace) from England in 1924. Always interested in public service, Duncan was a member of the B.P.O.E. (Elks), and he and his brothers played a part in the building of the Elks Hall, now the Cochrane Community Hall. He was also very active during World War Two as District Chairman of the Canadian War Bonds Drive. Duncan and Margaret raised a family of four in Grand Valley, two sons and two daughters. Margaret (Peggy) the eldest, married Grant Gibson, a Toronto engineer, in 1937, and they now reside in Thornhill, Ontario. William Duncan (Bill) stayed on the ranch and married Shirley Ireland in 1940, just before going Overseas with the Calgary Highlanders. He was killed in action while serving with the Loyal Edmonton Regiment; this Regiment was nearly wiped out in that action. James Duncan, a Royal Military College, Kingston graduate, served with the Indian Army from 1937-47 and saw service on the Northwest Frontier of India in 1938, and on the Burma front in World War Two. He was severely wounded in Burma in 1944 and eventually invalided out of the service. While in the United Kingdom, he met and married Margaret McNaughton of Sanquhar, Dumfriesshire, and returned with her to take over Providence Ranch from his father, who died January 15, 1946. His mother Margaret, meanwhile moved to Victoria where she lived until her death in 1966. The youngest, Joan, having helped her parents on the ranch throughout the war, married James M. Storey, a local rancher, in 1946, and later moved to Waterton and Twin Butte, where they still reside.

Adrian (Pat) built his own home close to his widowed mother's Virginia Ranch home, after marrying Marjorie Sutherland in 1918, and there, raised a family of three. His only son, Ronald J., served with the Calgary Highlanders in Northwest Europe in World War Two, after which he married Frieda Von Besseler in Belgium in 1946. Ronald then went on to a regular army career with the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, finally retiring as a Lieut. Col. in 1972, after years of service in the Middle East, Germany, and Viet Nam. They now live in Saanich, British

Percy Kerfoot with Tannis, Jean and Alex.

Jim Kerfoot at Bill Kerfoot's Memorial on Wildcat Hills.

Bill and Jim Kerfoot, 1939.

Columbia, and Ron is a real estate salesman. Barbara (1924-1972), Pat's elder daughter, worked for many years in the oil industry in Calgary and travelled extensively for her employers. Valerie, the younger daughter married Scott Finding, a forest engineer, and they now live in Victoria, British Columbia. Pat's first wife, Marjorie, died in 1939, and in 1946 he married Dorothy Fraser Thomas of High River, originally of the Jumping Pound district. They later moved to Sidney, British Columbia, where he died in 1959, and she still resides.

Archie married Anita Helen Bell-Irving in 1927 and ranched on the original family property, Virginia Ranch, in Grand Valley till his retirement to Cochrane in 1958. During these years he first raised and schooled polo ponies, then turned to sheep, and subsequently established a fine herd of registered Herefords, being for many years a prominent contributor to the Calgary Bull Sale. Later he purchased and operated the local hardware store for a number of years. Anita died in 1959 and he married Jessie E. Perry in 1960.

Percy married Lucy Landale in 1935 and lived in Grand Valley until 1950, ranching, and working for the Calgary Power Company. He raised a family of three, the two girls Jean and Tannis becoming Registered Nurses, and the son, Alex, an electronic engineer. In 1950 he moved to Okotoks where they still reside, after his retirement from the Power Company.

Some ninety years after W. D. Kerfoot first came to live in the Cochrane District in 1882 there are living some 46 descendants. Two-year-old Jeffrey Duncan is the fifth generation of Duncan Kerfoots to live in the Grand Valley.

In the summer of 1945 Duncan Kerfoot and his son, Jim, home on leave from India, erected a bronze plaque on a rock face looking west from the Wildcat Ridge and shadowed by an ancient rock pine. This plaque honors the memory of their son and brother, Bill, who was killed in action at Ortona, Italy, on December 23, 1943.

Every year since 1946, Jim and members of his growing family have visited this site on Remembrance Day, November 11, which day was also Bill's birthday.

W. D. KERFOOT — by A. D. (Archie) Kerfoot

My father, W. D. Kerfoot, moved to Montana as a young man and established a cattle ranch. It was not too long before he became involved in the sheep and cattle range war that was going on at that time. I think it was in the early part of 1881 that all his buildings and equipment were burned by sheep men. Soon after that he was hired as manager of the Cochrane Ranche arriving here in the fall of 1882.

It is strange that after leaving Montana because of sheep and cattle feuding, he should be manager of a large ranch that ran both sheep and cattle, as well as a lot of horses.

My father went back to Montana and brought back eight thousand sheep for the company. Some twenty-five or more years ago I saw in the Calgary Herald's column, "Sixty Years Ago", a description of them trying to swim the sheep across the Elbow River, which was in flood, and the Herald said that the language was very colourful. However, they got the sheep across and home.

I think it was in 1884 and 1885 that the second Riel Rebellion took place and some of the Indians and half-breeds got on the warpath. The ranch had a large flock of sheep right where Delbeke's place was later. The half-breeds set fires on all sides of the sheep with the result that about twelve hundred sheep were burned to death. As a boy I can remember Father saying what a horrible sight it was to see these poor beasts running, burning as they ran. There was a very good Scottish sheep herder with two good dogs, and at great danger to himself, as the half-breeds were shooting, he managed to save the bulk of the herd.

Father had to make a report to the head office and in reply, they said it was unfortunate about the sheep, but had Father fired the herder. Father replied that he had not fired the herder as he considered the herder had done an outstanding job in saving most of the sheep. After several letters back and forth it got down to either you fire the herder or you are through, so Father was fired and promptly sued the company for the balance of his contract, and won his case. In 1885, he moved into Grand Valley and ranched for himself.

When Father first came here in 1882 Calgary consisted of the police barracks, I. G. Baker's Store and a few tents, but soon after, the railway came through, and Calgary attained town status. The Alberta Hotel was the focal point in town. It was said that if you waited long enough in the hotel, everyone you knew would eventually come there.

The hotel was run by a couple called Perley and they owned a large black bear which they had acquired as a cub. They kept it tied up with a collar and chain. The bar was always open so it is likely that Father was feeling no pain when someone rushed in and said that the bear was loose and terrifying people on Eighth Avenue, then Stephen Avenue. At this time everybody either rode or drove horses so there were hitching rails along the side of the streets. Father got on his horse and after considerable trouble managed to get close enough to rope the bear and tie it to a post. Then he told Mr. Perley to put the collar back on the bear, but the bear had been scared by the people and would have no part of the collar. Father went into the drug store and bought some chloroform, and watching his chance, dashed in and chloroformed the bear, whereupon Mr. Perley put the collar back on the bear, but sad to say, Father had done too good a job and the bear never woke up. Father was treated as something of a hero by the townspeople but not by Mr. Perley who had been very fond of his bear.

While I do not pretend to know when the last buffalo was killed on the prairies, I do know that my father killed an old bull, between 1882 and 1886, which he believed to be the last buffalo in the Cochrane district.

When I was a small boy I can remember being thrilled with various hunting stories of my father's of events which took place in Montana before he came here, in some of which he had very close calls. It would be gratifying to be able to tell an exciting story of the last buffalo killed in this district, but such is not the case.

The Kerfoot homestead house in Grand Valley.

W. D. Kerfoot and his Thoroughbred stallion, Porten.

Father and some other riders ran onto this old bull while gathering cattle, and as none of them had a rifle along they corralled him with a large bunch of cattle, (which may not have been as simple as it sounds), in the Cochrane Ranche home corrals, where Dad shot him.

An advertisement which appeared in the Calgary Herald on December 10th, 1884, reads as follows:

BRITISH AMERICAN RANCHE COMPANY
Limited

Horse brand C on left shoulder. Vent — Inverted on left hip.
Range — Bow River, N.W.T. Address — Calgary, N.W.T.

Well broken horses of all classes constantly on hand. The undersigned will attend at the Calgary House every Monday to meet parties desiring to purchase horses. A number of good pack horses for sale.

W. D. KERFOOT, Manager

In looking for the above advertisement in the old Herald of 1884 I found an interesting article deploring the way the buffalo had been destroyed and saying a few head had been seen recently near Morley, so it was probably after 1884 when my father killed what he believed to be the last one in this district.

At Fort Benton, Montana, my father entered into an agreement with Jas. A. Cochrane representing the Cochrane Ranche Co. When they took the cattle to the lease south of Macleod they changed the name of the north ranch to Bow River Co. From Frank White's diary: "May 4th, 1883, Arranged with Kerfoot about plan of round-

up and got him to name his price as Manager of Bow River Co. $2500. and House. Feb. 19, 1884, Meeting of projectors of British American Ranche Company and they concluded to buy the Bow River property from Cochrane Ranche Co. at $55,000."

(Senator Cochrane was President of both companies. The cattle were moved to the Kootenai range so that the company could get another 100,000 acre lease down there).

From Frank White's diary: "April 9th, 1884, Big Hill, A. M. talking with Kerfoot and looking over the horses."

I gathered that Father did not look back on his position with the Company with any great pleasure as it was run from Eastern Canada, and the Company seemed to have the happy knack of getting together a lot of good men and then ignoring their recommendations, usually with heavy loss to themselves.

My father was considered to be one of the top horsemen of his day and had broken horses most of his life, so it was strange that he should be killed by a gentle horse while riding in the parade at the summer show in Calgary. As the parade passed the grandstand the band started up and scared his horse, causing it to rear up and fall over a cow, breaking Father's back. He died in 1908.

My brother-in-law was given an extraordinary education. After attending a good school in England and studying piano there, he was sent to France to learn to speak French and study music — then to Germany to study German and music. As his father had a large business in Russia, Vic finally went to Russia where he became fluent in Russian and kept on with his music.

It would seem that he had been trained for the diplomatic service or for a career as a concert pianist, but actually his parents sent him off to Western Canada to take up a homestead. Although ill-equipped for this life, he homesteaded in the Jumping Pound district.

He was courting my sister, Olive, who claims that whenever he took her driving, little Archie was sent along too. The couple had other troubles. Many on the Jumping Pound line and on the Grand Valley line listened in on their conversations. As the day of the wedding drew near the local interest became intense. To thwart them Vic would send and receive messages through my mother, both speaking in German. South of the river they found a teacher who knew German and would translate for them. So that was out. Duncan, who was running our ranch, had working for him a man named McBride who spoke perfect French, so he and Vic relayed the messages in French. Then a French-speaking neighbor was found to tell the news. About this time Mrs. Saunders came over for the wedding and was staying with us, so the conversations were now between her and her son, in Russian. This stymied everyone on both sides of the river. No one even knew what language they were speaking.

Olive and Vic Saunders were married in 1910.

THE ORDEAL OF W. D. KERFOOT — by A. R. (Pat) Kerfoot

From Frank White's Diary: Dec. 31st, 1882. Kerfoot got in after being lost two days and a night. (26 below)

This laconic comment in the diary which appeared in "Canadian Cattlemen" prompted W. D. Kerfoot's son, Pat, to write to the magazine as follows:

As you will remember, Mr. White made very brief mention of W. D. Kerfoot having been lost for two days and a night in a blizzard but said nothing of how horse and rider had weathered the storm.

In the hope of finding further details I looked through some of my father's diaries but found that they were all of a later date. However, I have heard my father speak of this unpleasant little jaunt many times, and it may be of interest to you and your readers to have these few particulars.

My father was, at that time, manager of the Cochrane Ranche which as old-timers will remember, was situated below Big Hill. That fall a number of cattle had been shipped in from Ontario and, in very poor condition, had been turned out on the range north of Cochrane. Just two days before the New Year, my father rode up to look over this herd and had arrived at a point near where Bottrel is now located, when the blizzard struck. In the blinding whirl of snow his one chance was to hit for the head of Big Hill Valley and follow it down to the ranch. This he tried to do but must have swung too far to the east, for he missed it completely.

For two days and a night he wandered on, sometimes riding and sometimes walking to ease his horse but never daring to stop or rest. He knew the risk if he stopped, for once before, when living in Montana, he had had one leg frozen under similar circumstances and as a result was lame in one leg. I can well remember him saying that he was six feet tall when he stood on one leg and five foot eleven when he stood on the other.

By the end of the second day his horse could no longer be ridden and in fact could scarcely be kept moving. However, my father hung onto him for he realized that if his own strength gave out he might have to throw the horse to give himself a windbreak and a bit of warmth.

Fortunately, on the second day the storm stopped, just before dark, as suddenly as it had begun. My father had no idea where he was and could scarcely see for the ice and snow on his face. However, he kept moving in the direction which he hoped was south and by good luck was met, just before dark, by a rider who was the first person out of Calgary since the storm. I have forgotten this man's name, but he un-

doubtedly saved my father's life, for he put him on his own horse and walked beside him while they covered the four miles south into Calgary. My father's horse had first been unsaddled and turned loose in the hope that he would be able to follow them in, but the poor brute was too far gone and was found dead the next day when a rider was sent out for him.

My father, except for a few frost bites, was none the worse for his long exposure. However, he told me that on reaching town he found that his palate had become quite numb from eating snow and, this, to a man who enjoyed an occasional hooker of Scotch, must have been pretty trying, I imagine, especially after such an experience.

I trust that the foregoing may be of some interest.

W. C. KING

W. C. King homesteaded the SW ¼ 2-28-5-5 about 1906 or 07, as he received his Patent in 1910. Mr. King was an auctioneer. His homestead was later owned by Arthur Wells and is now part of Fred Gossett's Grand Valley Ranch.

PAT AND BERNICE LINFOOT — by Dorothy M. Edge

Pat Linfoot was hired in Saskatchewan by P. D. Bowlen, owner of the Bar C Ranch, to come west and work as a horseman. Pat and his bride, the former Bernice Jackson, made the trip West by train. This train trip from Kindersley, Saskatchewan, to Morley, Alberta, was their honeymoon. They arrived at the Bar C in the spring of 1921, and Pat was the foreman for a few years. Two sons were born while they lived here, Wesley and Billy. Wes was born at Dad Johnson's home in Cochrane. Mrs. Johnson was a midwife and was busy caring for Mrs. Jappy Rodgers who gave birth to a baby girl, Kathleen. It was on this occasion the Rodgers met the Linfoots and a lasting friendship resulted.

The Linfoots moved to another ranch, northeast of the Bar C and Pat ran the place for Mr. Gervin, owner of the Belmonte Ranching Company, who had purchased the ranch from Gerry Fuller. Mr. Gervin, who was a druggist from Edmonton, ran a herd of horses back in the timber along the Little Red Deer River. Bill Loblaw, who had worked with Pat at the Bar C, also worked for the Belmonte Ranching Company. One time when Mac Macdonald was there, Bill roped him and dragged him into the Little Red. Bill was keeping practiced up for the roping contests for which the boys were notorious. They would run a bunch of wild horses into a corral and see who could rope the most within a certain time limit. The boys were also known on occasion to enjoy Bernice's homemade beet wine.

In the spring of 1925 when the river was high, and Bernice was expecting their third child, Pat and Mac decided they had better figure out some way to transport Bernice across the river. They devised a method whereby if a long rope were used with a team on the other side of the river, they could pull an old hayrack across to the other side. They thought they had better give it a trial run and nothing would do but Mac should ride in the rack to steady it. He did. Pat's team started up a little too quickly, the front was pulled out of the rack, and once more Mac saw the bottom of the Little Red. Anyway, when the time came Pat brought Bernice as far as Clem and Peggy Edge's in Grand Valley with the team and buggy. They phoned Dr. Waite and the Linfoots proceeded on to Cochrane, where their third son, Leslie, was born.

Pat made many trips to Cochrane from the Gervin place via Grand Valley. It was on these trips that he met T. B. Jenkinson, the Rhodes Brothers, and the Kerfoots, who were the backbone of polo in Grand Valley. Pat took quite a liking to polo and this was the start of his career.

Horse dealing and trading was about the number one occupation for many people in the area, and Pat also was busy buying, training, and selling horses. He spent a lot of time riding them and generally had time to keep in touch with the cowboys at "Robber's Roost" which was a camp where many a horseman hung his hat at one time or another. The only telephone in the country was at Robber's Roost and it was registered under the name of Exshaw Macdonald. One time while riding in this part of the country, Pat saw his Indian friend, Jake Two Youngman, riding in the valley below. He fired a couple of shots in the air to get Jake's attention. Jake quickly took cover, fired back, and shot Pat's hat off.

Sometimes after a hard day's ride, Pat's horse would get pretty tired and a fresh mount was necessary. One time he noticed some horses standing in an old barn, out of the flies, over in the "desert" east of Grand Valley. He left his horse there and saddled up another and rode on home. He later remarked, "That had to be the worst, most miserable ride on the darnest horse I was ever on." He found out later it was Clem Edge's horse he'd borrowed.

Besides playing polo, Pat was a good bronc rider and rode at Dog Pound and other local stampedes. It seemed he kept in practice from general day-to-day encounters. One year he and some of the boys were gathering wild horses and Pat's mount got pretty tired. He promptly roped one out of the bunch and soon after the horse was tacked up, business carried on as usual.

The Linfoots lived on C.P.R. land in the Horse Creek district for a short time, before Joe Allen lived there. Bernice's father, Mr. Jackson, lived with them.

When Leslie (Buddy) was still quite small the Linfoots left Cochrane by train and moved to Idaho, where Pat worked in the mines for a

while. Later, they moved to California where Pat pursued his career in polo. He became an excellent player and won many trophies. There was a special room in their home for the Linfoot trophies. Their land was on the outskirts of Woodside, California, and they boarded and trained horses. The lovely white fences and green pastures with horses grazing was a pretty sight. Bernice, especially, liked it here because it was on "Canada Road."

Pat was a great lover of horses. He was known to be able to train a horse to do most anything. In no time at all he could get a horse to stand on a bale of hay with all four feet.

In the early 1950s Pat came to Calgary to play polo at Chinook Park. He drove out to Cochrane to see if there was anyone around that he might know. The first person he ran into was Charlie Pedeprat sitting in the hotel lobby. He stepped up and asked Charlie if he knew where a person might get a job haying. Charlie said, "Well, the hayin' season's about over and I know you, Pat Linfoot!"

Pat's second son, Dr. William Linfoot, is also a renowned polo player, surpassing his father's handicap. His young son is the third generation of polo players in the Linfoot family. Recently, they went to England to play polo.

Dr. Linfoot and his wife, both veterinarians, and their family live in California on a little place they call "Medicine Springs." Dr. Linfoot often demonstrates that an untamed horse can be quieted, handled and ridden within forty-five minutes. He is also a well-known horse show judge for both English and Western classes and was one of the judges at the Calgary International Horse Show in 1969. At this time he and Don Edge visited the Bar C Ranch and the old location of "Robber's Roost" in the Beaupré district.

Wes is a farrier and has also played many chukkers. Bud, a rodeo rider and polo player, was in the plumbing business. He was a contestant at the Calgary Stampede in the early 1950s and while there he drove out to Cochrane. He met Dewey Blaney, Cochrane's only Negro resident, on the hotel steps and Dewey told him: "I know you. Dewey carried you to the train when you was just a baby."

Pat passed away in California in 1963. A few years later Bernice sold their place at Woodside and moved to Redwood City, California, where she still resides.

H. M. LUMSDEN

H. M. Lumsden bought the Adam Baptie homestead on the Grand Valley road prior to 1909. He and his wife were English, and he could have been a remittance man, for it was all but impossible to make a living on that quarter section. No land was cultivated but they kept a few cattle and Kerfoots allowed them to fence in a bend of the creek. They had several dogs which harassed everyone who rode by.

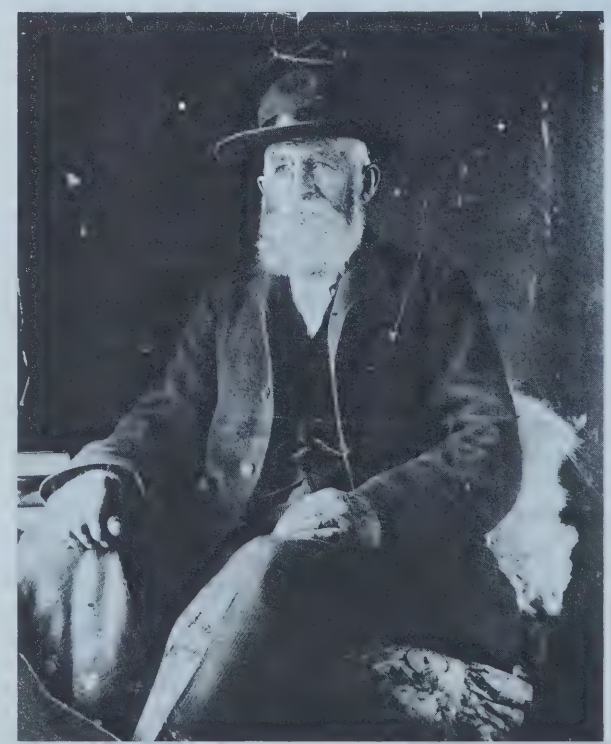
Some joker, finding Mr. Lumsden's buggy in front of the livery stable, interchanged a front and a back wheel. When next he came to town, he drove to Murphy's livery stable and said that something was wrong with his buggy, but he couldn't imagine what the trouble was. It was soon put right.

EWEN D. MACKAY

Ewen Mackay was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1838. After his wife passed away he came to Canada with his son Alex in the late 1880s. They had a long trek across the prairies to Calgary, where Alex stayed to attend school. He stayed with friends who lived in a house which would now be on the corner of Sixth Avenue and First Street S.W.

After getting his son settled, Ewen went on to Grand Valley, west of Cochrane. In 1900 he homesteaded the SW¼ 2-27-5-5. In 1904 Alex took out a homestead on the adjacent SE¼. Ewen lived in a sod house until a new two-storey house was built close to Coal Creek, which flowed through his ranch. In the 1960s this house was moved to Calgary and is now the ranch house in Heritage Park. The ranch was called "Burnside", which means "beside the creek" in Scottish dialect.

When the house was built and the main floor completed, a house-warming was held and everyone danced in the upstairs. Friends and neighbors came from far and wide. It was quite an event and many other dances and parties were held there.



E. D. MacKay of Grand Valley.

1902: at Ewen MacKay's ranch in Grand Valley. Ewen MacKay in center front.

Later, when a housekeeper, Jeannie Smith, arrived from Scotland, the upstairs was completed, and Alex came home to live. Ewen raised registered Clydesdale horses, and Alex took on the job of training them to drive. He also broke the saddle horses.

On waking one morning Alex and his father found a dead colt that had been mauled by a wolf. The wolf was quite sly and killed a number of animals in the valley. Ewen set out to get the wolf and found that it would follow the hayrack if there was only one person in it. If two people were there, there was no sign of the wolf! Ewen then had Alex drive the team and hayrack while he hid in the hay, and they drove up and down the valley. After four days the wolf appeared; this was a mistake and that was the end of the wolf. He measured ten feet, nine inches from the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail. The head was mounted and kept by the family until 1965, when it was presented to the Cochrane Cubs by Ewen's great-grandson, Allan Mackay.

Ewen lived in Grand Valley until he passed away in 1908 at the age of 70. He was buried in the Cochrane cemetery.

Jeannie Smith went to live with the James Pattersons further up the valley. Ewen Mackay willed Jeannie one dollar a day for as long as she lived.

Alex married Annabell Quigley and they had three sons: Donald, James and Allan. Donald was born on the homestead. After leaving Grand Valley, Alex and Annabell lived on the Merino Ranch; James was born there. Allan was born in 1926 at the old Quigley homestead house in Cochrane, where the Alex Mackays lived for many years. Alex passed away in 1939 at the age of 62. Annabell passed away in 1959 at the age of 72.

The Mackay homestead was sold to Margaret Ford in 1922.

Donald married Freda Myhill and they live in Turner Valley. James (Jimmy) served Overseas with the Canadian Armed Forces in World War II. In 1946 he married Christina (Chris) Beck, who was born near Glasgow, Scotland, and he and his bride returned to Cochrane. They have four children: Heather, Allan, Rhona and Robyn. Heather married Garry Sutherland. They have two girls, Dana and Meghan, and they live in Calgary. Allan married Dorothy Payne of Calgary. They have one son, Mackenzie. Allan is in the excavating business. Rhona and Robyn are still attending school.

Jimmy and his wife operate a general store in Cochrane, which was formerly owned by F. W. Maggs. For the past fifteen years they have been making and selling ice cream. Chartered busses on tours make a point of stopping in Cochrane so their passengers can buy a cone. People have sent the Mackays newspaper clippings, taken from papers published around the world, complimenting them on their ice cream. Jimmy and Chris have made an interesting scrapbook of them. They make every flavor their imagination can come up with, even confetti ice cream for weddings. Their cardboard ice cream cartons are designed of dark green plaid, the Mackay tartan. In 1971 they started a guest book which now contains signatures of people from many parts of the world. They also have a map of the world on a wall of the store and a thumb tack is placed on every country the guests are from.

Alex and Annabell's youngest son, Allan, joined the Royal Canadian Navy in World War II. The ship he was on was torpedoed; Allan and other members of the crew were adrift but later rescued. He married Trudy Kelly from Trochu, Alberta. Trudy was a stewardess for Canadian Pacific Airlines.

In 1946 Allan was killed in a Jeep accident at Langdon, just east of Calgary. Two years later Trudy was killed in a plane which exploded on a flight over Eastern Canada. A bomb had been placed on the plane by a man whose plan was to do away with his wife.

GEORGE McDONALD

George McDonald was from the lumbering area of New Brunswick. He was a bachelor. In 1930 he homesteaded the SW¼ 16-28-5-5. He had a pet billy goat that had the run of his cabin. George was nicknamed "Patches McDonald" because he patched his own clothes, patch upon patch, using white wrapping string for thread. One time when he broke a button off his pants, he ran a spike through them and hooked his suspenders on it.

George was a very hard worker and did a lot of axe bush work on his land. He decided to get some pullets to supplement his income. He was thoroughly disgusted when he delivered his first six dozen eggs to Cochrane and got 36¢ for the lot of them. George really enjoyed his snuff and thought nothing of walking 16 miles to Cochrane to get some, if he could not catch a ride.

One cold day Irwin Sipe, his neighbor, went over to visit him. When he went into the cabin he soon realized George had not been home for several days, as everything in the house was frozen and there were no tracks in the freshly fallen snow.

Irwin contacted the police and a search was planned. The police arranged for Frank Wills to pull them into George's place with his Cat, as the roads were impassable; it was 32° below zero.

Seven Mounties with a police dog set out to find George. Frank knew George was supposed to have some special trees cut, and told the police where he thought George had been cutting. The police had not been gone twenty minutes when one fired a rifle shot and the rest thought George had been found, but the police dog, that had been searching through the snow, just returned with George's cap.

George was soon found frozen under the snow. The coroner's inquest stated he had died of a heart attack while felling the trees.

The district people were saddened because George was the third bachelor found dead in the district all within a few years. It is a true quote from the Bible that men should not live alone.

THE McEACHEN FAMILY — by Flora Garson and Henry McEachen

In 1887 Donald McEachen came to Canada from South Uist, an island in the Outer Hebrides of Scotland. On South Uist the croftland lay along the centre of the island between high hills. Perhaps it was the memory of his old home that prompted him to homestead in Grand Valley. He could not have made a better choice for it is one of the loveliest valleys in Alberta. He homesteaded the NE¼ 34-26-5-5 and bought the NW¼ of the same section. On the west he had the Wildcat Hills which reminded him of home, on the open east slopes of the hills he had good grazing land for his stock, and lower down he had rich farmland where he could raise forage and grain. Later he acquired more land in the same township: the W½ of Section 26 and the N½ and SE¼ of Section 27. A few years later Mr. McEachen's half sister Katherine came from the old country and homesteaded the SW¼ of Section 34. For awhile she lived on it with her children, Dennis and Annie Blaney. Mr. McEachen also bought the SE¼ 31-27-5-5.

In 1888 Marjorie McDonald, and Mr. McEachen's sister Jessie came to Canada from South Uist. Jessie later became Mrs. H. B. Atkins. She passed away in 1901.

For a year Marjorie McDonald worked for Dr. Lafferty in Calgary, and in 1889 she married Donald McEachen. They built a comfortable home and other farm buildings on the homestead. At the spring on the property they had a stone building put up and used part of it for a dairy. On the upper floor there was a dance hall.

Mr. McEachen was a hard-working, upright man, a bit stern but very kind. For a while he worked on the Betsy line as a brakeman. He even found time to break a saddle horse for Donald Morrison, for he told that one morning when he

Mrs. Donald McEachen.

Donald McEachen.

was late for his work on the Betsy, he jumped on this bronc and it took him to his job in record time.

Mrs. McEachen was a wonderful woman, amazingly strong, very capable and a good neighbor. The McEachen home was considered one of the most hospitable in the district. For years they raised sheep as well as horses and cattle. Mrs. McEachen washed the wool after the sheep were shorn, carded it, spun it on her old spinning wheel and knitted it into socks and underwear for her family. For fifteen years straight her butter won first prize wherever she showed it. She always had an extra place at the table for a wandering cowboy and was good to the Indians who brought her prairie chickens and traded them to her for groceries. One day when Mr. McEachen was liming his henhouse an Indian came and said he wanted some of that white stuff. Mr. McEachen thought he meant the lime and gave him some; the Indian thought he was getting flour. When he came back he said, "My wife put water in — and fizz-fizz-fizz!"

The McEachens had five children: Jim, Flora, Jessie, Katie and Henry. Jim was a big, quiet lad with a keen sense of humour. He was good with machinery, made the repairs and did the blacksmithing. Flora worked out from time to time. She often visited at Dave McDougalls, where they thought the world of her. Jessie passed away at the age of two and one half years. Katie always lived at home. She was a wonderful cook, milked cows and worked in the hayfield. Henry was good with horses. He won many stake races with his horse, Shorty, and he was in demand as a pickup man at local rodeos. All four children attended the Grand Valley School in their youth, and Mrs. McEachen boarded several of the schoolteachers.

Kate McEachen.

In 1924 Marjorie Atkins, Mr. McEachen's niece, came to make her home with her uncle. After the ranch was sold she married Robert Baptie Sr.

In 1924 Flora married Andy Garson who owned land northwest of Cochrane. They made their home in Cochrane where Flora kept milk cows. She inherited her mother's ability and won first prize for her butter, seven years running, in Cochrane, Calgary and Edmonton. One year at the Calgary Exhibition she took first with her cake, second with her biscuits and third with her pie, when entries were so numerous that she thought she would have no chance.

Mr. McEachen was instrumental in getting the Agricultural Fair started in Cochrane. At the Cochrane Fair, Flora once entered in seventeen classes and won fifteen firsts and two seconds. She was also an ardent curler and competed in many bonspiels, usually coming home the victor.

Mr. McEachen leased the road allowance which ran along the east side of his land. There was no road there but he put gates in so that people could travel it if they wished. One day he spotted Ewen MacKay driving along with his housekeeper, Jeanie Smith. They left the first gate open — and the second. Mr. McEachen, angry because his cattle could get out, met them at the third gate just as they prepared to drive away leaving it open too. He jumped in front of the team, seized the horses by their bridles and backed them through the gate. The wagon cramped too sharply, one wheel dropped into the survey hole and the wagon overturned. Mr. McEachen said he could not see Jeanie at all — her petticoats were over her head! They righted the wagon and shortly after Mr. MacKay got home they saw him heading for town on a saddle horse to tell the police. The case went to court but was thrown out, the judge ruling that the gates should not have been left open.

In the First World War, Henry enlisted in the 89th Battalion and was transferred to the famous 10th Battalion. These were trying years for his parents as he was away from December 15, 1915, until 1919. Fortunately, he came through the War without being wounded. He later returned to the ranch, and after the ranch was sold he worked for the Department of Highways for 20 years.

Mr. McEachen died March 31, 1930, and Mrs. McEachen on October 25, 1934. In May 1935, Katie married Eddie Rowe, a longtime friend. They continued to live on the home place with Jim, Henry and Marjorie until the place was sold to Earl Campbell in 1940, when they moved to Cochrane. A few years later Earl sold the ranch to Norman and Rose Brohman who sold it to the Austins. The place has now been sold to the Alberta Government for parkland.

Jim passed away in 1943, Eddie Rowe in 1961, and Katie in 1963. Andy Garson passed away in 1969 and since then Flora has made her home in Cochrane.

Note: Henry passed away in 1974 after this story was written.

This news item is from the Calgary Daily Herald of September 6, 1912.
COCHRANE FAIR SEPT. 10

The Annual Agricultural Show at Cochrane which takes place on Tuesday, Sept. 10th is always looked forward to by hundreds of Calgarians who enjoy a genuine Western Fair. Cochrane has always been famous for its magnificent horses and daring riders and the many events are sure to be fast and exciting, while the farm products, stock and horse exhibits can hold their own with any in Canada. Train leaves Calgary at 8:15 a.m. returning at 9:30 p.m.

DONALD McEACHEN'S DANCE — by Andrew Garson

T'was lately on a Friday night
Just now about a week ago
When to Donald McEachen ranch
To dance we all did go.

As he did give this social dance
Just for old friendship's sake
For now it is over twenty years
Since this man here did locate.

For the boys and girls they all did come
To have a jolly time
To spend a night on this old time ranch
As in the days of Auld Lang Syne.

Some drove there in fancy rigs
Some rode for many a mile
But each and all were entertained
In good old Western style.

For music we had violin sweet
Which was played in first class time
And the musicians' names I'll give below
If I can get them into rhyme.

The first I will name is Dennis Blaney
From Quigley's lumber mill
He tuned his fiddle and led the dance
With a merry old quadrille.

And we have known Johnny Curren
Who works in the old coal mine
He made us think of happy days gone by
When he played the girl I left behind.

And Jack Gillies from Ghost River
He played those old tunes with that Highland swing
He fairly made the fiddle talk
He made the house to ring.

And Harry Jones and Johnny Curren
The quadrilles they well did call
They put us through without a hitch
The Gent and Ladies all.

We had waltzes and we had two-steps
And the polka heel and toe
And Highland schottische and Scotch reels
Which was anything but slow.

And lots of other dances
Too numerous for to name
But I for one did wish that night
To be as long again.

For sure we had a jolly time
We danced until the clock struck five
And then one another we bid farewell
And homeward we did drive.

But I hope we all will meet again
And have another dance
On this familiar spot in Grand Valley
On Donald McEachen ranch.

THE McKENNAS

In the early 1900s the McKennas lived in a log cabin on SE¼ 24-26-5-5, west of Cochrane. They walked to church every Sunday, first at Mitford, then Cochrane, a distance of about four miles.

Felix (Frank), their only child, attended the Grand Valley School. Frank's parents both passed away when he was quite young, and he made his home at Donald McEachens. He enlisted in the First World War and served Overseas. After the War he returned to Cochrane and worked wherever work was available. He was a skilled axeman and helped to build log buildings in the area. In 1921 Paul Swanson and Boney Thompson started to build a log barn on the Swanson place. They had the first three rounds built, when Boney was killed in an accident with a horse. Frank McKenna and Lloyd McClaren helped to finish the barn. The barn is still being used by A. Garfield Stewart, who has named the Swanson place the S 7 Ranch.

Frank never married. He passed away in the Colonel Belcher Hospital, Calgary, in 1973, and is buried in the Catholic cemetery in Cochrane.

ROBERT W. MEIKLEJON

R. W. Meiklejon added to the ranch by homesteading the SW¼ of Section 28 and buying the east half of Section 11 which was school land.

The Meicklejon ranch.

He raised excellent light horses by his Thoroughbred sire and was also successful with his Clydesdales. In the early part of the century, horses were in great demand and sold for $125 per head. He kept up the lease on most of the Crown land but cancelled it on the NW¼ of Section 22 so that Ed Thompson could file on it.

Mrs. Meiklejon was a wonderful woman and a very good neighbor. They had no children. In 1910 they sold out to O. A. Critchley.

This "Rip Van Winkle" letter may surprise you slightly, but I feel before I take the road where no traveller returns I would like to visit the place where, fifty years ago, I had so much happiness. My brother-in-law laid Calgary and Vancouver out, namely Mr. L. A. Hamilton, CPR Land Commissioner for thirty-five years. His daughter Isabel, who still lives in Louise Park, Ontario, went out to Vancouver last year when they put up a plaque to her father.

When I went out West in 1900 I bought out Willie Bell-Irving up Grand Valley, Cochrane, and ranched there for ten years. Before that I worked as a cowpuncher for some of the big outfits: the Little Bow Cattle Company and CC Ranche, where I got to know many friends. I know some of them must be alive. I married into a British Columbia pioneer family. L. A. Hamilton married Constance Bodington and I married Helena Bodington. Alas, all are gone.

I wish to take in the Stampede. Many a time I brought a string of horses down to ride in the show, and my broncho twister Bones Thompson rode against Clem Gardener. I was an officer in the Queen Mary's Own 18th Hussars in the first war from 1914-18, and was wounded three times, but am still hale and hearty. I was also a member of the Ranchmen's Club when "old Kenny" was the club steward.

I aim to be in Calgary this year about the eighth of July.

ROBERT W MEIKLEJON,
7, Hartshorn Street,
St. Augustine, Florida.

MEMORIES OF THE FOOTHILLS NORTHWEST OF COCHRANE — by Peter Heidebrecht

I came West from the Prairies in the fall of 1931, intending to do some mixed farming, as the price of wheat had dropped to less than a dollar a bushel. My brother and I bought the W½ 18-29-6-5, the Harry Earle ranch. It bordered the Bow River Forest Reserve on the west side and was the end of settlement. Our nearest neighbor was the Assistant Forest Ranger, about three quarters of a mile west.

I came to know all the rangers that were stationed on the Harold Creek, trying to keep our forests green. Some of them were from nearby areas, Sydney R. Measor, from Big Prairie, Harvey Fisher from Kew, and Dexter Champion from Priddis.

I had been told that the last big forest fire swept the area from the Rocky Mountains to the east boundary of the Bow River Forest Reserve in 1919. It destroyed a great deal of timber. In August 1939, a forest fire broke out between the Little Red Deer and the Ghost River. It burned for a month, and there were two hundred men fighting it. The day after World War II broke out it rained and the fire went out.

To the south of our place, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Loblaw were our nearest neighbors. They had moved onto the Archie Howard place in 1930. They had two little boys, Jack and Ted. Norman Smith, a brother-in-law of Bill's, built a cabin downstream from Bill and moved in.

Fish and game being plentiful, venison was regular fare. Roads being just trails, horses were the best transportation. When the creeks were high we had to swim the saddle horses across the little Red Deer River to go out for the mail, tobacco and the necessary supplies.

At certain times of the year the Stoney Indians came in to hunt big game. They would always stop and ask if they could get some tobacco, sugar, tea and flour to last them until they got to Nordegg. Nordegg to them happened to be the headwaters of Grease Creek.

There were trappers who ran a regular trapline on the Fallen Timber. Two of them were Art Waterstreet and Carl Hermansen. Art used to catch lynx. Carl was an expert at building log cabins with dovetail corners. Some of the cabins he put up are still being used.

Just across the way from us there was a moonshine still. One festive season a fellow loaded up a bunch of Christmas trees to go into town. He had four horses hooked to the sleigh, and I thought it rather odd it should take four horses to pull the load. Under the trees was a supply of what we referred to as moosemilk, that was why his load was so heavy. People had to make a living as best they could, and I guess that was his way.

There was a sawmill powered by steam on section 5-30-6-5 and many farm buildings were put up using lumber from Fred Turnbull's mill. He wrote Western short stories in his spare time.

Low-bush cranberries and other wild fruit grew in abundance in the forest. Anyone who has not tasted the wild cranberry is still in for a treat.

In the fall of 1938 a company moved in to drill for oil, just east of the Ranger's cabin on Harold Creek. When they were down just over seven thousand feet, they had trouble with cave-ins so had to abandon the well. A lot of people had jobs while the well was going.

One hunting season in the 1930s, Floyd Banta of Dog Pound had just got married and he brought his wife with him to go big game hunting. The weather was nice so Floyd and his wife

camped there the whole month. What a glorious way to spend a honeymoon.

In 1939 the month of June was very wet. All the temporary bridges on the Little Red floated away. This presented a problem to the oil company, as well as to those living back there.

We sold the ranch to Dave McDougall and I am now living in Calgary.

BERRY WINE — by Lloyd Dolen

In the beginning of the century
When the land was settled here,
Homesteaders came for miles
With their wagons full of gear.
They were looking for a homestead,
With water, grass and wood.
The land along the Dog Pound,
It looked pretty good.

There was every kind of people,
From every walk of life.
Some had plows and oxen,
And others just a wife.
But they were all a people,
And they all got along.
Some folks prayed,
Some folks played,
And some could sing a song.

Some could build a cabin
And some could bake a cake.
Some could make a little wine
That made damn good fly bait.
And that is where it all began.
They all worked like fools.
It was a long way to the "Murphy House,"
With a tired span of mules.

But men worked hard,
And men got dry,
And water rusts them out.
They got to drinking berry wine
To take the place of stout.
But the wine was sweet
And in the heat
Was a little hard to push.
But the saying goes,
"A bird in the hand,
Is worth two in the bush."

A man then came from Idaho,
And he knew a little trick,
He built himself a still
Beside the Dog Pound creek.
He made a little whiskey,
For a few friends he knew.
Some called it "moose milk,"
And others "Mountain Dew."
The secret of his "moose milk"
Didn't last too long.
You could drink half a cupful
And burst right into song.

And then there was the lady,
That most all people knew,
When you walked into her kitchen
You could smell that rhubarb brew.
She would always make you welcome
And when it was time to leave
You could always get a bottle,
And slip it down your sleeve.

And as the country settled,
And people still got dry,
Other stills were built,
To keep them in supply.
There was the place called "Block's Camp"
Where you could buy a jug.
And the "Mountain Valley Sheep Ranch,"
You could buy it by the tub.

But folks got bold
So the story's told,
Then the Mounties came along.
They put a crimp
On the moonshine drink.
That stopped the burst of song.
Some thought the Mounties were too rough
And some thought that they oughter,
But anyhow as things are now
Folks are still **not** drinking water.

SLIM AND GRACE MOORE

Slim and Grace Moore came to Cochrane in the 1920s and homesteaded the NW¼ 1-28-6-5. Slim cut mine props for Paul Swanson for a number of years and Grace often helped Mrs. Swanson. They had one daughter, Rita, who is now married and living near Peace River, Alberta. She and her husband have one boy and one girl (twins). Grace is now living in Northern Alberta. Slim has passed away.

DONALD AND JANE MORRISON — by Margaret (Peggy) Edge

Dad came from South Uist, Scotland, and arrived in Calgary June 22, 1887, with $5.00 in his pocket, and got a job herding sheep for George Hope Johnson that same day. As time went on he worked at various jobs. He broke land for the Rawlinson Bros. with a walking plow, near where the Baker Memorial Sanatorium is situated. Later he bought a place from Charles Anson in Grand Valley, NE¼ 26-26-5-5, next to his cousin, Donald McEachen. In 1898 Dad also took up homestead land, SE¼ 34-26-5-5, northwest of his property.

My uncle, Angus C. Morrison, came to Canada with my dad. He worked as a bartender at the Royal Hotel on Eighth Avenue and Centre Street and later moved to Cranbrook, British Columbia. He was one of Cranbrook's first businessmen and was a partner in the Cranbrook Hotel when it was constructed in 1898. He married Mary Emslie and they had three children: Charles, Margaret and Donald.

In 1895 Dad went back to South Uist and married my mother, Jane McDonald. They returned to Canada and Dad's younger brother,

The Donald Morrison ranch in Grand Valley. Taken around 1900.

Peggy Morrison, Ed Rowe's sister, Mary Morrison.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Morrison and their children, John, Margaret (Peggy) and Mary.

John, came with them. They came West on the C.P.R. and did their own cooking; the fare was much cheaper that way. Among their belongings was a brass teakettle which they used on their trip. I still have this teakettle in my home. Dad and Mother settled down in Grand Valley.

Mother did handweaving in the Old Country and many of the clothes she brought with her

John Morrison Sr., ready for a day's work.

were made from material she had woven. I wore one of her black heavy-woven petticoats as a long skirt at the CWL Centennial Tea and Fashion Show held in the Cochrane Community Hall in 1967. I also wore her high-topped lace shoes.

Uncle John took out a homestead, SE¼ 36-27-5-5, in the Horse Creek area. He built a large two-storey, frame house and plowed his land with a walking plow: "The only way to plow," he said. He walked and broadcast all his seed by hand. He registered the Box B horse brand. To make extra money Uncle John worked in Calgary and also rode to different ranches and sheared sheep. He passed away in his home when he was in his seventies and was buried in the Catholic cemetery in Cochrane. His homestead was sold to Ben Kinch, and is now the home of the Toole family.

I was born April 7, 1896, in the original log house that was on the property when Dad bought it; my sister Mary was born there too, September 12, 1897. Mrs. Glover, Harold Tower's grandmother, was the midwife who came and attended my mother. My brother John Alexander was born August 21, 1899. My sister Katherine Mary was born March 23, 1903, but she passed away at the age of twenty months and was buried in the Catholic cemetery.

Around the turn of the century, Jim Cooper built a new two-storey house for us. It was a log house with dovetail corners, and it had dormer windows in the roof, displaying a unique architecture for that era. This house still exists on the property, which is now owned by Bruce Boothby.

Dad was one of the founders of the Cochrane Creamery Association, and was a director for many years. The Cochrane creamery was well known for its excellent butter. Dad was also one of the organizers of the Southern Alberta Old-Timers' Association that was initiated in the Cochrane area.

I remember when Tom Zuccolo came to dig a well for us. He dug down about 14 or 15 feet, then came to the house to get a pair of rubber boots. When he got back the well was overflowing. His pick and shovel are still down the well.

My parents raised Clydesdale horses, Aberdeen Angus and Red Poll cattle and lots of chickens, ducks, geese and turkeys. I learned to milk cows long before I started school. I liked the outdoor work and Mary enjoyed the household chores so things worked out pretty well. Johnnie's job was looking after the fowl.

We children received most of our education at the Grand Valley School. I was eight years old when I was finally allowed to attend. My parents thought the walk was too far for me until then. We walked two miles around the road to get to the school because my parents thought we might get lost if we walked across the field. My first classmates were: Flora, Henry and Jim McEachen, Annie and Dennis Blaney, Archie and Percy Kerfoot, Walter Boston, Marshall, Jim, Cecile and Maggie Baptie. At that time the three Rs were learned using a slate, and I still have the slates Mary and I used at school. My first teacher was Miss Babbitt. She boarded at our home and I remember when George Egley used to court her. Bob Butler liked her too, and Mary once said to him: "Never mind Bob, when I grow up I will go out with you." When Mary started school her favourite playmate was Kate McEachen. The McEachen children often brought a turnip to school for everyone to snack on during playtime. We always looked forward to the Christmas concerts with homemade decorations and lighted candles on the tree. The concerts were always well attended and travel, of course, was by horse and buggy.

Our driving team was Daisy and Bell. I remember when one had a foal; we named him Socks. Johnnie used to ride him to school. One time Socks fell and Johnnie came out of the spill with a badly sprained ankle.

My parents and the McEachens could speak Gaelic but they thought it more proper to speak English. Consequently we children never learned to speak Gaelic very well.

We received most of our religious education at home. During the First World War, the Parish Priest, Father Hermes, held Mass in the different homes throughout the neighborhood. Mother always enjoyed singing hymns.

Mary loved to dance and wanted to go to all the local dances — even if the weather was cold. One night she wanted Dad to take us and he said, "No, it is far too cold." After persistent coaxing she tried to convince him that it wasn't really all that cold and to "just come and look at the thermometer!" Meanwhile she had been holding a match underneath it.

One of the best times we had was when our parents took us to the first Calgary Stampede in 1912. We went to Cochrane with the team and buggy and then took the train to Calgary.

I continued my education at Sacred Heart Convent in Calgary, along with Toddles and Helen McDonald. We were only allowed to come home on holidays, but we really liked the convent. I came home and worked for my dad, milking cows and driving a team at haying time. Mary also continued her education at the Convent and John attended Western Canada High School.

Mother passed away January 27, 1917, at the age of 49. Dad passed away in 1925 at the age of 64. They are both buried in the Catholic cemetery at Cochrane.

JOHN AND VERA MORRISON

John Morrison finished high school and was too young to attend University so he worked as an accounting clerk at the Union Bank in Cochrane under T. C. Patterson. He entered the University of Alberta, Edmonton, in October 1921, and was one of the University's first law graduates. He articled with Harold George Millican, Q.C. to complete his degree. While obtaining his degree he lived with C. H. Powlette, a C.P.R. lawyer. John was admitted to the Bar on December 19, 1930.

In February 1932, he set up his own firm in the Lancaster Building and later in the Herald Building where he was a solicitor and real-estate agent. He also ran a small insurance business. He ran this office until 1964. During many of these years, his sister Mary was his right-hand assistant.

On June 1, 1964, John was appointed Magistrate of the Small Debts Court by the Department of the Attorney General of Alberta. His secretary was Dorothy Janiseck. Eventually the name of the court was changed to Small Claims Court. He ran this court for five and a half years until his retirement in August 1969, on his seventieth birthday. The court handled such cases as suing for the death of twenty chickens, to suing over a log of wood; the log was even

John and Vera Morrison and son Donald.

brought in as evidence. One unusual case was when a fur coat had been sent to the furrier to have twelve inches taken off the hem. The coat was returned with elbow length sleeves and the hem was still below the knee. John Morrison was a good magistrate who had the ability to deal with the lowly as well as the sublime.

John married Vera Hall, a Registered Nurse from the General Hospital in Calgary, in 1931. John and Vera lived on the Donald Morrison Sr. ranch for several years and commuted to Calgary. Their two sons, John Hall (Paddy) and Donald Campbell, were born while they lived on the ranch. The family moved to Calgary and the ranch was sold to Shorty Hensman in 1951.

Donald and his wife Joan, and their daughter Anthea, live in Kelowna, British Columbia. Paddy and his wife Diana, and their two children, Michael and Kathleen, live in Calgary. Paddy operates a used car business and prior to this he spent twelve years in the ambulance business in Calgary.

John Morrison now lives at Cedars Villa Nursing Home in southwest Calgary. He is an honorary member of the Officers Mess at the Mewata Armories and spends a lot of his time there. He is also a member of the Law Society of Alberta. He often spends pleasant weekends at his log cabin on the Ghost River.

Note: John passed away January 14, 1976. He was predeceased by his wife in 1974.

MARY PENELOPE MORRISON — by Dorothy M. Edge

After receiving her education and working for a time in Calgary, Mary went to Long Beach, California, where she worked as a receptionist for an eye specialist. She returned to Calgary, and in the 1930s she and Mrs. Rose Wilkinson worked for Dr. Beauchemin, who operated a

Mary (seated) and Peggy Morrison.

small private hospital, the Healthatorium, on Glencoe Road in the Elbow Park district. After the Healthatorium closed, Mary worked for Mrs. Oliver, who operated a ladies' dress shop in Calgary.

During World War Two, Mary served as the ration officer-secretary for the local food ration board for five years. She administered the Ration Office throughout the period of its service except for the first month of its inception, January 1943, when W. R. Reader was in charge. Termination of sugar rationing ended the function of the board on November 4, 1947. Her daily encounters with the public were sometimes confusing, sometimes irritating, but on the whole people were co-operative. Ration coupons were used as a method of controlling food shortages during, and just after the war.

In 1948 Mary was secretary for, and an assistant to, her brother John A. Morrison, who was a solicitor and real-estate agent. Later she decided to have her own business, and in the 1950s started the "Goodwill Collection Agency," which she operated very successfully for three years.

John persuaded her to obtain a real-estate agent's license, so she sold the Collection Agency and became active in real estate.

She became ill and had to spend several months in the Central Alberta Sanatorium at Keith, Alberta, now the Baker Memorial Sanatorium. After regaining her health, she worked as a dispatcher for Starr's Ambulance. When the ambulance business was sold, Mary went to work for an artist, Ernest Lamb. After Mr. Lamb passed away in 1967, Mrs. Lamb sold the Art Shop, and Mary retired, but only from the business world.

Mary was active in politics and was a member of the Executive Committee for the Calgary Centre Liberal Organization. She enjoyed the activities of a political campaign and was an untiring worker. She assisted on the Board of Revision to register people who did not have their names on the voter's list. She is now an honorary member of the Women's Liberal Association and in 1974 was honored at a tea hosted by Mrs. Elaine Downing and Mrs. W. H. Ross. She was presented with a colored photo of Pierre Elliott Trudeau, in recognition of her many years of devoted service.

Mary has done a great deal of volunteer work. She is a member of the Colonel Russell Boyle Chapter of the I.O.D.E. and was at one time Regent of that Chapter. She is a member of the Municipal Chapter of the I.O.D.E., the St. John Ambulance Association, the Twentieth Century Liberal Women's Club, the Ladies' Auxiliary to the Holy Cross Hospital, the Catholic Business Girls' branch of the Catholic Women's League, the Quota Club, the Century Calgary Organization and the Southern Alberta Old Timers and Pioneers Association (now The Southern Alberta Pioneers and Their Descendants). She was chosen Pioneer Daughter of the Year in 1960. At various times she held executive positions with all of these organizations.

Mary possessed a real zest for life and in her spare moments she either crocheted, did petit point, hand painted dishes, or did woodcraft. She made her own coffee tables and corner shelves for all the knick-knacks she collected.

Mary remained single all her life and having no children of her own she truly loved her nephews and nieces. Since October 1974, she has lived at the Brentwood Nursing Home in northwest Calgary. Mary enjoys and looks forward to visits from relatives and close friends.

MR. AND MRS. E. MOSELEY

Mr. and Mrs. Moseley were from England. In 1919 they homesteaded the NW¼ 10-28-5-5. In 1927 they sold their homestead and moved to Calgary where Mr. Moseley worked for Burns Packing Plant for several years.

The Moseley homestead has now been subdivided and part of it is owned by the Triple Diamond Ranch.

Homesteading was never easy; money was scarce and the hardships were plentiful. The women, especially, had a big adjustment to make. One couple from London, whose house did little to keep out the winter cold, was trying to make a go of it. One day the wife said to her husband, " 'Arry, this is 'ell."

"No it hain't," he replied. "It hain't 'ot enough."

THE ODDIE BROTHERS

Tom and Alex Oddie were working in the Ymir Mines in British Columbia when they decided to come to Cochrane and homestead in Grand Valley. Tom homesteaded the NE ¼ 14-27-5-5, and Alex homesteaded the NW ¼ 23-27-5-5 and the SE ¼ 23-27-5-5. They sold their land to Andy Garson in 1911; later Andy sold it to Bumpy Rhodes. Jack and Connie Hunt ran a dairy on this place when Charlie Cooley was Bumpy Rhodes' foreman.

The house on the Tom Oddie homestead was bought by James Patterson in 1902 and moved to the Patterson homestead, which adjoined Tom's on the west. The house was enlarged and was the James Patterson Seniors' home for many years.

When James Patterson's son Jimmie married Dorothy Postlethwaite they lived in this house, and Jimmie's parents moved into the George Dodds house, which had been moved from further down Grand Valley. This little house had been the Collins' brickyard office before 1914. The Pattersons built two bedrooms onto this house.

CHET OGEN

Chet Ogen was born in Cottonwood, Idaho, and in 1910, at the age of six years, came to the Sundre, Alberta, area by wagon train with his parents. Later he worked for Bumpy Rhodes on the Rhodes ranch.

After leaving the Cochrane area he lived in Canmore. Chet was a licensed guide and guided trail rides through the Canadian Rockies.

He married Florence Hopkins of Toronto whom he met in the Banff area. They had one daughter, Barbara, who married Jim Burns, and they live on the Anchor X Ranch in Grand Valley.

After leaving the Canmore area Chet spent a few years working on the Gang Ranch in the Cariboo before returning to the United States.

Chet passed away in Paso Robles, California, September 14, 1971, at the age of 67 years.

JAMES AND GEORGINA PATTERSON — by Donald Patterson

James Patterson was born in Arbroath, Scotland, in 1862. At the age of 17 he went to the Argentine where he worked on cattle ranches. After returning to Scotland about the turn of the century, he came to Canada in 1900. He first worked in the mines in Ymir, British Columbia, together with the two Oddie brothers and Andy and Jack Garson. In 1902 he came to Alberta and homesteaded in Grand Valley, northwest of Cochrane, originally in partnership with Tom Oddie. From his sojourn in South America he spoke Spanish quite fluently but, like his English, definitely overlaid with a strong Scottish accent. He never used profanity but some of his Spanish words, when aggravated, which was seldom, sounded very suspicious.

It was while he was in the Argentine that he came to know the man who was later to become his father-in-law. While herding sheep in the Falkland Islands he met George McKay, who also hailed from Arbroath. On revisiting Scotland before coming to Canada, he renewed his acquaintance with George McKay who was back home in Arbroath, and before he left again he had become engaged to Georgina, the eldest daughter of Mr. McKay.

In April 1902 James Patterson and Georgina were married in Calgary. Georgina was born in the Falkland Islands in 1877, returning to

Mr. and Mrs. James Patterson. Taken on their Wedding Day.

Mr. and Mrs. James Patterson. Taken on their 50th Wedding Anniversary.

Scotland in 1886. After "Jim" had settled in Grand Valley, she sailed for Canada together with her thirteen-year-old brother William (Billy). As her mother had died shortly after his birth, Georgina had raised him from babyhood.

Shortly after their marriage they were joined by her father, and a sister, Susan (later Mrs. James Reeve). George died of cancer shortly after coming to Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. Patterson lived on their original homestead until their deaths — James in 1957 at the age of 95, and Georgina in 1962 at the age of 85.

For many years the Pattersons ran a rural Post Office known as Caldbeck, where many of the early settlers would remember the homemade bread, butter and jam, together with tea and coffee, which was regularly served to all comers at the Post Office. In the early years the mail, also provisions for neighbors, was brought out from Cochrane by democrat, but later, probably during the First World War, a Model T Ford replaced the horses; this possibly speeded up delivery slightly, weather and roads permitting. The name "Caldbeck" was mutually agreed upon by Oswald Critchley and Jimmy Patterson, who then proceeded to launch the new Post Office with a "wee dram" which was also mutually enjoyed.

On the death of Ewen Donald MacKay, also an early settler in the Valley, his housekeeper, Jeanie Smith, moved in with the Pattersons, where she remained until her death around 1928.

In 1914 David Bryant and his sister Lillian, nephew and niece of James, came from Toronto, after the death of their father, to live with the Pattersons. They remained until they finished school, when Lillian returned to the East. Dave went back East for a while but came back to the Valley in 1930, where he has lived since.

Georgina and James had three sons — Donald, born in 1903, James, born in 1904, and a son who died shortly after birth in 1906. They have to date 7 grandchildren and 13 great-grandchildren, all of whom live in the Cochrane-Calgary area. In 1936 their first granddaughter was born in their house. She was the 23rd child born under their roof, and the first girl.

Donald married Helen Tempany in 1933 and still lives in the Cochrane area. James married Dorothy Postlethwaite and lives on the original homestead.

In the spring of 1902 Tom Oddie and Jimmy Patterson bought cattle to stock their homesteads, from the stockyards in Calgary, and trailed them through a blizzard to the Valley. In May of that year there was a heavy fall of snow and no feed available; they lost more than half of them.

Homesteading in the early days was difficult. Jimmy Patterson worked on the roads during the summer. Mrs. Patterson milked about 23 cows by hand, and often walked three to four miles to bring the cows in for milking.

A fair held in the Grand Valley School annually (sponsored by the Grand Valley Agricultural Society) was one of the important events for many years. Jimmy Patterson was the proud possessor of a silver cup presented by Mrs. Meiklejon in 1909 for the best team of grade Clydes. Mrs. Patterson also had a gold watch which she won for her entry of dairy butter. The Meiklejons owned what was later known as the Rhodes Ranch.

Jimmy Patterson was one of the early trustees of the Chapelton School (more commonly known as Horse Creek School). "Old Jimmy", as he was known, together with Bob Hogarth, was instrumental in naming the school, again from an area in Scotland which was known to both of them.

In his later years, when eyesight and hearing were failing, Granddad Patterson, sitting in his rocking chair and gently puffing on his pipe, would reminisce on the differences and similarities of cattle raising in the Argentine and in Canada — just as "Granny" Patterson would tell of the problems she encountered as a young bride in a very different country from the one she had known. It is our loss that these people could not put their thoughts and experiences on record for all to read.

HARVEY PERRIN

My uncle, Albert Perrin, came to Didsbury, Alberta, in 1901 and later that year he homesteaded at Crossfield. In 1929 I came from Ontario to visit him and to see the West.

One of my first jobs was drilling a well for the Cochrane curling rink. I also worked for Bob Hogarth hauling hay in a one and one-half-ton truck to a dairy at Exshaw. That winter Albert Fear, an Englishman I had met in Calgary, and I obtained permission from the owners of the Rhodes Ranch to live in a cabin on the Dog Pound Creek. We spent the winter trapping and the prices for pelts were: coyote $15 to $18, weasel $1 to $1.80, mink $16 to $18, and squirrel 25¢. I did receive $30 for a mink pelt once.

Albert Fear filed on a homestead in 1930. I lived with him and helped him build his cabin. In 1931 I filed on the NW¼ 12-28-6-5. To prove up on a homestead you were given three years to build a house and barn, and you must either break fifteen acres of land and own ten head of livestock (horses or cattle), or break thirty acres of land.

I built my own log buildings and hauled logs to Brooks' sawmill to be made into lumber for the roofs and the cabin floor. Water was obtained from the Dog Pound Creek; it was an uphill haul.

In the summer Albert and I would go haying, sometimes to Pekisko Creek near High River. This was a two-day trip with a team and wagon. We took all our haying equipment, trailing the mowers and rakes behind the wagon. In the fall we would work on threshing crews at Cremona or Airdrie. Pay for harvesting was usually $1.50 per day for a man, and $1.00 per day for a team

and wagon. Monthly wages were about $25, and $30 for haying. I can remember working one month to pay for a cow.

Cows sold for $15 to $25 per head and horses for $15 per head. Taxes were approximately $10 per quarter. I worked on a five-mile stretch of the Grand Valley road in Townships 27 and 28, using horses on a grader or fresno, in order to pay my taxes.

Paul Swanson and I bought a sawmill from John Brown who lived near us. Paul sold most of his lumber as mine ties in Drumheller. In the winter I would get out logs and in the spring get a couple of men to help me saw them into lumber. Most of my lumber was sold to a Calgary box factory.

I bought very little meat; I hunted moose, deer, grouse and rabbits. I also caught fish in the Dog Pound Creek.

I went to Ontario to work for a couple of summers and returned, in the fall of 1936, in a Chevrolet car I had bought for $25. Two boys, who came from the East to harvest, bought it from me, drove it down to the States and sold it for $15. In 1937 I bought an Essex. Where I lived road conditions were not the best. In the spring I would put the chains on the car, but often there were soft spots on the road and the car would sink to the axles and I would have to walk home and get a team to pull it out.

I married Lillian Marshall in Banff. Later we sold our land to the Larsen sisters and went to the Yukon Territory. I worked on the Alaska Highway from 1943 until 1947. We had the Canyon Creek Lodge, north of Whitehorse, from 1947 until 1956.

Lillian and I had twin boys. Lillian was killed in a car accident on a very foggy day.

The last few years I have been living in Whitehorse and driving a truck for the Air Base, and I saw lumber for cabins in the summer.

MR. AND MRS. HERMAN H. REAMER

Mr. and Mrs. Reamer and their family came to Cochrane about 1906, and homesteaded the SE¼ 2-28-5-5, about one mile east of Garlin's Corner.

The family planned to have a poultry farm but soon found they were too far ahead of the times. There was no grain grown in the area at that time and no close market for eggs.

They built a long cement cylinder underground and had planned to use it to keep the henhouse warm by keeping a fire in one end of the cylinder.

The Reamer boys cut across country and rode the six miles south to the Grand Valley School until the Chapelton School opened in 1910.

The Reamers found it very difficult to make a living on their homestead and left the Cochrane area sometime before 1914.

Others who have owned the Reamer homestead are Albert Blume and Mike Hanlin. The land is now owned by the Larsen sisters, Lillian and Frances.

THE RHODES FAMILY AND THE MINNEHAHA RANCH

The three Rhodes brothers, Alan (Dobby), Bernard (Bumpy) and Gilbert (Dusty), were wealthy Englishmen, all of whom held commissions in the British Army in World War I. During the War, Dobby and Dusty bought a share in the Critchley Ranch in Grand Valley. Dusty was not too interested in the ranch and spent most of his time at Cowichan Bay, Vancouver Island, but retained his interest in the Cochrane race track. After the War, Bumpy came to Canada and bought out Oswald A. Critchley's interest in the ranch. He added to his holdings by buying Andy Garson's land. Andy also sold him a herd of horses. Bumpy was interested in playing polo, and raised many good horses. Laurie Johnson was hired to school the ponies and play polo with him.

In 1926 Bumpy married Cullette Gopel, an American divorcee who had land west of Midnapore. They had one adopted son, David. Around 1930 Bumpy and his wife and son moved to Victoria and bought a mansion. Bumpy died in Victoria, and following his death, Dusty and his family moved back to Scotland.

Mrs. Rhodes and David returned to the ranch in Grand Valley. David attended Brentwood College on Vancouver Island, but spent his vacations at the ranch.

One summer Mrs. Rhodes went to Tahiti on vacation. While there she bought a coconut plantation at Papeete. Two of her friends, Eric Hanner and Count Von Luckner, where German citizens, so the French Government revoked Mrs. Rhodes' visa and she had to leave Tahiti. She bought a fifty foot two-masted schooner, the Valkyrie, and she and David, with Eric Hanner as captain and two Tahitian sailors as crew, sailed for Honolulu. Mrs. Rhodes and Eric

Bumpy, Cullette, Jay and Dusty Rhodes.

Hanner were later married in Victoria, and David went to the United States. Mrs. Rhodes met Margo de Carrie, who had been Amelia Earhart's secretary. Mrs. Rhodes, Eric and Margo cruised the Pacific, stopping at many small islands, hoping Amelia Earhart could be found. When they reached Honolulu Mrs. Rhodes had her marriage dissolved, and she and David returned to the ranch at Cochrane. David managed the ranch for awhile then joined the Lord Strathcona Horse. When the United States sent recruiting teams into Canada he transferred to the United States Army. While in the Army he married, and they were sent to Vienna, Austria, for five years. Here they adopted a boy, Barry.

After David went to war, Mrs. Rhodes assumed her old name and ran the ranch herself for awhile, then rented it to Art Hall. Clarence Ginrich was manager. The ranch was sold to Jack Bolton in 1947 and Mrs. Rhodes went to live in Santa Monica, California.

During the Korean War, David was stationed at Breckinridge, Kentucky. He and his first wife divorced, and David married a girl who was in the Diplomatic Foreign Service. He and his wife Helen had two sons, David and Brooke Anthony. Cullette spent her first years with David and Helen when they lived in Evansville, Indiana. She passed away in 1951, and is buried in Evansville. David left the Army in 1953 and has worked for the Western Electric Company for 21 years and now lives in Columbus, Ohio.

The Minnehaha Ranch has changed hands several times during recent years. Jack Bolton sold to the Marston Ranching Company, who named it the Grand Valley Ranch, and Art Galarneau was the foreman. It was then sold to Peter Bawden, who hired Dale Flett as foreman. The ranch was sold back to Jack Simpson, who sold it to Bob Burns. The ranch is now called the Anchor X.

Eddy and Kate Rowe.

EDWARD BLAKE ROWE — by Ralph R. Rowe

Eddy Rowe was born at Coleman, Prince Edward Island, in 1887, one of eleven children of Richard and Clara Rowe. He left P.E.I. in his early teens and went to Nova Scotia to work for a doctor. He looked after the doctor's team of horses and drove him on his calls at all times of the day or night. He then worked as a teamster in the lumber industry in New Brunswick and Maine.

He joined a circus and travelled with them for a while. One of his duties was to entice the audience to bet that he couldn't or that they could, jump into a barrel from a standing position beside the barrel without touching it with his hands or feet. He had been trained and conditioned to do this feat, and the manager of the side show made a great deal of money betting the young men in the audience at the small towns they visited.

Eddy then worked in the woods of Northern Manitoba, again as a teamster in the lumber business. While in Northern Manitoba he was injured in a bush accident and suffered a badly broken thigh. He developed gangrene and was moved to a hospital in Winnipeg and received treatment that cured him. Following his recovery he homesteaded at Maclin, Saskatchewan. He proved up on his homestead and augmented his earnings by working on the railway with a bridge and building crew. He sold his farm in Saskatchewan and went to Edmonton for a year.

In Saskatchewan they would start from some rail point and trail their horses across country, trading and selling them to farmers along the way or in the small towns they came to. It was then that he became acquainted with P. D. Bowlen, and in 1916 Bowlen brought him to the Bar C. He worked there off and on for a couple of years and except for brief trips to Saskatchewan with horses, he spent the rest of his life around Cochrane. He took part in most horse gathers around the country and was a good packer. In 1935 he packed for the surveyors on the Banff-Jasper Highway, and in 1939 he and Laurie John-

son packed the lumber, shingles, doors, windows and cookstove up a mountain in Yoho Park to where H. Dowler was building an Alpine cabin.

Eddy was a good road builder and was foreman when the Forestry road was built from the forks of the Ghost River, north, and also on part of the Kananaskis — Coleman road. When he was working south of Calgary he came in one afternoon with a terrible thirst. Seeing a jeep there with the keys in it, he jumped in and drove to the nearest town. When he returned he was confronted by the irate owner of the jeep who asked, "Who give you information take my jip?"

Eddie was so active that he was unbeatable in a rough and tumble fight. When a smaller man tried to attack him in a Calgary beer parlor, he picked him up and hung him by the belt on a big hook on the wall and left him there.

Everyone liked Eddie. He always had the latest news which he dispensed in a tantalizing way, punctuating the tale by trips to the door to spit tobacco juice. His sister, Kathleen (K.C.), visited him several times and stayed at the McEachen Ranch. In later years when she was teaching in Saskatchewan, she was fond of recounting and reliving the many happy times she enjoyed in the foothills west of Cochrane. On one occasion, Eddie, who loved a practical joke, met her at the station with a saddlehorse which she had to ride to the ranch in Grand Valley.

Eddie married Katie McEachen in 1934. They had one son who died at birth. Eddie finished his career managing the Spencer Creek Ranch for Miss M. P. Hess. He died in 1961.

THE SHERRIFF BROTHERS

In 1929 William Sherriff, manager of the Model Laundry in Calgary, bought three quarters of land, 11 miles northwest of Cochrane in Grand Valley, for three of his sons, George, Jim and Harry. The land, N½ and SE¼ 23-27-5-5, was bought from Bumpy Rhodes for $27.00 an acre. Later the SE¼ 26-27-5-5 was purchased from the Hudson's Bay Company and added to their holdings.

The boys' only experience with ranching was gained from visits to their grandparents, the William Browns, who farmed in the Glendale district on the Burnt Ground northeast of Cochrane. The Sherriffs raised purebred Hereford cattle, Yorkshire hogs and Clydesdale horses. Their stallion, Chief, and a purebred mare and colt were bought from Bob Hogarth. The boys took great pride in their buildings and surroundings. Trees were planted around the house. The hip-roofed barn, still a landmark on the property, was built in 1925 by Jack Fuller and his brother-in-law, Orville Boucher. Jack maintains that the barn should outlast any barn in Alberta because it was built of fir logs, peeled and hewed, and placed on a concrete foundation which was poured on top of hardpan. For years

George Sherriff with Clydesdale mares purchased from Andy Garson.

the stallion's head and neck extended out over the half door of the barn, was a familiar sight as one drove past on the Grand Valley road.

Like most boys, arguments as to who was doing the most work, were everyday affairs. The story is told that Jim and Harry, being younger, had to milk the cow. Jim milked half and then Harry would go to the barn and milk the other half.

In October 1939, Jim married Emily Rasmussen and they went to live in Calgary. During World War II, Jim worked at the mess hall at Currie Barracks. After the War he went to work as a cook at the General Hospital, where he worked for 29½ years. Jim and Emily have three children: Muriel, James and Barry, and five grandchildren.

George joined the R.C.A.F. in 1943, and was stationed in Toronto. He married Christine Gamlin in 1945. Christine came from Bristol, England, to Toronto, in 1931. George was discharged from the Air Force in June 1946. He and his wife returned to Cochrane and purchased the Walter Patterson place at Cochrane Lakes, four miles north of Cochrane. He bought six head of purebred Hereford heifers from Bernard Powlesland Sr., and soon built up a herd of prize cattle. The George Sherriffs sold their farm in 1967, and bought a retirement home in Cochrane, where they still reside.

Harry was a good athlete and played on hockey and baseball teams in the area. He married Evelyn Holmberg in January 1941, and they continued to ranch on the home place. They have four children: Betty, who married Larry Eby, Harry (Buster), Greg and Dale. Harry and Evelyn sold their farm in 1972 and moved to Calgary. They are now retired and live at Salmon Arm, British Columbia. Their farm has now been subdivided.

MR. AND MRS. DANIEL SHINE

The Shines came from Innisfail. Although Dan had a speech problem, he was a good auctioneer. He homesteaded the NW¼ 2-28-5-5 in 1909. While living there, the Shines planted long rows of spruce trees around the farmyard, which are still a landmark and a living memorial to them. The land was sold to Arthur Wells in 1914, and the Shines bought C.P.R. land, the NW¼ of 25-27-5-5. This land was later sold to William McKay and the Shines returned to Innisfail.

The Shines had no children.

THE SIMON BROTHERS

Like many others the Simon brothers came right from the Old Country to homestead in Canada, not knowing the hardships they would have to endure.

They came to Cochrane in November about 1912 and hired Hughie McEwan to drive them and a load of "grub" miles back to their homestead located on the Little Red, about a mile west of the Fuller ranch. There were no roads, just trails. Once they reached the Garlin Corner there were nothing but bush trails with tree stumps to bump over.

Soon all their supplies were frozen, so they went to stay with the H. M. Lumsdens further down the valley and got Harry Goodrich to build them a house.

After the spring thaw they soon found their homestead was mostly bog, so they left the area and it is believed they went back to England.

PERCY SIRR FAMILY — by daughter Clare Fraser

Percy Sirr was born in May 1887 in Woodstock, Ontario. He, his parents, three brothers and a sister came to Medicine Hat, Alberta, in 1903. His father, who was a wagon maker by trade, filed on a homestead. The boys did the farming and milked the cows. The milk was hauled to town and sold to the families there; it was not bottled; a dipper was used to dip it from the cans to fill the customers' milk pitchers.

Grandad Sirr at the old Fuller ranch.

In 1906 Cora Seacoy came to Medicine Hat from Nebraska and in 1910 Percy Sirr and Cora Seacoy were united in marriage in Great Falls, Montana. They lived in Vallier, Montana, for six months before coming back to Medicine Hat to take over Percy's father's homestead. Here their oldest daughter, Ida, was born. They raised cattle and horses. The cattle brand was turkey track reverse lazy four with a bar underneath on the right rib; the horse brand was P and a joined CS on the right shoulder.

They left Medicine Hat in March 1913 and came to the Big Prairie district and purchased the SW¼ 10-30-5-5 from Mr. Meakum. This part of the country was all open, thus the name Big Prairie. There was a Church, Post Office and a store owned by "Uncle Bennie," Arthur Reginald Benny. Once a week mail was hauled thirty miles by team and wagon from Carstairs, Alberta. Four children were born at Big Prairie: Cora, Thomas, Dorothy and Clare.

Our nearest neighbors at Big Prairie were the Wilkinson family, who lived across the road. Other neighbors were: Rothwells, Oakes, Travers, Snowdens, Morgans and a couple of bachelors, Mr. Willowby and Mr. Shoefelt.

My parents sold this place to Mr. Johannson in June 1918 and went to live on the Turvey Ranch on the Fallen Timber Creek for a year before renting land from Charles Franklin in the Cremona district. Here my brothers, Clarence and David, were born. We milked cows for home use and raised cattle and horses. Water was hauled from a spring about one mile away; it was a real chore in the winter when everything was covered with ice.

Ida and Cora walked three miles to the Elmwood School; their teacher was Victor Reed. We got our mail at Cremona. Squire Jackson ran the Post Office and General Store.

Our neighbors were Al Moons, Ernie Schultz, Bolter and Edwin Reed. In the fall we would help each other saw our winter's supply of wood with buzz saws, and help each other with the harvesting. Some of the threshing crews would have seven or eight bundle wagons (a man, a team and a hayrack), a man to haul water and one or two grain wagons to haul the grain to the grain bins and shovel the grain back in the bins with scoop shovels. Two or three neighbor women would come and help cook for the threshing crews. Usually breakfast was at five, followed by morning lunch between nine and ten, dinner at noon, afternoon lunch between three and four and supper at dark.

In March 1924 we moved to another farm southwest of there. There was a three-storey, lathed and plastered, house on the place that was heated with a furnace and a heater in the sitting room. It took a lot of wood to keep the house warm. We milked ten cows and shipped the cream to Carstairs; we raised pigs and some cattle. In the fall of 1926 we sold some two-year-old steers; the price was six cents per pound. We farmed about a hundred acres for crop. The rest of the section was pasture. Dad helped the neighbors put up hay with a pole and slide chute; there was a team on each end of the pole to slide the hay up the chute onto the stack. Some of the hay was hauled into the barns and forked up into the hayloft by hand if they didn't have a hay fork to pull it in on a track.

Our neighbors were Russel Lind, Charles Reid, Rubin Randolf, George Spence, Fred Whitlow, Samuel May, Tom Boyd and Cecil Fry. We went to Atkins School, about three-quarters of a mile away. My sister and I did the janitor work one year for $29.

In 1930 we rented the Robert Reid farm north and east of what is now Water Valley. There was about a hundred acres of farm land on this place. Four of us were going to school; most of the time my sister and I walked the three and a half miles.

In 1934 Dad bought the Fuller ranch on the Little Red Deer River, NE¼ 35-28-5-5. We moved there in 1935. Dad and the boys raised horses and cattle and had a sawmill. The mill was run with a Hart Parr tractor until Dad bought a big steam engine in 1944. The steam engine had lots of power but took lots of wood and water. Dad hired eight men to help with the sawing. In 1946 Dad bought a small place in Water Valley, where he lived until he moved to Calgary in 1960. Mr. Fraser managed the Sirr Ranch for four years, then David took over until Dad sold it to Jack Bates in 1962. Our nearest neighbors here were Dan Colvin to the north, and Paul Swanson and Harvey Perrin lived south of us.

Dad passed away in Calgary, November 1963; our youngest brother, David, passed away in March 1965; Mother passed away at Didsbury in May 1971.

Ida, Mrs. Dorrington, and Dorothy, Mrs. Patchell, live in Didsbury; Cora, Mrs. May, lives in Calgary. Thomas, who lives in British Columbia, has four children; Clarence, who lives in British Columbia, has two children; and David left six children. I, Mrs. Clare Fraser, live at Water Valley and have four children. There are sixteen grandchildren and nine great-grandchildren.

HUGH (HUGHIE) STEIN

Mr. Stein homesteaded the E½ 14-27-5-5, in Grand Valley, some time before 1902. His buildings were located near a spring on the southeast quarter. This land is still known as the Stein place, and is owned by Jack Simpson. Mr. Stein was a trustee of the Grand Valley School in 1902. He sold his homestead to Andrew Garson around 1909 and left the district. After leaving Cochrane, Mr. Stein married.

THE JIM STOREY FAMILY — by Jim Storey

I was born in Fort Macleod, Alberta, in 1909. My people came from Ontario; my mother, Nellie Craig, in 1882; my father, James Storey, in 1889. They homesteaded south of Fort Macleod in 1900.

In 1935 my father sold the home place. There was very little work, so Tim Nowlin and I decided to go farther north to find homesteads or cheaper land. We left with three saddle horses and two pack horses and trailed up through the foothills to Cremona, where Tim knew some people by the name of Camp. They had homesteaded near Winchell Lake. I stayed with Gordon Camp that summer and helped him gather and brand some calves. That fall Tim and I went to Acme with Bill King. I stooked for $2.00 a day and $2.50 for pitching bundles.

Bill had homesteaded on Deer Springs Coulee. We stayed with him most of the winter and I worked for Mrs. Birkett on the D'Artigue place.

In the spring of 1936, Tim and I came back to Fort Macleod. We gathered about twenty head of cattle and the same number of horses and trailed them up to King's place.

We were about two years too late to homestead, so that summer we bought three quarter sections of land from John Ireland for $1800.00. It was located at the head of Coal Creek and one quarter had been Scotty Elder's homestead. Before that the Mount Royal Ranch, owned by D. P. McDonald, had a calf camp there. It was known as the Montreal Valley by the old-timers. At that time you could ride on all sides without seeing any other fences.

Our nearest neighbors were the Frank Brooks, the Gordon Hindes, and the Bud Fishers. There were also homesteaders on the Dog Pound, Mr. and Mrs. Slim Moore, Harry Wright and Harvey Perrin.

In the summer of 1939 I worked for the Department of Mines and Resources on the Banff-Jasper Highway, and at Lake Louise in 1941. In 1942 I was rejected for Army Service, being medically unfit.

The Royalite Oil Company located a site on our land in the fall of 1942, but they hit a dry hole.

Tim moved to Cochrane in 1943 and I took over the ranch. That summer I worked for Clarence Gingrich on the Rhodes Ranch; we hayed together for several years.

Joan Kerfoot and I were married in the fall of 1946. Joan's people were one of the real old-time families in the district. We had no roads at that time and our only transportation was a couple of good saddle horses or a team.

We bought two more quarters of land, one quarter from the C.P.R. for $3.00 per acre and one quarter from Mrs. Ed Rowe for $800.00.

Our oldest daughter, Lynne, was born in 1948; Janice was born in 1949. Our nearest school at that time was Beaupré which was about seven miles away over very poor roads, so in 1953 we sold to Griffin and Griffin of Cochrane, and moved to Waterton Lakes. Dan was born in 1954. Two years later we bought a small ranch in the Twin Butte area. Joan and I still live here. The girls are both married. Lynn married James Teneycke; they live on a ranch south of Pincher Creek with their four boys, Steven, Glen, Erle and Martin. Janice married Reece Nelson and they live in Cardston; they have two boys, Kevin and Tony, and a girl, Robin. Dan lives in Pincher Creek and is in the construction business.

THE SWANSON STORY — by Ivy and Paul Swanson

I was born in the state of Nebraska on a ranch, attended Nebraska State University, and came to Alberta the first day of March 1911. I immediately fell in love with this beautiful land and especially Calgary and district, and I like it as well today as I did when I first arrived here. I believe it is one of the finest places in the world, and we should all appreciate the good things Alberta provides us with and allows us to do.

I joined the 137th Battalion and went Overseas in 1916 with the rank of Sergeant. In order to go to France, I had to revert to the rank of Private. I soon regained my stripes and was decorated and promoted to Lieutenant on the field of battle. Although I came back in better shape than many of the volunteers, I was buried alive twice and gassed.

On my return from Overseas I married Miss Ivy Gardiner, a stenographer, and we purchased part of the Wasson ranch in May 1919. We homesteaded and took out a soldier's grant and eventually purchased the Clem Edge and Alderdice homesteads and later the Sid Edge homestead. We also took up a 21 year government lease on four sections in Big and Little Coulee which we fenced and used for pasture. Most of the land we had, had very little cultivation and lacked fencing and buildings. By working out with the horses on contracts, I was eventually able to get the land fenced and 320 acres broken and did not have to work out any further. We produced many nice timothy hay crops which we baled and sold, and we built up a nice herd of cattle. We had two dry years — 1929 and 1936 — which were very hard to get past, particularly 1936, as we had six years of depression, and cattle were worth very little. We sold many nice steers at 3¢ per pound.

We have always been very happy that we settled in the Cochrane district as we met and became friendly with many nice people, many of whom gave us a helping hand along the road. I am only mentioning the people living in Township 28 who were our close neighbors: Arthur Wells, Louis Garlin, Mr. and Mrs. Josh Keith, Hank Fricke, Harry Florer, Henry Brothers, Jerry and Mrs. Fuller, Julius Jensen and Ed Thompson. Ed Thompson was one of the finest horsemen in Alberta and a good neighbor. He came to an untimely end in 1921 while riding a bucking bronc.

Most of those mentioned above have passed on, but we have fond memories of them all. We feel it is fitting here to pay tribute to Arthur Wells who purchased the old Shine place in 1917. He was a bachelor and one of the finest men I have known in my lifetime. He was good to everyone and always willing to lend a hand in every way possible. He remained on his ranch until he was 88 years of age, then sold out and moved to Cochrane.

I mentioned Louis Garlin above. He was a widower and his property adjoined Arthur Wells. He batched, and when he came down with pneumonia, he was nursed by Miss Nancy Penner and treated by Dr. Waite. I met Dr. Waite in Cochrane one day and he asked me to take a bottle of brandy out to Mr. Garlin as Arthur Wells and I were going to sit up with him that night. Dr. Waite felt it was impossible for him to live, and we were to give him an ounce of brandy every four hours. Our friend, Garlin, figured he was going to die and didn't want to go to heaven unshaven or with his long hair, so Mr. Wells and I shaved him and cut his hair. Instead of giving him one ounce of brandy, I gave him about two and one half ounces, so about 4 a.m. he started singing. He recovered from the pneumonia and lived to be over 90, and he always said that brandy saved his life.

I recall another incident which is worthy of mention. During 1928 three of my friends from Springbank wanted to fish in the Little Red Deer River at the Fuller place which was vacant at the time. The three boys, Ernie Watts, Bill Cullens and Havelock Harper came to my ranch on a Friday night and I took them on to the Fuller place. It started to rain early Saturday morning and rained continuously. I was to pick them up on Sunday morning. The Dog Pound Creek ran through our ranch and my team had to swim the creek with the wagon. When I arrived at the Fuller ranch the three boys had built a raft, and we put a cable across the river. When the raft hit the current two of the boys were washed off, and Bill hung on. Ernie was swimming good and strong, and I threw the lariat rope right over him, but he missed it and drowned. Havelock was under the water and came up and managed to crawl up on a willow. There was no way I could float the raft to him. I tried swimming one of my horses but that was impossible. Havelock jumped into the water and crawled up on a big poplar tree on the bank; by then the river was all over the flats. Bill and I rode the two horses and he went to Henry Brothers and I went to Fricke's

sawmill. We sent Guy Gano out to the Bottrel Store where he picked up a caddy of rope. We went back to the Red Deer River in the black of night taking a roll of smooth wire and a 200 foot chalkline. We passed the wire and rope to Havelock in the tree; he fastened the rope around him, came down the wire, and we pulled him out of the river. In a few minutes, the ground we were standing on, and the tree we had the wire and rope fastened to, all went into the river. Some of those who came that night to help with the rescue were Henry Brothers, Arthur Wells, George Day, Guy Gano and Hank Fricke. The body of Ernie Watts was found five days later about a mile down the river.

Bill Cullens continued to ranch at Springbank and passed away in the early 1960s. Havelock Harper sold his farm and moved to Port Alberni, British Columbia, and he too passed away in the early 1960s.

Another thing I must mention is the building of the Dartigue Lodge. We were having odd parties in the early 1930s in different homes so we decided to build a community hall. Ben and Cliff Henry donated the land and the local people donated what money they could. Ivy had organized a Women's Institute and all the members worked together to make a quilt which was raffled off for $45.00. In 1934 Ben Henry and I went into the woods and cut the logs. A bee was held and the logs all hauled out in one day. All the neighborhood turned out to work on the building. The lodge still stands and many enjoyable times were had there and it is still being used. While many of the actual builders and donors have passed on, it is a monument to their memory.

In addition to ranching in the 1930s during the Depression, I started a very successful timber business, as livestock was worth very little. The last year we were there, I shipped over 100 carloads of timber. About 50 carloads went to the British Army to be used as communication poles at the war fronts.

We had many hard years at Cochrane with sickness, operations, dry years and the mines and coal dealers went broke which affected the timber business.

In 1944 I was completely played out and the doctor ordered me out of there. I sold the ranch at a reasonable price and had to buy it back in two years, and then I resold it to Cozart and Sons. We had our sale on August 30, 1944, and we settled in Calgary. I bought and built property and went into the real estate business. I was very successful but eventually played out and had to retire.

I am now 82 years of age and my wife, Ivy, is 77. We have had very poor health for the last six or seven years. We have no financial worries, have a beautiful home, and we have many pleasant memories of our years in Cochrane.

While living at Cochrane I was Honorary Game Warden, Fish Warden and Fire Warden for many years, and the Government saw fit to name a range of hills, the Swanson Hills, and a creek, Swanson Creek, which are on government maps.

We had one daughter, Helen. I was fortunate in having a fine wife, the daughter of early pioneers in the West. Her father worked on the building of the C.P.R. in both Manitoba and Saskatchewan. In 1891 he homesteaded near Regina on land which now is, undoubtedly, part of that city. There, Ivy was born, but when she was ten years old they moved to Calgary. Her only brother enlisted in the First World War and was killed in the second battle of Ypres.

I do not get out to Cochrane very often but we are very thankful for the many fine friends we made there and will always look back on those days as years of struggle, but mostly as years of happiness.

WILLIAM AND LOUISE TEMPANY — as told by Louise Copithorne

William Tempany was born in 1883, in London, England, the son of Hannah and Edmund Tempany. Even in his youth he was referred to as Old Bill Tempany — the "old" in his case being a term of affection. The tall, handsome lad was indeed well-loved for when he left England for Canada in 1902, he carried with him this letter:

"Dear Mr. William,

> You are now going to leave the paternal roof and perhaps never to be a permanent resident with your parents again on this side of the grave. Therefore, will you oblige one who loves you as dearly as his own life and whose daily, nay hourly prayer, will be for your welfare both in time and eternity, to commit to memory, the prayer on the annexed sheet, and repeat it night and morning, meekly kneeling on your knees. I have also written for your guidance a few other remarks which I hope you will frequently peruse and act upon, and may the Almighty give his blessing, is the fervent wish and prayer of your affectionate
>
> Father."

And so, armed with the letter exquisite in penmanship, the prayer which could be memorized on the long voyage, and a parting gift, William set out for the New World. The parting gift was a beautiful escritoire made of cherry wood, brass bound at the corners and with solid brass fittings, secret drawers, two heavy crystal inkwells and dated 1851. It still contains his notes, letters and receipts. He was well educated, had studied law and knew the value of keeping records. This lovely antique is treasured by his eldest daughter.

By the time Bill reached Winnipeg, he was running out of funds so he rode a freight to Calgary, then came on to Cochrane where he was to spend the greater part of his life. His first employment was with Pete Collins at the brickyard west of town. Here he hauled the clay

for the bricks with a one-horse, two-wheeled cart. He was paid at the rate of $25 a month. He also worked at the Quigley sawmill.

He filed on a homestead at the head of Grand Valley and Horse Creek in 1903, choosing a quarter section with a beautiful running spring which has never been known to go dry. This was a watering place for the buffalo in the old days and their skulls and bones could be found among the hummocks in that area. He bought some C.P.R. land in Section 35. The old original trail from Morley to Edmonton ran by the homestead — the deep ruts still visible after years of disuse.

He built a shack made of lumber and moved a stable, log by log, from the Hornbach place to his own land and moved a little bunkhouse from the Herzog quarter. He registered his brands in 1904 at the Department of Agriculture, Regina, North West Territories. The horse brand was the pitchfork and his cattle brand was TY half diamond.

In the cold winter of 1906-07, he hauled hay from Donald Morrison's ranch in Grand Valley, and when he arrived home one bitter day he found that both his feet were frozen. Dr. Ritchie came from his home south of Cochrane to attend him, but eventually, he was taken to the Columbia Hospital in Calgary where one foot was removed.

It was there that he met Louise Connell who was a nurse in training at the hospital. She came to Calgary from Fenelon Falls, Ontario, in 1904 and began her training in 1905.

Louise and Bill were married in 1908. That year Bill leased two livery stables, one from Ike Pepper (the Murphy Stables) and one from Charles Burnham. This strange receipt cannot have anything to do with the livery stables for it is dated: August 25/06. "Received from William Tempany full value for one bay gelding branded 3 on jaw with broken leg.

Jules Mason."

The Tempany's first home was a two-roomed log cabin on the main street of Cochrane. Six months later they moved to the Jones house, a two-family dwelling and there, their first two daughters were born, Louise in April 1909, and Helen in May 1910. Another daughter, Avis, and their first son, Rolfe, were born when they lived in the Burnham house.

Bill's brother, Gordon, who had fought in the Boer War, came to Canada from South Africa a few years after the war. He helped Bill around the livery stables. Bill bet $100 that Gordon could whip the powerful Billy Bradley. A fight was arranged, but since only impromptu fights were allowed in Cochrane, they all moved down to Glenbow for the match. The two antagonists fought, no holds barred, for over two hours. Then Bradley claimed that Gordon bit his ear, so, Gordon was disqualified and Bill lost his money.

Gordon went Overseas in the First World War. He spent several years in the United States and died in 1948 leaving one daughter, the only Tempany relative.

Mr. and Mrs. William Tempany.

In 1912 Bill Tempany was appointed homestead inspector. He covered a large territory from Red Deer south. On these trips he was often accompanied by his eldest daughter, Louise. At first he drove a light team and buggy but eventually he bought a Model T Ford.

In 1915 Andy Garson let the Tempany family move into the Oddie place while a house was being built on their homestead. Audrey was born while they were there. Granny Hogarth looked after the family while Mrs. Tempany was away. "Uncle" Ike Pepper lived on Bill's homestead and looked after the stock at this time. Bill bought up some of the surrounding homesteads, those of Bingaman, P. Bassett, Herzog, Alderdice and Sid Edge. The last two were on the Dog Pound Creek and he traded this half section to B. F. Rhodes for a half section of good land on the west side of the Grand Valley road. Two more children were born after the Tempanys moved to their ranch, Roy and Gordon.

In 1920 Bill was paying taxes on eight quarter-sections. Most quarters were taxed $5.51 per year but he paid $18.95 on the SE¼ 35-27-5-5. He resigned from his position as Homestead Inspector with the Federal Government when the Province of Alberta took over the resources. He had spent twenty-three years travelling thousands of miles by saddle horse, team and buggy or cutter, Model T and other cars. His adventures and experiences would fill a book. He was now involved in raising horses, cattle and sheep on his ranch.

William Tempany was a friendly, out-going man with a pleasant personality. He was keenly interested in people from all walks of life and took an active interest in the community. He was interested in politics and predicted, many years ago, things happening today. He was particular about his appearance and always wore a stock in place of collar and tie. He died on January 27, 1948.

Lou, as he called his wife, was a gentle person, kind and soft-spoken. She was noted for her

hospitality and is undoubtedly remembered with affection by the many school children who stopped at her door on the way home from school. When it was cold they warmed their feet at her oven and always enjoyed her newly baked bread, homemade butter and cups of hot cocoa. She was a trustee of Chapelton School for a number of years — the school her children attended. She belonged to no organization, but she was a friend to everyone in need and was always one of the first to arrive and give first aid to anyone who had been hurt or was sick.

Louise, the eldest daughter, recalls some incidents from her early childhood. Her father learned that his old friend Ben was in trouble; his Cosy Cabin was to be raided by police looking for bootleg whisky. Bill and Ben stacked all the whisky in the back of Bill's Model T and the wee Tempanys were put in the back seat with their little legs stretched straight over the loot and covered with a rug. The mother, torn between her horror of wrong-doing and her loyalty to her Will, sat tensely in the front seat saying, "Sit still, children! Don't wiggle your legs!" as she watched the police entering the Cosy Cabin.

Just before Christmas father Tempany took off for Cochrane to buy the provisions and to pick up the Eaton's parcel containing all the Christmas presents. He was driving a flashy, frisky team of chestnuts hitched to the bobsleigh. The groceries were piled in a barrel and the parcel containing the three Eaton beauty dolls had arrived just in time. On the way home the team ran away and upset the works. It must have been quite a smash-up for Louise can remember her mother sorting out the prunes, nuts, beans and rice which were all mixed together. Two of the dolls were intact but one had lost both legs. Louise and Helen got the sound Beauties, but Avis got the legless blond because she was too young to know the difference.

In 1929 Louise married Charles Copithorne, the son of an old-timer, John Copithorne. Their first home was at Jumping Pound; later they lived on their land in Grand Valley and then for many years, southwest of Midnapore, Alberta. Charlie died in 1964 and in 1973 Louise sold the farm and built a lovely home on twenty acres in the Priddis district.

Louise and Charlie had three sons. William, the eldest, married Peggy Philp. They have two sons. Ian married Eileen Ward and they also have two sons. Rolfe, the youngest and his wife, Dagmar, have one son and one daughter.

Helen Tempany married Donald Patterson. Their story is told elsewhere. Avis was in the Air Force during the Second World War. She and her husband Jim Marshall have two daughters, Ann and Louise, and live in Bowness. Ann married Leo Bechman. They have one daughter and one son. Louise married Tommy Walker and they have one son and one daughter.

Rolfe lived on the home ranch with his mother for many years. He did not marry and was always very good to his mother whom he and Louise resemble so much in character as well as feature. He sold the ranch in 1972 to Newt Gilbert, but moved back to the home ranch where he now lives in an up-to-date mobile home. His mother, who is bedridden, is now in the Southwood Nursing Home in Calgary.

Audrey, not married, is a lady rancher. She ranches on two sections of land on the west side of Grand Valley and raises cattle. She is extremely capable and self-reliant and does all her own work.

Roy and Gordon both live in Exshaw where they are employed by Canada Cement. Roy served in the Air Force during World War Two. He married June Kelly and they have one son and one daughter, Ian and Sandra. Ian married Susan Taylor and they have one daughter. Sandra married Lloyd Wright.

Gordon married Cecil Baptie and they have one boy and two girls. William (Bill) married Laura Lewis and they have three boys. Elizabeth (Betty) married Art Frey. Barbara has just finished high school.

It is a great credit to Mrs. Tempany that she was able to raise a large family, be a good mother and a good neighbor when her husband was away so much of the time.

EDWARD F. (BONEY) THOMPSON — by Jean L. Johnson

Ed Thompson came to Cochrane from Montana in 1905. He was considered one of the greatest riders of his time and earned the title, King of the Riders. While working for R. W. Meiklejon in Grand Valley, he homesteaded the place later owned by Gordon Hinde. He also worked breaking horses for G. E. Goddard at the Bow River Horse Ranch. Andy Garson, who bought Ed's homestead, said, "When I was on the Oddie place, Thompson was about a mile west and he used to stay with me and I with him, and we handled horses together. He was a good straight kind of man and always ready to help anyone. They did not make them any better than Thompson."

Thompson was undoubtedly the best rider who participated in the 1912 Calgary Stampede, but he failed to draw a horse that would buck and there were no re-rides. A horse from Montana, named Gaviota, threw every rider and his owner claimed that he couldn't be ridden. Some Cochrane men put up bets that they had a man who could ride him. When the man from Montana learned that the rider's name was Thompson, he asked, "By any chance do you mean Boney Thompson?" When he learned that Ed was, indeed, the man, he called off the bet. He said, "I don't want Gaviota ridden."

Ed Thompson liked the way Laurie Johnson handled horses and asked him to give him and George Forgey a hand breaking horses at the Hornbach place up at the head of Grand Valley. This was the beginning of a friendship which

L. to R.: Forbes Skinner, Boney Thompson, George Forgey.

lasted as long as Thompson lived. They worked together at the Bar C and later breaking Thompson's own EF bar horses.

In 1918 when the Parks Department took over the Ya Ha Tinda, Ed Thompson, Laurie and Eddie Rowe gathered the Brewster horses. Among these horses was a brown mare, clean-legged, sixteen hands and weighing over twelve hundred pounds. When the horses were penned she kept on going and cleared a six foot corral. Ed Thompson got her, named her Mother Brewster and had Laurie break her.

Up on the Dog Pound Creek there was a log cabin and a set of corrals, and there in the summer of 1921, Ed and Laurie were breaking horses. At this time Ed was 48 years old and suffering from stomach ulcers. One day they rode up to the Little Red Deer place on the edge of the Forest Reserve, where Big Bill Loblaw and Lorne Bingaman were breaking horses. Bingy and Bill saddled up their broncs and Bingy asked Laurie to top his off. Laurie stepped up on the horse without changing the saddle. Ed said, "If you can ride Bingy's saddle, I can ride Bill's!" And he stepped up on Bill's horse although the stirrups were too long for him. Bingy's horse lit into bucking and this started Bill's horse bucking. At the second jump they could see that something was wrong with Ed. He remained upright in the saddle till the horse stopped bucking then he slumped to the ground. They carried him into the cabin where he lay in agony and begged for his gun. He needed a doctor and the nearest telephone was eighteen miles away at the Mount Royal Ranch. Laurie saddled Mother Brewster and told Bingy to follow him with two extra saddle horses and wait at the Glenfinnan hay meadow which was about the halfway mark of the journey.

Laurie walked the mare across the river flat, forded the Little Red Deer River, and then he galloped. There was no road; his trail as far as the meadow was a rough one, over creeks and through brush and muskegs. One hour and a quarter after Ed dropped from the saddle Laurie galloped into the Mount Royal with the mare covered with foam. Pete Dreever, who was working for D. P. McDonald, saw him coming. He asked no questions, just took the mare, threw a blanket over her and walked her till she cooled out. This gallant mare was not hurt by the ride — but she was never saddled again. D. P. phoned Cochrane for Dr. Waite who drove out in his Model T, picked up Laurie and went on to the hay meadow where Bingy waited with the horses. Dr. Waite, who had never ridden, was mounted on a quiet horse. Laurie and Bingy each took a satchel; one led the doctor's horse while the other urged it on. Dr. Waite grasped the horn with both hands and throughout that ride, which must have been a nightmare for him, he spoke not a word. He could do nothing for Ed but ease his pain. The pelvic bone was shattered and the bladder punctured. In the meantime, Jack Fuller had brought a team and wagon from his home, six miles down the river. They filled the wagon box with hay, put a mattress on it, and laid Ed in the wagon, then they headed down the river, as this was the only road out. Bingy went ahead and got Austin Reid to come to meet them with his car. When they finally got Ed to Calgary, Dr. J. S. McEachern operated but without success. Ed Thompson died and the whole Cochrane district mourned.

E. C. Johnson made arrangements for a cowboy funeral. The church was packed. The Stoney Chiefs, too, were there. The Rev. Brooker spoke eloquently of the life and attributes of a cowboy, and movingly of the man whose death they mourned. A wreath of wild flowers was laid on the coffin. The coffin was placed on a horse-drawn wagon and driven to the cemetery by Bob Armistead. Ed Thompson's saddled horse, Big Sis, was led behind, and his riding boots were reversed in the stirrups. The pallbearers, dressed in their cowboy clothes and wearing black bands on their stetsons, followed on horseback behind Ed's horse as the funeral cortege moved slowly up the Big Hill to the cemetery. Ed Thompson's grave is marked by a headstone placed there by one of his friends, Andy Garson.

TRAGEDY ON THE LITTLE RED

When the drill pipe was being hauled to the Grease Creek oil well in 1941, the Grand Valley road and the road leading to the well were almost impassable. We had had rain and heavy spring snowfall nearly every day. The pipe was hauled to Arthur Well's corner by truck and unloaded. Josh Keith, Arthur Wells and some of Paul Swan-

son's men were hired to haul the pipe the rest of the way with teams and wagons.

When they reached the Little Red, the river had flooded and was flowing dirty and angry. Frank Wills rode across the river first to find the best place to cross. His horse had to swim in places.

After much hesitation, Mr. Wells, who had a high-wheeled wagon, decided to try to get across, and he did. Just as Mr. Wells was going up the bank on the other side, Mr. Keith stood up on his load, and before anyone could stop him, he drove into the river.

He was driving his prize stallion and a little brown mare. When the swift current hit her, she started fighting the stallion and lost her footing. Mr. Keith's low-wheeled wagon was floating in the water; slowly the horses' feet came up, then the horses, the load, and Mr. Keith rolled over, and were washed down the river.

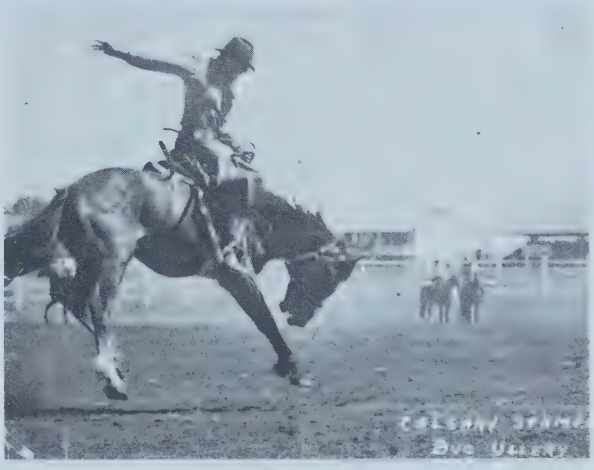
Harry Wright immediately started running down the bank. When he saw Mr. Keith's bald head just under the muddy water, he jumped in and grabbed him and pulled him to a sandbar. The rest of the men tied their halter shanks together and pulled the two men to safety.

Mr. Keith was in a state of shock, and before they could do anything with him, they had to convince him that his team was safe on the other side.

He was taken to a bachelor's cabin to get warm and rest. Unfortunately, Mrs. Keith heard about the tragedy on the radio before any of the men arrived back to tell her. Mr. Keith's team and wagon were not taken from the river until two weeks later.

Shortly after, Harry Wright enlisted in World War II. A farewell dance was held for him in the Dartigue Lodge, and people came from far and wide to say good-by, and show their gratitude.

Mr. and Mrs. Ullery, Ellen and Bud. Taken in 1922.



Bud Ullery at the Calgary Stampede.

CLARENCE AND HATTIE MAY ULLERY — by Ellen Bryant

Dad was born in Viola, Idaho, in 1886. Mother, Hattie May Shawver, was born in Aguilar, Colorado, May 22, 1894. She was one of eleven children and was brought up to be a strict Seventh Day Adventist. On July 1, 1904, her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Shawver, moved by covered wagon to Viola, Idaho. My parents were married on September 19, 1913. They had two children, Earl Wesley (Bud), born January 1, 1915, and Amy Ellen, born August 15, 1916.

Dad came to Canada in 1915, to Saskatchewan, but did not like it there. He returned to the United States and brought his wife and family to live at Champion, Alberta, in 1916.

He loved grain farming and did all his work with horses. His draft horses were all well trained and he flatly refused to ever drive them off the walk.

When he bought his first and only car, a Model T Ford, well past its prime, he soon sold it because, "It just went too fast." He would drive down the road pulling back on the steering wheel with his feet jammed on the floor boards. Bud was not too popular at the time because he could not keep from laughing. One day on the way to town, a tire came off the wheel and bounced down the road ahead of them. Dad stopped the car, jumped out, spanked Bud and told him if he hadn't laughed it would never have happened.

Dad was a very good farmer and raised some excellent wheat crops, but the dry years of the twenties forced him to move elsewhere. He moved with his family to the ranching area northwest of Nanton, where he worked for Jim and Charlie Dew, Walter Ings, and Arthur Crawford-Frost.

My parents drifted apart during the Depression, and Mom and I went to Blackie, Alberta, where Mom worked for a widower, Howard Thurber, who had three young boys. Bud went to work on ranches at Havre and Browning, Montana.

My mother and I moved to Cochrane with a team and wagon on August 15, 1931. Mom had

been to Cochrane earlier in the year to look at land owned by my schoolteacher, Miss Ritchie. This land was later bought by Henri Andersen and Peter Hansen. Mom met Ed Stewart the day she came to see the land and he told her that, due to early frosts, you could not grow a good garden in that valley. A good garden was part of my mother's life so she lost interest in that land and rented 20 acres from Dr. Waite, just across the C.P.R. tracks, south of the creamery in Cochrane.

Determined never to accept relief during the Depression, Mom hauled log firewood with her team and wagon from the north end of Grand Valley, which was sixteen miles from Cochrane, sawed it into blocks with a crosscut saw and sold it for $5.00 a load, or in the log for $1.00 a foot measured from the front bolster of the wagon. She traded wood for animals and hay. Soon she had a collection that would compare with Noah's Ark, but — not enough land. In case anyone wonders what became of the faithful horse that George Bunney drove on his milk route in Cochrane for so many years, well, it ended up in our corral too — and was the only horse I was ever brave enough to harness. Mom's cow brand was a joined MA Bar and her horse brand was B Heart, the horse brand her father had used in Colorado.

In 1933 she rented three quarter sections of land in the Grand Valley district, W½ and NE¼ 28-27-5-5, owned by Harry Parker and his son. After turning left off the Grand Valley road there was just a wagon trail leading to the buildings. The house on the Parker place was a one-roomed log house with an open ceiling. It was built in 1914 by Earl Whittle and Harry Parker Sr. There was a lot of timber on the property and the first morning we were there we could not find our milk cows. We soon bought cowbells and strapped them around the cows' necks.

In 1935 Dave Bryant built a log addition to the house and Mom held many parties and dances there. Often we danced until daylight as everyone had come on horseback or by team and buggy. Bud was not at home very much, but when he was he took wrestling lessons from Ace Charters, who lived on the old Hornbach place. Bud wrestled in several matches in Cochrane. If Mom got after him for something, he would just lift her up and throw her over his shoulder as if she were a rag doll. Bud married Vivienne Crane and they have three children, Bill, Jim and Heather Ann.

After Dave Bryant and I were married we lived across the valley one mile east of Mom. In the winter she would ride over and get our children and take them home in a box on a homemade handsleigh, which she pulled with her lariat wrapped around the saddle horn. If the weather turned too cold for us to go and get them, she was delighted, and so were they, because she would bring the Shetland colt into the house for them to play with. One day Andy Garson came and saw the colt in the house and I don't think he ever got over the shock.

Mom really liked to cook and she never worried about being short of anything. She cooked supper for my family one night and brought some corn on the cob for a special treat. I was short of saucepans and, much to her grandchildren's delight, she cooked the corn in the teakettle.

My dad moved to Cochrane in 1933. He worked in the hayfields both north and south of the Bow River. He worked for Paul Swanson for a number of years.

In his later years he lived in a one-roomed bachelor shack on Harold and Ike Griffin's rangeland and worked in the winter cutting rails. Once, while living there, he thought he'd better investigate a noise he heard in the attic, only to find that a black bear was sleeping in the upper bunk. Dad backed down the ladder and there was no argument as to who would pay the rent. His closest neighbors were the Frank Brooks' family and Jim and Joan Storey.

In 1952, while Dad was living on the Griffin place, he collapsed due to a cerebral hemorrhage and if Joe Allen hadn't stopped by just at the same moment, the hemorrhage would have proven fatal. Dad was in poor health for three years but made a complete recovery.

He retired in 1956 and went to live in Calgary. He moved into the Brentwood Nursing Home in 1969 where he still resides. He will be 90 years old October 12, 1976. His mother lived to be 103 and was never bedridden.

I never remember my dad going to church, but he never swore, and two things he really taught me were: "Never mind what the other person is doing, just watch what you are doing yourself," and "In a crisis there is no time for tears."

Although my mother continued to live on the Parker place, it was sold in 1940 to Harold Menzies of Hammill Motors in Calgary. He sold it to my mother in 1943. In 1946 the land was sold to my husband and me.

Mom went to cook at the a7 Ranch at Nanton, which was under the management of John Cross. Once, while cooking at the a7, she cooked a dinner for several friends of the Cross family. After dinner one of the guests, Major General Worthington, head of the Western Army Command, came to the kitchen and said, "Anyone who could cook a dinner like that is certainly not going to do the dishes." The party ended up in the kitchen, and they didn't even leave when the kitchen was tidy. Mom also cooked for Brewsters at the Kananaskis Guest Ranch for several summers.

Although she loved outside work and would ride miles to take part in a gymkhana, she did beautiful sewing and crocheting. She loved to write and recite poetry. Music was written by Dutton and Coyle for one of her songs, "The End of The Trail is My Home." A copyright was

secured by Westmore Music Corporation, Portland, Oregon, in 1944. It was recorded by The Pals of the Golden West.

My mother went back to the United States in 1952, and remarried in 1957. She passed away in 1962 and was buried in Clarkson, Washington.

THE END OF THE TRAIL IS MY HOME — by May Ullery

I've wandered all over God's country, over desert and mountain side,
Through the heat and the cold, vainly searching for gold,
Out west of the Great Divide.
I'd start out each morning at daybreak, over valley and hill and dale;
Wherever I'd roam, I'd call it my home,
When I'd come to the end of the trail.

Chorus

The end of the trail is my home
No matter wherever I roam.
Through life's storm and gale,
There is rest without fail,
For the end of the trail is my home.

There's some I know have been lucky, in their search for gold and fame,
Though I've searched far and near, in my eyes there's a tear,
For I've played a losing game.
And now I'm tired and weary, and my eyes they begin to fail;
I'll find rest bye and bye, up there in the sky,
When I come to the end of the trail.

ANTON JOHAN AND EXERINA VELTHUYS — by Johanna Christina van Veen

My dad was born in Angerlo, Holland, August 8, 1899. After coming to Canada he farmed in the Granum area, later moving to the Culling homestead on the Dog Pound Creek west of Bottrel. When my mother passed away Dad moved to Vancouver, where he eventually remarried and had two sons, Kenneth and Robert. Dad passed away on July 4, 1965.

My mother, Exerina Wills, was born in Edmonton, Alberta, September 9, 1913, and later moved to Calgary. According to her autograph book, Mom attended Western Canada High School; in 1928-29 she attended Garbutt's Business College. Mom and Dad were married in Calgary November 19, 1937. Their first-born died shortly after birth. I was born July 7, 1940.

Mother attended small congregational meetings at the Weedon School. There, on November 10, 1940, she and I were baptized and she professed her faith. She became very ill with tuberculosis and was admitted to the Baker Memorial Sanatorium, where she died in July 1941. She was buried in the Westbrook cemetery.

At this time I was already a welcome addition to the Hendrikus Jansen family of Beaver Dam.

Tony and Exerina Velthuys.

There I grew up, and after finishing high school at Westbrook, I attended Henderson's Secretarial School in Calgary for a year, then worked for the Providence Crèche from 1959 to 1962. In 1960 I married Nickolas van Veen, who was born in Noordwyk, Holland, and came to Canada with his parents in 1951, at the age of fourteen. We live in Abbotsford, British Columbia; my husband commutes to Burnaby to drive a truck for Nabob Foods. We have five children: Vivian, Nickolas, Mark, Wannetta and Grant.

Early in 1974 I travelled to my father's homeland, saw where he was born and met my relations. This was a very meaningful and enjoyable trip, and someday I hope to go back with my husband.

ROY WALKER

Roy came originally from England. In the 1930s he worked at various ranches west of Cochrane, including Archie Kerfoot's and Jack Connell's. He spent a lot of time at the Gordon Hinde home. He joined the Signal Corps when World War II was declared and served Overseas. Shortly after enlisting he married Helaine Taylor, who often visits the Hindes. Roy and Helaine had two daughters, Margaret and Eileen. Roy died of cancer in 1962. Helaine and the girls live in British Columbia.

ARTHUR WELLS

Arthur Wells was born in Ontario. He came west as a young man and settled at Cayley, Alberta. In 1914 he bought the Dan Shine homestead, the NW¼ 2-28-5-5, in Grand Valley. He bought adjoining land such as the Bendix and W. C. King homesteads and carried on a mixed farming operation until his retirement in 1957.

Although Arthur was a tall, handsome, kind man, and bore a striking resemblance to Abraham Lincoln, he never married. He raised

Arthur Wells.

cattle on his ranch, and often told how he scooped the snow off the grass in the winter of 1919 so the cattle could graze; he called it buffing.

Arthur did his farming and haying with horses. Before power graders were used he dragged the Grand Valley dirt road, after every rainstorm, with a flat drag pulled by four horses hooked abreast.

In 1918 Arthur bought a new McLaughlin Buick touring car. Shortly after he bought it he drove his housekeeper, Mrs. Mortimer, and her little girl, Jean, to Cochrane. When he got out of the car he forgot to take the car out of gear and it rolled into the ditch. Arthur was so upset he drove home, put the car up on blocks in the garage, and never drove it again. From then on he always went to Cochrane with a team and wagon or rode his white horse. In later years he would catch rides into town with Paul Swanson as he passed by hauling mine props, but often Arthur had to stay in Cochrane long after he was tired just waiting to catch a ride home.

Arthur sold his ranch to Dr. Watson in 1957, and bought a house in Cochrane and retired. His car was sold at his auction sale for $375. The paper on the spare tire, although badly chewed by mice, had never been removed from the tire. Frank Wills, the purchaser, cleaned the car up a bit and won fifth prize in the Calgary parade, then sold it to an Imperial oil man for $875. The new owner had the car completely dismantled, had every bit of dust and rust removed, had it repainted and wouldn't take $10,000 for it today.

Although quite different from living alone on the farm, Arthur enjoyed his retirement. He had a keen sense of humour, and loved a good discussion, which very often turned into a good argument. He had a slight lisp and often spoke in a loud voice, generally preceding each statement with the expression, "Well — I tell yuh."

Arthur passed away October 7, 1960, at the age of 88 years. His home in Cochrane was sold to the Pete Flundras. The majority of Arthur's estate was left to charity, the greater part of it being willed to a Calgary hospital.

Fred Gossett now owns the Wells property in Grand Valley and it is called the Grand Valley Ranch.

Note: Mrs. Wells, no relation to Arthur Wells, kept house for Arthur Wells in the late 1920s. She had a son, Leslie, who started his schooling at Chapelton.

Bill Ireland worked for Arthur Wells for years. After Arthur retired Bill went to Calgary where he passed away in 1959. Arthur always remarked Bill Ireland and a young lad, Ken Florer, were the best men he ever hired.

THE WILDCAT HILLS VICTORY CLUB — by Jean L. Johnson

The Wildcat Hills Victory Club was organized shortly after the outbreak of the Second World War for the purpose of raising money to help in the war effort. Mrs. Duncan Kerfoot promoted the idea of a club and invited some of her neighbors to her home to decide upon a plan. The club had the following members: Mrs. Duncan Kerfoot, president; Joan Kerfoot, treasurer; Nini Andersen, Helen McDonald, Peggy Edge, Cullette Rhodes, Anita Kerfoot and Jean Johnson. They decided to raise money through a series of teas, dances, bazaars and raffles, but had difficulty in deciding just what to do with the money. In 1941 they found what they wanted and espoused a cause.

During the blitz on London the bombs fell indiscriminately on all, but the worst sufferers among the civilians were the poor. When their homes were blasted and burned they lost everything they had in the world. Flight Lieutenant Hartland Molson, who fought gallantly as

a fighter pilot during the Battle of Britain, returned to Canada and spoke of the suffering of these people. To help them he founded the Queen's Canadian Fund, a fund to which he made the largest individual contribution. Her Majesty the Queen was the patron of the fund. The Wildcat women, as they came to be known, decided to donate the money they raised to this Canadian endeavor.

Maggs' store (owned by Wm. Andison) was empty, and provided a good place to hold bazaars. Everyone contributed what she could, and many lovely and useful things were sold at a modest price. Money was scarce in those days. There were hand embroidered linens, pretty dishes, tools, toys and many other things. Anita Kerfoot brought jars of Devonshire cream; Cullette Rhodes donated figurines which had been sent to her from Spain. Mrs. Dick Wright sent in artists' supplies and three hand carved wooden bowls from the South Sea Islands. Mrs. Duncan Kerfoot donated a Cowichan sweater which was raffled off at twenty-five cents per ticket. She also brought a goodly supply of Oxo cubes because tea was rationed. However, the brew was not selling well when Nini, coming in late after a very muddy trip, brought a pound of tea. At first Mrs. Duncan didn't want to use it. But Nini assured her that it had not been hoarded, it was a gift to her from a storekeeper in Calgary. So all got their tea at five cents a cup.

They held two very successful bazaars and with some of the money they purchased a wash boiler for making coffee and several dozen heavy, white cups and saucers. Peggy Edge became keeper of the cups and when the war was over they were given to the community.

The Johnsons put on a dance at their home and hired the Night Owls of Cochrane Lakes to play for it. The Edges held a dance in the loft of their new barn with music by the same group. There were two garden parties at Duncan Kerfoot's, one of which was rained out, but tea was served in the house and a rummage sale held. Nini Anderson gave a tea at her home and raffled off a five dollar war certificate. Helen McDonald donated a steer. The club had two pancake feeds at Guy Gibson's cabin on the Ghost River at which the Johnsons provided the milk, eggs and butter. As these were held on Sundays there was a good turnout of churchgoers and cabiners.

Our biggest haul came from a dance at the Rhodes Ranch. Many of Cullette's friends came from Calgary, enjoyed the wine and contributed generously to the fund. While some danced on the wide verandah to the music of the Martinusens, Nini Andersen set up bingo games in the house. She charged fifteen cents for each card and used half the money for prizes. A crap game was in progress in one of the bedrooms. Although we did not initiate it we got a small rake-off. The following year many enjoyed a garden party at the Rhodes Ranch. As always, at club affairs, a silver collection was taken.

The club made and sold the lunches for two sales at the old McEachen place — first for the Campbells and shortly thereafter for the Brohmans. Possibly there were other events which do not come to mind.

I do not remember how much money we made and donated to the Queen's Canadian Fund. The total collected in Canada amounted to $1,655,-253.00. Money was never solicited. It was a direct gift from Canadians to civilian victims of war, where the official schemes were inadequate or before official schemes began to operate. After the war, each one of us in the club received a little book about the fund with a separate acknowledgment which read, "This presentation copy is sent to you as a token of recognition of your fine work for civilian war victims through the Queen's Canadian Fund."

FRANK WILLS

I am the oldest son of Harold and Mabel Wills. Both of my parents came from England: My dad was born in Canterbury, Kent, and my mother (Miss Everett) was born in the heart of London, within the sound of Bow Bells, which made her a true Cockney. They were married in Calgary on Christmas Day 1911. My dad homesteaded at Mossleigh, Alberta, and I was born at Gleichen, Alberta, in 1912.

There were five other children in our family: Phyllis, who worked for Wilf Carter at Carstairs at one time and also for the Pat Kerfoots in Grand Valley; Mabel, who worked for Archie Baptie in Cochrane, Cliff, John and Doris.

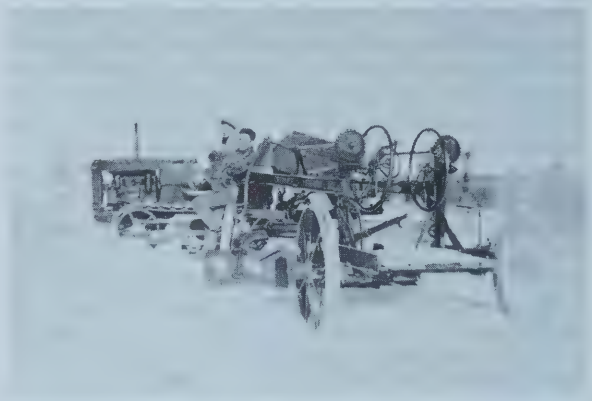
When I was six years old my family moved, in a covered wagon, to a two-storey house on a half section of land, twelve miles west of Airdrie. Their objective was to raise horses, and at one time they had about thirty head. My dad's brand was Y Anchor Bar and is still owned by my brother, John, who farms part of the home place. Our neighbours were Bert Solley to the west and Porters to the east. Airdrie was our nearest town for mail and supplies. The well on the property was drilled by the late Dave Malloch. My dad broke our land with a Sulky plow.

I went to Abernethy School at the age of seven. I had to walk two and one-half miles each way in all kinds of weather. For three years our teacher was Miss Jean Lamont (Mrs. Laurie Johnson).

I left school in 1928 at the age of sixteen and went to work at the Merino Ranch, south and west of Cochrane. Dave Murray's brother was the foreman at that time. I left the Ranch in the late fall and went to work for Stan Ward, clearing timber off the land for the 1A Highway between Exshaw and Gap Lake. We used horses and cables to pull the stumps. Frank Ells was adjusting the cable when the horses jerked and his hand went through the pulley. His fingers were so badly crushed he had to have all the fingers on one hand removed.

Frank and Mary Wills, 1939.

Hauling lumber from the Coal Creek mill to be loaded on trucks, 1940. Frank Wills is the driver.



Ploughing snow off the Grand Valley road in 1940.

In 1931 and 1932 I worked for Paul Swanson cutting mine timber, George Nelson and I worked from dawn till dusk on a contract and made $0.75 to $1.25 per day. While there, I helped cut some building logs for the Dartique Lodge. One night, while going to a dance at the Lodge, I had a flat tire on my Model T Ford — this I repaired on the dance floor while everyone danced around me.

While working for Tom Baptie in 1934, I met Mary Clarke and we were married on December 26, 1935. We had $4.65 between us. We lived on several places in that area, including Joe Gray's and Andy Garson's. Later, we lived on Oscar Clarke's farm where Mary trapped gophers. We put them in gunny sacks and took them to Colpitts' Fox Farm at Springbank, travelling the distance with a horse and Bennett buggy. They were worth 2¢ per pound or $3.00 per sack. The smell still lingers but we were big time spenders at F. W. Maggs' and Billy Andison's stores in Cochrane after each trip. Money was hard to get and we were grateful for every cent. One dry year, when relief feed was sent in by the Government, we were not allowed any because we did not own our own land. Walter Hutchinson Sr., rode over to our house and told us we could have one load of hay, as much as we could haul on one rack. We only had four calves and one horse to feed, but they would not have made it through the winter without this feed. Around 1937 we moved to Joshua Glennon's farm in the timber area of Grand Valley. I worked in the bush and Mary looked after Mr. Glennon for two years. We purchased a piece of Hudson Bay land close by (SE¼ 8-28-5-5), adjoining Paul Swanson's ranch on the south boundary, for $5.00 per acre. I worked again, periodically, for Paul Swanson, where George Nelson and I hewed mine ties with broadaxes. Then I purchased a sawmill. I was rejected for War Service because of deafness in one ear, so instead I cut lumber for crates and boxes which were used for shipping food and supplies overseas.

I broke forty acres for Donald and Helen Patterson and received clear title to Helen's homestead which was close to our Hudson Bay land. I had a Hart-Parr tractor with steel wheels, and in the summer I pulled the grader on the Grand Valley road to work off my taxes.

In the late 1930s we attempted to raise purebred Herefords and did not have much luck so we tried Holsteins. Their purchase price was $5.00 to $7.00 per head delivered from Yankee Valley, fifteen miles east of Airdrie, to our place south of Swanson's. We sold our cream to the Cochrane Creamery and fed the skim milk to the calves and pigs.

Going to Cochrane in winter was a two-day job, snow was deep and there were no snow plows. In 1944 when the snow was really drifted, Mrs. Dyck, one of our employee's wives, who was expecting a baby, started labor. It was early morning and I tried to go for Mrs. Jack Hammond, a Registered Nurse who only lived one mile away. The snow drifts were higher than the truck cab, and I had to return to camp. I sent a hired man on horseback and he returned sometime later with Mrs. Hammond riding behind him. We soon realized we needed an ambulance and Mr. Dyck and I towed our truck with the cat tractor to the nearest telephone, which was at the Harry Sherriff farm. We phoned for the ambulance, waited at Harry's until it arrived, then towed it into camp and out again with the Cat. It was a sixteen mile round trip and took all day. Unfortunately, twin boys born, John and Frank, only lived a short time and died in hospital.

In the winter of 1946 I had a sawmill camp on Coal Creek in Grand Valley where the roads were impassable, even for a horse. Alex Howes, our neighbor, was stranded in Cochrane and unable to get back to camp. He hired Eustace Bowhay, of Cochrane, who had a plane, to fly over the camp and drop parcels of bologna and macaroni. The snow was so deep it took Jim Howes thirty minutes or so to find the parcels. We had numerous sawmills in Grand Valley and I remained in the lumber business until 1972.

In 1955 we purchased, from Jack Poynter, part of the NW¼ 17-26-5-5, ten miles west of Cochrane on the 1A Highway. We built a new home on a hill overlooking the Ghost Dam and facing the mountains. Mary passed away July 18, 1964. We had one son, Glenn, married to Roberta MacKinnon. They have two children, Robert and James.

In 1968 I married Maureen Scholefield, who, in 1961 and 1962, taught Physical Education and was senior girls' supervisor at Crowfoot and Old Sun Indian Residential Schools at the Gleichen Blackfoot Reserve. Later she worked for the Canadian Red Cross Blood Transfusion Service in Calgary; she also worked for Agness Hammond at the Ghost River Ranch. While at the Gleichen Reserve she was adopted into the Red Gun family and given the name OTS*SKA*BIN*AGEE which is Indian for "Blue Eyed Woman." We have one daughter, Kathleen, born July 1971.

In 1974 we sold our property on the 1A Highway and moved to the SE¼ 25-26-7-5 where we are building a new home.

For the past sixteen years I have been working with the youth of our area in the Boy Scout Movement, an interest shared by both Mary and Maureen. I formed, and was Cubmaster of the First Morley Indian Pack and was the first Cub and Scout Leader for Beaupré. For the last twelve years I have been District Commissioner for the Mountain Road District, which area covers Calgary to the British Columbia border.

Bennett Buggy — In the depression years of the 1930s, many people had cars, but no one could afford gas. The body of the car was removed and a pole fastened to the chassis so the car could be drawn by horses. Mr. R. B. Bennett was our Prime Minister at the time and was blamed for the hard times and they called their converted cars "Bennett Buggies" after him.

KRISTINA (JONNSON) WILLS — by granddaughter Johanna van Veen

Kristina Jonnson was born in Sweden. After immigrating to Canada she married William Burnett Wills in Edmonton. My mother, Exerina (Velthuys), was their only child. In the 1930s my grandmother homesteaded the SE ¼ 16-28-5-5 northwest of Cochrane. She sold her homestead to O. N. Gilbert and went to live at Whonock, British Columbia, where she passed away in April 1960.

My grandfather worked for the C.P.R. and lived in Whonock and Vancouver. He passed away in March 1951.

ROBERT COCHRANE WILSON

Robert (Bob) Wilson, who was a relative of Lady Adela Cochrane, took over the interests at the Minnehaha Ranch for the Rhodes family for several years. After Bob left Cochrane he went to Victoria, where he married. He died on May 16, 1976, at the age of 92. His wife Muriel predeceased him.

HARRY EDWIN WRIGHT

Harry came to Canada from England in the late 1920s. He had been a petty officer in the British Navy for seven years. He worked on a farm in the Glendale district for the Cliffords and obtained a homestead in Grand Valley around 1930, the NE¼-2-28-6-5. His nearest neighbors were the Paul Swansons, the Slim Moores, the McDowalls, the Bud Fishers, the Fred Kingsleys, Don Mallock, and the Southwoods (Tammy Southwood was Don Mallock's sister).

Harry was a small man but many of his friends referred to him as "the biggest little man" they ever knew. His name being Wright, of course he was always right.

One cold winter day he cut off his thumb while chopping wood. He went to Slim Moore's and they caught a team, harnessed them to a sleigh, which was more like a stoneboat, and headed to the doctor's office in Cochrane. It was a very rough ride and a good many miles. Harry could not believe the sign on the door which said "Waite." He did not think he could wait another minute, then a nurse came out and said, "Dr. Waite will see you now." That was one time Harry was not right!

Harry was given a plaque by the citizens of Cochrane when he and another fellow were the

first from Cochrane to join the Army during World War Two. He was one inch too short to join so he had a friend put one inch on his soles and heels. Harry was the shortest man in the Canadian Army. The Calgary Herald took pictures of him and the tallest man in the Canadian Army, Slim Haggard.

Harry was on active service and was stationed in Holland. He was discharged in 1945 from the Service Corps. He married while he was Overseas. His wife had a nervous breakdown during the London Blitz and was not well enough to return to Canada with him.

He sold his homestead to Dr. Berry and lived in Calgary until his death. He was very active in the Canadian Legion, Branch No. 1, as an executive, and played the cornet in the Legion band. He worked at odd jobs until he retired at age 70.

Harry passed away in the spring of 1976 at the age of 76. The Last Post was played, and a 21-gun salute was fired at his burial service, which was conducted by Reverand Hugh Christmas, Padre at the Colonel Belcher Hospital, Calgary. Harry had been predeceased by his wife several years earlier.

AC 141

AC. 141

DOMINION LANDS.

GRANT

TO

James Arthur Cooper.

SITUATE IN THE

Provisl Dist of Alberta.
North West Territories.
Township 26
Range 5 W of 5th M.
Sec. N.E. ¼ of 28
Acres. 160

DATED 20th May. 1898

I Certify that the within Instrument is duly entered and Registered in the Land Titles Office for the South Alberta Land Registration District at Calgary in the North West Territories, at 9.26 o'clock A.M. on the 13th day of June A.D. 1898 Number 2166 Book 9

Registrar S.A.L.R.D.

AC 141

TERMS OF SALE

USUAL TERMS OF PAYMENT. ⅛th cash, but not less than $160 per ¼ section, and the balance in 7 equal annual payments with interest at 6%. All mineral rights reserved.

EASY TERMS OF PAYMENT. Farmers unable to make the down payment of ⅛th, may acquire land on a lease-option basis provided they possess equipment or capital sufficient to reasonably develop the land. The Company has several plans of sale designed to suit the requirements of individual purchasers. Information as to terms and quotations on specific lands gladly furnished on request and without obligation to the enquirer.

LEASES AND PERMITS. Lands may be leased for hay and grazing. Hay and timber permits granted.

For information apply to—
LAND DEPARTMENT,
HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY,
HUDSON'S BAY HOUSE, WINNIPEG, MAN.

The stoneboat — most versatile transportation on the farm.

BOTTREL — DOG POUND

AN OUTLINE TAKEN FROM THE PALLISER REPORT

Township 28, Range 4, W5th Meridian, as seen by the following government surveyors.

OUTLINES. — North, the soil is of the best quality, grasses are luxuriant, and water plentiful. Several spring creeks, varying in size, from a small streamlet to a creek of fifty links wide, are crossed. The timber consists of poplar, balm of Gilead and willow. West, undulating prairie, thickly covered with willow scrub and scattered poplar and spruce, and some pine, good for fuel, fencing, and building. Soil, a deep clay loam, class 2. Some fine creeks traverse the township, tributary to the Dog Pound Creek. — T. Fawcett, 1883.

Rolling prairie, with high ridges, watered by spring creeks; contains some small bluffs of poplar and a few spruce, but mostly burnt over. The soil is a rich clay loam, and rates first and second class. — C. F. Miles, 1883.

Sub-division. — Very rolling surface, and well supplied with good fresh water, by many small springs and creeks, of which Dog Pound Creek is the largest. This creek enters from the west on Section 19, and makes a circuitous course about the north-west quarter of the Township. Its current is about 5 to 6 miles an hour, and it is well stocked with spring trout. Along each bank, in the first three sections above named, is a narrow strip of spruce and poplar bush of large size. There are also bluffs of poplar bush, well suited for building and other domestic purposes, situated along the northern boundaries of Section 7 and 8, and the eastern limits of 8, 18, and 30. The balance of the township is lightly covered with a growth of small willow scrub. The soil is of excellent quality, being composed of a deep black loam on a clay subsoil, and is well adapted for agriculture or grazing. — J. J. Burroughs, 1884.

GOD'S COUNTRY — by Lloyd Dolen

I've been a lot of places,
I've seen a lot of things.
I saw the mating of the grouse,
I've watched the hawk take wings.
I've watched the little speckled fawn
Nuzzling at his mom.
I've watched the shaggy black bear
Teach her cub to be a bum.
I've trailed the noble agile moose
Through swamp up past his knees.
I've heard the howl of the timber wolf
As he sleeks out through the trees.
And all this I love so much,
The places I have trod.
But were you ever in the timber,
And you felt real close to God?
The carpet underneath your feet
No man could ever weave,
And the quietness is so serene
That you just hate to leave.
The little stream that passes by
Doesn't make a sound.
It weaves its way through the carpet
And disappears into the ground.
To me this is a Chapel where a man can say a prayer,
Where you know it is so peaceful,
Just you and God are there.

BOTTERELL BECAME BOTTREL — 1880-1909 — by Dorothy J. Shand

"Place Names of Alberta" book gives this identification of Bottrel, — "Bottrel, a Post Office — was named for Edward Botterel, an early settler — erroneous spelling."

Homestead maps spell the name Botterell. A. E. Botterell homesteaded the SE¼ 28-28-4-5 and also owned the NE¼ 21-28-4-5, the latter being marked on the map "CPR grant." E. H. Botterell owned the SE¼ 21-28-4-5, also marked "CPR grant."

Wrigley's Alberta Directory under the heading "Cochrane — 1890" gives Botterell as proprietor of the Dog Pound Horse Ranch. It does not state which Botterell. Information at the Land Titles Office, in Calgary, does state that the Botterells were furriers from Montreal. They were reported to be very wealthy.

A. P. Patrick's cattle were brought to a spring northeast of Bottrel by Jimmy Kennedy. That particular area was later homesteaded by Henry Hoffman. In the late 1880s, A. P. Patrick started a ranch in the valley which became Bottrel, with Jimmy Kennedy as his manager.

Before 1890, the Botterells arrived in the area which is now identified by their name. In the late 1880s the log house immediately west of Bottrel store was built by David Nesbitt. This house, featuring dove-tail corners and still standing in 1975, is a testimonial to Mr. Nesbitt's workmanship. Numerous houses built in the Cochrane-Bottrel area were erected by this skilful man.

In 1892, Walter Jones, who had come from Manitoba to Cochrane with R. W. Cowan, became manager of the Dog Pound Horse Ranch. The ranch then became the Botterell Ranch, named for its owner.

There had been very dry years in the late 1880s and the early 1890s. The ranchers decided to build irrigation ditches to irrigate the flats along the creeks. A number of Mormons, who had experience in this type of work in Southern Alberta and the United States, built ditches at the Botterell Ranch. These irrigation ditches were used, which drowned out the crops, and springs started on the flats. In 1895 the wet years began and the irrigating was abandoned. In 1975 evidence of the irrigation ditches is still there, along the valley near the Bottrel store.

When the Walter Jones family were at the Botterell Ranch the 24th of May picnics were started and held at the ranch for a number of years. They began as Sunday School picnics with the usual races and games. Exhibition bucking horse rides became an added attraction. From this beginning the annual Dog Pound Stampede evolved, being moved from this location, north to the ranch of Charlie Chouinard for a few years, and then to the Dog Pound Stampede grounds located on part of the NE¼ 3-29-4-5.

Walter Jones and family moved to the Lochend district about 1902 when the Botterell Ranch was sold to D'arcy McDaniels and Angus Sparrow. Later, Harry Cook, who had just arrived from England, bought the Bottrel Ranch (the spelling had somehow changed by this time).

In 1905 Harry Cook sold the ranch to J. T. Boucher. Mr. Boucher had the Bottrel store built as well as numerous other buildings adjacent to the store. Mr. Boucher petitioned for and was granted permission to start a Post Office located in the Bottrel store, in 1909.

Bottrel Store and J. T. Boucher home, around 1911. Mrs. Boucher on house verandah. J. T. Boucher in store doorway, his son Charlie in the doorway of the storage room. Seated on stoop: Ben, Mrs. Jarrett, George and Charlie Jarrett. The Jarrett team and wagon loaded with milk cans for the cheese factory.

DOG POUND — CREEK AND POST OFFICE

Dog Pound, Alberta, rates mention in any list of unusual names. It certainly deserves the explanation that it is not, as the name implies, an area of enclosure for dogs.

Among the numerous derivations suggested, one of the most likely is that it comes from the translation of the name given by the Crees. This title referred to the sound of dogs pounding on the creek as the braves returned to winter camp from hunting food. It seems that the same tribes settled along the banks of the creek during the winter, as it provided a natural roadway to the game area. Other Cree names for the place were; "MIZEKAMPEHPOOCAHAN" or "wolf caught in buffalo pound", and "KO-MA-TAS-TA-MOIN" or "stolen horse or dog creek." The stony name was "SO-MUN-IB-WAPTA" or "Edge Creek", according to the Palliser map of 1865. Still another source credits John Dartigue, the first settler, with naming the creek after an Indian chief, presumably called "Dog-pound", who lived there in 1883. The difficulties in nomenclature were avoided by the Stoney Indian tribes who simply called the stream their equivalent of "Edge Creek."

Regardless of the source of the name, the residents are proud of it and have shown their preference for it. The first post office was opened in 1894, four miles from the present village of Dog Pound. It was called Bradbourne after the Postmaster's home in England. As there was a place in Manitoba named Bradbourne, confusion in mail resulted and the name reverted to its ancient Indian name, Dog Pound.

Scottie Menzies delivering mail to the old Dog Pound Post Office, 1915. The team and buggy belonged to Charlie Mickle and were kept at the Mickle Livery Barn.

THE DOG POUND PICNIC, SPORTS DAY, STAMPEDE, HALL AND DANCE — by Dorothy J. Shand

In the early 1900s the Dog Pound Stampede or Rodeo began as a 24th of May Sunday School pic-

nic, which was held on the flat land of the Botterell Ranch, close by the present Bottrel store. People in the surrounding area soon became very interested in visiting with their neighbors and enjoying the many events associated with horse racing and exhibition bucking horse riding, which were added to the usual foot races, jumping and games. Attendance was either on foot, horseback, or horse-drawn vehicles.

A few years after Bottrel Store and Post Office opened, the location of the picnic was moved to the Charlie Chouinard ranch located on the NE¼ 33-28-4-5. In 1912 this community event was held at the present Dog Pound Stampede grounds on the NE¼ 3-29-4-5.

In 1913 the Dog Pound Hall was built and used for community affairs of all descriptions. A judges stand, which was erected near the east end of the hall, was used until the early 1930s. There was a picnic shelter attached to the north side of the hall and though it was "open-air", it had picnic tables, and food could be purchased and eaten there. A refreshment booth, which served ice cream, candy, lemonade, and many other things, was attached to the west end of the hall.

In the early years the Dog Pound Picnic began at 11 a.m. and continued throughout the rest of the day and evening. Many people attending took a picnic lunch. Entry to the grounds was from the southeast corner up a steep hill.

Nearly every family was involved in the sports which included all types of foot races, jumping, tug-of-war and games which started the day, and were followed by horse races, stampede events and a ball game in the evening. There was a race track which circled the top of the hill at the grounds. Some of the races which required skillful riding on horseback were: tilting at the ring, egg and spoon race, threading the needle and others too numerous to mention. Competition for prizes in all events was very keen.

Before corrals, chutes and an arena were built, bucking horses, which were wild horses unaccustomed to being handled, were snubbed to a saddle horn, blindfolded and saddled. The rider mounted, the blindfold was removed and rider and horse competed as they struggled with each other. Riders on trained horses were near in case of need or to pick the rider off if he was still on at the end of the ride.

The Indians were an attraction with their very intricately beaded buckskin costumes, and wearing very flashy paint. Their colorful tents were erected on the grounds. They conducted Indian pow-wows, demonstrated their accuracy with bows and arrows and participated in many, if not all, events. Their descendants still compete in the stampede events but they no longer display their tents.

An announcer, using a megaphone, informed people about what was taking place. More recently, an electric public address system, in the announcer's stand above the chutes at the west end of the arena, allows the announcer to give information with clarity and ease.

Riding a bronco at Bottrel, July 28, 1909.

In the very early years of the Dog Pound picnic a platform was laid down for the open-air "jitney" dance which was held in the late evening. Tickets for the dance were bought at the ticket booth located near the platform, presented and collected upon entering the floor. A cement platform has replaced the original one, and, very recently, instead of buying individual tickets, a flat charge is made, a stamp placed on the hand, and the stamp shown upon entering to dance. The music has always been provided by a live orchestra.

The Dog Pound Hall became the property of the United Farmers of Alberta who had a very active local in the area. They had title to the 40 acres which comprised the grounds, and though the U.F.A. didn't interfere with the management of the hall they legally owned it. This building with its excellent dance floor had served the community well but it was in need of repair. The Busy Beavers, a very active club in the area, were considering the possibility of building a new hall to replace the original one and it was decided the land should belong to the community first. After continued effort by the local stampede board, with the capable assistance of William Bagnall, Reeve of the County of Mountain View, the U.F.A. gave up the title to this land and building. To fulfill the required regulations a registered association had to be formed to accept the title, so the Dog Pound Agricultural Society was organized. In 1965 the title was transferred but the U.F.A. reserved the oil rights.

Dog Pound Picnic, taken during World War I.

In 1967 the new quonset type hall was built. The Busy Beavers Club had sponsored a number of community projects to obtain funds. They were also assisted by the Dog Pound Agricultural Society. This new hall is referred to as "the Old Dog Pound Hall" to prevent confusion with the Dog Pound Community Centre at the site which was Dog Pound School.

In the late 1930s the foot races and horse races were discontinued and the event became a stampede or rodeo only, which was directed by the local stampede board and commenced at 1 p.m. It was, for as many years as can be remembered now, and still is, held in July. Formerly it was nearly always held the second Wednesday after the Calgary Stampede but recently it is sometimes the first Wednesday after.

Dog Pound baseball team. Back row: Woodrow Hoffman, Albert Poffenroth, Bud Gano. Middle row: Jimmy McArthur, Loy Robertson, Floyd Banta, Jimmy Williamson. Front: Donnie McLaren, Fred Wilson, Jack Milburn.

For a number of recent years the Dog Pound Stampede was affiliated with the Foothills Cowboy Association but has been an amateur show for the last two years. Beginning with a Grand Entry the events include saddle bronc riding, bareback riding, calf roping, boys' steer riding, steer wrestling, bull riding, wild cow milking and a wild horse race. All must adhere to rules and regulations with judges and timekeepers busy. Pick up men on fast, trained horses do an excellent job as well as many helpers at the chutes and catch pens. Sometimes the prize money has to be split between contestants.

Upon completion of the stampede there is a ball game between two local teams in the early evening, followed by the open air dance which continues to draw crowds from near and far.

Concessions on the grounds featuring games of chance, booths serving refreshments, supplemented by meals served in the hall, are all part of the day. Entry to the grounds has been for many years at the southwest corner. Tickets are sold upon reaching the top of the entrance hill.

Excerpt from Wrigley's Alberta Directory —
"Bottrel — 1920
Alberta Government Telephones long distance service —
William Bercov — Agent
Rebecca Bercov — General store
William Bercov — Postmaster."
"Bottrel — 1928-29
A.G.T. phones — H. Pearson — agent
Ed Arndt — Blacksmith
Durward H. Blatchford — farmer
William Houghton — trucker
Wanda Huston — school teacher
Harry Pearson — General store, garage, A.G.T. phones and Postmaster
Patrick Spence — garage mechanic
Frank Winchell — fox farm."
"Dog Pound — 1920
A Post Office — Section 3-29-4-5. Cochrane Provincial Electoral Division. Reached by biweekly stage from Cochrane on CPR 20 miles south. Atkins nine miles distant is nearest telephone office and has public school. Average value of land is $15. an acre — 40 farmers reside in area. Mixed farming — dairying and stock raising. A.G.T. long distance service. C. A. Grain — Postmaster."
"Cochrane — 1890
Botterell — Proprietor Dog Pound Horse Ranch."

BOTTREL TELEPHONE EXCHANGE

Alberta Government Telephones records state that according to the Annual Report of the Telephone Branch for 1910, the telephone was extended that year from Cochrane to Bottrel, with the construction of a 15-mile long distance line. An exchange at Bottrel store owned by J. T. Boucher, served 14 farms on a rural party line which opened either late in 1910 or early 1911.

The first listing of subscribers appeared in the Official Telephone Directory No. 6, issued December 1911. A copy of the Bottrel page follows:

Bottrel Exchange — Rural Party Line

113 Brink, L. G.
106 Dingley, H.
112 Grain, H. A.
107 Hadly, A.
111 Harbidge, C.
105 Hurry, C. R.
104 Jarrett, H. T.
108 Johnston, J. D.
103 Jones, E.
114 Kirkham, R. F.
109 McRobbie, J.
101 Reid, E. O.
102 Reid, G. A.
110 Sprinthall, H.

The exchange grew, and this growth is shown in the Southern Division Directory for January 1915, which follows:

BOTTREL
Day Service
Rural Subscribers

R608 Atkinson, Thos.
R309 Anderson, John
R502 Borton, W. J.
R107 Boucher, J. T.
R108 Boucher, J. T.
R603 Buckler, David
R410 Burnett, T. D.
R405 Brown, U. S.
R606 Dendy, D. D.
R504 Fry, C.
R312 Gazeley, C. M.
R306 Gentles, A.
R402 Graham, William
R106 Halford, D. A.
R307 Harbottle, Robert
R203 Harbidge, C.
R615 Hayes, A.
R105 Henry, C. R.
R205 Hiney, A. A.
R607 Hoffman, Henry
R409 Jackson, Squire
R104 Jarrett, H. T.
R109 Johnson, J. D.
R406 Kelsey, H.
R303 King, F.
R609 Larson, Mrs. C.
R202 McRobbie, J.
R314 McTavish, James
R613 Masters, T. W.
R505 Moore, Alex
R604 Morgan, John
R503 Mount Hope School
R610 Myram, J.
R310 Oldaker, E. A.
R206 Pogue, Jas.
R407 Rattray, J.
R506 Rattray, J. S.
R616 Reeve, James
R103 Reid, E. O.
R102 Reid, G. A.
R612 Salisbury, C. A.
R311 Savidge, Basil S.
R614 Shafer, Daniel
R305 Shand, Geo.
R315 Shand, L. D.
R602 Shell, C. M.
R403 Stevenson, Geo. M.
R605 Sulier, A. J.
R207 Sulier, V. L.
R313 Thiede, Fred
R304 Thompson, E. Vernon
R411 Tyson, Jas.
R508 Lewis, T. R.
R408 McBain, John
R302 McDonald, Angus, S.
R611 Vaughan, W. R.
R308 Watt, Geo.
R507 Weatherhead, A.
R204 Whitfield, R.

Cremona also appears in the 1915 Directory with the note: For subscribers see Carstairs or Bottrel.

In 1919 a toll office named Atkins was opened, west of the Atkins School near Cremona, in the home of Mrs. A. Mork and was operated by her. This came with the extension of the A.G.T. long distance line No. 220 from Cochrane-Bottrel, to Atkins, to Cremona (old Cremona which was located approximately two miles southeast of the present Cremona) and into Carstairs. This office later became Cremona and moved to the present location, with Mrs. Mork as operator.

The Bottrel Exchange was operated at the Bottrel Store with Miss Irene Atkinson as operator. With the coming of the Atkins line, the subscribers to the north of Bottrel became part of it and south of Bottrel became Cochrane Exchange.

COMMUNITY REFORMED CHURCH

Several families of Dutch origin in the Bottrel and Beaver Dam areas decided to build a little community church. A church and manse were built on the northwest corner of the NW¼ 11-28-4-5 in 1940. Section 11 was school land so the government was petitioned and approximately four acres of land were purchased by the residents for $10.00 per acre. The land was issued in two titled plots — one 2.58 acres, and one 1.70 acres; .05 acres was for road allowance. The construction of the church was volunteer. The dedication service was held on March 20, 1941, with Martin Hoekman as Moderator.

The church had a ladies' group called "The Martha Ladies' Aid." The first funeral service held in the church was for Exie Velthuys in 1941. There were services held there for Charles Wyatt, Eerde Weening, who had burned to death in his house; and Katrina Hupkes. Many wedding ceremonies were also held there. The first wedding vows in the church were given Mary Harbidge and Henry Hupkes.

The Community Reformed Church and manse located in the Bottrel area on Highway 22.

Many student ministers were moderators through the years but at least four times each year a qualified moderator was required to conduct services for communion and to perform baptisms.

Reverend Vander Wolde was the minister at the church from 1951 to 1956. He was the only one to live in the manse. The manse was sold to Raymond and Margaret Robertson in 1968, and moved to their farm near Dog Pound where it is now being used as a private home.

The church was closed July 4, 1971. The closing service was conducted by moderator D. Thomas Stiel.

The little church still stands and is a landmark located on Highway 22, twelve miles north of Cochrane.

BOTTREL BUSY BEAVERS CLUB

When the Second World War broke out on September 2, 1939, a group of ladies living at Bottrel discussed ideas as to how they could help. In the spring of 1940, a meeting was held at Bottrel in the home of Mrs. Nellie Tidball, with the following ladies present: Mrs. Nellie Tidball, Mrs. Lulu Rodgers, Mrs. John Luft, Mrs. Hattie Boggs, Miss Florence Boggs, Mrs. Edith Shand, Mrs. Margaret Betts, Mrs. Marie Boucher, Mrs. Winnie Butler, Mrs. Ella Borton, Mrs. Mary Wigg, Mrs. Lila Haley, and Mrs. Ermine Stevenson.

At that meeting it was decided to join the Canadian Red Cross Society and help wherever possible. Mrs. Lulu Rodgers was the first president, and Mrs. Ella Borton was the first secretary-treasurer. We had many volunteer knitters and sewers who made up things requested by the Headquarters of the Red Cross Society in Calgary.

We put on many functions in the Old Dog Pound Hall; funds raised were contributed to the Society. At Christmas we packed parcels for our boys Overseas. Each month, large parcels of finished garments and other gifts were sent into the Red Cross Headquarters. In those days meetings were held in the homes.

A few members of the Bottrel Busy Beavers Club, taken at the Dog Pound Stampede grounds. Back row: Mrs. Ivy Gano, Mrs. Ermine Stevenson, Mrs. Cora Stevenson, Mrs. Elna Roberts, Mrs. Peggy Duguid, Mrs. Ellen Buckler, Mrs. Margaret Betts, Mrs. Pearl Williams, Mrs. Dorothy Shand. Front: Mrs. Dorothy Myram, Mrs. Mary Wigg, Mrs. Lila Haley, Mrs. Lou Watt, Mrs. Lulu Rodgers.

After the War was over, the ladies of the district decided to organize a Community Club in order to do as we saw fit to help those around us, remembering that the times were still difficult for many, even at home. Thus, the Bottrel Busy Beavers Club was started. In the years which followed, many new members came and went as neighbors moved in and out of the district. We especially liked to remember anyone who was ill, and made special efforts to call on our elderly neighbors.

Each lady, who wished to join the club, paid $1.00 membership fee. We decided to make the Old Dog Pound Hall our meeting place in the summer, and have meetings in the homes in the cold winter months, because homes were more comfortable and friendly. Our Hall seemed to be more central for all members, but, the old Hall needed some renovations; it was decided to hold an Auction Sale in April, with contributions from interested people in the community. It turned out to be a big day, with Joe Taylor donating his services as auctioneer and the ladies club providing lunch. Many useful articles and pieces of equipment from the community changed hands. The sum of $465 was realized, which bought repairs to fix up the hall more comfortably, the husbands of the Beavers donating their time to get things in order. Around $1,000 was donated annually to the Red Cross, Salvation Army, and the Blind Institute, besides help for the community in many ways.

In 1966 plans were made to erect a new hall at the Dog Pound Stampede Grounds, as a Centennial project. Several projects were attempted to raise funds. Members sold tickets on a $100 bill,

which realized $400. A barbecue in August was arranged, and the very hard working committee of members realized $800. Another community sale added to the funds. After the usual difficulties encountered in such a project, the new hall with many improvements and conveniences, was erected. It is a credit to the members' determination and hard work. The Dog Pound Stampede Committee were also contributors.

MALCOLM AND ALBERTA ALLAN — by Isobel Fenton

Mac and Alberta Allan, natives of Perth, Ontario, were married in 1903 and came to the Bottrel district in 1907. In Perth, Mr. Allan had been manager and operator of a creamery and cheese factory but owing to ill health, was forced to seek outdoor work. After leaving Perth, he and his wife went to Cuba, purchased a small tobacco plantation, and took up residence there. They soon found the climate very unsuitable, so they decided to come to Alberta to homestead. Mrs. Allan's brother, William McCue, and his wife, Ethel, had come to Bottrel some months before to homestead. Mr. Allan filed an application for SE¼ 30-28-4-5, and Mr. McCue filed on the NE¼ of the same section. Homesteads at that time cost ten dollars each, and some improvements had to be made the first year, such as fencing, building a house, and breaking about ten to fifteen acres of land. Bill McCue couldn't make his improvements as the land was too rough, so he purchased a C.P.R. quarter cornering his homestead, the SW¼ of 31 in the same township. While a house was being built on the McCue land, the two families lived together in a tent. In 1908 Mr. Allan built his home where his son, Alvy, still resides. Logs were cut, hauled, and sawed into lumber for building.

Once a month the Allans would go to Carstairs for supplies with the team and wagon, leaving early one morning, and returning the next day. They would go across country on angling trails, as there were no roads or fences. Kerosene was scarce, so Mrs. Allan would make candles with the candle mold she had brought with her from Ontario. She even supplied her neighbours.

When Mr. and Mrs. Allan came West, they brought 11 cows with them from Ontario. This started their cattle herd here. It was hard for the pioneers to get started, but an opportunity opened up for work around 1910. There were bridges to be built north of Bottrel on the Red Deer and James Rivers so Mr. and Mrs. Allan applied for work. Mrs. Allan obtained a cooking job, and Mr. Allan blacksmithed. Mrs. Allan cooked for over 40 men for quite a few months. One of these men was James Reeve Sr. who farmed east of Bottrel. She worked long hours at this job, baking all the bread, and even grinding the coffee with a hand grinder. With their wages they were able to get their farm operating.

Mac Allan and his sister, Mrs. Mary Blair, in 1925.

Alvy Allan, his mother, Mrs. Alberta Allan, and Ray Barter in 1945.

About 1917 Bill McCue, who had been a forest ranger on the Red Deer River, decided to move back to Ontario, leaving his homestead land to be farmed by Mr. Allan. In 1944 the land was sold to Elmer Fenton, Mr. Allan's son-in-law, and then in 1968, to Elmer's son, Buster, where he and his family reside.

Around 1918 Mac Allan bought a steam engine and grain separator and threshed each fall for neighbours and other farmers as far as

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Fenton, Elmer M. (Buster) and Janette, in 1937.

Crossfield. Threshing, then, employed many men besides the eight bundle haulers. One man hauled water for the engine in a large wooden tank on a wagon. The water was usually hauled from the nearest creek or spring. Another man stoked the engine's firebox with straw to produce steam. The threshing crew often numbered 15 men.

About 1920 Mr. Allan bought the NW¼ 22-28-4-5, half a mile east of the Bottrel store, from Dan McDougall. Charlie Brown operated a blacksmith shop on the northwest corner of this land. Later, the shop caught fire and burned down. This land is now the home of the Bruns and Marsland families.

Around 1930 Mac Allan bought a C.P.R. quarter, the SE¼ 31-28-4-5, for pasture. At this time this land was sold for four dollars per acre, and the taxes were $9.00 per quarter each year. In 1940 Mrs. Allan sold this land to her daughter and son-in-law. The Fentons lived there for 11 years and in 1968 sold it to their son John. He and his family live there.

In the 1920s Mrs. Allan raised many baby chicks for sale to her neighbours. One year she hatched 2,100 baby chicks from setting hens. She charged 10¢ each for the chicks. Mrs. Allan was also a great berry picker. Each summer she would pick all the wild fruit needed for winter. In the fall she would pick many 100 pound sacks of cranberries for sale, to help buy the family's winter clothing.

In 1933 Mac Allan worked with a team of horses on the Lake Louise-Jasper Highway when it was being built.

During the Depression, Mr. Allan sold his calves to Burns and Co. in Calgary. He had to chase the cows and calves to Cochrane on horseback, cut out the calves and load them on the train, and bring all the cows home again. In 1934 calves weighing around 450 pounds brought $5.00 each. Steers were selling for 1½¢ per pound. Cattle prices were poor for several years, but despite the bad conditions, the Allans enjoyed their life. Friends would gather at the Allans' home and sing, and play rolls of music on the player piano which Mrs. Allan had brought from the East. There were lots of house parties to go to. Folks moved their furniture outside to make room for everyone to dance, and whoever could play an instrument provided the music. Folks went to dances held in the old Dog Pound Hall, children and babies too. If the children got tired, they slept on the platform behind the piano. The dances lasted until three or three-thirty a.m. Mr. and Mrs. Allan drove a team of horses and democrat to attend.

Mr. and Mrs. Allan had two children: a son, Alvy, and a daughter, Isobel, who married Elmer Fenton. Elmer and Isobel have seven children, Janette (Mrs. Dave Whittle), Cochrane, Donna (Mrs. Gary Smith), Olds, Marlene (Mrs. Robert Phillips), Priddis, and Buster, Jim, John and Allan, all near Bottrel.

In 1936 Mr. Allan passed away at the age of 60 years, after a very brief illness. Mrs. Allan continued living at the homestead, and farmed with the help of her son and an old friend of the family, Raymond Barter, until her passing in 1953, at the age of 74 years.

These two pioneers lived through many difficult times, but always gave much of their time and help to community affairs, and to folks less fortunate than themselves. Mr. Allan helped haul logs and build the Dartigue Lodge in 1934. The Allans had many good neighbours. Tyrells were very good friends. They had Christmas and New Year's celebrations with the Allans for many years. Mrs. George Reid sent a large box of candy and goodies to the students of the Westbrook School once every year after they moved to Calgary. To the north of the Allans lived the Lewis family. They had come to Bottrel about the same time as the Allans. This land is now owned by Morgan Lewis' nephew, Owen Phillips of Cochrane. The Alex Moores and the Alex Weatherheads, relatives of Mrs. Allan, lived near Harbottles.

FRANK AMIDON — by Ethel Amidon

Frank Harry Amidon was born in Bement, Illinois, August 15, 1883, living there until moving to Canada. He married Nona Fay Felger in 1906; they came to Canada in 1908 and lived at Cheadle, Alberta, where their daughter Fleeta was born. They farmed near Cheadle until 1911, then they purchased a hardware business in Cheadle. Five years later the hardware was destroyed by fire, so they moved back to the farm, where their son Raymond was born.

Mr. Amidon drove a truck for several years for a friend in Calgary. In 1929 he and his family moved to Bottrel where he purchased a half section of land from J. J. Bowlen, the S½ 26-28-4-5. They lived with Milford Boucher until they built a small shack on their land, where they lived until their log house and barn was completed. Water was hauled in a barrel, with a team, from the Dog Pound Creek near the

Bottrel store, where the Amidons did their trading. There were no gravel roads. Mr. Amidon worked on the roads with four horses and a fresno for some time. They milked cows and fed hogs, and farmed with horses for several years. They owned several beef cattle, their brand being Half Diamond F Lazy F.

Frank Amidon was trustee for the West Brook School which Raymond attended. He did trucking in the district and friends and neighbors gathered together and went in the truck with Frank and Nona to concerts and dances.

Mr. and Mrs. Amidon resided in the Bottrel district and celebrated their 60th Wedding Anniversary in 1967, before moving to Calgary in 1968. In 1970 they moved to the George Boyack Nursing Home, where they now reside in fairly good health.

Fleeta married Earle Miller. They own and manage race horses. They have two sons, Donald and Dale, and two daughters, Dixie and Fae. They all live in Calgary except Fae, who lives in Edmonton.

Raymond married me (Ethel Postlethwaite) and we have one daughter, Laura Mae, and one son, Duane. Both children attended West Brook School. In 1945 we purchased the NE¼ 22-28-4-5 from Charlie Price, who lived in a log shack which is still in use as a chicken house. Our brand is Half Diamond R Lazy A.

Laura Mae worked in Calgary for a while; she married Tony Finkewich and they live in Manitoba. They have two daughters, Fae and Glenda Ann. Duane married Keryle Lindquist, and they have one daughter, Jolene. They reside on our home farm.

JOHN AND HETTIE ANDERSON — by Mary Bailey

Just why our parents, John and Hettie Anderson, with their two sons, Walter and Alfred, decided to leave their home near Twodot, Montana, and come to Alberta, I know not. I do know from a paper I have, that they crossed the border into Canada with a covered wagon, which Mother drove; 15 horses and cows trailed behind. I have the paper with a description of each horse, and a drawing of the brand that was either on the horse's right or left shoulder.

Father received his certificate of naturalization, on September 3, 1907, at Calgary, Alberta. He received his certificate of recommendation for Homestead Patent on January 8, 1908. This certificate was countersigned at Ottawa, the fifth of February, 1908. In 1911 Father was trustee for the Mount Hope School District.

Father was born in Sweden, and Mother was born in Holland. Alfred and Walter were born in Montana, but my sister, Marguerite, and I were born in the log house that Father built on the farm situated near the old Dog Pound Post Office.

I suppose our farm was similar to the farms around us. Father went in for mixed farming. There were sheep, horses, cows, pigs, turkeys, and chickens. There were fields of oats, barley, wheat, timothy and rape. We all had chores to do. I can see my brother Alfred riding for the cows; sometimes he rode bareback, with our dog Roco running happily ahead of the horse. The cows were hand milked. Then the milk was put into the separator where the cream came out of one spout, and the skim milk out of another. From the cream Mother made butter, which was traded for groceries at the Bottrel or Sampsonton store. The skim milk was carried in pails to feed the motherless lambs, the hens and hogs.

In the spring Father, driving four horses, could be seen ploughing, discing, harrowing, or seeding the upper and lower fields. In the summer two horses pulled the mower or rake. Grass was cut and made into haycocks, and finally hauled in a hayrack to the haymow in the barn. In the fall the grain was cut and the sheaves dropped at intervals from the binder. These sheaves were picked up and made into stooks. The wagons with racks came and the sheaves were piled into loaf-like grain stacks. Soon the threshing machine arrived with many men, wagons, and horses. Each man knew the part he had to play. I believe the first community threshing machine was run by Lou Shand. The thresher was powered by six horses going around and around. A man stood in the centre to keep them going evenly.

The arrival of the threshing crew caused Mother to hustle with the making of pies, bread, and biscuits. Vegetables were cleaned and peeled, and meat was roasted. Neighbours often helped each other. How wonderful for Mother to see her neighbor coming through the field carrying a kettle filled with something good to put on the table for the hungry threshing gang.

Winters were different. Many things were done in the house where it was warm. Sometimes a newly born lamb could be found behind the stove where it came to life with the warmth around it. I remember when Alfred and I scraped the frost from a bit of the windowpane so we could watch Father drive into the yard with steaming horses, pulling a sleigh loaded with logs. Father's fur coat was white with frost around his collar. How wonderful our kitchen, with its supper smells, must have seemed to him.

Our nearest neighbors were the George Watts, and the Gazeleys. There are Watts still living on the Watt farm, but our home is empty. It sits there alone and lonely; surely it knows of our memories. Memories of riding to Mount Hope School carrying our lunch pails, meeting the Gazeley children, also on ponies, at the corner, and riding the last two miles together. We must have had wonderful teachers to enable us to be filled with such interesting memories which still bind us together, after all these years.

Although our family lived near Dog Pound and Bottrel, Cochrane seemed very important to us. It seems that it was there that Father es-

tablished his credit. During the years we lived there all his business was conducted in Cochrane. Cochrane, to us, as children, was important also. That was where our mail was brought from; parcels, catalogues, papers and letters. At first a buggy or democrat was used to bring it to our Post Office. Later a Model T did this important work. Those huge hundred-pound sacks of flour and sugar were hauled from Cochrane; there was the dentist, the doctor, the hotel, where once in awhile we ate and slept. Cochrane was where the big, noisy train came to a shunting stop. No wonder we loved going to Cochrane! We loved the long ride of 25 miles in the democrat, I feel I can still hear the harness jingling as the horses plodded or trotted over the narrow, rutted, and sometimes very muddy road. As we drove along we sat and watched for tiger lilies, ladies' slippers, or wild roses. We saw gophers standing tall, watching us as we went on our way. Sometimes a coyote could be seen slinking along in a field, or sitting by the Cochrane Lakes watching ducks swimming or diving.

I remember when the men came and put in the first telephone poles along the road. These never-ending poles brought a change to our community; to me, even now, a telephone is something magic.

We were bound even more to Cochrane when our brother Walter died, and was buried in Cochrane cemetery, where our parents also rest.

When our second house was built in 1915, the bricks for it were hauled from Cochrane. My brother, then 12 years old, remembers driving a team pulling a heavy load of bricks up the hill out of Cochrane, and he remembers how he and Father once had to take down a fence to avoid a mud hole which stretched across the road. In the fall, along this same road, our lambs were driven to Cochrane, and in the spring those huge bags of wool were hauled through Cochrane on the way to Calgary.

Today when Cochrane is mentioned, or when we drive down the front street, as we did so long ago, and as we look on those Cochrane hills, we feel as if we have come home. Home again to memories that never seem to fade.

WILLIAM ARMSTRONG

William (Bill) Armstrong was born in Ontario, coming to Bow City, Alberta, in 1912. He was a sailor in his earlier years. In 1928 he moved to the Bottrel district, where he purchased some land (S½ 35-28-4-5) and farmed for many years.

Bill was a great lover of horses and spent many hours training them. They were like pets to him. He was also a very good pancake maker. When people dropped in there were always some pancakes on hand. He even fed them to his horses.

Children were always a special part of Bill's life. He was very fond of them. Toot Reeve would take a glass of water to him when he was working in the field. Bill would stop his team and watch Toot walk through the field toward him. He would then get down and share a glass of water with her. Then she'd toddle back home, and Bill would begin working once again.

After World War Two, Bill sold his farm to the Hehn brothers, and he purchased the SE¼ 22-28-4-5, where he resided until his passing on October 9, 1961.

THE ED ARNDT FAMILY — by Louise Arndt

In his early twenties, Ed Arndt and a friend drove a team and wagon from North Dakota to Crossfield, where Ed worked at odd jobs.

In 1917 Ed and I, Louie Wyatt, were married in South Dakota, where we lived for one year. We returned to Bottrel and lived on several farms before we bought the SE¼ 10-28-4-5 from Charlie Salisbury (the Mo Adams homestead). We built ourselves a log house and barn. It was quite a job handling those logs.

Ed had a shop at Bottrel where he shod horses. Many of them were Banff horses that were brought down here to pasture during the winter. In the spring they were brought to Ed to be shod before they were taken back to Banff to be used for packing and trail riding. Ed was very handy and also did some blacksmith work in his shop.

Our boys, Steve and Dennis, were both born at Bottrel and went to the old West Brook School.

When we lived on Mr. Boucher's place just south and east of the West Brook School, Margaret Gordon, the West Brook schoolteacher, boarded with us. She paid us five dollars per week.

In 1936 we sold our place to the Hupkes Bros. and bought the Orr Fenton farm, the S½ 34-26-4-5, at Cochrane Lakes, for $3,500.00. There were buildings, a well, and over 100 acres broke on this place. A windstorm in the 1960s blew the roof off the 50 foot barn, knocked down telephone poles, blew the rack off the wagon and all the shingles off our granary roof.

We milked several cows and sold our cream to the Cochrane creamery. We always stacked our grain crop. When the threshing machine moved in we only needed three or four men to pitch bundles and shovel grain. Our fields were then clear to pasture our cattle and we would not have to wait for the stooks to dry out after snowstorms before we could thresh our crop.

During World War II, Steve was in the Army for one month but was discharged so he could help on the farm. He married Dorothy Wilson, daughter of Wes and Leslie Wilson of Cochrane. Steve and Dorothy live at Dog Pound. Steve is a mechanic and Dorothy often plays her accordion at dances. They have two children, Betty and Linda. Linda has won at local talent shows with her singing.

Dennis was in the Army for three years during the Second World War. He married

Dorothy's sister, Roberta. They have two children, Gail and Ross. Dennis is employed as a mechanic in Calgary.

Ed passed away in December 1964. Dennis now owns our farm. I am retired and have a home in Calgary.

In 1975 the log house we built on the SE¼ 10-28-4-5 was dismantled and rebuilt at Morley to be used in the movie Buffalo Bill and the Indians.

THE THOMAS ATKINSON FAMILY — by Sam Peverell

The Atkinsons came from Durham, England. Thomas Atkinson, my grandad, came out in 1909 with a son, Herbert, and a daughter, Annie. Herbert was drowned while working on the Bassano Dam at Gleichen, where he was buried in 1911. Annie married Harry Chivers and resided in Calgary. My grandmother came out in 1911 with daughters, Alma and Irene (Rene), and son, Sam. Another daughter, Elizabeth, and her husband, Harry Peverell, (my parents) came a little later. Alma taught school at Summit Hill. She married Fred Morecombe, a minister in the Bottrel area. Irene married Jim Loughery, who was born in New Brunswick. The Atkinsons lived on the Urquhart place (now owned by Clarence Beierback) when they first came to the Bottrel area. They bought the Oscar Sundstrom farm (NE¼ 24-28-4-5), and later a place at Deer Springs (NE¼ 36-28-5-5). Sam lived there for awhile. Grandma Atkinson died in 1933 or 1934 and Grandad in 1936 at the age of 84.

Mr. J. T. Boucher had a cheese factory built at Bottrel. Jim Loughery was hired to operate it. Later it was changed over to a creamery and Jim made butter there prior to his managing the creamery at Cochrane. The Cochrane creamery was located on the site of the Texaco garage when Jim first joined the Association, as it was known then. In 1921 the creamery was moved to its present location. In the early 1930s, Jim Loughery acquired all the shares. He passed away in 1936, and Rene managed the creamery. Sam Atkinson moved into Cochrane to help his sister and stayed with her until the fall of 1939. Sam wished to return to his farm at Bottrel so my wife, Muriel, and I moved to Cochrane and I worked in the creamery for my aunt. The creamery closed in December 1974. Jim and Rene had one daughter, Olive, who now lives just outside of Ottawa. Irene Loughery remarried in 1950 and moved to Moyie, British Columbia, where she and her husband, Ernie Ostrander, owned Moyie Lake cabins. They later sold out and moved to Penticton, and then to Vancouver, where Ernie passed away. My aunt moved back to Cochrane where she passed away in 1968.

For several years Sam Atkinson hauled the cream from the Bottrel-Dog Pound area to Cochrane. In the early days roads were often mud-laden, or filled with snow. Because of this Sam had to have his truck pulled out of the ditch many times. Jimmy McArthur worked for Sam and remembers the times he had to pull out the truck, sometimes late at night, in a storm or freezing temperatures.

Mrs. Loughery and daughter Olive.

One time Jimmy went hunting and came into Sam's house feeling half frozen. Sam asked if he had unloaded the gun, which Jimmy proceeded to do with cold, stiff fingers. The gun went off leaving a hole near the bottom of the door. That was one experience neither of them ever forgot.

Sam was a bachelor and many of the young fellows would stop in to pay him a visit. He passed away in August 1970.

ARTHUR G. ATTHOW

While still a boy, Arthur came to Canada from Lincolnshire, England, his birth place. He trained horses at Brampton, Ontario, and then moved west to Winnipeg, Manitoba, in the 1880s. Under the employ of the Joseph Lemon Stables in Winnipeg he was one of the first people to move horses through Calgary in 1889.

In 1912 he moved to Calgary and worked as a horse trainer with Danny Lowes. Later he was trainer and handler at T. B. Jenkinson's Virginia Ranch at Dog Pound.

Mr. Atthow, who was a well-known horse trainer, drove Hackneys and Standardbreds and

also rode high jumpers in many prairie horse shows.

He served Overseas with the Cavalry Division during World War I. Mr. Atthow died in the Colonel Belcher Hospital in September 1957, and is buried in the Field of Honor, Burnsland Cemetery.

MR. AND MRS. THURMAN AULT

Early in the 1900s Thurman and Elizabeth Ault came to the Dog Pound district with Mrs. Ault's brother, Mr. Spain. They came from Bozeman, Montana, and took up a homestead on SE¼ 2-29-4-5, and bought the adjacent SW¼ 1, where they built. They had one son, Shannon, who died in 1907 of typhoid fever contracted from drinking slough water. They left the farm and lived in Calgary for a few years, where Mr. Ault had a draying business. Not finding city life to their liking, they returned to the homestead. The first land broken on the homestead was done by Charlie Salisbury with his yoke of oxen.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Ault were active in community work. Mr. Ault is remembered for his singing. They got together with their neighbours and had house parties and dances. When the neighbour children got the mail at the Dog Pound Post Office they would deliver Mrs. Ault's mail and were always treated to cookies and milk. The Aults were on the Bottrel telephone exchange, and later switched over to Crossfield.

In the spring of 1926 Fred Wilson came out from England, and worked for the Aults. They sold out to him in 1927, and moved back to Bozeman, where Thurman passed away in the 1940s, and Mrs. Ault in 1968.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Ault's house. Back row: Art Clarke, Mrs. and Mr. Ault. Front: Mrs. A. M. Wilson and her son Fred.

THOMAS BAILEY

Mr. Bailey, who lived at Bottrel before World War 1, enlisted and served Overseas. He got his land, the S½ 18-28-4-5, following the War. Mr. and Mrs. Bailey lived with Ben Vincent while their home was being built. Miss Edna Hill, a teacher at Westbrook School, boarded with them during the 1923-24 school term.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Bailey and girls, taken at the Osborn Reid home, 1925.

The Baileys had two daughters. They sold out and returned to England.

MRS. ANNABELLE BALDERSON

Mrs. Balderson was born in St. Paul, Minnesota, and came to the Carbon, Alberta, area at a very early age. She and seven of her sixteen children came to the Bottrel district in August 1934, from Bircham, east of Crossfield. Miss Janet Smith (Mrs. Harry Jones) was teaching at Summit Hill School at this time. The addition of the Balderson family livened up the classroom. Many church and school picnics were held at Baldersons, as well as ball games, skating parties and wiener roasts.

Mrs. Balderson sold out to her son-in-law, Stan Buckler, in the mid-1940s, and moved to Calgary, where she lived until her death in the spring of 1976 at the age of 91.

MR. AND MRS. ABNER BANTA — by Mrs. C. M. Banta

Ab and I came with our three-month-old son, Ellis, to the Yarham place at Madden, Alberta, from Endicott, Washington, in 1906. We were looking for land to run our cattle on. Ab's brother Jim had come in 1903 and sent home word of land for sale, also homesteads still available.

In 1910 we bought the McLaughlin brothers' homesteads on N½ 36-28-4-5. Earl and Lori McLaughlin each built a one-roomed house which they moved together. They put the house beside a spring, and by sharing the home and the work, living on the homestead was not too bad an ordeal. They had 15 acres cleared and broken.

Floyd was born soon after we moved to the McLaughlin place, and later came John. In 1911 we built the two-storey house still being lived in by the Howard Farquharson family. We dug a well under the house and had a pump in the kitchen. We built a barn too, which is still standing.

We bought a quarter section from Jim Reeve, and one from Jim Banta, their homesteads, giving us the whole of section 36. Those were busy

years, clearing and breaking the land, putting up hay and harvesting grain. Like many other pioneer women, I drove a team and helped with the farming. We always kept eight or ten work horses. The horse brand was B N Bar. We had up to 120 head of cattle, branding them with the Bar BN. We drove our cattle to Crossfield, then shipped them to market by train. I helped on these drives. Later Jack Harrison came and bought the cattle on the farm.

One time I went back to Washington to visit Mother. When I was away Ab bought a Ford car. He taught me to drive and I did most of the driving, as Ab lost his vision in one eye due to an accident in 1903.

We got our mail at Dog Pound Post Office on the Virginia Ranch, then Bottrel, and later at New Dog Pound when the post office was moved in 1929.

Our children went to Summit Hill School, which was the community centre for Christmas concerts, dances, and on Sunday there was Church and Sunday School. Ab served on the school board.

Ab helped with the building of the first roads in the district. He plowed a furrow along the side of the road, then this furrow was pulled in and smoothed off. Road building was much different with horses than with the gasoline powered grader Floyd used on the roads in later years.

We got a telephone first on the Bottrel exchange, and later, on the Crossfield line.

The police used to ride horseback throughout the country. In the early days there was quite a lot of horse stealing, so the police made a circuit checking the neighbourhood, and often stopped in for dinner.

For entertainment we had house parties. I remember getting together with the neighbours, the Hayes, Aults, Lowes, Reeves, Masters, Bucklers, Larsons, Shafers, and Salisburys.

During long evenings at home, I knitted long stockings for the boys, made quilts, and did some crocheting.

Ab passed away in 1948.

I moved into the Crossfield Senior Citizens Home in 1975.

MR. AND MRS. JAMES R. BANTA — by Roy R. Banta

In 1903 my father, James R. Banta, came to the Northwest Territories (now Alberta), from Endicott, Washington State, and filed on the SE¼ 36-28-4-5. On November 14 of that same year, he and my mother (Pearl) were married. Shortly after their marriage they came to the Territories, but did not live on the homestead which was "proved up" by breaking 30 acres.

My parents later sold this land to my father's brother Abner who owned the N½ 36-28-4-5. My uncle farmed it until about 1945 when he and his wife Mae retired to Crossfield, where he died in 1948. Mae Banta later sold this land to Howard Farquharson, who still farms it.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Banta and their children, Eva, Roy and Flossie.

My father bought Sections 5-29-2-5 for $5 per acre, and this is where my parents built their home. Their post office was Sampsonton which was first owned by Arthur Sampson, and then in succession by Samuel Nickolson, C. J. Urquhart, Eph Buschert, Guy Burke, George Pearson, and then members of the Tidball family. When the railroad came through about 1928, the Sampsonton store was closed and the store and post office reopened beside the railroad at Madden.

Our family included my older sister Eva, who married Bill Marles, and my two younger sisters, Flossie, who married Anton Nickolson, and Bessie, who married Alf Indergard. I married Eva McTavish.

Following the death of my mother in 1920, my father married Mrs. Maude Robinson of Portland, Oregon, who had two daughters, Dorothy, (Mrs. J. H. Page) and Lucille (Mrs. J. A. Shannon).

In 1962 the family farm was sold and my parents retired to Calgary where my father died in April 1967, at the age of 89 years.

I recall overhearing my dad and Jim Reeve talking about the good old days. The latter's preparation to put in a crop was a trip to town for two sweat pads (for horses), a jug of formaldehyde and a plug of tobacco. When harvest time came he stooked in the forenoon, by which time the flies had driven the horses into the barn, so he hitched them to the binder for an afternoon of cutting.

From about 1913 on, one of my most memorable recollections was the Dog Pound picnic. A bountiful picnic lunch, often the first fried chicken of the season, potato salad and fresh baked bread with homemade butter, was packed by most families, and all members of the family would load into a buggy, hack, democrat, or wagon for the trip.

The road to the Dog Pound picnic grounds used to enter straight up the hill on the east side. This was O.K. for horse drawn vehicles but for those first two brand new Model Ts it was different. They had to back up that steep hill. It seems they had more power in reverse than in low gear.

The first events of the day were the foot races, broad and high jumps for all age groups. Prizes were 15¢ for first, 10¢ for second, and 5¢ for third, paid on the spot. I recall one little girl, seeing track suits for the first time, went crying to her dad saying, "I don't like seeing those men in their underwear!"

Next came the school pony race, Indian race, open ½ mile and relay race, where the rider circled the track on one horse, then changed his saddle to a fresh horse for one more run around the track. There was also a 100 yard cowhide race, where a mounted rider dragged a dry cowhide with his partner on it at the end of a 30 foot rope.

For a six-year-old boy a horrible and dramatic experience was seeing a horse cross the finish line with a broken front leg dangling. It was led into the trees and shot by a Mountie.

In later years they had a Model T race. The winner was the driver who could circle the track the slowest in high gear without stalling.

The first rodeo event was riding a horse snubbed to a saddlehorn and blindfolded until the rider was in the saddle, then it was just horse, rider and all outdoors. Later they built corrals and chutes and the events were bronc riding, bareback and saddle; steer riding for men and boys (two hands for boys and one for men), and in still later years there was calf roping.

The Dog Pound picnic wasn't without its sideshows. Two that I remember: Dewey, a Negro gentleman from Cochrane, put his head out through a canvas and let people throw tennis balls at him from a distance of 30 feet, three balls for a quarter and double your money back if you hit him. The other: a farmer had a mean sow in a pen about 20 feet square with four foot high sides. He offered $10 to anyone who would stay in the pen with her for ten seconds. A tall young Indian wearing a Stetson hat and suit coat which he didn't bother to take off, vaulted over the fence. The sow charged him, roaring like a grizzly bear, which froze my blood. He leaped over her, landing behind her but facing her. Reaching down he took one hind leg and flipped her on her back; holding her foot about four feet off the ground, he held her for a good ten seconds. He dropped her foot and vaulted over the fence, to collect his $10. This caused consternation, as they hadn't expected anyone would win it, so the $10 had to be found.

Among the first people to have a refreshment concession on the grounds were Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stevens, who operated a bakery and later a grocery store and ice cream parlor in Crossfield. The day prior to the picnic they would drive the 21 miles to the grounds with a wagon loaded with blocks of ice, cans of cream, custard and a large ice cream freezer driven by a gasoline engine, also lemons for lemonade, cases of oranges, three foot stems of bananas and in later years, Iron Brew. As I recall, they sold all the ice cream they could make for 5¢ a cone.

Happy memories for a small boy!

MR. AND MRS. BARNES

Mr. and Mrs. Barnes bought the SE¼ 28-28-3-5, which was homesteaded by Charles Anderson. Their son Alfred rode horseback two miles to Summit Hill School, stopping to get Irene Gano to give her a ride. The Barnes sold out to Lloyd Havens in 1918. Lloyd sold the land to his brother Jess, who sold to George Fulthorpe after George returned from service in World War Two.

W. HAMPTON BARNETT — by W. H. Barnett Jr.

My father's name was William Hampton Barnett, and my mother was Effie G. Barnett. They are both deceased. Their children were William Hampton, Jr., Lewis D. (deceased), Margaret V., Robert L., Mary G., Everett E., Howard S., Earl R. and Minnie L. (deceased).

We arrived in Calgary from Virginia, May 9, 1915. My father came to Bottrel, and bought SE¼ 22-28-4-5, and the NW¼ 14-28-4-5, the homesteads of J. T. Capps and W. Capps. Along with his family, my father brought Dewey Blaney, who was a Negro about 16 years of age. Dewey remained in the area after our family left in November 1926.

My father returned to Bottrel around 1932 and stayed until 1938. My grandfather, William Hatcher Barnett, visited Bottrel in 1933, and passed away while there. He is buried in the Bottrel cemetery. He was about 90 years old, and was a Civil War Veteran (1861-1865).

Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Barnett (Isabelle), and Raymond Barnett, arrived at Bottrel between 1912 and 1914. They bought the SE¼ 22-28-4-5, the homestead of J. V. Capps. They are all deceased and are buried in Calgary. Mr. J. T. Boucher's second wife was Isabelle Barnett's sister, Margaret.

I live in Salem, Virginia.

THE BECK FAMILY — by Elise S. Hanson (nee Beck)

Gordon and Mary Beck came to Capitol Hill in Calgary from Boston, Massachusetts, in 1912. In 1914 they moved to Cochrane and purchased the Scotty Wright place. In 1916 they moved to the James Andison homestead.

On October 9, 1919, there had been a huge fall of snow. It was a very cold winter and the snow stayed right through until late spring, then there was a quick thaw and much flooding. The Becks lost most of their cattle for lack of feed, so in 1920 they moved to Calgary.

There were nine children. Elizabeth married Ted Morgan of Bottrel. Hilda married Robert Godlonton of Madden. Six of the family are still living.

Gordon and Mary passed away in 1947. They always thought of Cochrane as their home.

THE EUGENE BILLO FAMILY — by Eugenie Butler

My parents, Eugene and Leontine Billo, and their six children, Louis, Eugenie, Antoinette, Germaine, Delphine and Robert, came to the Bottrel area in the spring of 1924 from Lethbridge.

Having rented a half section from J. T. Boucher, we loaded our belongings, which consisted of household items, a herd of twenty milk cows, a bull, and a couple of horses, on the freight train and came to Cochrane. My dad and brother drove the cattle from Cochrane, and the household items were loaded on wagons and taken to Bottrel. My mother and the children came in Eph Buschert's truck. We stayed at Buscherts until our furniture arrived.

The place we rented was known as the Evan Jones farm, a mile west of Bottrel. We farmed the land on top of the hill just east of the store. Our herd of cows was a mixture of Shorthorns, Jerseys and Ayrshires. We shipped cream to Cochrane, made a comfortable living, and spent a happy three years there. Our brand was E reverse B half diamond.

Eph Buschert had the store and Post Office. We became very good friends with the Buschert children, and used to go swimming in the Dog Pound Creek, just north of the bridge. Ina Reeve and my sister Delphine became very good friends.

Antoinette, Germaine and Delphine went to school at Westbrook. We did not have enough saddle horses for them to ride, so our family either walked or went by horse and buggy.

The Henry Brothers had a housekeeper, Mrs. Kerr, who had a wee daughter, Mary. The favorite gathering place for parties seemed to be the Henrys; they had the first radio in the district, and we often danced to the music of the "Old-Timers" on Friday nights. We often danced to the violin music of George Butler and Barney Moran. If there happened to be a piano where we met, Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Homer Gano or Merle Elliott would chord.

Marguerite was born in 1926. She became a teacher and taught in the Turner Valley area, where she married Howard Robison. Antoinette and I were both married while living at Bottrel. I married George Butler, and Antoinette married Leonard Dussault of Carstairs. Delphine became a nurse, Germaine helped at home, and Louis later went to St. Paul, Alberta, married and farmed there. Robert died at an early age as the result of a very severe asthmatic condition.

Delphine Billo, Margaret Barnett and Alice Harbidge at West Brook School.

THE BIRKETT FAMILY

In the 1920s Pearl and Sadie Birkett bought the John D'Artigue homestead (SW¼ 24-28-5-5), the adjoining southeast quarter, and the NE¼ of the same section and a quarter of C.P.R. land, the NE¼ 13-28-5-5.

Pearl was born in Ellsworth, Minnesota. He taught school for awhile then ran a rail mail service between Grand Forks, North Dakota, and Gretna, Manitoba.

Pearl was a grain buyer and was in the grain business for 45 years. He started in Minnesota when elevators were run by horsepower. The Birketts moved to Sharon, North Dakota, and later homesteaded on the Missouri River, near Garrison, North Dakota. They moved to Star City, Saskatchewan, in 1912, where they homesteaded again and farmed with oxen. Here Pearl also ran a grain elevator in Star City during the winter. In 1915, after proving up on his homestead, he travelled for the Saskatchewan Co-op Grain Company buying grain in other parts of Saskatchewan. The Birketts came from Woodrow, Saskatchewan, to Calgary, where Pearl was a travelling superintendent in Southern Alberta for the Nicholas Bawlf Grain Company, for about ten years before moving to Bottrel. While living at Bottrel, Pearl ran the Alberta Pacific Elevator in Madden.

Their only child, Lloyd, was born in Sharon, North Dakota. He worked for the Hudson's Bay Mackenzie River Transport Company at Waterways, Alberta, about three miles from Fort McMurray, for three years, then moved to

the land his father owned at Bottrel in October, 1930. Lloyd married Jessie Rose Reid of Calgary in 1932. Rose's father was one of the first five mail carriers in Calgary. Her parents had come from Wick, Scotland, to Calgary, around 1900. Lloyd and Rose had two sons, Miles Lloyd, born in 1933, and Jack Alexander, born in 1937, while the Lloyd Birketts lived at Bottrel.

The D'Artigue log house, which had been built in 1886, had been vacant for about seven years before Lloyd came to live at Bottrel. The house was moved and renovated when Lloyd and his family lived there. Lloyd's parents lived with them for a while, and then had Charlie Pedeprat build them a new log cabin on the adjoining half of the SE¼ of 24.

The Birketts sold their land to the Soldier Settlement Board in 1946 and Pearl and Sadie moved to Calgary, then to Sylvan Lake. Lloyd and his family moved to Okotoks.

Sadie's maiden name was House, and she was born in 1880 in South Bend, Indiana. She passed away September 4, 1953, while they were living at Sylvan Lake. Pearl then moved to Okotoks to be near his son. Pearl passed away October 23, 1966, at the age of 90 years. Pearl's father was in the American Civil War.

Lloyd and Rose still live at Okotoks but have a summer cabin on the Waiparous, northwest of Cochrane, where they spend a great deal of their time.

The Soldier Settlement Board sold the Birkett land at Bottrel to William and Dorothy MacKintosh in 1946. The D'Artigue homestead is now owned by Jack Leslie, a former Calgary mayor, and the rest of the land has been subdivided.

MARLOW ELLIOTT BLATCHFORD — by Shirley Rushfeldt

Marlow Elliott Blatchford was born April 17, 1909, at Woodstock, Ontario, to Norman and Pearl Blatchford. He has one sister, Norma, living in the United States. His mother died in 1914 leaving him and his sister to be raised by relatives. He received his education at Woodstock.

In 1924 Marlow came West. He worked on a grain farm near Nanton, Alberta, for the next two years. In 1926 he moved to Bottrel with his uncle, Durward Blatchford. At that time his uncle purchased the Boucher farm located on the flat south of the Bottrel store. For the following two years Marlow drove a truck for Tom Tidball, who at that time owned the Bottrel store. While Marlow was at Bottrel he played baseball for the Bottrel Baseball Club.

On February 2, 1933, Marlow married Alice Harbidge. In 1935 they bought a quarter section of land from the C.P.R. — SW¼ 13-28-5-5, which was located approximately one mile southwest of the Dartigue Hall. Later they purchased more land, a half section approximately two miles south of the hall. They farmed there until 1951, then sold their farm and moved to Cochrane. In 1951 Marlow established a trucking business, working for Shell Oil for approximately ten years. The following eight years he did general trucking. He sold his trucks in 1969. For the past six and one half years he has been employed by Bill Wearmouth Holdings Ltd., Calgary.

Marlow and Alice had two sons, Lloyd, born and died in 1934, and Norman, born in 1936 and died in 1950. They have a daughter Shirley, born in 1939. Shirley married Mervin L. Rushfeldt. They reside in Edmonton with their five children.

PETER AND JOHN BLOCK

Peter and John Block bought the SE¼ 13-28-4-5 from Leonard Beddoes. They built a hip-roofed house. John was married, but he and his wife didn't stay there long. Peter lived by himself on his isolated farm. He was a faithful member of the Community Reform Church. He kept honey bees. He now lives in a lodge at Edson, Alberta, and the land is owned by Henry Jansen Jr.

THE BOAZGATE FAMILY

The Boazgates homesteaded the NE¼ 15-28-4-5. They had one son and one daughter. They left the Bottrel area about 1915. The Bill Hindes family now live on this land.

THE BOGGS FAMILY — by Florence Boggs

Oliver A. Boggs with his wife Harriet and their family moved to Daysland, Alberta, in April 1911, from Sioux City, Iowa. At that time they had five children, George, Bedford, Florence, Clarence and Stanley. Five more children were born at Daysland. They were Merlin (Slim), Donald, Lucille, Oliver and Richard. The family farmed there until 1929. They had a Hereford show herd which won fame from Coast to Coast for fourteen years. Bedford was the herdsman.

When the dry years came to the prairies, the Boggs family moved to Turner Valley, Alberta, and worked in the lumber business. They moved from there to Bottrel in August 1935, still retaining some of their show herd. Oliver, Bedford and Stanley showed cattle at various fairs. One bull showed at the Toronto Royal Winter Fair won second prize. A junior yearling bull, Carlos Real, entered by Florence Boggs, won the junior and grand championships in the Hereford classes at the Saskatoon Exhibition, was Grand Champion at the Calgary Diamond Jubilee Exhibition, and Reserve Grand Champion at Edmonton, in 1945. In 1941 Richard Boggs and Vair Reid, of Cremona, won second prize in judging at Toronto.

George remained in Daysland when the family moved from there. He worked in a garage, obtained his mechanics papers, and purchased a garage which he operated until his death. He married Anna Garbe, also of Daysland. They had five children, two boys and three girls.

Bottrel Hockey Team, O. A. Boggs, Manager. Oliver, Donald, Richard, Stanley, Merlin (Slim) and Clarence Boggs.

Bedford married Norma Brand from Calgary. They lived at Turner Valley before moving to the Bottrel area where Bedford worked for the Bortons for a time. They have three sons who all attended Westbrook school. Their son Norman graduated from the University of Calgary with a Bachelor of Arts degree in 1974. He is employed in Calgary where he and his wife Anna Maria reside. Their second son, Howard was in the leather business in Calgary and is now handling race horses in Calgary. He and his wife Linda have four children. Robert, the youngest son, is in the trucking business in Calgary. He and his wife Miriam have two children.

Florence and Oliver remained at home to run the family farm and care for their parents. They were joined by Bedford and his sons, who returned to the farm.

Clarence lives at Turner Valley where he has been employed in the oil industry. He married Ardell Fisher from Turner Valley. They have two sons.

Stanley worked for Frank Collicut for a time. He married Lila Havens and they have two daughters and a son. They farm west of Crossfield.

Merlin (Slim) worked in the Westcott area for Alex Robertson, went back to Daysland, became a qualified electrician and operates an electrical business there. He married Germaine Carrigan from Daysland.

Donald worked on road construction at Ponoka before moving to Edmonton where he works at the Government Poultry Plant. He married Thelma Miller from Bashaw. They have two girls and one boy.

Lucille married Glen Batdorf from Rockyford, who worked for the Oliver Farm at Millarville. They moved to Edmonton where he worked for the Lee Williams feedlot. Lucille passed away and Glen now works for Tyler's Greenhouses, Edmonton. They have two daughters.

Richard worked for Burns Packing Plant in Calgary until he became a Brand Inspector at Olds. He married Edith Chiswell of Calgary who taught for one year at Westbrook School. They have one son and one daughter. They reside in Edmonton where Richard is a Brand Inspector.

O. A. Boggs Sr. coached a well-known hockey team in the Bottrel area, which was made up mostly of his sons. They were joined one winter by Roy Malmo and Bob Tronnes of New Norway, Alberta, Harry Sherriff of Cochrane, and others in the area. Ollie Tidball was referee.

Oliver Boggs Sr. passed away April 1949, and is buried in Queen's Park Cemetery in Calgary. His wife Harriett passed away January 5, 1967, and was laid to rest beside her husband.

In 1970 the Boggs purchased the N½ 33-28-4-5 which they had rented from the Young Estate. Bedford, Florence and Oliver now reside there.

WILLIAM J. BORTON — by Bill Borton

In 1904 William J. Borton, my grandfather, came to Alberta from Teeswater, Bruce County, Ontario, and bought a small farm in the Butte Hills three miles southeast of Airdrie. In 1905 he sold his farm in Teeswater and shipped a carload of machinery and six head of horses west. He brought two of his sons with him to help with the work. The following year he traded two of his horses to Hallmans, who lived west of Airdrie. A year later, these horses were shown in the World's Championship teams at New York.

In the spring of 1906 the rest of the Borton family arrived from the East. The first experience Granddad had in the West was when he had a 40-ounce bottle of Scotch and gave the men, who were helping him to unload the machinery, a drink at noon, then put the bottle in the binder box. After dinner, before the men started work, he went to give them another drink. The bottle was gone!

Granddad came to the Bottrel-Dog Pound district in 1908. He homesteaded one quarter and bought a half section just south of where the Mount Hope School was built later in the year. The rest of the Borton family arrived in the spring of 1909.

In the early days company was most welcome. As most travel was by team and wagon, or on horseback, friends arrived before dinner and often stayed for supper. Uncle Graham (Bun) told a story of one bachelor, who, every time he came, helped himself to a handful of matches from the matchbox beside the kitchen stove. Bun saved used matches for a long time, and one day when he saw this particular visitor coming, he changed the used matches for the good ones. The visitor helped himself to a handful as usual, but he never helped himself again.

In January 1915, Henry and Bun joined the 12th C.M.R., going Overseas later that year. Early in 1916, they were in the front lines in France. On June 23, 1916, at Sanchuary Wood, where thousands of Canadians were killed, wounded or taken prisoner, Bun received 21 severe wounds, one in the head, the rest in the

Borton's winter wood pile.

The Borton Family, sons and daughters of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Borton. Left to right: Fred, Henry, Rachel, Belle, Keith, Harold, Graham (Bun), Bert, Ab, Annie, and Arnold, 1930.

legs. One leg was badly shattered, which left it two and one-half inches shorter than the other. Bun received a six-dollar-a-month pension, which he later turned in for a six-hundred-dollar settlement. He and numerous friends proceeded to celebrate, but not with soft drinks.

Bert Borton joined the 82nd Battalion early in 1916 and arrived in England in August. He and Charlie Boucher, also of Bottrel, went to see Bun, who was in a hospital in England. A younger brother, Arnold, joined the Lord Strathcona Horse, but the war ended before he was sent Overseas.

Granddad died in 1916 while Henry and Bun were in France. He was laid to rest in the Westbrook cemetery where many other pioneers were interred.

The eldest son Albert, or Ab, as he was known to his friends, ran the farm with his mother until 1931, when she passed on. After Granddad's death the buildings were moved from the original site to a new spot one mile north, near a large spring. A new log house was built to accommodate Mrs. Borton and her family, and Ab and his bride, Miss Ella Hamilton, who had come from Toronto to teach school in 1916. She taught a year at Mount Hope and stayed with Mrs. Oldaker. Later she taught a year at the Byron School, east of Cremona, and boarded at the Dick Huber place, now owned by Donald Odell. Mother told us many times that the year she came to teach at Mount Hope, she had her mind made up that if she didn't like the country and the people, she was going straight back home. Instead, in 1918, after two years teaching, she married Ab Borton and made her home in the West. To this union there were three children born: Myself (William James), Kenneth John and Janet Margaret.

I remember Dad being active in the community. He was chairman of the school board, took an active interest in the local hall board, and the old Dog Pound Stampede. He also served as local road boss if there was work to be done. I can remember him going to Bottrel and coming home with two large, bulky sacks filled with harness — a set which he had ordered especially for the heavy work on the road. His only comment, when Mom asked why such a heavy harness, was, "They won't walk through this!" "They" referred to the chore team Dad used for everything. "They" also felt that when Dad said, "Go", if what they were pulling didn't move, something had to give.

Dad wasn't well all summer and passed away suddenly in the fall of 1934. He was put to rest beside his father and mother in the Westbrook cemetery.

Mother continued farming for a year with the help of her brother-in-law, Henry Borton, then she hired help. Uncle Fred, the youngest of Dad's brothers, came to work for her in 1937 and stayed for three years. He left to join the Calgary Tank Corps on June 3, 1940. After seeing service on several fronts, he was discharged December 3, 1945.

I finished Grade Nine at Mount Hope in June 1940, and began working on the farm. As the war progressed, help became hard to get. My brother Jack and I did the farm work and helped Mother run the farm until her passing in the fall of 1950.

Jack married Thelma (Sammy) Luft in June 1950. He and his wife reside on a half section which Mother purchased in 1935, just across the road north of the home place. They have three children.

Janet married Joe Bardgett, rodeo stock contractor, in the spring of 1951, and they reside on a farm three miles north of Cremona.

I lived on the original Borton farm, and farmed the Ann Harbottle quarter to the southwest, which I bought when her brother, Jack Harbottle, passed away in 1940. In 1970 I sold my half section to R. J. Romney and the Ann Harbottle quarter to Arnold Ferguson, then I moved to a quarter section two and one-half miles northeast of Cremona. The original quarter section homesteaded by Granddad was bought by Jim Fenton of Bottrel in 1967.

There are four members of the William J. Borton family still living — all in British Columbia. Annie in Victoria, Keith and Bert at Harrison Hot Springs, and Fred at Creston. Ab, Harold, Henry, Arnold, Bun, Rachel and Belle have passed on.

THE BOUCHER FAMILY — by Orville Boucher

In the spring of 1903, my father, John Thomas Boucher, with the help of hired hands drove 75 horses from Lind, Washington, to the two sections of land he had purchased, 13 miles west of Calgary on the south side of the Elbow River, in the Springbank district. That fall, my mother, Carry Belle Boucher, nee Huse, joined him with their four sons, Herbert, born in 1890, Charlie, born in 1892, Milford, born in 1895, and myself, Orville, born in 1899. We lived in Calgary that winter, moving to the ranch in the spring of 1904. We lived there for two years. After several near-tragic experiences, during the fall freeze-up, spring thaw and flood period, while crossing the river to attend the Spruce Vale School, Church, visit our neighbours or attend picnics, my parents decided to move. We re-located in the Dog Pound Valley, 19 miles north of Cochrane, in the spring of 1906.

My father purchased the ranch of Mr. Cook, Section 21-28-4-5. The ranch buildings were on the north boundary near the centre line. There were two barns, cattle sheds, a bunk house for the ranch hands and a house. The house was built on a knoll in the Dog Pound Valley, and was built of hand-squared logs with dove-tailed corners. The logs were chinked with oakum. There was a wide verandah on the southeast side, and a glassed-in conservatory at the front door on the south. This home was spacious and warm with a big cook stove in the kitchen and a large heater in the living room. Wood was the only fuel, but a good supply was available about five miles to the west.

There was a large frost-free basement under the kitchen, with a dug well, a pitcher pump and a sink. Water, piped to the rear of the house, froze in winter, and had to be disconnected. This house was 30 years old when we moved there, so it would have been built in 1875 or thereabouts. The bunk house, or shack as we referred to it, was also a log building, built northeast of the main house, near the creek bank. The barns were just north of the house and were moved farther away onto Section 28. The E½ of 21 was at one time owned by two brothers, A. E. and E. H. Botterell, and earlier, Mr. Sparrow had lived there. My father also bought the W½ of 15 and had secured the E½ of 28, homesteading one quarter and the other quarter was a pre-emption.

We drove to Cochrane, a distance of 19 miles, for mail and groceries, with a team and democrat or buggy. We travelled over the old trail, south along the creek and across Sections 19, 9 and 3, Mortimer Coulee, the desert, past the Raby home, between Cochrane Lakes and south past the McEwan place, joining the Grand Valley route west of the brickyard and then east into Cochrane.

Mr. and Mrs. Milford Boucher.

There was no school north of Cochrane or east to Beaver Dam. With the increasing number of children in the district, a school was a must, so a log shack on the NW corner of Section 15 was put into use. Tables and benches were put together. A blackboard of black painted shiplap was nailed to the wall and school was started. Our neighbour, Mr. H. T. Jarrett became our first teacher. Pupils attending, as I recall, in order of age, were Tom Capps, Charlie Boucher, Florence Jarrett, Gladys VanAllan, Milford Boucher, Ben Jarrett, Coleman Morgan, Bill Dingley, Orville Boucher, George Jarrett and Johnnie Dingley.

In 1909 or 1910, a bridge was built over the Dog Pound, under the supervision of Dan White of Cochrane, and the road from the east was opened up. With new and better roads, cars made their appearance, around 1912. George Reid had a Dodge Touring, and my father, a Chalmers.

About 1908, my father built a cheese factory. Jim Loughery, from Ontario, was hired as a cheese maker, and the district's first industry was under way. A few staple articles such as flour, sugar, salt, coffee, yeast and baking powder were brought in, at the request of the cheese factory patrons. These supplies were stocked in the passage way to the cheese storage

rooms. Supplies soon outgrew the space and the shack was fitted with shelves and counters and the stock was moved in. This space soon became inadequate, so the brick part of the store was built in 1908 or 1909.

Around this time a petition for a Post Office was presented, with the name of Bottrel submitted, and accepted, thus Bottrel was born, with my father as the Postmaster. A Post Office was set up in a back corner of the store. Mail was delivered every Saturday from Cochrane, by team and democrat. The mail rig was often used by the district people for transportation to Cochrane, where they caught the train to Calgary.

Around 1910 telephones came to Bottrel with the exchange located in a corner of the Post Office. My father contracted the construction of the rural phone lines in the area. At this time Irene (Rene) Atkinson came to the J. T. Boucher and Sons Store as bookkeeper, clerk, Post Office attendant and telephone girl.

A blacksmith shop was built, between the store and the cheese factory. Mr. Pitter of the Cochrane Lakes area became the first blacksmith. He was succeeded by George Bunney, who was a member of the British Reserve Army and was immediately called for duty, when Great Britain entered the War in 1914. Charlie Brown took over the shop and was there for a number of years. The storage room on the east side of the store was added to accommodate more supplies. Also a corrugated iron implement shed was built across the road from the store, when an International Harvestor dealership was secured, to handle a full line of farm implements, wagons and buggies. For a short time Turnbull's saw-mill kept a stock of lumber there. The building was later moved one half mile south and one end finished as a house. This is where Vere and I first lived when we were married in 1923. The big house, cow barn and pig house were built at this location in 1917 and 1918. Most of the lumber used in these buildings was from Turnbull's mill, north and west of Water Valley, across the Little Red Deer River. It was hauled out by wagons and four-horse teams.

The first land broken by us was on NW¼ of 21, about 1908. All of our land was broken with horses, except one summer, when Mr. Riggs did some breaking with a team of eight oxen. There was a twenty acre field of brome grass along the north edge of NW¼ 21, also two fields of similar size on the flats below on the west side of the valley, north and south of the buildings. There was an irrigation ditch above these two fields that we never used. Up to 1907 there was no grain grown in the Bottrel district. The first grain we threshed was done with a thresher powered by a team of horses going around and around, hitched to a power jack, which was connected to the thresher by a tumbling rod, more gears and a belt. The straw was carried up an incline by a slatted belt and fell to the ground, where it had to be forked away. This was about 1908. The winter of 1906-07 was very long and severely cold. Many cattle froze to death, even when bedded down in prairie wool hay. The winter was so bad that the lynx were forced down into the settled areas, where they raided a number of chicken houses, and fed on dead cattle. We killed several in the bush along the creek on our place. I recall very well, chasing coyotes on the open range with a saddle horse and our two excellent hounds. A coyote hadn't much of a chance, once we spotted it.

We had a number of cattle in our first years at Bottrel, but because of heavy losses and depressed prices, we turned to horses. We purchased a Suffolk Punch stallion and raised some very good stock which sold for around $200 when broken. In the spring of 1920 Milford and I broke 23 colts while putting in our crop. Our cow brand was Bar-3-G on the left ribs and our horse brand was a lazy U, P. My brother Herb bought the Frank King cow brand, half diamond 7, and later Milford had this brand.

A picnic was held in the grove of Balm of Gilead and willows, across the Dog Pound from our home in 1908. This became an annual affair. Soon horse races and bronc riding were added to the athletic events. In 1912 the picnic was moved to the flat north of the new bridge. In 1913 it was held on the flat north of the Charlie Chouinard ranch on the NE¼ of 33. The following year, 1914, the Dog Pound Picnic and Stampede was organized. A new location was secured across the town line, north of the E. V. Thompson ranch. A race track was levelled off, a corral was built and poles set in place for tilting at the rings. A barrel race and a tug-of-war were included in the events. A large wooden floor with a canvas tent over it was made ready and the evening dance came into being. Booths for refreshments were added. By the next year the Dog Pound Hall had been built and the Dog Pound Stampede and Picnic became an annual fun time for everyone for miles around. It attracted stampede contestants of considerable skill. Here the late famous Pete Knight rode in his first bucking horse contest, and was quickly unseated.

The Dog Pound Hall became the local recreational and entertainment centre with plays, debates, box socials, political meetings and dances. Guy Gazeley on the drums and Roy and Mrs. Barr on the violin and piano provided the music.

Skating parties were held frequently along the Dog Pound Creek. The creek would freeze to the bottom, causing the water to overflow into the trees and bushes, thus providing an unlimited area of perfect ice. There was lots of dry willow nearby for bonfires.

There was no church in this part of the country, but Mr. Jarrett held services in the schoolhouse. Sunday School was held regularly by Mr. Jarrett and my father, who also rode to the Weedon School and started a Sunday School

there. When the Jarretts moved to Calgary, Thomas Davies from Cochrane would drive the 19 miles, with his horse and buggy, to hold church services. Rev. Sales, a Church of England minister, would occasionally come on his saddle horse from his home at the head of the Big Hill Creek valley, to conduct services.

It became a common occurrence for us to awake in the morning to find that our mother had left during the night with her faithful mare, Daisy, and buggy, to give a hand in the birth of another homesteader's child. Doctors were scarce and far away. There was only Dr. Park in Cochrane to serve a vast area.

We were a family of four boys. Toothbrushes and fluoride were not in common use, so my father decided to get a pair of forceps to take care of our aching teeth. This soon became known around the countryside. The nearest dentist was in Calgary, a trip, by saddle horse or team, of about 45 miles, so he would be prevailed upon to come to the aid of the local toothache sufferer. However, with no skill and little knowledge, he soon ran into many problems and had to give it all up.

My mother was the victim of an automobile accident in 1913, and is buried in the cemetery near Bottrel.

In 1918 the store was taken over by Bob Barnett, who was succeeded as owner and operator by Mr. Chalmers, William Bercov, Eph Buschert, Charlie Pearson and the Tidballs.

My father remarried in 1917. He sold life insurance for some time, retired to Cochrane for a few years and then moved to Calgary, where he resided until his death in 1943.

Herbert homesteaded the NW¼ of 10 in December of 1908. When he and my father arrived home from Calgary, where they had to go to file on Herb's homestead, it was late at night. Milford and I were awakened by the unfamiliar sound of music. They had brought home a Columbia phonograph, the family Christmas present.

Herbert married Martha Olson of the Water Valley district in 1913, and moved into a new house he had built on the NW¼ of 15, where their first three daughters, Carolyn, Margaret and Lois were born. In 1923, they moved to Washington State, near Spokane, and later to Seattle, where two sons, Tom and John, and a daughter, Mary, were born. They lived in Alaska for some time, where Herb homesteaded again. They returned to Seattle to reside. He passed away in January 1974.

After completing public school at Westbrook, Charlie went to Alberta College in Edmonton. With the opening of Mount Royal College in Calgary in 1912, Charlie and Milford enrolled there.

In 1915 Charlie went Overseas with the 137th Battalion. He married Anna Smith of Innisfail in 1921. At that time he was working in the coal mines at Wayne, Alberta. He had a fling at the oil fields of Montana, but returned to Wayne, where he was working at the time of his death in Calgary in 1923. They had a son, Jackie, and a daughter, Betty. Betty lives with her husband, Wilbur Griffith, and their two daughters and one son, on Pine Brook Ranch, located on the Elbow River west of Calgary.

Milford and I attended the Pasadena College in California, Milford from January to June of 1916, and I from January 1916 to June 1917. Milford was in the Air Force from early in 1918 until demobilization. He returned to the farm, where he and I farmed and batched until 1923.

During Milford's many years at Bottrel, he was Registrar for the National Defence registration in 1917, Registrar for Vital Statistics, School Trustee and Secretary-Treasurer of the Westbrook School District. He was also a member of the Dog Pound Stampede Committee.

Milford built a house, barn and other outbuildings on the SE¼ of 28, at the time Section 21 was purchased by Bill Loblaw. In 1938 Milford married Marie Tabahak, nee Mongen, who had one daughter, Frances. They remained on the farm until 1961, then they sold the E½ and SW¼ of 28, and the NE¼ of 20 to Olie Bishop. They moved to Calgary, where they resided until Milford's death in 1966. Marie is now living in Kelowna, British Columbia.

I, Orville, was also in the Air Force in 1918. Upon demobilization I returned to the farm. I married Vere Fuller in 1923, and we moved to Banff in 1924. Here our daughter, Zoe, was born in 1925, and our son, Gerald, in 1927. In 1928 we moved to Calgary, and in 1930 to Edmonton, where I was employed in the oil industry. In 1935 our son Charlie was born. I joined the Edmonton Fusiliers in 1940. Vere and our three children moved to Banff, where they lived until I received my discharge in 1945. At this time Zoe married John Metzger from Mellowdale, Alberta, where she had been teaching school for two years. Vere and I and our two sons moved to Burnaby, British Columbia, as I was transferred there by my employer, the Standard Oil Company of British Columbia. Vere died in 1960, and in 1964 I retired. That same year I married Tena Walker, nee Smith, from Edmonton. Tena was a neice of Mrs. Cyril Fuller. We lived in Burnaby until 1969, when we bought a home at White Rock, British Columbia, where we still reside.

My son Gerald married Joan Wright of Vancouver in 1955. They have two sons, Sheldon and Jay. He was in the Air Force for ten years and upon receiving his discharge, moved to Edmonton. Charlie married Shirley Kasper of Burnaby in 1955. He worked at the oil refinery for a few years, then joined the Burnaby Fire Department, where he works now. They have three children, Danny, Laura, and Michelle.

Zoe and John have two sons, Charlie and George, born at Barrhead, Alberta, and three daughters, Karen, Maureen and Ida, who were

born at Burnaby. Zoe and John are now living near Langley, British Columbia.

My father's older brother, William (Will), lived for a few years near Bottrel on the Tom Capp homestead. He had one son, Luther. They returned to Washington State, and lived near Spokane.

THE COUNTRY STORE — by Agnes Copithorne

Here comes the farmer's wife
With her produce;
Twelve dozen eggs
Buried in a pail of oats,
Ten pounds of butter
In an earthen crock.
She offers her wares
Then looks on
As the storekeeper
Weighs the butter
Counts the eggs.
There's no bargaining;
The demand for butter
Is almost non-existent
And some of the eggs are cracked.
She orders tea and coffee,
Sugar and flour,
Then sadly eyeing
The bolts of calico,
The laces and ribbons,
She carries the groceries
To the buggy
And drives home
Over the prairie trail.
Her willow whip flicking
The horseflies attacking
Bessie's rump.

CHARLES BROWN — as told by Mrs. Bill Houghton

Charlie Brown came from the United States. He was a blacksmith by trade and worked for J. T. Boucher at Bottrel. He married Pheobe Price who came from Sussex, England, in 1919 to visit the Bill Houghtons. Pheobe was my sister and spent her time helping me and our sister, Lil Myram. The Browns opened a blacksmith shop at the top of the hill one half mile east of Bottrel. Later they moved to Bentley, Alberta, where Charlie practised his trade. They stayed there several years. They had two girls, Helen and Dora, and two boys, Jim and Robert. Charlie and Jim passed away while at Bentley. Pheobe moved back to Bottrel and worked for Shirley Matthews. The Brown children then attended Mount Hope School.

Helen trained as a nurse in Edmonton, was a stewardess on the airlines and married a pilot named Child. They had a girl and a boy. Helen is still nursing in the Vancouver General Hospital.

Dora married Alvin Leaman; they have a girl and a boy, Patricia and Alvin, and live in Vancouver.

Robert and his wife, Dorothy, also live in Vancouver and he is an electrician.

Pheobe spent her later years in Vancouver near her family. She is remembered for her handicrafts. She passed away March 1, 1975.

FRED BROWN — as told by Marjorie Brown

Fred Brown came to Redland, Alberta, from Manitoba. In the spring of 1937 he came to Bottrel where he bought a section of land from William P. Lund, and lived on the NW¼ 34-28-4-5. Because he was hard of hearing he was known by the nickname Deafy. As he was a bachelor, he hired a housekeeper but later batched. While farming Fred hired help and was often away making a trade, quite often dealing for horses.

Fred's nephew, Garnett Brown, came from Manitou, Manitoba, to help his uncle harvest his crop in 1939. In the spring of 1940, Garnett, his wife Marjorie, and their two children, Grace and Donald, lived with their uncle Fred. Garnett worked for him until that fall. Grace and Donald attended West Brook School.

In the mid 1940s Fred Brown sold his land to Harry Backs and moved to Winfield. He later traded for a house at Drumheller but lived in Calgary where he bought several houses. While in Calgary his sister, Mrs. Ella Hendren, lived with him.

Fred Brown died in the fall of 1959 and is buried in Calgary. Mrs. Hendren now lives in an old folk's home at Nelson, British Columbia.

After leaving his uncle's farm, Garnett worked for Pete Sullivan, and his wife and children lived in Cremona. He later worked on a dairy farm west of Didsbury and other farms in the Cremona area. For two years he was employed as a mechanic by Ken Simpson in Cremona. In 1949-50-51 he worked for the County of Mountain View doing roadwork. In 1952 Garnett opened his own garage in Cremona. In 1957 he moved his garage to its present location, where he is still self-employed. He and his wife reside in Cremona.

Grace Brown married Bernard Parsons. They live in Blairmore and have two married children. Donald Brown married Norma Hansen from Provost. They have five children and live in Cremona. Garnett and Marjorie Brown have seven grandchildren and six great grandchildren.

Dr. J. HALL BROWN

Dr. J. Hall Brown was a retired Veterinary Surgeon who came to the Bottrel area from England. In 1911 Dr. and Mrs. Brown, and their two daughters lived near the Harbottle place.

While they lived in the area one of Dr. Brown's daughters married a bank employee who worked in a nearby town.

It is currently not known where the Browns went on leaving Bottrel.

JACK BRYDEN

Jack Bryden came from Windsor, Ontario. He and Jim Godlonton bought the N½ 13-28-4-5 from Jim's dad in 1922, but after a year Jack took over

Jim's equity. Jack's brother Bob, his wife, and their children, Bill and Marion, came out to live with him and stayed three or four years. They left, as they preferred to farm in Ontario, and Jack sold out to Amos Craven around 1932. Jack bought a few acres at Water Valley, where he kept a neat home with lovely grounds around it. He passed away in the late 1950s.

DAVID HENRY BUCKLER — as told by Lillie Buckler

William and Elizabeth Buckler and their son Henry came from Northamptonshire, England, to Pennsylvania, then to Ontario, in 1833. Henry's son John was born in Breslau, Ontario, where he grew up and married. John's son Albion was born there, then the family moved to Brown City, Michigan, where David was born in 1880.

In 1900 Albion (Albie) came to Didsbury, Alberta, with his wife and several of her relatives. Two years later David accepted Albion's invitation to come to Alberta. The humid heat in Michigan had been affecting David's health after he had been struck by lightning, which caused his hair to fall out.

When David first came, he worked on the railway for three months. Then he worked for farmers during the summer. He spent the first winter working with Albie digging wells in the Didsbury district.

In the spring of 1903, David started working on the CPR Ranch near Dog Pound for Dan McNeil. The brand was CPR. This land later was sold to Jim Robertson, and is still farmed by Jim's sons, Leon and Larry. David worked here for three years. He drove oxen to break some land for Mr. McNeil. He was getting along fine until the heel flies came, then the oxen took off and weren't found until that fall.

In the fall he went threshing for Mr. Levagood of Didsbury. (They threshed for farmers all the way to the Reid Brothers west of Bottrel every year until 1908.) Two men were with the machine. The farmers exchanged work for the balance of the crew. There were three men working on each side of the threshing machine and two on each stack. The bundles were thrown down from the stack, pitched onto a platform where one man cut the strings, then the bundles were fed into the machine alternately from each side. David worked as a "feeder" pushing the bundles in. The machine was powered by horsepower and had to be fed evenly so that it wouldn't plug up. Threshing was a job they looked forward to each year and much depended on the weather. If the snow came early and stayed, then threshing had to be finished up in the spring. After working from dawn to dark, the men rolled up in their blankets on the floor of the house or in the barn, after having done justice to the huge meals prepared by the farmer's wife.

In the spring of 1905, David filed claim on a homestead on SW¼ 24-28-4-5, but he worked for

Mr. and Mrs. David Buckler in their garden.

Buckler Brothers breaking new sod with a 10-20 Titan.

Haying at Bucklers with a homemade sweep.

Bucklers sawing wood.

Dan McNeil for another year. He went home to Michigan for Christmas and his brother Oliver came to Alberta when David returned, and filed a claim on NW¼ 24-28-4-5 just north of David's homestead. They both built one-room shacks, and David also built a barn; all the buildings were destroyed by a prairie fire the following spring. They lost all their possessions except clothes and a saddle horse which David had at Dan McNeil's. He had been riding home to his claim every weekend. He built another shack and in the fall of 1906 he moved in. Later Oliver returned to Michigan due to ill health and David bought his land. He fed Den Dendy's livestock that winter; Mr. Dendy had homesteaded the southeast quarter of this section and bought the half section (C.P.R. land) just south on Section 13. Mr. Dendy had enough feed for this severe winter.

In the spring of 1907 David went to work farming for Vernon Thompson who ran the Dog Pound Post Office. On Sundays, he visited me, Lillie Faggetter, at the Frank King Ranch, and in December 1907, we were married. I had moved to Kings after staying with Aunt Maggie and Uncle Den Dendy for a year, where I helped with chores while Uncle Den worked out. Before that I stayed with my aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Sundstrom.

Mr. and Mrs. King were very kind to me and treated me like a daughter. I learned some French and helped Mrs. King with English. They took me to Calgary and shopped for my wedding outfit. They wanted to put on a big wedding.

In mid December 1907, David came to Kings to get me in a stylish high-top buggy pulled by a smart team of matched trotters. It was a lovely day, the ground was bare and we drove the 30 miles to Didsbury, winding around coulees, lakes and bog. We were married in the Evangelical Church in Didsbury. Albie and Caroline were our witnesses. We stayed and visited a few days before returning to our one-room cabin on the homestead.

David broke horses for ranchers and farmers throughout the country. He took the Dr. Berry Horse Training Course by correspondence. I was his helper. He and Charlie Salisbury rode at the first Bottrel picnics for exhibition. The broncs were snubbed down until the riders were ready, then ridden until they quit bucking or the rider fell off. There was no whistle to mark time or corral to enclose them. The hills provided grandstand seating for the spectators. The Dog Pound Stampede grew from these early exhibitions, first near Bottrel then down the creek at Charlie Chouinard's. Later the U.F.A. bought the present stampede grounds and built corrals and chutes. Formerly there were foot races, horse races, and other contests at these picnics and the whole community turned out for a day still remembered by those who attended.

David was community-minded and took a petition around to assist in getting the railway

Henry Buckler hauling logs.

Bucklers' sawmill.

built to Dog Pound and Cremona to save hauling livestock and grain so far to market.

Together David and I worked hard to get Social Credit established in Alberta. Our candidate, William King, was successful in getting a seat in the Legislature when Social Credit first made its entry into Alberta politics. My husband took an active part in school and church affairs in the district. Later we were charter members of the Prophetic Bible Institute when the late William Aberhart was the preacher.

David was widely known for witching for water wells. He could tell the approximate depth and if the supply was weak or strong.

David and I had six children, Magdalene, Albert, Stanley, Violet, Roy and Henry. They were all born at home; at first Dr. Park and Mrs. Urquhart attended. Later Mrs. Atkinson or Mrs. Dawson came and Dr. Whillans came from Crossfield. All the children went to Summit Hill for their schooling.

We milked cows and hauled milk to Bottrel to the cheese factory; when it was converted, we shipped cream to the creamery. When the creamery closed down, we sent our cream to Cochrane.

As well as horses and cattle, we raised pigs, chickens, ducks, turkeys and sheep and kept bees sometimes. I always had a big garden. I sewed for the family, making most of their

Roy Buckler hauling logs.

clothing, often working far into the night by kerosene lamplight. We did most of the shoe repairs. I did a lot of knitting and, later on, crocheting was my hobby. My flower garden also gave me a lot of satisfaction.

The boys played in the Bush League baseball team. There was also a basketball league for the girls. Harry Pearson was the coach.

David passed away May 1962, and is buried in the Cochrane cemetery.

I am living in the Bow View Nursing Home in Calgary, sharing a room with Mrs. Peverell, who is a sister of the late Sam Atkinson. She came out from England to the same farm I came to a few years earlier.

Magdalene, known as Maggie, went to Cochrane and worked for Stanley Waters in the Cochrane Cafe next door to Ernie Andison's Meat Market. She then married Alvin Nelson and they moved to Rockyford and worked for Ambrose Wise for a couple of years. They had one son, Albert Henry. They returned to Cochrane and operated the Cochrane Auto Service Station for Texaco when it first opened in 1930. They ran this for two years then they parted company. Graeme Broatch took over this business. Maggie worked in the cafe again for awhile. She then married William (Mac) McCuaig. They had four children, Orville (deceased), Margaret, William, and Verna. Mac died in 1949, leaving Maggie to raise five children. Now there are 18 grandchildren. In 1974 she married Cliff Blow and they reside in Calgary.

Albert took up mechanic training and worked at Chapman's Garage then opened his own garage at Dog Pound in 1943. He married Lillie Hendry. They had one son, Gordon, and one daughter, Carolyn. He was interested in sports, especially boxing, and won a silver medal for this.

They moved to Carstairs where he operated a garage, then moved to Calgary where he ran the Highland Park Garage. Later they moved to Vancouver where he is a millwright for a lumber company.

Gordon is a fireman in Calgary. He married Peggy Moran and they have two children, Denise and Trevor. Carolyn lives in Grand Forks, British Columbia.

Stanley, after working out farming around the country, worked for Mrs. A. Balderson, eventually marrying a daughter, Pearl. Later he bought the farm from Mrs. Balderson. It was N½ 13-28-4-5 and SE¼ 24-28-4-5 which Uncle Den Dendy had homesteaded. J. Godlonton, Jack Bryden and Amos Craven had each owned it in between.

Stan and Pearl had four children, Robert, Richard, Bettyann (now Perkins) and Earl. They attended Summit Hill School then the Consolidated Westbrook School. Stan and Pearl were the janitors when the new school opened in 1953, and Stan also drove a school bus. The roads were improved after the school opened but those first years of mud roads will long be remembered by students and anxious parents.

Stan played ball for the Bottrel baseball team. He and Pearl both enjoyed dancing, as do all the family.

About 1968 Stan and Pearl moved to Calgary where their sons resided, and since then the farm was sold, part to Richard Verner and the rest to Wally Admussen.

Violet worked in the cafe with Maggie, returning home after I became sick. Later she married Harvey Hogarth and they lived in Cochrane. They had four children, Harvey, Bob, Louise, and John, all getting their education in Cochrane. Harvey drove the Cochrane Transport for many years. He took over from his dad, Bob Hogarth, who had taken over Jack Steel's trucking business. The business is now in the third generation, being operated by Harvey Jr. Violet still has a business interest in the company.

Harvey and Violet will long be remembered for their contribution to sports in Cochrane, especially baseball and hockey. Violet is still active in her support of sports of any kind and has done a lot for the young people of Cochrane. She was also a curling enthusiast at one time. A favourite pastime of hers was dancing.

Louise (Mrs. Gordon Lewis) started Highland dancing at an early age, prompted by her Scottish grandad, Bob Hogarth. She has done very well, winning many medals, and has taught Highland dancing for many years. Louise's daughter Teresa is following in her mother's footsteps.

Harvey passed away suddenly in 1959 while doing what he liked best, playing baseball. His sons all enjoy sports as much as he did, taking part in baseball, hockey, and curling.

Roy farmed with his dad and Henry after completing his schooling at Summit Hill School. In 1941 he married Iris Balderson. They had five children, Mildred, David, Ida, Patricia, and Bernice. Patricia passed away in December 1961.

In 1957 they moved to Cochrane and Roy took up the building trade. He worked in the area,

building milking parlor barns for Sid Norris, and then for the Norris Brothers. He also built houses and did renovations to existing buildings. In 1958 he bought a school bus and transported all the children from Glendale, Bearspaw and Westminster districts to the Cochrane School. Due to small acreages, it now takes ten busses to service this same area. He was presented with a silver tray after completing 15 years continuous service. He retired from driving a school bus in 1972.

Their daughter, Mildred, married Jack Elliot. They have five children and live in Exshaw. Ida became Mrs. Earl Williams of Radville, Saskatchewan, and they have three children. David married Patricia Black and they have four children and reside in Cochrane, as does Bernice who works for Calgary Power Company.

Henry and Roy did general trucking and had the Purity 99 Gas and Oil Agency. Henry served in the Army during World War Two in Transport of the Infantry. He continued farming with his dad and Roy when he returned home after the war. They bought a sawmill from Al Mottet. In 1946 Roy and Henry bought a section of bush land, Sec. 35-28-5-5 and set the mill up there.

In 1948 Henry married Ellen Norris, a teacher at Summit Hill, and they lived near the mill site. They had hail repeatedly year after year, so they fell back on the lumber business to carry them over those hard times.

They had seven children: Hellen, Valerie, John, Thomas, Timothy, Charles, and Victor. Thomas died accidentally at age two.

In February 1962, they moved to the farm which Dad homesteaded.

The children attended school at Westbrook and at Cochrane High School. The girls decided on teaching careers. John is a sawyer at the Spray Lakes sawmill in Cochrane. He married Marietje Van Dalen and they have one son, John Jr. Tim, Charlie and Victor still live at home.

THE BUNDT FAMILY — by Edward Bundt

My wife Edna, our two sons, Lyle and Carl, and I, came from Ralston, Iowa, in 1929 with Edna's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sam MacDonald. For a few years we worked with Edna's parents. Later we lived on the old Hampton Barnett farm, which was owned by Charles Gray.

In the summer of 1929 we put up hay with Pat and Ted Morgan. We hayed at Mrs. McRobbie's place and south of Angus McDonalds's. That fall we threshed with the Morgans. We also threshed with Jim Reeve and sons.

I was a member of the Bottrel Baseball Club for many years; we won the Bush League trophy in 1931. In 1934 I was on the crew that built Dartigue Hall. Before the hall was built, neighbors and friends gathered in homes to socialize. The first party Edna and I attended at Bottrel was in 1929 at Jim Reeve's in honor of their son Bill's 21st birthday.

Lyle attended West Brook School, beginning in 1931. Ken McRae was his first teacher. Carl started school in 1933. In November 1938, we moved back to Iowa so both boys could attend high school, and they completed their education there.

Lyle enlisted in the U. S. Navy, transferred to the Marines as a Hospital Corpsman and after four years service, he entered Dental School at Iowa City, Iowa, which he attended for six years. After graduating, he enlisted in the U. S. Army, and following thirty years service, retired in 1973 with the rank of Colonel. He is married and has a married son.

Carl enlisted in the U. S. Army in 1945, taking his training in Texas; he served in the Asiatic and Pacific Theatres of war. He returned home in 1946, and married Dolores Beebe in 1947. Carl brought his wife and family to Bottrel in 1961. They live on the E ½ of 27-28-4-5. They have four children. Melody attended Westbrook and Cochrane Schools. She married Bill Demmy and they have two children, Dustin and Sarah. Sam also attended Westbrook and Cochrane Schools, and is now a Park Ranger. Kelly and Justin are still at home and attending school.

Our youngest child, Marilyn, was born in Iowa in 1942. She received her education there, and came to Bottrel with Edna and me when we returned here in 1961. She married Len Sholtz, son of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Sholtz, in December 1961. They live on a farm near Ashern, Manitoba, and have two children, Terry and Michael.

Edna passed away on January 9, 1971, and is buried in Mount View Cemetery east of Calgary.

THE EPHRAM BUSCHERT FAMILY — by Cecil Buschert

Mr. and Mrs. Ephram Buschert and their family came from Acme, Alberta, to Sampsonton. There they operated the general store from 1914 to 1919. In the spring of 1920 Dad sold the store to Guy Burke and bought a farm in the Dog Pound district. After three years there, he rented the farm out, moved to Bottrel, and bought the general store from Jim Chalmers. One brother, two of my sisters and I, transferred from Dog Pound School to Westbrook School. Our teacher at that time was Miss Dundas, now Mrs. Jim Watt. She taught at Dog Pound prior to moving to Westbrook.

In those days of dirt roads, groceries and supplies were hauled from Cochrane, mostly by team and wagon. Dad owned a team of well broken black Percherons, and I remember once he sent a boy of sixteen, named Jack Stevenson, to Cochrane with this team, for a load of supplies. In those days you loaded out of a boxcar into the wagon. This particular time, as he was loading, the freight train came roaring past on the main track. Jack said he had quite a time holding onto that team, but he still had them there after the train had passed. Another time that I recall, Charlie Price, who owned the land

Dog Pound Creek in flood at Bottrel, 1923.

E. Buschert's truck, loaded with passengers en route to the Calgary Stampede, 1924. They include Stanley Tyrell, Fred and Keith Borton, Frank and Jim Myram, Doris Dunwoody, Clem Culling, Mel and Cecil Buschert. Mrs. Tyrell and Wyn are in the cab.

where Raymond Amidon now lives, took that same team to Cochrane for a load. It was in the winter, and it took one day to go and one to return. It was late at night when we finally heard the wagon wheels grinding on the snow. The team apparently had brought the wagon on their own for the last few miles, and when they arrived, Charlie was so cold that he had to be helped off the wagon and into the house. The thermometer that night was exactly sixty degrees below zero. If he had had another five or six miles to go he might have frozen to death.

In May 1923, the Dog Pound Creek flooded over its banks. It rained for fourteen days. At its height it just started to go in the basement of the store. I can remember stepping off the store porch into the water. We had a boat and went boating in Boucher's field across the road from the store. There were two cowboys working at the Virginia Ranch that figured they were pretty good boatmen, and made a bet that they could row a boat from the store, downstream to the ranch, so they rode horses up to Bottrel and borrowed our boat. Jappy Rodgers came along and took the horses back. The boatmen never made it to the ranch. They upset the boat a couple of times and finally sank it near where Don Grainger now lives, and lost their bet.

In the spring of 1924 Dad bought a new International truck, and I believe it was one of the first trucks to haul supplies to the Bottrel store. In July of that year, he built seats in the box and took a load of people to the Calgary Stampede.

Dad sold the store to Harry Pearson in the spring of 1926 and moved back to the farm, where he passed away in 1938. My wife and I still live on this farm, six miles northeast of Bottrel. My mother is in the George Boyack Nursing Home in Calgary and is 83 years old at the time of writing, December 1974.

My parents had six children. Laurena (Renee) married Gordon Green. They live in Calgary and have a son and a daughter. I married Viola Fiedler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Fiedler, formerly of Cremona and now living in Calgary. We have two daughters, Marilyn and Joan. Marilyn trained as a chemical laboratory technician in Calgary, worked in Calgary, and married Leonard McSaveney, a structural engineer from New Zealand. They live in New Zealand and have one son, Michael. Joan worked as a secretary in Calgary, and married Robert Thompson, formerly of Cremona. He is apprenticing as a diesel mechanic. They live in the Crowsnest Pass area of Alberta and have two daughters, Shelly and Carla. For many years I participated in stampedes throughout the area as a roper, and won numerous prizes.

Melvin lives in Kamloops, British Columbia, is married and has one son. Beulah married James Coates of Cremona. They have twins, a boy and a girl. June married John Hyam, lives in Calgary, has a ceramics store and gives lessons in ceramics. Gilbert was born in 1924, while the family was still at the Bottrel store. He married Joan Tinkstead from Valleyview, Alberta; they had one boy and one girl. Gilbert has passed away.

ALBERT GEORGE BUTLER — by Dorothy McArthur

Dad, known to everyone as "Bert", came to Canada in 1905, from Worchestershire, England, at the age of 18 years.

He went to work at various jobs — railroading, building roads, logging and freighting — all man-sized jobs under adverse conditions.

A favorite saying of his, mimicking the superintendent on the railroad, when there was a snowslide, is "Save the mules, we can get men for a dollar."

In 1915 he had enough of this adventure and took up a homestead on the Dog Pound Creek, west of the present Dartigue Lodge, where the John Smiths live. Pickings were slim on the homestead in his first year there, so he took a job as a ranch hand on the Virginia Ranch, which was owned at the time by Mrs. French and her son, Barton.

Bert Butler's homestead.

Dad tells of winning a turkey at a shoot. It was alive when he headed home on horseback, but by the time he reached the ranch it was dead. I guess his horse wasn't much in favor of a squawking turkey on its back.

Another time he was riding horseback from Calgary and a blizzard came up. Before long, he and the horse had different ideas as to which direction it was to the ranch. As old-timers might guess, the horse, fortunately, won out. Fences and roads were scarce in those days.

My mother, Winnifred May Cook, (Winnie), came to Canada in 1910 from Birmingham, England, at the age of 17. She lived with her parents and four sisters in Calgary, until she married Dad in 1916. In March 1916, Dad joined the Medical Corps and served for two and a half years in World War One. After the War he returned to the homestead with his wife and family.

Though homestead life had its problems, and the horse and buggy was the only means of transportation, they still were able to enjoy the community dances and visits with their neighbours. Mothers were also babysitters in those days, so to see children sleeping on the bench in the dance hall was not uncommon. One event which sticks in my mind, young as I was, was a Christmas concert at Westbrook School, to which we had travelled with a team and sleigh. After the concert, on preparing to start for home, we discovered that one of the horses had stepped on the sleigh tongue and broken it, so, with our robes and blankets, we bedded down in the school for the night, while a blizzard raged outside.

In 1927 we moved from the homestead to a farm west of Mount Hope School, where my brother Leonard lives. By then my brother Jim and I were ready to start school. Dad served as trustee of Mount Hope School for some time. Our parents raised their family of eight on this farm. Their five daughters are Dorothy McArthur, Dog Pound, Marjorie Ritson Bennett, Lynn Lake, Manitoba, Ethel Patterson, Grande Prairie, Alberta, Gladys Stables, Calgary, and Vera Holbrook, Cremona. Their three sons are Jim, of Calgary, Leonard, Cremona, and Billy, Dog Pound.

Mother was a member of the Bottrel Busy Beavers Ladies' Club. After forty-odd years of farming, Mom and Dad retired and moved to Calgary, and Leonard took over the farm.

In 1956 we were saddened by the loss of our mother.

Through the years Dad has been a very active member of the Army and Navy Club, and has won many dart championships. He still enjoys reasonably good health. His secret is a good long walk as often as possible. He has 21 grandchildren and four great-grandchildren. In April 1975 he was 90 years young.

THOMAS CAPPS

Among the early homesteaders near Bottrel was Tom Capps, a cousin of J. T. Boucher. Tom and his four sons came from the United States and filed on five quarters. Tom filed on the SW¼, Charles on the NW¼, and J. V. (Cush) on the SE¼ of Section 22. Elmer filed on the NE¼ 16, and William on the NW¼ 14. All the homesteads were in Township 28-4-5. They all sold their land as soon as they proved up on their homesteads, and returned to the U.S.A.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Capps with a grandson at the Capps homestead.

CHARLES CHOUINARD

Charlie Chouinard and Frank King came from Quebec in 1896 and worked as partners. They worked out until they built on NE¼ 33-28-4-5. Several years later Frank King built on his homestead which was the NW¼ 34-28-4-5.

Charlie Chouinard married Miss Elizabeth MacTavish, sister of James MacTavish, about 1902. When church services were held in the homes, beginning in 1904, Mrs. Chouinard sent

A picnic in 1904. Back row: Maggie Gentles, Bruce Hunter, Mrs. and Mr. Charlie Chouinard. Front: Jim Hunter, Zena Shand, Annie Gentles, Corny Grain, Charlie Hunter.

back to Tavistock, Ontario, for her organ, which was very much appreciated when services were held in her home.

Mr. and Mrs. Chouinard sold their ranch in 1909 to Mrs. Chris Storey, and moved to Cowichan, British Columbia, where they resided until they passed away.

THE COLVIN FAMILY — by Gloria Salisbury

Mason Colvin, our forefather, immigrated to America in 1768, and settled in Virginia. He was related to Benjamin Franklin and President Madison.

Daniel Colvin's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Colvin, came to Canada by covered wagon in 1906 and settled in the Big Valley district of Alberta.

Mrs. Robert Colvin died in childbirth August 16, 1908, leaving her oldest daughter, Mary, to take over.

Mary married Tom Russell. They lived in many parts of Alberta, finally settling in Caroline, where their son Clare operated the Clare Russell and Sons garage for many years. Tom's daughter Emma and her family ran the telephone exchange at Caroline. Emma is now living in Calgary. Tom's son John spent quite a few years around the Water Valley area, later moving to British Columbia.

My dad, Daniel O. Colvin, son of Robert Colvin, was born February 7, 1903. He grew up in the Big Valley district and married Marjorie Morey December 16, 1925, at Stettler, Alberta. They farmed at Big Valley for a few years, where Frank and I were born.

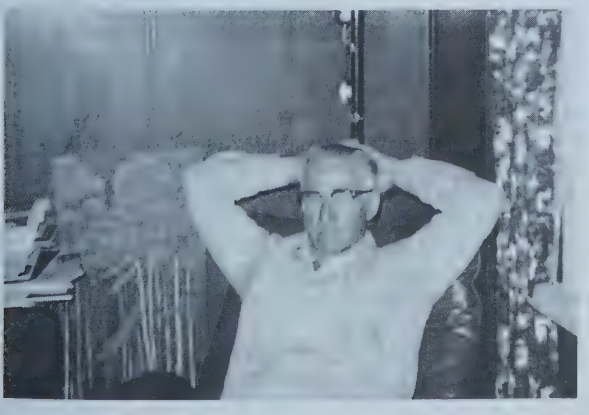
In December 1929, Dad and our family moved to the Hand Hills area of Alberta, farming in the summer and feeding cattle in the winter. Every weekend the neighbors would come to our place to ski or sleighride down the big hills.

In May 1936 we moved to the Water Valley district where Dad bought the NE¼ 12-29-6-5 and the SE¼ 13-29-6-5 which were located by the Little Red Deer River. There was only a cow trail leading to the house for the last two miles. We lived in a tent while the furniture was being moved across the river to a small house where a sheepherder and his family had lived. As the last load went in, a twister came along and took the roof off the house. My mother, Frank and I walked the last few miles to our house. When we got to the river we had to wade across. There was ice on both sides!

That summer we built a log cabin on the south side of the river. We didn't know much about how to do it. There were some pretty big cracks between the logs. Everytime we had a bath Dad used to say that the draft would blow the suds off.

One of the first things we had to do was to build a road so Dad could bring the truck home. For the first few years the road was so narrow the dual wheels hung over the edge.

During the Depression in the 1930s it seemed Dad was never home. He worked around the clock, hauling grain, or rails, or whatever work



Dan Colvin.

Marjorie Colvin.

The biggest log cut at one time at Dan Colvin's sawmill on the Little Red Deer River.

he could get with the truck. We never went without food or clothes.

When World War II began, Dad went into the logging business, selling lumber and mine ties until 1970.

We children had six miles to ride to Bituma school, crossing the Little Red Deer River many times. We got lots of duckings when the ice was going out. We had many good times on the ice in the winter, with wiener roasts, mocassin dances, and skating. In the summer there was fishing and swimming.

For entertainment all the neighbors would get together in someone's house, all bringing lunch. Anyone who could play an instrument would take a turn, and a good time was had by all.

My mother, Marjorie Colvin, the oldest of a family of five boys and two girls, was born in Wisconsin, U.S.A., March 3, 1899, and passed away August 10, 1954.

My father married Hattie Byers April 23, 1960. They lived by the Little Red Deer River for ten years, working the stump ranch, getting out mine ties, and raised a few cattle and pigs. They did a lot of curling at Cremona, capturing many trophies. They moved to Lumby, British Columbia, in the summer of 1970, where they still reside. They enjoy curling and are still bringing home prizes. They fish in the wonderful lakes every summer. Many of their friends from Alberta drop in to visit.

My brother Frank, born September 12, 1926, married Sylvia Watson who was born in England February 7, 1954. They reside two miles south of Water Valley on N½ 11-29-5-5. They had seven children, two of whom passed away as infants. Their children, May, Doyle, the twins Judy and

Frank Colvin.

Trudy, and Ian have attended school at Water Valley, Cremona and Carstairs.

I was born December 7, 1929, and married Ronald Salisbury, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lee Salisbury of Dog Pound, on May 1, 1951. We lived in Alberta for seven years then moved to Ladner, British Columbia, in 1958. We separated in 1965. I raised my five children, Darrel, Marjorie, Linda, Bob and Alfred. They all live in Vancouver. I moved to Lumby in 1973. Ronald passed away at Drayton Valley, Alberta, January 17, 1975, at the age of 43 years.

MR. AND MRS. F. P. COYLE — by Mrs. Lillian Card

My father, Frank Coyle, came to Alberta from Walla Walla, Washington, in 1905, and set-

tled northeast of Okotoks. He married Nellie Gardner of Cayley, Alberta, in 1907. My two sisters and I were all born on the Okotoks farm. It was sold in 1918, and we moved to Calgary, where we girls attended school. My father bought the Dog Pound Ranch in the summer of 1918 from Vernon E. Thompson, at which time Mr. and Mrs. Thompson moved to Victoria, British Columbia. Mother, my sisters and I only lived there during holiday time, or if the schools were closed for some reason.

I believe the ranch was a section of land, only partially cleared when Dad bought it. During the years, Dad cleared and broke much more land and seeded it to hay and crops. For a few years he raised Caracul sheep, but the coyotes were too much to combat and the sheep were sold. He had purebred Aberdeen Angus cattle, also some Herefords and a few milk cows. On his weekend trips to Calgary to be with his family and attend to business matters, Dad brought in milk and cream, for household use and for sale. He also delivered cream to Bottrel by team and buggy. He used Clydesdale and Percheron horses for machinery operation at first; they were quiet, gentle animals and would let us handle them when we were around. As power implements became available, Dad invested in them, and thus kept updating his operation. He was one of the first in the area to own a tractor with head lights.

For a number of years Dad was the Municipal road boss; he travelled the roads twice a week and was well informed as to their condition, which was bad whenever it rained! We had a 1916 Model T when he moved to Dog Pound, and in about 1923 Dad bought another Ford which took the family to Colorado in 1924. It had a box on the running board for carrying food, side curtains to protect us from rain, and a tent was tied on it for housing en route. Later, Dad bought a Hupmobile car, and I remember hearing of the times when it was hard to start in cold weather. Hot ashes were taken from the stove to put under the motor to heat it up, or a team of horses had to be hitched up to pull the car around the pasture to get it going.

The building at the ranch site that is now used as a machine shed and garage, was used for the Dog Pound Post Office part of the time that my father lived there. Miss Mary Jenkins would ride over to sort the mail on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Mail was brought from Cochrane by Walter Crowe. The Post Office was moved into one of the large rooms of the old log house, and Bruce Hunter became Postmaster. Dad and a hired couple lived in part of this nine-room house for many years.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Gray worked for Dad for some years. Mrs. Gray took part in a production of "Charley's Aunt" in the hall on top of the hill. The Grays' daughter, Bonnie was born while they lived at Dad's. They later moved to a farm of their own east of Dog Pound. Mr. and Mrs. Joe

Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Coyle, 1932.

Jordan, neighbours to the west, also worked for Dad for a while. Somewhere around the beginning of the Second World War, Mr. and Mrs. Pete Sullivan came to work for Dad. They later purchased the property and changed many of the buildings to modern styles.

During the hard-times years, hogs were butchered and brought to Calgary, where they were cured and sold around the neighbourhood, also butter that Mother made, and surplus eggs. The curing barrel and the churn were in the basement of our Calgary home. There was always a good garden beside the ranch house, and it provided well for us. The pasture adjoining the hog pens had a nice bed of strawberries, which we enjoyed until the field came under the plow. During the summer we picked quantities of wild fruit which was canned or eaten fresh. Tree fruits were a luxury in those days.

I remember many times in the summer accompanying Dad to Calgary when the roads were muddy; the old Ford car had to be pushed up the Cochrane hill, which was a soggy mess of wet clay. I also remember Dad coming home to Calgary by democrat when the roads were impassable for cars. It was a long forty miles for him to journey. On the happier side, there are many memories of the Dog Pound Stampede and Picnic, swimming in the creek, and a variety of entertainments held in the hall. We girls enjoyed walking across to the Virginia Ranch to watch Jappy Rodgers train his polo ponies and other fine horses. We looked after his little girl sometimes.

For a few years after Dad sold the ranch and moved back to Calgary, he had a small farm in the Shepard area, which he supervised from his Calgary home. He lived an active and full life until he passed away on May 24, 1965, at the age of 96. Mother is living in the George Boyack Nursing Home, manoeuvres by wheel chair and will be 92 in April, 1975.

My sister Frances, Mrs. Norman McLean, lives in Islington, Ontario. Nellie, Mrs. Harvie Forrest, lives in Port Coquitlam, British Columbia, and I live in Calgary. There are seven grandchildren and twelve great-grandchildren in the family at the end of 1974.

AMOS CRAVEN

Amos Craven bought the N½ 13-28-4-5 from Jack Bryden. Amos was a jeweller. He and his brother Chris came to live on the farm. They were not experienced in farming so they hired help. Chris did not stay long. Jack Lambert (Mrs. Ellis Banta's father) worked there for awhile. Ted and Mary Lee, Stan Buckler and his sister Maggie also worked there.

Amos sold out to the Baldersons in 1934, and moved to British Columbia.

THE THOMAS CULLING FAMILY — by Bertha Irvine

Thomas Culling, the son of a physician in England, tried to carry out his father's wishes and become a doctor. However, after his graduation he still wanted to become a farmer. He took off for Australia, working out his passage on a cattle ship. From there he worked his way to New York, where he met and married Carrie Downs. They moved to Sprague, Washington, where twins were born, a boy, Robert, and a girl who died in infancy. Later a second set, Bertram and May, were born.

Another move was made, this time to Sidley, near Nelson, British Columbia, where their third son, Gussie Fisher, my father, was born October 8, 1895. Later they moved back to Wilbur, Washington, where two more children, Clem and Grace, were born. They had a fairly large fruit orchard, but there was no market for the fruit; they even found it hard to trade it for necessary food or clothing.

In 1903 Thomas put all the family belongings in a wagon. Gus and Bert drove the stock and they headed for Alberta by way of British Columbia. Finally, as it was getting late in the spring, they put the sixteen head of cattle and six horses on a train. They unloaded at Crossfield in the pouring rain. They bought a mower and hayrake from Charlie Webb, who was the Massey Harris agent and blacksmith in Crossfield. Then Gus and Bert (nine and eleven years old respectively) undertook to drive the stock to the Dog Pound homestead. They got lost and had to spend the night at a friendly settler's place, which was quite a distance south of the right trail. Their father had chosen to take up a homestead on the

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Culling, 1890.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Culling and son Bob, 1925.

Dog Pound because that creek, teeming with brook trout and grayling, flowed right through the property, and the thick grass was knee high. Wild fruit, including strawberries, raspberries, and saskatoons, was in abundance. However, the most important thing was the beautiful stands of evergreens, mainly spruce and jackpine. Some of these were used to build a log shack. Later a barn and corrals were erected, using nicely peeled posts and poles for the latter. But a "Twister" came and destroyed most of their hard work by scattering the barn roof over on the other side of the creek, and tearing up and twisting the new row of fence posts as easily as if they had been matchsticks.

Dad and his brothers all went out to work at a very early age. One of Dad's first jobs was at one end of a crosscut saw minus a handle. He worked for only a few cents a day, a day being from daybreak until dark. He milked cows for the Henrys and hauled the milk to the cheese factory at Bottrel. Dad also freighted for J. T. Boucher, making the long cold trip to and from Cochrane faithfully, regardless of the weather or road conditions. Sometimes the wet, gumbo-like stretches would necessitate unloading half of the big load and driving through, unloading the second half and returning for the first half. He always drove at least four horses. One of the

Guss and Gertie Culling, January 16, 1917.

worst stretches of gumbo was along by Tom Spicer's place.

Dad broke many an acre of virgin soil, working for Hoffmans, Henrys, Havens, Hughes, and Callaways, to name just a few, for he went as far south as Leighton, near Bassano, Alberta. Breaking was done with a heavy walking plow and six to eight horses, usually broncos.

Dad and his brothers all took up homesteads; Dad filed on NE¼ 21-28-5-5, and Bert on NE¼ 36-27-4-5.

Dad married Gertrude Fenton in January 1917. She was the youngest daughter of a large family who came from Ontario to Needles, British Columbia, in 1912, and to north of Cochrane in 1913. After the newlyweds had been properly "chivaried", they invited their noise-making friends and neighbours in for hot coffee and cake. There were no parties or showers in those days for young brides-to-be!

Nevertheless, they did have their "fun times", when neighbours gathered for house parties, barn raisings, or other occasions. All would take part — play a musical instrument, such as a violin, mouth organ or guitar, sing songs, tell stories. Step dancing by the Mallochs was especially well received. Both Mother and Dad were fairly good at reciting poems like this one that Dad had learned when he was only five years old:

"There was a lazy farmer's boy a-hoeing out the corn
And moodily he'd listened long to hear the dinner horn;
The welcome blast it came at last, and down he dropped his hoe.
But the good man shouted in his ear, 'My boy, hoe out your row.' "

Mother would learn many a long recitation while scrubbing on the old wash board, or when churning the butter. One of her favorites was "Red Flannel Time:"

"Every year about this time I recall Red Flannel Time!
Mother'd get those flannels down, look 'em over fore and aft,
Patch 'em where you felt a draft!
Then she'd pass them on to us,
Warning us to make no fuss.
Just put 'em on, straighten up and run along!
Kids today have things too easy,
Skimming 'long so blithe and breezy.
Strong endurance is no match
For us who had to start from scratch!"

There were many picnics. The Dog Pound picnic was always well attended and many a friendly horse race took place. Dad won quite often on his fast little pinto pony.

During the winter months Dad and Mother lived in a little slab shack on the homestead, the slabs coming from the O'Neil sawmill. While Dad worked skidding logs for O'Neil, or else cutting and hauling posts and poles for customers far and near, Mother would do such chores as feeding the stock, and milking. Very often drinking holes had to be cut through the ice on the creek. Sometimes she got more than water; a big fish would be swimming around the icy basin and could be easily caught.

During the summer they went to Leighton to work for a large landowner named Mr. Krandel. The terrific heat and alkali water was very hard on man and beast. Sometimes dipping water from a ditch and boiling it for very strong tea was the only means of slaking one's thirst. Maybe that's why Mother developed such a love for apple cider from a wooden keg, a love she's never lost. She did the cooking for them both in the tent they lived in, even though there was a big long frame building and cookhouse, with a Chinese cook.

Dad had many hair-raising experiences with bucking and runaway horses, but always by some miracle would escape serious injury. He and Mother had one thrilling experience while bringing home a huge load of hay on a newly constructed rack made of little round poles set in bored out holes in 2x4s. They had their infant daughter, Bertha, lying beside them while they

were eating their lunch. Suddenly along came a whirlwind. Hay and all went up in the air. As they started to rise Dad yelled "Whoa!" The horses stood still as the long lines slipped through his hands! Up they went until the horses looked very small far below! They started to descend, and they landed on the hay on the side of the road beside the horses. No one was hurt, but there were not two pieces of the new hayrack left together. There was nothing else to do but ride home on the wagon reach, both being very thankful to be alive. One of their neighbours, Mr. Reeve, witnessed the incident, and thought as he watched, "Well, that's the end of that little family!"

An amusing incident took place when Uncle Bob got the first car in the Culling family. He brought it home over the hills at about 15 or 20 miles an hour, did fine until he came down over the hill to his father's place and then couldn't stop. He jumped a ditch and hit a tree. He scared his father so badly that, there and then, he decided that neither cars nor those crazy flying machines would ever amount to much! They had been to the Calgary Stampede when it first started, and saw the first planes fail to fly. "No sir! Machines couldn't ever replace old Dobbin."

One year they all had a wonderful crop of Swede turnips, so Bob and Dad decided to take a couple of loads to the open market in Calgary. It was a long tough haul. They went by Simons Valley, stopping the night at Beaton's place. The next morning, after arriving really early at the market, they only received a few cents a bushel for their turnips.

Though money was scarce they never went hungry, for if a pig or steer was not quite ready to be butchered, there were plenty of grouse and prairie chicken to be had by setting traps on a stook or a stack of greenfeed. Big jack rabbits were easy to snare and they made a pleasant change from the frozen or canned beef and salted pork. No deep freezes and refrigerators, but butter, milk, cream and meat would keep well for a few days down the well or in an icehouse.

Due to the severe winters, the prevalence of poison weed, and no close school, my parents decided to leave the homestead in the bush. They bought a bare quarter from Orr Fenton, which adjoined Lloyd Fenton's land in the Glendale area northeast of Cochrane.

The winter of 1919-20 was one of the worst on record. Dad and Mother had decided to get out their potatoes during a snow storm, using horse blankets to keep the spuds from freezing. They were the only ones for miles around that got their potatoes dug that year. It never cleared up, just snow and more snow, and bitterly cold. When Mother and Dad moved in with Uncle Lloyd in May 1920, the snow was still halfway up the stooks in the fields. Feed was very scarce. Hay sold for fifty dollars a ton and oats for a dollar a bushel.

Soon after they moved to Glendale, they were again blessed with a little daughter, who they called Ruth.

Grandpa Culling died suddenly early in 1921. Grandma lived in Cochrane for awhile, and then either with Bob or with our family until her death in February 1929.

Dad bought a frame house from Walter Hutchinson for fifty dollars. Mr. Hutchinson was very willing to sell because one of his steers had fallen down through the cellar. Uncle Orr, Uncle Lloyd and Dad tried to move the house by skidding it with 18 head of horses, but that didn't work out so well. Finally they loaded it onto four wagons and hauled it over a very rough, hilly trail to the new location. Mr. A. Norris came and lathed, and the Peytos did the plastering. Dad dismantled the big log barn he'd built on his homestead, hauled the logs down and rebuilt the barn where it still stands today, though the house is gone.

Water was hauled by stoneboat from Lloyd Fentons. Cattle and horses were driven to water at a spring about half a mile or so north, until the first of several wells were dug by hand with pick and shovel, using dynamite to blast through the rock, and a windlass to haul up the dirt and rock. The windlass was also used to wheel up the water until a hand pump was installed. The first well was about 44 feet deep, and was not far from the house; it made a good cold storage place for dairy products and fresh meat. In later years Dad and Mother went into the dairy business, selling milk to the Union Milk Company instead of bottling and selling cream. It was about the same time that Mr. Brady came and drilled the well that is still operated by a windmill.

The farm had a lot of willow brush on it, which was cleared with an axe. Some of the willows were used for fence posts, the rest for fuel, along with roots for the potbellied stove. The virgin land was broken with the old walking plow. In the grass were lovely wild strawberries, and Mother was able to pick many quarts of them before the plants were plowed under. In the early years some crops of oats yielded 100 bushels to the acre. Dad soon found it necessary to make many long trips to the bush for logs to provide fuel and replace fence posts. He made a trip to a coal mine on land owned by Arthur Crawford, southwest of Cochrane, but being steam coal, it didn't burn too well.

Uncle Lloyd and Dad enjoyed the honor of being able to pack more sheaves into a freight car than anyone else. These two men enjoyed working together and for years helped one another, turn and turn about.

Ruth and I would pitch in and help and we especially liked haying. Ruth would mow and I would rake, or drive one team on one end of the big homemade sweep, sweeping the hay up to the stacker. We could also do a fair job of topping off a stack to stay put and to shed the rain.

Many a trip was taken, hauling hay or sheaves to the open market just a bit south of the Centre Street bridge in Calgary. One such trip was taken with Uncle Gladstone, Mother's youngest brother, in the lead. As they went over the bridge about daybreak, Dad's hay fork was sticking up and the handle hit every light bulb on the bridge, one after another, much to Uncle Glad's delight, and to Dad's puzzlement. He just couldn't figure out what was causing all the noise!

Dad got his first car, a second-hand Ford, in 1924, for $100, which was the price of a wagon box full of pigs, ten or so. The next car was a brand new Ford in 1926. In this car, Dad took us all, including Grandma Fenton, on a trip to the Coast. The gravelled, washboard, narrow roads were really something, but we girls enjoyed every moment of it, especially when we'd finally catch up and pass the big cars that had passed us so quickly at the beginning of a long climb. Soon we'd pass them, as many had to stop on account of overheated radiators. Our car never heated once and we only had one flat tire. I'm sure we girls were as pleased as that turtle must have been when he beat the hare. We were sure heavily loaded, too, as we had packed a tent, planning on camping out each night. We only had to pitch it once because Dad discovered we could all stay in lovely furnished little cabins, with linen and everything provided, for a dollar a night. Of course there was no Roger's Pass, so we had to go part of the way on American roads. They were paved or being paved. You'd think we would like that better, but we got so tired of the heat and mile after mile of treeless dried up landscape. This was soon forgotten when we were given a big watermelon at a little gas station by the Fraser River.

Due to Dad's ill health, my parents sold their farm in 1954 to Walter Wearmouth and moved into Cochrane early in 1955. Mother and Dad celebrated their Golden Wedding anniversary in 1967. Their two daughters, Ruth Kline of Airdrie and Bertha Irvine of Calgary, held Open House in their honour.

My father passed away December 27, 1973, predeceased by an infant daughter in January 1926.

There is one surviving member of Thomas Culling's family in 1975. She is Mrs. N. Day (Grace), who lives in Toronto.

ROBERT T. CULLING — by Norma Tetrault

My dad, Robert Culling, of English descent, was born in Sprague, Washington, in 1890. He homesteaded in the Dartigue area on the SW¼ 22-28-5-5 early in the 1900s, and from there he moved to the Summit Hill area about 1915. His farm consisted of the Ollie Nunn homestead, the NE¼ 30-28-3-5, and the adjoining NW¼ of 29.

Dad married Grace Vance of the Beaver Dam district. They had eight children: Helen, Amy, Norma, Joyce, Robert, Jim, Shirley, and Dorothy. There are 32 grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren.

Dad ran a general store and filling station at his home from 1926 to 1944. This business was taken over by a younger, bachelor brother, Clem, who had a barbershop and poolhall at Dog Pound.

Dad won the National Barley Contest in 1947 and 1948. Mother and Dad sold their farm and moved to Calgary in 1949. At the age of 59, when most men are thinking of retiring, Dad resumed farming in the Cochrane area near his bachelor brother, Bert. The family continued to reside in Calgary and when Dad was not busy on the farm he lived with us in Calgary.

JEAN D'ARTIGUE ALSO NAMED JOHN D'ARTIGUE PEYRON BROCQ — by Ellen Buckler

Jean D'Artigue, known locally as John D'Artigue, was born in France in 1855, and educated to be a teacher. He travelled to Canada and answered an advertisement in a newspaper calling for volunteers for The North West Mounted Police. His experiences are recorded in a book he wrote after his discharge from the Police Force and published in Toronto by Hunter Rose and Company.

Jean D'Artigue was the author of "Six Years in the Canadian North West." This book was the first book ever written concerning the North West Mounted Police and the first book ever written about the Force by a man who had served in its ranks. On April 14, 1874, at the age of 20, Jean D'Artigue was accepted in the North West Mounted Police Force. Enlisting in Montreal, he headed West to Manitoba in July of 1874, to join the Force's famous march West. He was a member of "A" Troop, which travelled northwest to Fort Edmonton.

Mr. D'Artigue attempted to furnish the Canadian public with an account of the trials, privations, and adventures which the men encountered and the results of the great expedition. He tells of the journey into the far North West and his acquaintance with the Indians in their primeval state, and the return from Fort Saskatchewan by boat and rail to Quebec.

Mr. D'Artigue's experiences on the vast grasslands came to an end on April 14, 1880, when he took his discharge. He sailed for Liverpool in the fall of 1880 en route to his native France.

In the early 1880s Jean D'Artigue returned to Western Canada and settled on Spencer Creek, a short distance north of the Bow River. In 1883 he moved north to the Dog Pound Creek to settle. The land later was surveyed as the SE¼ 24-28-5-5. Alex McLachlin built his house for him.

In 1884 he returned to France and brought his two nephews, Charles and John Pedeprat, and his brother and sister-in-law back to Canada with

Ottawa the 13th 1880

Sir,

When I was at Ottawa, I forgot to ask for my discharge of the of W.M. Police. I shall require it as soon as I arrive in France. Will you be kind enough to send it to me as soon as possible to the following adress:

Mr. Dartigue
à Athis
Orne
France

in yours
respectfully
J. Dartigue

. the Letter a postage stamp

him. In 1888 John D'Artigue's brother and his wife moved away from the Dog Pound area.

In 1890 Jean D'Artigue mortgaged his homestead to secure $225.00 with interest at 15% per year. He held an auction sale in 1895 to finish paying this debt.

Mr. and Mrs. Shea, also Mr. and Mrs. Piere and daughter Sammy lived with Jean for a while. Mrs. Shea and Mrs. Piere were his nieces. Sammy did very well with her studies, as her great uncle taught her while she stayed with him. The Pieres returned to France. Mr. and Mrs. Shea moved to the Beaver Dam area. When Mr. Shea passed away Mrs. Shea married Barney Madden. It is rumored that Mr. Shea asked Mr. Madden to look after his wife when he was gone, or if he didn't, he'd come back and haunt him. She is remembered by neighbours as "that friendly French lady who always did her wash in the Beaver Dam Creek."

Mrs. Agnes Hutchinson remembers going with her father Charles Perrenoud to Mr. D'Artigue's place to buy wine. Mr. D'Artigue had a tube through the wall from a barrel in the kitchen to his bedroom so he could have a sip in bed. She also remembers lifting the lid off the

John D'Artigue's house. Taken in 1975.

A corner of John D'Artigue's house, built in the 1880s, showing the skillful axe work done by Alex McLachlan.

canner on the stove and seeing furry bodies boiling up, whole gophers, presumably for the chickens. Her uncle, Vincent Phipps, looked after Walter Hutchinson's cattle on the D'Artigue place up on the Dog Pound and talks of being given too much wine in the corral.

"One time when Mr. D'Artigue stayed with us (Perrenouds), he read the Range Men by L. V.

At Perrenouds; the man holding a horse at right center is John D'Artigue.

Kelly, and he enjoyed reading about General Steele, as he once travelled with him. One time they came to a river which was rough. Mr. D'Artigue fastened a rope around his waist and swam across. He said he was very strong at that time. The horses and carts then followed, then the other livestock. One time when a horse died while pulling a cart, it had to be replaced by a cow. General Steele didn't think much of that, but Mr. D'Artigue thought it was a big joke."

Mrs. Perrenoud remembers John D'Artigue quite well. He was a big strong man who hated cameras, but the private detective portraying "Cannon" on television reminds her of him. He was a great walker and always walked around the country to visit or on business.

In January 1914, Jean D'Artigue took out his Canadian citizenship.

Mrs. Mary Houghton remembers Mr. D'Artigue as being very friendly especially with young people. Her sister and brother-in-law, the Jim Myrams, were his neighbours. When Cecil Myram had the croup, Mr. D'Artigue fixed up some mixture, using homemade brandy and other things; it was a sure cure. Mrs. Houghton rode the range checking on the cattle and remembers the snake fence of rails all around the D'Artigue property. Mr. D'Artigue took in bulls to pasture for the winter. In the summer he made sandals from ends of apple boxes, which he wore in the summer. He froze his feet very severely when he was lost in a storm while he was with the Mounted Police. He spent months in the hospital in Fort Saskatchewan. This may have been the reason for making his own sandals. He later suffered from rheumatism.

In the spring of 1914, a public road was built through the D'Artigue land. Mr. D'Artigue rented land to Mrs. Oldaker. Later D. M. McRae, Fred Sholtz, A. Harrison, M. S. Matthews, John Morgan, and Jim Reeve also rented it. Mr. D'Artigue had protected the beaver. There were about 50 of them destroying the timber, so Mr. Harrison was issued a permit in 1921 to trap 20 beaver, but all pelts were to be sent to the Department of Agriculture in Edmonton.

The D'Artigue School District No. 3814 was formed with A. G. Butler as secretary treasurer. Later D. M. McRae, A. Wells, and S. Tyrell held this office. As the school was never built, most families with school children moved out closer to a school. In later years a school bus served this area and Bill Postlethwaite bused children first to Chapelton, then to the Consolidated School at Westbrook.

Mr. D'Artigue went to California in the winter, as he was finding the winters harsh and his health was declining. He'd bring back cases of huge oranges which he'd hand out to children and friends. Often children had never had an orange before so it was especially treasured.

Mr. D'Artigue never married. Maybe the time he first went to an Indian settlement, where a white man had never been, was an experience he never forgot. As a special gift the chief offered him an Indian maiden for a wife. He didn't want to offend them, but he had to do some talking to get out of the situation unattached. By explaining he'd have to get permission from his superior, he was able to leave and made a point of not returning to that area.

In 1921 Mr. D'Artigue returned to France and on June 6, 1924, he passed away at the age of 69. He had written six books that were published, but not all were translated into English. There is a French copy at the Glenbow Foundation Library. In 1930 his ranch was sold to Lloyd Birkett. This land is now owned by a former mayor of Calgary, Jack Leslie. The Dartigue Lodge, where many good times have been had and still continue to be, was named in his memory.

DARTIGUE LODGE

Before 1933 dances and parties were held in homes or the one-roomed schools. As the population in the district increased the houses were all too small for parties. Often all the furniture in the houses was set outside on party night, which was fine if it didn't rain.

In 1933 Paul Swanson, Cliff and Ben Henry, Joe and Fred Taylor called a meeting regarding the building of a community hall. Everyone agreed that the need for a community hall in the district was long overdue.

Deeded land was donated by the Henry Brothers on the northwest corner of the NW¼ 18-28-4-5 and a log hall was built and opened in 1934. The hall was named Dartigue, after Jean D'Artigue who was one of the first homesteaders in the area.

The logs were hauled from the bush back of Paul Swanson's ranch. Everyone in the district turned out to help. Some of the helpers were: Paul Swanson, Arthur Wells, Howard Southwood, George Nelson, Alex Moore, Charlie Copithorne, Dave Bryant, Jimmie Reeve and sons, Joe and Fred Taylor, Don Patterson, Rolfe Tempany, George Sherriff, Ben and Cliff Henry, Sam Pratt, Guy Gano, Harry Viney, Joe Gray

Dartigue Hall — Mrs. Florence Stearns (nee Gazeley).

and sons, Ollie Tidball, Milford Boucher, Fred Howard, Les Chadderton, Pearl and Lloyd Birkett, Henry Whitfield, Billy and George McKay, Harvey Perrin, Slim Moore, Harry Wright, Tom and Johnny Zuccolo, Hank Fricke, Sam McDonald, Ed Bundt, Mac Allan, and Ken Florer.

The log work on the four corners was done by Milford Boucher, Dave Bryant, Harvey Perrin and Jim Reeve. Alex Moore and Dave Bryant hewed the top logs flat so the rafters could be placed. The rafters were hauled to Zuccolo's where Tom and John sawed one side of the rafters flat so the open-beam ceiling would have a log effect. Hank Fricke and Zuccolos sawed and donated most of the lumber.

At first the floor was just of ordinary boards, but soon enough money was raised to install a hardwood dance floor which was sold to the community at cost. George Sherriff took care of the outdoor plumbing.

Mrs. Birkett, who lived just across the road from the hall, saw to it that the boys had lots of hot coffee and tea.

Winter employment during the 1930s was almost nil, and young and old alike enjoyed having something worthwhile to do, and did not mind donating their help.

The women in the district under the leadership of Ivy Swanson made a quilt for a raffle and collected donations from Cochrane and Calgary. Woolworths donated the cups; Black's Jewellers donated a lovely clock which was later stolen. Other places of business gave similar donations.

The neatest little log balcony was built on the inside of the west end and it was faced with rows of tiny, six-inch willow branches nailed across the front. The words "Dartigue Lodge" were placed in the centre and were also made of little willow twigs. This tedious work was done by a man staying with the Henry brothers. His name was Turk.

The first dance in the hall was held in the fall of 1934. So many people came one could hardly dance, and everyone was wishing the hall had been built bigger.

For several years as many people came with horses as with cars. On cold nights horses were best, as cars had to be started about every hour to keep the water in the radiators from freezing.

Many young people rode to the dances. At that time girls just didn't dance in their overalls, so girls that rode would change into their dresses up on the balcony. On cold nights the dances lasted until daylight.

For years the music was supplied by Gene Winchell's orchestra; Mr. Howard, piano only; the Bosch orchestra from Water Valley; and sometimes Gazeley's orchestra, all of whom supplied good old-time music. For a few years during the war, the hall was not used very much. Finally the Handy Annie Ladies' group cleaned and polished the inside of the hall and held benefit dances there.

The hall has been broken into several times. Unfortunately, there are some who do not appreciate the hard toil it took to build the hall for their convenience. The last time the hall was broken into a very valuable picture, painted by Granny Winchell, and a picture of the workers standing on the top logs of the hall before it was finished, were stolen. Paul Swanson, now 84 years old, has offered a reward to anyone knowing where these pictures are.

GEORGE AND LAURA DAY

George F. Day homesteaded the SE¼ 28-28-5-5, near the Klondyke Valley, and received his Patent in 1904. Later George and his wife Laura moved to land near Silver Creek, and after a few years they moved east to a place at the top of the big hill between Bituma School and Water Valley.

Before 1922 George threshed for neighbors with a threshing machine powered by a steam engine.

He was the catcher for the Water Valley team in the Bush Baseball League.

Laura's parents, who lived northwest of Madden on land which is now known as the Osmond place, sold rhubarb throughout the area, travelling with a horse and buggy. There is still a large rhubarb patch at the Osmond place. Laura's mother was blind, but managed very well.

Laura was a very thoughtful person. She and George had no children, but they cared for George Chapman and Evelyn Day, who married Red Powell. George Chapman now lives in Calgary and the Powells moved to the north country.

Laura was known for her generosity, and everyone was welcome at the Day home; many received care there when in need. She was very

fond of plants, and had many fine ones in their house.

George passed away on his way to hospital as a result of a ruptured appendix. Laura has also passed away.

DANIEL AND MARGARET DENDY — by Lillie Buckler

Aunt Maggie and Uncle Den were born in Surrey, England. They came to Canada and homesteaded around 1905 or 1906 on the SE¼ 24-28-4-5 and bought N½ 13-28-4-5, adjacent to the homestead, from the C.P.R. Uncle Den dug a well on what he thought was his C.P.R. land, but actually was on Dave Buckler's. He had quite a distance to haul his water when he built on his land. Of course, there were no fences up yet, so these mistakes were easy to make.

Uncle Den was a butcher by trade and worked in Calgary quite a bit of the time. I stayed with Aunt Maggie and did chores, milked cows, fed and watered cows and horses, and kept my aunt company. Uncle Den came home weekends.

When they first came to the farm, Uncle Den got up bright and early. The mountains looked so big, and close, he decided to walk there to see them before breakfast. Around noon he came back home very tired and hungry, and needless to say, he never reached the mountains.

In 1918, they sold their farm to J. Godlonton and moved to New Zealand, where they spent their remaining years.

HARRY DENDY — as told by Lillie Buckler

Uncle Harry Dendy was born in Surrey, England. He came to Canada about 1897 and homesteaded near Sinclair, Manitoba. His sister, Aunt Florence, came out about this time. They invited their other sister, Rosa Faggetter, my mother, a widow, to join them with her five young children and start a new life. She came and filed on homestead land nearby in 1899 or 1900. In the meantime, Aunt Florence met, and later married Oscar Sundstrom and they moved to Fernie, British Columbia.

Mother died of the flu in 1902 leaving us in the care of Uncle Harry, a bachelor. He kept us at his home in the summer, then I was sent to Aunt Florence. Some of the other children stayed with neighbours in the winter. Uncle Harry was very strict, but kind, held in great respect, and loved by all of us children. He was a very religious man and we had daily Bible reading and prayer.

A few years later he sold out and moved to Alberta, and took up a homestead near where the Dog Pound Creek starts, now part of Stewart Ranches. He brought my brother, Bert, and youngest sister, Christine, with him. Brother Fred was here already and worked for Frank King when I was there. Later Fred worked for Mr. Laidlaw.

Uncle Harry proved up on his claim and built a cabin. He was a cook by trade, which stood him in good stead over the years. His house was kept neat and clean.

Christine worked for Mrs. Geitson, where Homer Gano later lived. She helped with chores, and was a companion for Mrs. Geitson while her husband was away working on bridges. They kept chickens and cattle. Mr. Geitson put up wild hay for winter feed. While Christine was there, lightning struck a haystack, and burnt the stack, the chicken house, and the barn. Charlie Salisbury and Walter Vaughan came and helped put the fire out. Mr. Geitson was away at this time.

Christine, Fred, and Bert Faggetter left and went back to Manitoba. Uncle Harry joined up in World War I. He served Overseas and was killed in France in December 1916.

THE HERBERT DENDY FAMILY — by Christina Toms

Herbert and Amy Dendy came from Surrey, England, to Manitoba in the early 1900s with their five children, Amy, Fred, Alfred, Harry, and George. They had five more children born in Manitoba: Rose, Bert, Dennis, Edith, and Charles. When they moved to Alberta, Amy and Harry were old enough to stay and work in Manitoba. When the family came, they lived on a place by the Little Red Deer River, downstream from the Fuller place. To get supplies they took the team and wagon and forded the river to go to the nearest trading area, either Cochrane or Morley.

A teacher visited the home two or three times a week, spending the rest of the time teaching other families in their homes, offering a meager education to children where no school was available.

What is remembered by a visitor to their home was the pet bear cub that the children played with. It followed them around in and out of the house like a dog. Its mother had probably been killed and the children adopted the lonesome cub, fed and cared for it.

When Harry Dendy joined up in the First World War, Herbert moved the family to his brother's homestead at the head of the Dog Pound Creek.

Fred joined up at this time and both he and Harry were killed in active service Overseas.

Alfred and George worked for farmers in the area. The family next moved to Airdrie, where the children could go to school, then to Calgary for a time before returning to Brandon, in 1923. George remained working in Alberta.

CHARLIE DENT

Charlie Dent homesteaded the NW¼ 14-28-5-5. He served in World War I and never returned to his land.

MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM DILLABAUGH — by Margaret Dillabaugh

Bill Dillabaugh was born in North Dakota in 1904. He came to Namaka, Alberta, with his parents in 1911. In 1932 he came to Bottrel,

Alberta, staying on the Tom Dale place, west of Dartigue Hall. While there he raised sheep for a few years.

When World War Two broke out, he joined the Air Force and took his training at Trenton, Ontario. While Overseas Bill and I, Margaret MacDonald of Paisley, Scotland, were married.

I started my singing lessons at the age of 14, in Glasgow. In a few years I was asked to sing as the leading contralto in the church there. I had sung in many concerts by that time. During the war, three friends and I formed a singing group and travelled around England and Scotland, entertaining the wounded boys in the hospitals. I sang over the B.B.C. in London during the war. I met Bill in 1945 and we were married later that year. We came out to Calgary and stayed there about a year.

When Bill was planning to start a garage at the Bottrel Corner on the Cochrane-Cremona road, Bill Armstrong invited us to come and stay with him.

Grace was born while we were staying with "Grandpa" Bill Armstrong. We were there seven years. Bill used a discarded street car for a shop until he built a cement block garage. Later he built a garage and house close to the Westbrook Consolidated School. Grace attended school there and Bill drove a school bus for 12 years. Bill operated the Westbrook Service Station until 1967, when, due to his health, he had to give up working. He sold out to Arvi Autio, and we moved to the Bowness district of Calgary. Bill died in January 1972. I presently reside at the Spruce Drive Apartments. Grace also lives in Calgary.

THE HEZEKIAH DINGLEY FAMILY — by Wilfred Dingley

The years of 1903 and 1904 had seen a lot of unemployment in England. My father, Hezekiah Dingley, was a steam engineer, a bricklayer, and a stonemason by trade but he was unable to find much work. After being out of work for a considerable time, my father, his labourer, Moses Adams, known as Mo, and my uncle Alfred Hadley, my mother's brother, all decided to immigrate to Canada. Father and Mother sold their household goods and managed to get enough money to book passage for Father on the Steamship Tunisian about April 1904. He had money enough to take him as far west as Winnipeg. My uncle Alfred found work in Winnipeg at an iron foundry, as this was his line of work, but my father and Moses Adams couldn't find work there; however, they heard that there was work in Calgary. Having no money left, they found work with the C.P.R. They had to do repair work on the line as far as Medicine Hat. They arrived in Medicine Hat on a Sunday morning and went to the only restaurant. After they looked around, they decided it was no place to eat, and bought a tin of salmon and a loaf of bread, then went down to the river where they ate their breakfast. After washing up in the river they saw a small church and decided to go in. As they went in the Minister was announcing his text, "Hezekiah's entering into a strange land"; my father's name was Hezekiah (Harry for short), and they were both entering a strange land. Later they went to Calgary.

The first day they arrived in Calgary they found work on the Pro-Cathedral and worked for the balance of 1904. Together they were able to buy a city lot and build a small house on it. By April 1905, Father was able to book passage to Calgary for my mother (Esther), myself, and my brother John. I was seven years old and John was two. We arrived May 24, 1905. Father met us at the C.P.R. station and we walked to our new home on 11A Street N.W. in Hillhurst. Our next door neighbours were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Harbidge. Their son, Charles, and his sister Nancy were my first playmates.

My father filed papers for a quarter section of land in the Dog Pound district, the SW¼ 16-28-4-5. We stayed in Calgary until the next November. My father made arrangements with Mo Adams and Teddy Wakefield to build our home on the homestead land. Mr. Wakefield had a team of horses and a wagon so he transported our clothing, blankets, furniture, and food enough for five or six months. There was no store closer than Cochrane.

We left Calgary on a November afternoon after a very bad snowstorm. We went up 10th Street North to Simons Valley on a wagon trail which petered out by dark. There were four or five foot drifts of snow which made it hard going for the horses. By midnight we were lost. My father and Mr. Wakefield saw a light from a farmhouse about two miles away, which told them they were going in the right direction, but as it was so late they decided to drive into a field where there were haystacks. We spent the night sleeping in the stacks and much to our surprise found them very warm and comfortable. By daylight we were moving again, up Simons Valley and on to the Beaver Dam and then to the Dog Pound district. I do not remember arriving as I was so tired and sleepy. There was not much snow there at that time.

Our building materials came from the Eau Claire Mills in Calgary, enough to build a cabin 15 by 20 feet. The horse stable was built of sod and the roof covered with willow brush and sod which kept out the snow and wind. We did not have any hay for the horse and she had to forage where the snow was thin. Mr. Harbidge and family visited us at Christmas and he brought a scythe with him. A Chinook had melted the snow so he, Father and Mo Adams cut enough grass to keep the horse going for the rest of the winter.

The food which we had brought out was plain fare indeed. A side of bacon, beans, dried peas, a 98 lb. bag of flour, and yeast to make bread. My mother had never made bread but remembered her mother doing it and soon she could turn out

better bread than we can buy today. Our potatoes froze on the trip out, so we kept them that way and thawed out enough in water for our use.

A fireguard was plowed around the house to safeguard it against prairie fires. The prairie grass was thick and plentiful. There were quite a few fires, some coming quite close to us, one taking over a week to burn out.

We had about seven to ten acres of land plowed for us as we did not have machinery, owning only a horse and buggy. After three years we had the quarter section fenced, and had purchased 20 head of cattle from Mr. Boucher at about $15.00 to $20.00 a head. Our brand was called H Bar Lazy D. The cows were purchased from Mr. Boucher as he was going to build a cheese factory and would take all our milk. At the end of each year when the cheese was sold, the farmers shared the profit and the cows were paid for out of it. A few years later the cheese factory closed out and was turned into a butter factory.

During the first three years Father stayed on the farm during the winter and worked in Calgary at his trade in the summer. That kept us going. We soon had a plow, mower, hay rake, seven horses, a wagon and democrat and the original buggy as well.

Around 1907 the family of Mr. Van Allen arrived to homestead the quarter section of land south of us. He, his wife, his father (Grandpa Van Allen) and adopted daughter, Hazel, came from Spokane, Washington. They were some of the best friends and neighbours we had, always willing to help us in every way, as we didn't know much about farming. Mr. Van Allen had all kinds of machinery and was glad to lend us anything needed to get the work done. All the people in the district were good in this way and would help each other with fencing, building barns and stables, and threshing.

My uncle Alfred visited us from Winnipeg as he'd been very ill and the doctor recommended that he get away from the Winnipeg winter. He was with us for some time and his health improved, so he decided to homestead the SE¼ 16 east of us. My father and he worked together and bought the cattle, horses, and machinery. They split everything and agreed to farm separately. Uncle Alfred then built a house by a spring on his land. He got tired of being alone and went to Calgary, then back to England. He later married and was in the First World War, losing an arm in Turkey.

My sister Mary was born on the farm November 11, 1909. Mrs. Boucher was midwife and stayed awhile with Mother, then Mrs. Jarrett came and stayed two days to help us out.

There was no school for me to attend the first year. Then the Westbrook School District was formed.

Church services were held in the Westbrook School and Mr. Jarrett was our minister. My father, who was a pianist and violinist, was asked to be the choir leader and Miss Mary Jarrett was the organist. There were about ten people in the choir; Hanna Jarrett, Mrs. Dingley, Fred Jarrett, a Capps boy, and Alf Hadley were some of them.

We sold our land in 1912 to the blacksmith at Bottrel, Charlie Brown, for $15.00 an acre, and returned to Calgary.

My father went Overseas with the 50th Battalion and was transferred to the Canadian Engineers. He was in action all through the War and was in Berlin when the Armistice was signed November 11, 1918. I also enlisted and was in England when the War finished.

Father did all the brickwork on the Bottrel store and was paid $1.00 a day. This store is still being used.

Most of the winters were very cold with lots of blizzards. The summers were either very wet or too dry. We only threshed grain once or twice, otherwise we cut it for greenfeed. Sometimes we were hailed out and we had to let the livestock eat what was left. There was a graded dirt road completed from Cochrane to the Dog Pound and Bottrel Post Offices. We had a telephone the last two years we were there, 1910 to 1912. I do not remember the price of groceries, but we hardly saw any money as our butter and eggs were taken to Boucher's store and he gave us other groceries in payment. Mr. Boucher was the first and only person to have a car while we were there.

The steam engine that was used at the cheese factory was a stationary engine but they used it to do some, if not all, of the threshing in the district for the first few years. Later a new J. I. Case steam engine was used.

J. D. Johnson bought Mr. Van Allen's farm. The Johnsons came from the U.S.A.

My brother John, in North Carolina, has two children, a son and a daughter. My sister Mary, and Mother and Father moved to Orlando, Florida, and Mother and Father died there. Mary married William Waring. They have two sons and one daughter.

I left the farm in April 1912, and moved to Calgary. I was married in Vancouver in 1923, then returned to Calgary where I worked for the United Grain Growers for ten years and the Alberta Wheat Pool for 37 years. I retired in 1963. We have two daughters, and have one granddaughter in Calgary, and three in Nanaimo, British Columbia.

JOHN FRANCIS DOLEN FAMILY — by Lloyd Dolen

My parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Dolen, were married at Okotoks, Alberta, July 1914. Mom was the former Albina King of Okotoks, and Dad came from Fort Dodge, Iowa. They farmed in the Okotoks and Black Diamond districts until they came to Bottrel in 1932, where they settled on what was known as the Big Horn Ranch,

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dolen's 50th Wedding Anniversary, 1963. Leona and Gene Dolen, Dorothy Springett, Mr. Dolen, Agnes DeGrey, Mrs. Dolen, Mary and Len Kinch, Alma Dolen, Norma Dolen. Front: Francis and Lloyd Dolen.

Some of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dolen's grandchildren, on their 50th Wedding Anniversary.

Section 9-28-4-5. Of this family of eight boys and five girls, all were born at Okotoks except the youngest, Sheila, who was born after we moved to Bottrel. The children were: Jim, Ernest, Lloyd, Francis, Joe, Ed, Mary, Agnes, Bob, Gene, Dorothy, Teresa and Sheila. Ernest drowned as a lad in the Sheep Creek River. Both Francis and Ed were Overseas in the Second World War.

My sister Mary, who married Leonard Kinch, and I, are the only ones of the family who settled around Bottrel. I married Norma Elliot of Cochrane, and we have 9 children. The rest of the family are scattered from Coast to Coast.

At this time, in 1975, Mom still lives in Cochrane, and Dad passed away in December 1963. Mom and Dad had 80 grandchildren, and 54 great-grandchildren.

THE BIG HORN RANCH — by Lloyd Dolen

When we landed on the Big Horn Ranch
That was now our new abode,
The kids and stock were tired;
We'd been ten days on the road.
My father climbed down off the load
And had a look around.
He said, "Unhitch the horses boys,
We will sleep here on the ground."
And when we looked into the house,
We knew the reason why.
The cattle used it for a shed
When they were fighting flies!
The windows were all broken,
And there wasn't any door.
We waded in with shovels
To try and find the floor.
We won't forget them early years.
Times were really tough,
And when the snow was blowing
We were sleeping in the stuff.
And woke up in the morning
When you could barely see,
And break the ice in the water pail
To make a pot of tea.
We used to go each morning
Up the old bush trail
To cut a load of fire wood,
Or cut some Jack Pine rails.
We would haul it out to Bottrel
And trade for grub to eat,
When Tidball ran the grocery store
And it was hard to beat.
Those days were hard on Mother,
When we were all away;
She'd go outside and listen
For the squealing of the sleigh.
With the lamplight in the window
It was a welcome sight,
You could see it twinkle like a star
When we were late at night.
Sometimes it was hard to feed
A cold and hungry crew,
But I can still remember
That good old rabbit stew.
And the baking powder biscuits
That were always hot.
And there always seemed to be some brew
In the good old coffee pot.
But now we sit and reminisce
About them good old days,
And how our parents struggled
In their simple ways.
The old house is still standing
For anyone to see,
And if it could tell a story
It would do a better job than me.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLIE DONALD

About 1933 Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Donald lived northwest of Bottrel in the Evan Jones house, owned by Bouchers. Later they moved to the SW½ 32-28-4-5 where Charlie Evans, a war veteran from the Water Valley district, had built a log house for them.

While in the Bottrel area Charlie Donald was the blacksmith in the blacksmith shop located directly east of the store. The blacksmith shop has now been torn down.

The Donald children, Billy, Nora and Audrey, attended Westbrook School. Two younger sons,

Richard and another, nicknamed Bub, were still at home.

It is believed that the Donald family moved farther north towards central Alberta when they left Bottrel.

When Norman Betts bought the SW¼ 32-28-4-5 the Donald house was moved to Norman's home quarter, the NE¼ 31-28-4-5, and used for storage.

THE DREXLERS

Mr. Drexler homesteaded SW¼ 18-28-3-5. He and his two daughters lived in a sod shack. He was a photographer and took pictures of the old log building used for the first West Brook School, the students, and Mr. Jarrett, the teacher. He developed his pictures from a raft, using water in Wright's lake to process the pictures. He also worked in Calgary at his trade. One daughter is buried in the Westbrook Cemetery.

ANDREW DUNCAN

Andy Duncan, of Scottish descent, came to Alberta from Carlyle, Saskatchewan. He had been in charge of John Robertson's cattle and machinery when they were shipped on the railway line.

Andy purchased the NE¼ 12-29-4-5 which had been owned by William McTavish, who had taught at Alberta College and was a nephew of James McTavish.

Andy batched and did carpentry work in the area, in addition to looking after his farm. He sold his farm to William J. Bagnall in 1946 and returned to Saskatchewan, where he died in 1961.

THE COLIN DUNNINGHAM FAMILY — by Colleen Foster

The Colin Dunningham family came from England in 1919. My father, Colin Dunningham, planned to go to Vancouver, but was advised along the way to stop off in Alberta, which he did, stopping at Cochrane. He obtained work on a ranch owned by Harry Earle, located on Grease Creek northwest of Cochrane.

My mother and the family of six children, Norah and Terence Lee, and the four Dunningham children, Colleen, six and a half, Eileen, five, Jack, three, and one-year-old Patricia, arrived in Cochrane in July 1919. My father met us in Cochrane with a team and wagon. It was a hectic trip to the ranch, with the wagon loaded with children, luggage, and groceries, and travelling on a trail over hills and through creeks and muskegs. Dad would get the horses going at a good pace in order to flounder through the muskegs as far as possible. He would unhitch them, drive them through, then hook onto the end of the wagon tongue. The team, then on dry ground, would not have any trouble pulling the load out. He would rehitch and go on to the next hurdle.

On the Earle ranch we lived in a frame house, put up in a hurry, with the roof just lumber of all shapes and sizes, which did nothing to keep the rain out. At night when there was a heavy rain, Mom and Norah would pull the blankets, loaded with children, out of one drip and into another.

Mrs. Colin Dunningham, Ted Lee, Baby David, Mary Lee, Colin Dunningham, with Loretta and Bill Lee in front.

Later Dad went to Sampsonton, where he worked for Ralph Waterhouse, leaving Mother and us living in a shack owned by Boney Thompson, who gave his shack to us while he slept under the stars. We considered him to be a "real gem." He came every day to see if we needed anything. One day he told Mom to boil all water used, as a critter was dead upstream.

In the fall the family was moved to Sampsonton by team and wagon, where on October 16, with the aid of Dr. Whillans from Crossfield, the new baby girl, Rae, was born. She married John VanMaarion in 1939, and lives in Crossfield.

Later we moved to the Barnes place across the coulee from Jess Havens' home. Then we moved to the Jack Pentland place, where Thelma was born. She married Tom Sirr in 1938 and lives in Vernon, British Columbia.

Our next move was to rent Gordon Wyatt's place, which Dad farmed. Eileen and I started school at Summit Hill which was about two and a half miles distant. Our teacher was Mrs. Charlie Youngberg, the former Amy Nicholson. We walked out to the road where Woodrow Hoffman would give us a ride, three of us on his horse, until the children teased him so much we had to walk.

Eileen married Keith Borton in 1932, and after living east of Water Valley, they now reside at Harrison Hot Springs, British Columbia. I married Wally Foster in 1935 and live in Edmonton.

The next place we lived was the McKenzie farm on the top of the CPR coulee east of Dog

Pound. Then to the Turner place, southwest of the Dog Pound stampede grounds, where there was a large brick house, now the home of Ben Grainger and family. While living there, Lola, the sixth daughter, was born. She married Art Bennie in 1941 and lives in Vernon, British Columbia.

While on the Turner farm, Pat and Jack started school at Westbrook. Pat married Alfred Henreksen in 1941 and lives in Calgary. Jack married Margaret Haig. He passed away in 1968 in Vancouver.

After spending two years there, we moved to the Weedon area, where Lola started school. From there we moved to part of the Boucher place, three-quarters of a mile northwest of Bottrel store, then to the Cashman farm west of Cremona, where the children went to Big Prairie School. Then came another move to the Tyrell place north and west of Bottrel, where in November 1936, Dad passed away.

After a few months Mom and the family moved to the Water Valley area. The younger girls were married while living there.

Starting approximately in 1923, and continuing until 1931, my parents formed the club known as the "Dog Pound Entertainers." Mom was the director and stage manager. They put on many three-hour plays, followed by a dance and supper. I can't recall many of the names of the plays, but one was "The Arrival of Kitty", another was "Adventures of Grandpa." There were also evening entertainments of short plays, solos and readings, followed by a dance. My parents formed part of the orchestra. Mom played the violin and piano and Dad was the drummer. Merle Elliott and Barney Moran also played the violin and the piano. Some of the cast members were Milford Boucher, Vere and Orville Boucher, Keith, Arnold, Henry and Belle Borton, Elmyra Rabbit, Edna Hill, Kenneth and Marion McRae, Bill Watt, Mrs. George Hamilton, Russell and Lila Haley, Grace and "Doc" Haley, Cecil Myram, Eileen and I, and my parents.

Mother passed away in October 1965.

MERLE AND LIL ELLIOTT

Around 1919 Merle and Lil Elliott and their son Jimmy came from England, and bought the Lowe farm (NW¼ 32-28-3-5). Merle and Lil were both musical. She played the piano, and he played the banjo. In 1928 they went back to England. Merle returned to visit in the district. He now resides at Ladner, British Columbia.

WARREN AND CLARENCE FAIRMAN

In July 1919, Warren and Clarence Fairman purchased the NW¼ 4-29-4-5 and the SW¼ 9-29-4-5, from the Soldier Settlement Board.

Warren Fairman was married and he and his wife had four girls and one boy. His brother, Clarence, was a bachelor and lived with them.

Clarence is remembered as wearing a very fancy pair of chaps when he rode to Bottrel.

Neighbors remember that Mrs. Fairman was a friendly member of the community and went on cranberry picking excursions at Winchell lake.

In 1927 the Fairmans decided they really didn't care that much for farming and moved to Calgary.

THE JAMES FARQUHARSONS — by Vola Farquharson

James Farquharson (1843-1907) was born in Scotland and immigrated to Halifax, Nova Scotia. He later returned to Scotland. He married Margaret Stewart in 1870. Margaret (1850-1937) was born in West Bay, Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia. Later she went to visit an aunt in Scotland, where she met James Farquharson. James and Margaret's two eldest children were born in Scotland: James, in 1871, and Stewart, in 1873.

The Farquharsons came to Canada around 1875 and lived in Quebec and in Ontario. Six more children were born in Eastern Canada: Donald, Agnes, Amelia (Emily), Louise, Johnny, and David.

The Farquharsons came West to the Madden district and homesteaded in 1905. They built a house, log barn, and other sheds. They broke and worked their land with horses.

Mr. and Mrs. David Farquharson on their wedding day.

James Jr. (Jim) married Isabelle Baptie and they lived in Calgary. Stewart, a bachelor, farmed in the Madden area and built bridges for the Alberta Government. He built the house where Hume and Bernice Porteous now reside. Donald, also a bachelor, farmed on land now owned by Jack Massie. Agnes married Ross Robinson and they resided in Calgary. Emily married John McLaren and they lived on a farm between Madden and Dog Pound. Their land is now owned by their son, Stewart. Their four children, Donald, Anna, Margaret, and Stewart attended Summit Hill School. Louise married Norman Johnston and they went to live in Fort William (now Thunder Bay), Ontario. John died at the age of eighteen.

David was born in Ontario in 1892. He married Minnie Larson. Minnie was born in 1896. She came to Canada from South Dakota with her parents in 1911. After attending Summit Hill School, Minnie worked at Bottrel for Mrs. J. T. Boucher until her marriage. David and Minnie were married at the bride's home in 1917. They resided on their farm at Madden until 1962 and then moved to Calgary. They both passed away in 1969. Minnie and David had two sons, Howard and Melvin.

Howard married Vola Farr. They live on the Ab Banta farm at Dog Pound. They also own the Jack Reeve and Fritz Larson farms. Howard and Vola have two children, Keren and Donald. Keren is teaching in Vancouver and Donald is employed at Western Fertilizers in Calgary. Vola taught Junior High at Westbrook School for 12 years. She is teaching at Airdrie now.

Melvin married Phyllis Massie and they live on the home farm at Madden. They have one daughter, Terry, who married Brian Wilson.

GEORGE A. FAUL

George Faul came to Bottrel in 1943, where he worked for Martin Aarsby for eight or ten months. He purchased a 1938 Ford Two-Ton truck from Martin Aarsby and operated the Bottrel Transfer until the spring of 1948. George married Miss Agnes Purves on January 19, 1946. He worked for Milford Boucher on the farm, and Agnes worked in the Bottrel Store for Bill Milroy, who was the owner at that time. Later they worked for Satchwells and for Stuart McLaren. In January 1953 they went to Ontario for one year and then moved to Craik, Saskatchewan, where they still farm. They have one son, Wayne.

ERNEST FEATHERSTONE

Ernest Featherstone owned and lived on the NE¼ 9-29-4-5. Around 1930 he opened a store on his property. He also operated a sawmill until the 1950s.

During the Depression he would travel to various homes, picking up cream, and the following week he would bring back groceries to these people.

Prior to coming to this area, Mr. Featherstone had operated a store in Calgary, and before that he had a store in Nanton, Alberta.

Mrs. Cargo was his housekeeper, and upon his passing, his property became hers. Mr. Featherstone was buried in Calgary, and Mrs. Cargo took up residence in Calgary, where she still lives.

The land owned by Mr. Featherstone was the Clarence Hughes homestead and is now owned by a Calgary baker.

IRVIN FIKE

Irvin Fike homesteaded the NW¼ 6-28-4-5, receiving his Patent in 1913, the same year as his neighbour, Typewriter Taylor. He lived on his farm about ten years, and dug wells in the area. It is believed that he moved to the Crossfield district.

JOHN HENRY FISHER AND FAMILY — by Victor Fisher

John Henry Fisher, my dad, was born in Saratov, located on the Volga River in Russia. He was of German descent. He immigrated to Canada from Russia in 1912, and worked for the C.P.R. in Calgary as a car repair man, for five dollars per day. Shortly after, my grandparents came to Canada from Russia. Dad and Grandad became Canadian citizens.

In 1913 Dad married Anna Marie Holstein, who came to Canada with Dad's parents. She had lived in the same town in Russia.

Dad's dream was to own a farm in the fresh country air, and be his own boss. With that desire Dad and Mother worked and saved until they had enough money to buy a half section of land. In 1928 Dad purchased the W½ 15-28-4-5, which was called the Herb Boucher place, for $12.50 an acre. In the spring of that year, Dad, Mother and the four of us boys, John, Fred, Victor, and Albert, aged from thirteen to six years, came to this farm southeast of Bottrel. We had a Model T Ford car.

Dad repaired the house on the farm and built a back porch. We broke the land with four or five horses, milked 10 to 14 cows, raised pigs, chickens, turkeys, geese, ducks, and had a big garden. With all the farm products it cost $100 to feed the whole family for a year.

Dad purchased the NE¼ 16-28-4-5 from Bouchers, and the SW¼ 22-28-4-5 from Barnetts.

My brothers and I went to the old West Brook School. Miss Houston was our first teacher. It was quite a change from school in Calgary, where each class was separate and of course a higher standard, which made it a cinch for at least the first year.

I remember the major game played outside at school at recess time, was "Pom Pom Pullaway." When spring came there were ball games which continued until the end of the season. Our next teacher was Kenneth McRae, a

young man who was sports minded and a very good teacher. I was so happy to win the R. B. Bennett prize of ten dollars for being the top scholar at West Brook in 1931.

We were within walking distance of the school, so my brothers and I did the janitor work during the years we attended. We carried a large pail of drinking water to school, lighted the fire in the big potbellied stove, split wood and carried it inside, and swept the floors. Oh yes, we also swept the snow off the front steps.

First thing on a winter morning the school was probably colder inside than it was outside. It seemed to take some time to warm up. I can remember lighting the fire the next day after Halloween night. The smoke just would not go up the chimney. The school got so full of smoke the teacher just sent us all home. Some responsible people investigated and found the chimney stuffed with old sacks.

As I look back, the years on the farm just seem to have been a lot of hard work. We were still using horses in the 1940s to do the field work. It seems we were about the last ones in the district to get a tractor. I served in the Canadian Army during the Second World War.

Dad sold the farm and livestock in 1956 to Flathans. It is now owned by William Hindes. Dad and Mother retired in Calgary. Mother passed away in 1968. Dad, who is 84 years, lives in Calgary with my brother John who never married and is semi-retired.

In 1949 I moved to an acreage near the northwest corner of Calgary. Fred had an acreage adjacent to mine. When the city expanded we sold our land and it is now Varsity Estates.

Fred and his wife Gertrude and their daughter live at Okotoks, where they raise cattle and chickens. My wife Alfriede and I live in the Bearspaw area at Twelve Mile Coulee, west of Calgary. We have one son and one daughter. I do trucking, front-end loader work and landscaping. Albert and his wife Sophie have a farm at Rosemary, Alberta. They have two sons and two daughters; one of each is married.

HARRY FLORER FAMILY

Harry Florer, born April 7, 1883, at New Richmond, Ohio, came to Cochrane in 1910 and bought the NE¼ and SE¼ 13-28-5-5. He married Emma Mae Scott who was born at Vesta, Minnesota. Two sons were born at Cochrane: Eugene Sylvester, born August 3, 1911, and Kenneth Harry, born October 11, 1912. Mrs. Florer passed away November 14, 1913, at the age of 30.

The boys attended Butte School for half a term, Mount Hope for a term, then old West Brook, where Eugene completed the ninth grade. He completed Grade 10 at the Cochrane School. He was killed in a logging accident January 22, 1932. He and Mrs. Florer are both buried in the Cochrane cemetery. In the spring of 1933 Mr. Florer sold his property to Kelly Reeve. He had never become a Canadian citizen so he returned to the United States to make his home in Los Angeles, California, where he operated several rooming houses until 1960, then he moved to Grants Pass, Oregon. He died January 17, 1961, and was buried at Grants Pass.

Kenneth completed the eighth grade at old West Brook School. He worked as a farmhand, a logger and construction worker in the Bottrel area until 1937, then he went to Los Angeles, where he attended technical school, night school and job training classes, and did construction work. He returned to Alberta in June 1938, where he worked on the Jasper-Lake Louise highway, in the woods, and on a ranch. In June 1939, he returned to the United States and followed the harvest.

Kenneth married Hattie Howel July 3, 1941. They made their home in Bell, California, a suburb of Los Angeles, until August 1944. Then they sold out and moved to Grants Pass, where Kenneth worked in a garage until late 1945. In January 1946, he purchased and operated a general repair and welding shop until September 1964. At that time he and a group started Leisure Liner Incorporated. He was shop foreman in the construction of commercial motor homes. In 1966 he bought out the other stockholders. He discontinued manufacturing coaches in July 1971, and again went into general repair and stock fabrication. He expects to retire in 1975.

Kenneth Chase Florer, Ken and Hattie's adopted son, was born October 7, 1951. After graduating from high school, he married Barbara Morris on March 16, 1972. He operates his own automotive paint shop in Grants Pass.

Christmas Day, 1930, at Hank Fricke's. Roy and Sadie MacDonald, Sally, Stella, Sam and Sue MacDonald, Edna and Eddie Bundt. Front: Lyle and Carl Bundt.

HENRY FRICKE

Henry Fricke (Hank) was born in Rochester, New York, January 3, 1891. He came west to Nebraska, then helped a family there move to Saskatchewan, near Regina, in 1910. As there was a shortage of water there, he moved on to Alberta, to look for land. The land he found had the Dog Pound Creek running through it, so this

January 1, 1931, at Hank Fricke's place. Back row: Kenneth and Eugene Florer, John Zuccolo. Front: John Sutherland, Mrs. Sadie Birkett, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Birkett, William Dillabough, Edith Postlethwaite, Mr. and Mrs. Zuccolo, Catherine, Matilda, Alma and Adelma Zuccolo, Emily and Frank Postlethwaite, Hank Fricke, Harry Florer.

Hank Fricke's Sawmill, 1926.

Taken at Hank Fricke's, 1938.

was the place for him. In 1912 he filed claim on the NE¼ 20-28-5-5, where he built a sod shack. He also bought a quarter east of this, NW¼ 21-28-5-5. Here a small creek joins the Dog Pound and this has since been named Fricke Creek.

Hank Fricke had a sawmill. He hired men to help run this and built himself a frame house which is still being lived in, though various owners have built on or altered it to suit their needs. He raised cattle here too.

In 1914 he pitched baseball for Bottrel. Mr. Ault was the coach.

When World War One began Hank joined up and served as a sniper. He was wounded in action and spent many months in the hospital in France, England, and nine months in an Edmonton hospital. He learned to knit, crochet, and embroider, doing very fine work. Isabel Sholtz is still the proud owner of one of his crocheted table cloths.

Hank played an accordion for dances and says he made $100.00 one winter. The first dance he played for was at Brushy Ridge School in the 1930s. He sold his accordion to a man he met Overseas. Hank held dances at his house, and it was a meeting place for neighbours from far and wide. He provided some of the music and anyone else who could would help out. He helped build the Dartigue Lodge and donated the lumber for the balcony. His piano was given at a later date, to be used at the old Westbrook School.

Neighbours in the early days were the Tom Cullings, the George Days, McEacherns, Gazeleys, John d'Artigue, McKinnells, and Bill Smith, who was a bronc rider and broke horses.

In 1943 Hank sold out to Pop Pearson, who soon sold to Ivor Clark. Ivor ranched on the Fricke place until he sold to Mac Leask in 1966, moving to a ranch in Southern Saskatchewan.

After selling his ranch, Hank purchased the poolhall in Crossfield. In 1947 he tore the old building down and built a new one. He continued with the poolhall and did a considerable amount of travelling, seeing much of the world.

Hank had pneumonia twice in the 1960s. In 1972 he broke one hip, and in 1973 he broke the other hip. He is now confined to a wheelchair.

Hank sold his poolhall and now resides in the Colonel Belcher Hospital, enjoying visits from his old friends. He has willed his body to the University, and his eyes to the eye bank. He can still read without glasses. When he sold his poolroom, he donated $10,000.00 to the Crippled Children's Hospital in Calgary.

CECIL AND GRACE FRY — by Grace Fry

Having received a letter from English friends in Canada, who were ranching in the Crossfield district, and receiving an invitation to visit them, Cecil Fry came to Canada from Kingston-on-Thames, England, in 1901. He soon became interested in cattle and horse raising, and later rode on the range for Pat Burns. In 1912 he was working as a guide for Jimmy Brewster in Banff. That year he met his wife-to-be, Grace White, from London, England. I knew his parents in England. I was on a business trip to Canada with friends, and his parents had asked us to look Cecil up, which we did. Cecil and I were married that fall.

My first Canadian home was a log cabin, on a farm owned by Jack Harbottle, about four miles northwest of Bottrel. The hospital for our area was a private home in Cochrane with only four beds. Dr. Park was in attendance and there was one nurse. The only transportation we had was a two-wheeled cart. The winters were very severe; 20 and 30 below zero was quite common. Our neighbors were Mr. Lewis and his two sons Mick and Morgan; Dr. Braun, a veterinarian; Myrams, Watts, Gazeleys, Oldakers, Buster Brown and a frequent visitor, Lou Shand. It was here that he met my sister, Edith White, also from London, England, who was visiting us in 1914. When Mr. Fry enlisted in the Army, Lou Shand took our stock to care for while he was away. I rented a cottage in Banff, and Mr. Shand continued to visit us there. He and my sister were married in 1917.

Our eldest son, Jack, was born in Cochrane, and our daughter Gwen, now Mrs. Douglas Bird of Cremona, was born in the log cabin at Bottrel. Dr. Park drove out to attend.

If the Mounted Police came our way at mealtime they called in, put their horses in to feed and rest and joined us at whatever meal it happened to be. We never knew who they were after, but there was a lot of cattle rustling going on. The Indians, too, stopped and asked for milk, eggs, or whatever. We always found them easy to get along with. Wild game was plentiful, also hunting and fishing were good. Our fuel was wood. Our threshing was done by a machine powered by steam.

Mr. Fry enlisted before conscription was enforced and served two and one half years in the Army. He was gassed and wounded in France. Upon his return in 1919, we bought a half section of land from Bert Allett in the Cremona district. Our horses were the Shire breed. We owned a registered stallion imported from England and

Jack, Joyce, Don and their father, Cecil Fry.

travelled him to the various farms. Our cattle were the dairy type and our brand was C lazy F on the left neck. When we bought the farm, only 20 acres had been broken. We continued to break more each year until 200 acres were under cultivation. Our first tractor was a John Deere. We had a Case grain separator, DeLaval cream separator and a Ford car.

Over the years we had many setbacks with never two years alike. We experienced everything from severe winters to hail in summer, drought at times, excessive rain for days, frost, and loss of cattle, which was very discouraging. It was called the "next year country", so we tried again. One terribly rainy spring some farmers got anxious and put their seed grain in a wagon, went to the edge of the field, drove around and broadcasted the seed by hand as far as they could reach. Some ploughed land was under water. If it was a dry year the cutworms ate the crop as it came through. If one did get a good crop one was lucky to get it harvested before an early snowstorm came and put it down flat, or hail came to pound it into the ground. Some years thunder and lightning storms were bad. A neighbor working near us, with four horses, was struck; all were instantly killed, and a house was struck and burned to the ground. Mosquitoes were thick as there were so many swampy places in which they could breed.

Our entertainment at that time was mostly box socials held in the schoolhouse. A dance was held after, and the proceeds went to pay for the music. There was the annual Dog Pound picnic where farmers and their families came from miles around to join in the sports.

Our school was named Atkins after Henry B. Atkins, who was the first settler in the Cremona area. It, as other schools of the time, was one room. Classes were taught from Grade I to VIII. The school board, of which Mr. Fry was a member, arranged to have High School, Grades IX, X, and XI taught at Old Cremona, in a building that had been a cheese factory. It was cleaned up and furnished by parents of the students. Students wishing to take Grade XII had to go to Calgary or elsewhere.

Mr. Fry's mother and sister paid us a visit in 1921, returned to England, and later came back and settled in Victoria.

Our 36 years on the farm in Alberta was interesting, but at times very trying. Even with it all, it is a wonderful country. We left in 1948, mainly because of Mr. Fry's health, which had not been good since the First War. In 1954 after my husband passed away, I sold the farm to Mr. Laing. I now live in Penticton, British Columbia, where we moved after leaving the farm.

CHARLES GALBRAITH

Charlie Galbraith was a tall, raw-boned fellow who bought the S½ 13-28-4-5. He lived in Morrison's shack on the NW¼ of 3, and often worked with the Morgans when they threshed. Charlie's team was used to pull the threshing machine from farm to farm. One horse on his team was a big Percheron stallion.

Charlie disappeared unaccountably. A search was made, a nearby slough was dragged, but the mystery of his disappearance was never solved. Charlie was never found. After seven years the land was sold, one quarter to Art Sholtz and the other to Leonard Beddoes.

THE HOMER GANO FAMILY — by Mrs. Lura Gano

We came to Canada from Bonner's Ferry, Idaho, in August 1911, bought a half section of land at Vulcan, Alberta, and moved there in 1914. We were unhappy there, and came to Crossfield to relocate. We purchased three quarters of land sixteen miles west of town from F. L. Geitzen, the W½ of 21-28-3-5 and the SE¼ of 20, for twenty dollars an acre. The latter quarter had originally been homesteaded by Mr. Deland.

We moved here in the spring of 1917, with 8 head of horses, 6 cows, a Jersey bull, two sows and a quantity of lumber which we had brought with us from Idaho to Vulcan and then here. It was used to finish barns and other buildings. Our house was one of the first frame houses in this area; most of them were built of logs.

There were only thirty-six acres broken on the farm when we moved here; the rest consisted of prairie grass with clumps of willow and poplar trees. The Beaver Dam Creek cuts across the east part of our land. Our farm buildings are on the NW¼ of 21, where many springs provide plenty of water for house and livestock. In 1918, we purchased the SW¼ of 20 and the NW¼ of 17 from R. F. Bevan for twenty-eight dollars an acre.

Our Post Office and store was Sampsonton, located two miles north on what is known as C.P.R. Coulee, on land now owned by Stewart McLaren. This store was bought by Jesse Havens, moved with eight head of horses in the spring of 1919, and made into a house, where Tina and Jesse lived for many years. Our Sampsonton store was then relocated one mile north of Madden on the opposite corner from

Homer and Lura Gano, with their children, Irene and Ross, 1914.

Johnnie Banta and Ross Gano, home from a fishing trip at Beaver Dam Creek.

Madden Hall, so we had a longer drive, with team and buggy or sleigh, for our supplies. Our pigs and grain, and some cattle, were taken to Crossfield and shipped from there. I made butter and sold it to the Crossfield Hotel for 35¢ a pound. Neighbours used to have cattle drives to Calgary, taking two days, through what is known as Simons Valley. When we first came, there were very few fences, and prairie trails struck off across country.

During the 1920s, Homer and his father, Nels Gano, ran a beef ring for the district. Each

A gathering of friends at Mr. and Mrs. Homer Gano's 50th Wedding Anniversary. Back r.: H. Glenn, Henry Hoffman, Jess Havens, Joe Taylor, Dave Farquharson. Front r.: W. Laut, Homer Gano, Jim Reeve, Fritz Larson, Burr Gano, Albert Gano.

farmer belonging to the ring, in turn, brought one animal per week for slaughter. Each received so many pounds, alternating the cuts each week; hides were returned to the owner of the animal butchered and sold for 50¢ per hide.

Homer was good with animals and acted as veterinarian in this district, often answering calls by day or night to help livestock that required assistance. He was one of the first around here to have a dehorning chute, a homemade lumber one, which could be lifted into a wagon. It went around the neighbourhood in exchange for help with our own cattle.

I acted as midwife for Dr. Whillans, from Crossfield, if there was a birth in the area. I gave many babies their first bath. I went to the Dunninghams, Henry Jansens, Edward McArthurs and Ernest Beddoes homes, to name a few.

Different pedlars used to come, and what an event it was for the children to see their truck or car come into the yard! One such salesman was Hobart Day of Water Valley, who came with a buggy full of rhubarb to sell. Vince Brown had a meat truck. Meat was difficult to keep so we welcomed his arrival. The box on his truck was painted white, with small square air holes covered with screens. Meat was usually cut in pieces and hanging from hooks inside. It had to be removed from the box quickly to prevent the swarms of hungry flies from getting in. Harry Finberg and Morris Giffen also called in to buy hides, livestock, coyote skins, horsehair, or whatever there was for sale. They never wanted to give you what you wanted; they would leave and then come back and start bargaining all over again.

My husband, Homer, and I had three children, Irene, Ross and Dura, when we came to the Summit Hill area. Later Dorothy and Merle were born. All the children attended Summit Hill School. Our eldest, Irene, married Leslie Rapin. They live in Delta, British Columbia, and have two boys, Kenneth and Donald. Ross lives on and farms the former Bevan land. He and his wife, Irene, have three boys and two girls, Louise, Marjorie, twins Neil and Earl, and Donald. Our daughter, Dura, and her husband, Stan Haley, live southwest of Cremona. They have one son, Gale. Dura had a son, Douglas, and a daughter, Doreen, by a previous marriage. Our daughter, Dorothy Dombroski, lives at home and cares for me. She has one daughter, Dianna. Our younger son, Merle, and his wife Doreen, are farming at Bonanza, in the Peace River area. They have one girl, Janice, and two boys, Gerald and Anthony. At the time of writing, November, 1974, I have nineteen great-grandchildren.

My husband passed away in February 1964, at the age of 83. I am stilling living in my house at the farm. I was 81 in September 1974.

THE JOSEPH GAZELEY FAMILY — by Florence Stearns

My paternal grandfather, Joseph E. Gazeley, came to Alberta from Durand, Wisconsin, in 1905, and filed on a homestead, the NE¼ 28-28-5-5. He brought his wife Kate, two sons, Perle and Paul, and a daughter, Margaret, with him. He resided in Carstairs and built houses there. He was a shipbuilder and carpenter from Watford, England, and came to the United States in 1857, at the age of 21.

In the spring of 1906 my father, Guy McCauley Gazeley, came from Arlington, South Dakota, to take over his father's homestead. Dad built a log house in readiness for Mother's arrival. My brother, John Howard, aged four, and my sister, Alice Marie, aged two, accompanied Mother as they moved in an immigrant's boxcar, bringing furniture, a cow, their dog Maggie, and Dickie the canary. They arrived in Carstairs in August. Dad met them with a mule team to take them to their new home about 35 miles south and west of Carstairs.

My arrival into the world was expected in September. When this event was about to become a reality, Dad left for Carstairs to bring my grandmother to care for Mom. A snowstorm delayed them, and they had to stay overnight at Days. I was already voicing my entry into the world when they returned. Mrs. Culling, a kind neighbour, attended my mother.

My uncle, Perle Gazeley, homesteaded NE¼ 14-28-5-5 and was always a welcome visitor at our home. He helped Dad break our land with horse, mule and ox teams.

Frost was a problem in our district, so in 1910 Dad bought Section 14-29-4-5 from an American, Mr. Buckley, for $1,800.00. The house was small, but Dad eventually added more rooms. I was four years old by this time, and vividly remember the house, the farm, and the birth of my sister, Mary Anne, in October 1910.

School became important, as my brother was eight years old. Our school days at Mount Hope hold many memories — Christmas concerts, fun in the summer, exploring streams, finding the first crocuses, tiger lilies and lady slippers, and the long three and a half mile ride to school, with

our noses, fingers and toes half frozen in the winter. My first teacher was Miss McEwan, and I shall always remember her as a pretty teacher. Another teacher was Miss Ella Hamilton, who later became Mrs. Ab Borton. She always predicted I'd be a teacher.

While we resided in the log cabin our mail and supplies were obtained from Bottrel. While living at our home north of the Dog Pound Creek, our mail was picked up from the Dog Pound Post Office. The "mail getting" was the event of the week, especially when the Eaton's catalogue was due. The joy of the awaited parcel from the catalogue! We often wore shoes just a little big or just a bit small because it took too long to return them and await the exchange. I can remember one parcel, a hat, which was picked up at the Post Office by a kind neighbour and left safely at a corner post. When the owner found the parcel, it was almost completely eaten by an old cow!

Dad was a jeweller and watch maker, having learned his trade in Durand, Wisconsin, at the age of eighteen. He was also a drummer and began playing for dances at Sampsonton, Cremona, and Weedon School. Mr. and Mrs. Roy Barr played with him. Mrs. Barr played piano, and Mr. Barr, the violin. At the time of writing, Mr. Barr lives with his daughter, Kathy, in Tacoma, Washington.

Dad finally sold the Klondyke property to Percy Dobson.

Work was hard on the farm but time passed quickly, and Alive and I were ready for Grade eight, which we took at the new Dog Pound School, two and a half miles south and east of us. Miss Dean was our Grade eight teacher. At that time, Grade eight was considered a good education and there was no opportunity for senior grades. We tried our hand at working out. Alice worked at the Virginia Ranch, then owned by Mr. Jenkinson. Mrs. Oldaker was his housekeeper. I also enjoyed over a year of working out and being grown up.

It was a happy life; there was berry picking to be enjoyed every fall: saskatoons, chokecherries, cranberries, blueberries and raspberries. This was an excuse for picnics and outings. We picked chokecherries on the way to visit Mrs. Winchell.

When the First World War broke out Dad purchased the S½ 17-29-4-5, on which Mount Hope School was built, from Robert Gentles who was going Overseas. Mr. Gentles was killed in the War.

One event I'll always remember was our boys joining up during the First World War. Uncle Perle, George and Jimmy Watt and many others went Overseas. Uncle Perle was in the War throughout, and spent several years on a hospital ship bringing back our wounded soldiers to Halifax. I don't know who bought his homestead. He lived in Calgary for years, working as an automobile parts man. He married a nurse, Marjorie Houghton, and they had two sons, Donald and Peter. Perle died in 1937.

In 1923 Dad decided to give up his farm and move to Crossfield. He and Mr. Barr had a bakeshop. Later Dad operated a luncheon place in connection with his watch repairs and jewellery store. Mother learned beauty parlor work and had her shop in her home while we lived in Crossfield.

After a year and a half's absence from school, Alice and I took our Grade nine and ten in Crossfield. Alice entered the Holy Cross Hospital Nurse's School and graduated. Later, she entered the Order of St. Martha's in Antigonish, Nova Scotia. She is still in Central Service at the Banff Mineral Springs Hospital.

I attended St. Mary's School and Normal School in Calgary. I taught two years and married Oliver Leonard Stearns, of Carstairs, in 1929. We had four sons, and now we have twelve grandchildren.

My brother Howard worked in garages in Crossfield, and later for the British American Oil Co. in Calgary. He married Violet Coote, and they have a family of five.

Mary Anne was our musician, starting at an early age to play the piano in Dad's band. She is married to Dick Griffis. They have one daughter and live in Calgary.

My grandparents, the Joseph Gazeleys, lived in Carstairs until the spring of 1907, when my grandmother passed away. Grandfather returned to Arlington, South Dakota, with Paul and Margaret, who are still living in the United States. He passed away in Arlington in 1914. One of the sternwheelers he built is in a museum on the Gulf of Mexico, at the mouth of the Mississippi River.

Mother and Dad lived in Crossfield for many years before Mother went to South Dakota where she nursed both her mother and father until their death. When she returned my parents bought a small place at Water Valley. In 1949 they came to British Columbia and bought a small home on an acre of land. This home was close to our ranch at Mission. They lived there until Dad passed away in August 1961, at 85 years. Mother went to Calgary with my sister, Mrs. Dick Griffis. Mother did a great deal of travelling to San Diego, California, where I was residing from 1956 to 1967, and also to South Dakota and British Columbia.

My mother lived a long and beautiful life and passed away in Calgary at 93 years of age. My parents are resting side by side in the cemetery at Mission.

My husband and I resided in Calgary from 1929 to October 1942. We moved to Prince Rupert, British Columbia, for a year during the War. In 1943 we moved to Vancouver, where we lived for nearly six years before moving to a ranch at Mission, where we lived for eight and a half years. We moved to San Diego, California, and lived there for over 11 years. My husband was in the

garage business and I taught school for eight and a half years. In 1967 we returned to our ranch at Mission, and built a retirement home. We have three sons living and are enjoying our grandchildren. We are enjoying our senior years, travelling, gardening, and visiting friends. My brother Howard, now a widower, lives nearby.

MR. AND MRS. ARCHIE GENTLES — by William Bell

Before coming to Canada, Mr. Gentles was chemist and manager of Young's Shale Oil Company in Scotland. The company sent him to India to set up and manage a plant there, where his wife joined him.

After returning to Scotland, he was restless and he and his son, Robert, came to Alberta. They both took out homesteads near the Dog Pound. Archie Gentles' land was the SE¼ 8-29-4-5, and Robert filed on the SW¼ 17 in the same Township. Mrs. Gentles, Annie and Margaret lived in the covered wagon while their house was being built, in 1903.

Robert was killed in action in the First World War.

Mr. and Mrs. Gentles sold their farm in the early 1920s and moved to Victoria, British Columbia. Mrs. Gentles lived with her daughter, Mrs. Osborn Reid, following her husband's death; she passed away in 1944.

Mrs. Gentles and her daughter, Margaret Reid, taken in 1944.

THE J. R. GODLONTON FAMILY — by Bill Godlonton

My father, James Richard (Jim) Godlonton, came from London, England, and arrived in Calgary during the spring of 1884. He was 20 years of age at that time. His brother, George, who was 18, came to Canada with him.

I understand my father worked around the country for some time before he and George obtained employment on the construction of the main line of the C.P.R. The contractor for whom they worked had his camp where Banff is now, and I guess that was the start of the town. I remember stories he used to tell about finding the Hot Springs (Cave and Basin), and describing how it looked in its original state. After leaving Banff, I think they homesteaded in Springbank, but I never did know just where. I know he used to contract haying for the Cochrane Ranche, dealing with Frank White.

I also remember him telling us that he and his brother, George, took a contract with the Bow River Horse Ranch to build an "A" frame pole fence from Mitford to where Bowness is now. During the winter, they cut the poles off a hill, where Bragg Creek is now, and decked them out along the fence line and did the construction work during the summer.

Dad sold his homestead in Springbank for $400.00, and it was ultra modern because his house had a shingled roof. He returned to England, where he married my mother. They lived there until after my eldest brother, Jim, was born, and soon after they returned to Calgary, and at one time lived in Jumping Pound, on a place I believe may now be part of the Nichol Ranch. However, all this history is hearsay, as I am the youngest in the family and did not arrive on the scene until 1908, and at that time we were living on a little farm, where the airfield south of Currie Barracks is now. Dad sold this property in 1912 and took the family, which now consisted of one daughter, Florence, and three boys, Jim, Leslie, and me, to England. We stayed in England for about a year before returning to Calgary, and Dad bought a place about seven miles southwest of Midnapore. He operated this property until 1918, when he sold out and moved into Calgary for the summer, then bought a place south and east of Bottrel. We moved to this location on January 1, 1919, and this was my introduction to the Cochrane area. I was ten years old at the time. My mother had died in Calgary just prior to our move, so it was a very sad time for us.

The Bottrel district was well settled at that time, and many of the residents had been there since homestead days. As I remember it, the main projects were hauling firewood, building logs and poles from the bush in the winter, and clearing land of willows, and breaking it up in the summer. Of all the distasteful jobs I have encountered in my life of ranch and farm labor, picking willow roots has to be the last whisper!

As I remember it, conversation was limited, and all winter, seemed to consist of telling how much willow land they were going to break up next summer, and all summer they talked about all the firewood and construction materials they were going to haul from the bush next winter.

Most people had a Model T Ford touring car and, although by today's standards, the construction and mechanics of this means of transportation was not too impressive, it was really the only vehicle, other than those drawn by horses, that could negotiate the roads of those days. True, if it rained and you happened to be a passenger, you were called upon to push this car up every hill that penetrated the atmosphere to a greater height than an ant hill. So, if you knew this country at that time, you would realize you could do one hell of a lot of work for the pleasure and convenience of riding downhill.

Dad bought our place, as a going concern, from D. D. Dendy. The Dendys then took their clothes and headed for New Zealand, never to return. In 1922 Dad sold out to my brother Jim, and Jack Brydon. About a year later, Jack took over Jim's equity and stayed on the place for some years.

My interest and activities were centred around the school. I attended Summit Hill, and the first teacher I had was Miss Borton. Her family lived west of Bottrel. As I remember, the student body consisted of Fay, Ruth, Emily and Iona Stone, Ellis, Floyd and Johnny Banta, Ray and Pete Vaughan, Lee Salisbury, Irene Gano, Albert and Margaret Buckler, and Mike Hubert. Later on, younger brothers and sisters started, such as Bud Gano and Stan Buckler. Teachers changed about every year; some I remember are Miss McNutt, Miss Cross and Miss Nichol.

Activities at school centered around baseball, and every other type of game we could think up. Our academic interests were not of great importance. In my case, I used what brain power I had to think up tomfoolery. It would require much more time and space than is available to relate these activities, but if we didn't accomplish anything else, we did supply many interesting and entertaining stories for the grandchildren!

Jim drifted into Southern Alberta and married Phyllis Barnett. They farmed in the Spring Coulee district, and later at Whiskey Gap, where they raised a family of two boys and two girls. Jim died in 1959.

Les married Doris Tinberg when he was working in Southwestern Saskatchewan. Their family of two boys and one girl were born while they were living there, and in the early 1940s the family moved to Madden, where they purchased land from Dick Walsh, and where they lived until Les passed away in 1969.

Florence married Hiram Walsh, and also settled on the Beaver Dam, on land next door to Hiram's father, Dick, in 1924. They raised one son Loris. Hiram passed away in 1971, but Florence still lives on the farm, which is now operated by her son.

My father went to live in Calgary where he passed away in 1955, at the age of 91 years.

As for me, I drifted around working at anything that turned up. My main interest was riding on good-sized cow outfits and at one time I took care of a sizeable range and cow herd at Tranquille, British Columbia, for the British Columbia Government. At this point I realized my mistake in not taking my schooling more seriously, so I enrolled at the Olds School of Agriculture, graduating in the spring of 1940.

That fall I joined the Canadian Army in Calgary, in Field Artillery. I trained at A3 in Winnipeg, Manitoba, and was sent to A4, a training centre in Brandon, Manitoba, as an instructor. I remained there during most of the War, and was commissioned in 1942. I married Helen Kennedy from Kamloops, in 1944, and we lived in several areas in connection with army responsibilities, until I got my release from the Army in April 1946.

We made our home in Calgary for about three years, where I worked as a feed representative for the Quaker Oats Company. In January 1949 we moved to Lethbridge, where I took a job with the Dominion Government, as a technician for the Livestock Insect Laboratory.

I couldn't seem to get cattle and cowboying out of my system, so in 1951 I returned to this life, as foreman on the Alberta Ranch at Pincher Creek, Alberta. I was there for about two and a half years, and then left to manage the Vee Bar Vee Ranch at Wardlow, Alberta, located on the Red Deer River. This property was later purchased by a farming syndicate, and, this not being my cup of tea, I moved back to Lethbridge in July 1955.

Soon after we arrived in Lethbridge, I was invited by Ralph A. Thrall, the owner of the McIntyre Ranch, to take over the foremanship, and to assist him in the management of this Ranch, and we moved out to make our home there in the fall. We lived on the ranch with our family of one son and two daughters, until after they had completed their schooling and moved away from home for further education and work. All three are now married and living in Lethbridge. In January 1973, Helen and I moved into Lethbridge. I still manage the Ranch, having employed a foreman who lives there.

MISS MARGARET GORDON — by Eva Peppard

Miss Margaret Gordon came from her home in Cluny, Alberta, in January of 1921 to take over the teaching duties at Westbrook School. She was to receive a salary of $840.00, which was more attractive than what she had received the previous year in Keoma, Alberta. Her board and room cost her $25.00 a month.

On arrival in Cochrane by train from Cluny, she was met by the secretary of the School

Board, Mr. Morgan, in a Ford touring car. She recalls it being a long cold ride to the Ed Arndt farm, where she was to board, and at times wondered if they would ever reach their destination. She confesses to being a trifle homesick at first, but with a class of fourteen, and eight grades to prepare lessons for, she was too busy to be lonesome.

The Arndt farm was within walking distance of the school, but Miss Gordon did have her own saddle pony and found it useful when she and other young people rode to dances at neighbouring schools. As young women only wore trousers for such sports as riding horseback, she carried her dress in a bag and changed when she arrived at the dance. She also remembers travelling with a sleighload of young people a good many miles west into the hills to the ranch home of the Fullers. They were a musical family and often had parties to which people were invited to dance and enjoy their good music and hospitality.

Miss Gordon liked her school and agreed to return to teach in September for the remainder of the year, and until June 1922. For the remainder of her stay she boarded with the Baileys and rode to school. She recalls clearly her Christmas concert that year. Everyone had a part in the varied program and the talented local residents supplied musical or vocal entertainment at intermission. Of course the program concluded with a visit from Santa Claus; his arrival was the highlight of the evening for the youngsters as there were gifts for all, bags of candy and nuts and a "Jap" orange. Following this, a huge lunch was served and then the floor was cleared for dancing.

The janitor chores were done by a Barnett boy and he did his best to keep the fire roaring and warm the building, not an easy task in winter.

Miss Gordon made teaching her career for thirty-five years. After teaching at Westbrook she taught continuously in Strathmore, Alberta, before retiring to make her home in Calgary.

WILLIAM (BILL) GRAHAM

Bill Graham's father was the Indian agent at Morley, Alberta, in the years immediately after the C.P.R. was built. Bill had three brothers. His parents were of Scottish ancestry, and came to the North West Territories from Ontario.

In the 1890s Bill Graham "squatted" west of Sundre where he looked after cattle. About 1901 or 1902 he homesteaded Section 20-29-4-5. He was the second settler in that area, preceded by H. B. Atkins in 1888, and followed by Carl Crow and family in 1903. A daughter of the Crows, Mrs. Susan Patchell, remembers that Bill Graham brought her family eggs and milk, and was very helpful in many ways after their arrival in this new country. He became a very good friend of the family and spent either Christmas or New Year's Day at the Carl Crows for many years. They would have a feast and a singsong and enjoyed each other's company.

He was well liked by his neighbors, and was generally a happy man. As he remained a bachelor, his mother would come out from Calgary, to keep house for him periodically, particularly at harvest time.

Mrs. Justeena Simpson of Cremona, remembers that she and her brothers, the Haley boys, who were close neighbors, would pick stinkweed out of Bill's crop field for 25c a day.

One time Bill saw a calf stuck in the mud in a coulee near his place. He hastened to get his horse and lariat, roped it, and pulled it out, only to find "It wasn't my calf at all!"

After the first World War, Bill sold his homestead to the Soldier Settlement Board and bought Section 5-29-4-5, from the C.P.R. Though the original shack on this property is gone, the house and barns which he had built still stand.

He had a big, rangy, saddle horse named "Comet." About 1928 he bought a Ford Coupe car. He was an active member of the United Farmers of Alberta.

About 1940 Bill Graham sold his farm to H. B. Judd and retired to Salmon Arm, British Columbia. He passed away at Salmon Arm, shortly after, following an operation.

Mr. Judd sold the farm to George and Bill Duguid. The north half of the section is now owned by Donald and Janice Luft, and the south half section is owned by David and Pamela Gunderson.

MR. AND MRS. J. A. GRAM

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Gram came to their homestead (SW¼ 4-28-4-5) around 1904. A daughter died of smallpox and is buried in the Westbrook cemetery.

One night Mr. Gram got up and took some medicine without lighting the lamp. He died of poisoning and is also buried in the Westbrook cemetery.

WILLIAM AND MABEL GRAY — by Bonita Brown

William's parents came to the Cereal district in 1911.

While the family was at Cereal, William (Bill) met and courted Mabel Bennett, who was the third daughter of Will and Laura Bennett. Her parents came to Cereal in 1909 from Rogers, Arkansas, with their two boys and eight girls. They came to Calgary by train and to Cereal by covered wagon. This trip took almost two weeks.

In 1923 Mabel and Bill, my parents, were married in Calgary on a very rainy July day. Mother always told how the rain bounced up almost as high as it came down. They spent their first two years in Calgary, living at the stampede grounds, while Dad worked for Burns and Company.

In 1925 my parents moved to Dog Pound. Frank Coyle hired my father as a farm hand, and

Mrs. Bill Gray (Mabel), taken in 1924. The original Dog Pound Post Office can be seen in the background.

my mother was to help Mrs. Coyle. Her one big job was to feed the lambs.

In 1928 my grandparents, Joe and Effie Gray, rented the Elliott land, NW¼ 32-28-3-5, which is now owned by Loy Robertson.

Late in 1928 Dad and Mother moved and went into partnership with Dad's parents on the Elliott place. My grandmother stooked bundles along with the best of them. She was up at dawn and worked until dusk. A short snooze beside a bundle was fine for this pioneer woman. Lemonade, made from real lemons and very sweet, was a must.

In 1930 the family had a very good crop of wheat which made 40 bushels to the acre. At Dog Pound it graded number two and was the first grain to go through the new elevator there. It sold for 25¢ a bushel. The next spring, in May, Dad had a six-horse team and was drilling grain with a hand lever drill. The drill was set high and the discs couldn't be seen for snow. Once during these years Dad took a wagonload of pigs to Crossfield. Two hundred pound pigs sold for two cents a pound.

In 1934, while my parents were on the Elliott farm, I arrived, and was named Bonita and nicknamed Bonnie. When I was old enough to run around, my brother Jimmy was born and our family was complete. Before I started school I remember seeing a travois being pulled by a pony with two Indians on it, two small children on the travois, and a baby on the mother's back. I wasn't used to seeing Indians and I pitied those children because of the dust they must have eaten. I didn't know where they came from or where they were going.

My mother's greatest joy was just being herself. She loved us and treated us well. Many times she told me, "For everyone's wrongs there are a dozen rights. Find them. You'll be so busy you won't have time to get into trouble." Mother never did get her directions straight. The sun and the moon always set in opposite directions.

Mother sewed for years, scrubbed and washed until things shone. When the threshers came her one and only white tablecloth was used, and the best sheets were washed and starched to deck our front room table, where 16 could sit comfortably. She spent hours making doughnuts, and "pumpkin" pie made from carrots, which she topped with mounds of whipped cream. Breakfast fascinated me, as there was bacon, eggs, potatoes, sausage, porridge, homemade bread, coffee, milk, and left-over dessert from the day before. All this was served on a first-come-first-serve basis.

Dad's greatest enjoyment was horses and stampedes. He won the wild cow milking championship in Calgary twice. Jimmy is the proud owner of the silver pocket watch that Dad won. Dad also trained polo ponies to go to England, and stake racing ponies. Dad rode his horse around the arena at the Dog Pound Stampede, and announced over a megaphone. He was very interested in the young people at the stampedes, ball games, and dances. Like my grandparents, my parents won dancing contests at the old-time dances.

The greatest days for Jimmy and me, as children, were the times when a peddler, Sam Sadie, came with all his goodies. One dollar would buy all the apples, bananas, grapes, and peanuts a heaped-up apple box would hold.

In 1947 my parents moved from their beloved farm to Calgary, as the Elliott farm was sold. Daddy worked at James Moving and Storage Company. In 1963 my mother passed away from cancer and Dad mourned her death. In 1969, after spending his last three years with us in Olds, Alberta, Dad also passed away from cancer.

I married John Brown. We have eight children, four boys and four girls. Jim and his wife live in Calgary and have two boys and one girl.

THE CHARLES HARBIDGE FAMILY — by Charles Harbidge II

My parents, my sister and I came from England to Calgary in April 1903. Nancy was six

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Harbidge Sr. on their 50th Wedding Anniversary.

The Harbidge boys, Charles, Mike, Dan and Sam.

months old and I was five and a half years. We came to Calgary on a C.P.R. coach that had wooden seats and no cushions. We went to the Immigration Hall where each family was given a stall that had a number. Everyone cooked on the same stove and did their washing in the same room.

My dad had twenty dollars. My uncle, his wife and three children, who also immigrated at that time, had no money. Dad shared his twenty dollars with them. They got a job cleaning carpets at the Alberta Hotel, for one dollar a day.

We stayed in the Immigration Hall for a few days until Dad got a job cutting stone at Allan's Quarry, ten miles north of Calgary on Nose Creek. Some of the stone can still be seen in buildings still standing on Eighth Avenue and Centre Street in Calgary.

At the quarry, we lived in a tent Dad bought for five dollars. We had a small stove for heating and cooking and we four slept in the tent. There was a dirt floor in the tent. Mother got quite sick living there, so Dad built a 10' x 14' board shack and put tar paper on the inside. In 1904 or 1905 we moved to Hillhurst and built another shack. There were only three other shacks on that side of the river then.

Another son was born in the spring of 1905. In the fall of 1905, my dad and Mo Adams filed on homesteads. They left Calgary on foot and walked forty-five miles to the Bottrel area to locate their land, then they returned to Calgary. Later they went back with lumber and built shacks, 10' x 14', from planed lumber and put tar paper on the inside walls.

The trail the Indians used, called the "Morley to Edmonton Trail," went by our shack. From spring until fall Indians went by most every day. They made trails where it was easy to travel and that led past good springs to pitch their tents by.

Mother and Dad left Calgary in November 1905, driving a horse and cart. Mother, Nancy and our six month old baby brother rode in the cart, which didn't have any springs. Dad walked behind. The snow got quite deep a few miles from Calgary. It took them sixteen hours to get to Mo Adam's place which was just north of the present-day Westbrook School. A neighbor and I came with a team and wagon. Halfway from Calgary we slept under the wagon. It was terribly cold. We had the winter's supply of food — mostly flour, sugar, salt, beans, dried fruits and yeast cakes. We were now set to put in the winter on our quarter section.

Homesteaders had to put in six months of every year for three years on their homestead and plow 15 acres of their land. This was a problem if you only had a one-furrow walking plow and a team of either oxen, mules or horses.

The post office was on the Dog Pound road six miles north of their homestead. Dad used to walk there for the mail during the winter.

Some of the men used to leave early in the spring to work in Calgary. Dad would come home with his team on Saturdays after work. Then Sunday night, after midnight, he'd leave to get to work by eight in the morning. He never travelled to work or worked on Sundays.

The spring of 1906 came early in March; it was very warm and dry. One evening while playing close by the shack I noticed smoke clouds in the sky to the west. I told Mother. She got my brother and sister and carried them to McRobbie's place about three quarters of a mile away. McRobbies had noticed the fire by this time and were back-firing the grass, and managed to save their buildings. The fire went east. We heard that people were fighting it for some time. When we went back to our shack the next morning the fire had burnt everything right to our fireguard. The country was black as far as one could see. Fire was one of the homesteader's biggest worries.

Travelling to Calgary at that time was quite hazardous in bad weather. On foggy nights or during bad storms, one had to depend on the

horses to take them home as there were no fences between Calgary and our place. Dad worked in Calgary at the quarry until he managed to get enough stock, to provide a living. Then he was able to stay home.

I enlisted in the First World War in 1915 and was away for four years. I married Violet West in 1919, and we have spent most of our time in the Banff area.

My dad passed away in 1953. Mother died in July 1965. There were nine children in the Harbidge family. Nancy married John Boothby of Cochrane and Alice married Marlow Blatchford of Cochrane. Miriam married Kornelis Westra, they now live in Calgary. Mary married Henry Hupkes of Bottrel. Ruth died when she was eight years old. Samuel died when he was thirteen. They are both buried in the Westbrook Cemetery. Mike married Matilda Hamm. They live in the Bottrel district. Dan married Lavina Hamm and they live on Dad's homestead.

THE DOC HARBOTTLE FAMILY

"Doc" Harbottle homesteaded east of Mount Hope School after coming from Ontario about 1907. He was capable of giving medical assistance in time of need, and was often called to help his neighbors. He had a son, John, and a daughter, Ann.

John (Jack) Harbottle homesteaded the SW¼ 6-29-4-5, and Ann, the NW¼ 6-29-4-5. In later years Doc Harbottle spent much of his time at his son's home. However he was at his own homestead when Howard Gazeley and Alfred Anderson found the old gentleman, after he had died suddenly of a heart attack. Doc Harbottle's home was filled with very interesting things. His walls were covered with framed pictures made from shells and feathers.

Late in life Jack married a Scottish lassie, Agnes Cummins, who had come from Scotland at his request. Jack passed away in 1940, and his wife continued to live on the farm until she, too, passed away.

Ann left Bottrel and bought a home in Shelby, Montana. She worked in a laundry there for years. She was very religious.

ARTHUR HARGREAVES

Arthur Hargreaves homesteaded the NE¼ 6-28-4-5 and received his Patent in 1911. It is not known how long he stayed on his farm, but he was not living in the district at the time of the First World War. It is known that he served in the War.

TOM HARVEY — by Mrs. Joyce Heaver

Thomas H. S. Harvey came to Canada from England, (Bury St. Edmonds, Suffolk) in 1912. He married Miss Alice Bellis, who had also come from England in 1912, and was teaching in Crossfield.

Tom Harvey and Lewis Hughes, about 1912.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey took up a homestead on the NE¼ 33-28-5-5. They lived in a small log cabin and had a few head of horses and cattle. The land was heavily wooded and was not conducive to farming. Tom's team, Toby and Tony, is well remembered as the horses were full of life, and anyone getting in the wagon or sleigh had to do so on the fly because the young team refused to stand.

Tom served Overseas during the First World War and upon his return, the homestead was sold. He became a Forest Ranger at the Red Deer Ranger Station west of Sundre. He served there for about twenty years and was well known by the hunters, trappers and visitors to the area. As time went on he became interested in trapping and also obtained a dog team. These dogs, being part wolf, were quite formidable. His skill in training them was testimony to his ability to understand and work with animals. A good saddlehorse was always essential and he had, for a number of years, a string of pinto pack ponies which were taken to the Calgary Stampede Parade several times.

Tom left the Ranger Station in 1940, when he felt that civilization was beginning to encroach on his way of life. He went North to the Yukon Territories, taking his horses and dogs with him. He died there in 1950.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey had two children. Their son, Maurice, is in the oil business and lives in Singapore. He has two daughters. Their daughter Joyce lives near DeWinton, Alberta.

JESS HAVENS AND FAMILY — by Evelyn Aaskow

Jess Havens was born in Bellvue, Colorado, in 1885. In 1903 he came to the Crossfield area with his parents, Charles and Annie Havens, and their other children, George, Ray, Clarence, Earl, Lloyd, Hazel, Walter and Lola. They homesteaded the land where the village of Madden is now located.

Red Cross quilt completed in 1926. Standing, left to right, Mrs. Henry Hoffman, Agnes Nicolson, Mrs. Larson, Mrs. Homer Gano, Unknown, Mrs. Burr Gano and Alton, Mrs. Lloyd Havens. Seated: Mrs. Joe Rach, Mrs. Jess Havens, Mrs. Rannald Dahl, Mrs. Jack Reeve, Mrs. McLaren. Children: Hazel and Evelyn Havens. Boy standing, Melvin Farquharson.

Charles Havens was a man who could never settle down very long in one place. A year after they arrived in this area he wanted to go to the Peace River country, but the boys, now grown, would not leave.

In 1911 Jess homesteaded the SW¼ 28-28-3-5. This land was one and one half miles east of Summit Hill School. He lived on his land only the necessary time to prove up on it. The rest of the time he lived at the old home place.

In February 1914 he married Christena Larson. In 1920, with the help of neighbors, Homer and Burr Gano, the Havens moved the old Sampson house across the coulee to the homestead and they started living there. In 1923 lumber was hauled by team and wagon from Crossfield to build a new house. It was one of the first homes in the area to have electric lights, running water and plumbing.

Jess was a cattleman at heart and through the years the Bar HF brand became synonymous with good Hereford cattle. These cattle had to be marketed in Crossfield, a distance of 16 miles, so when there was talk of a railroad from Crossfield to Cremona, Jess was one of the staunchest supporters and worked hard to see its completion in 1930.

Jess and Tena Havens were both active community workers. Jess served as school trustee for several years, and Tena as Red Cross leader in the community. Tena died of pneumonia in 1930 at the age of 38, leaving two small children, Evelyn and Douglas. Jess continued to farm until 1950 and lived there until his death in 1961. The farm is now owned and operated by his son Doug and his wife Nancie. They have four children, Arlene, Maxine, Barbara, and Walter. Evelyn married John Aaskow and they live on their farm southwest of Madden. They have three children, Gordon, Cheryl, and Dale.

MR. AND MRS. BERT HAYES

Mr. and Mrs. Hayes came to Dog Pound in the early 1900s and homesteaded SW¼ 6-29-3-5. They got their mail at Dog Pound, and were on the Bottrel telephone exchange. They were the first ones in the area to get a gramophone. They entertained many in the area by playing their gramophone beside the telephone at a specific time each evening. Anyone on the party line could lift the receiver and listen to the music. The gramophone was also used for dancing and entertaining at house parties. Often these parties lasted all night, especially during the long winter months.

The Hayes sold out to Joe Spencer.

THE HENRY FAMILY — by Edna Munro

Mary Anne and John Sullivan Henry came West from Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, in 1890. Their family of five sons and five daughters, Herb, Will, Ben, Cliff, Reg, Tillie, Mildred, Fanny, Della, and Louise, who was my grandmother, also came to Alberta.

In 1908 Ben and Cliff came to the Bottrel area. Ben homesteaded the NW¼ of 4-28-4-5, and Cliff filed on the NE¼ of 18 in the same Township. Their father was with them for awhile, and he built a log house which is still standing on the NW¼ of 16. This property had been I. M. Foster's homestead; he received his title in 1904. The Henrys purchased more land near their homesteads.

Ben and Cliff donated land for the Dartigue Hall and helped to build it. Ben was secretary-treasurer of the Hall Board for many years. Cliff, the younger of the two brothers, was a member of the West Brook School Board for a time.

In the early years the Henrys raised horses, sheep, and chickens, and milked cows. They delivered their cream, butter and eggs to customers in Calgary, driving in to the city with a democrat and a team of horses to do so. Later on they raised purebred Aberdeen Angus cattle and were well known for the excellent quality of their stock.

The Henry brothers were always ready for a joke or some excitement. Many tales of their escapades could be told, but they were always ready to help their neighbors in any way.

Neither Ben nor Cliff married. They often hired housekeepers but in later years they batched, as Cliff was a good cook. Their sister, Mrs. Tisdale, and her daughter Madge, made their home with Ben and Cliff for a number of years, and Madge attended West Brook School.

One of the Henry brothers, Will, was at one time Mayor of Edmonton.

The Henry land still remains in the family, with all but one quarter now owned by Thelma and Ed Deeves. Thelma is a daughter of Reg Henry. The NE¼ of 16 is presently owned by a nephew, Jim Henry. Ed Deeves Jr., his wife

Ben Henry's wood sawing outfit, 1920.

Left center, Ben Henry, Cliff Henry on his right.

Laurie, nee Ovans, and their young son Eddie, live on the home place.

After Ben passed away in June 1965, Cliff moved into his house in Cochrane. Cliff, at the age of 90 years, is now residing at Cedars Villa Lodge in Calgary. He still jokes and teases the nurses there.

CHARLES HEUVEL — by Alfred Anderson

Charles Heuvel, my uncle, arrived in the Bottrel area about a year after my parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Anderson. The homestead that Charlie owned, NE¼ 4-29-4-5, was eventually purchased by Cecil Myram.

Charlie spent very little time on his homestead, but worked in the logging camps in British Columbia around Golden. I remember him telling stories about the tremendous trees.

When he moved from Dog Pound he relocated in Kalispell, Montana, where he married. He left me his accordion, a prized possession second only to my horse.

MISS EDNA HILL

Miss Edna Hill taught at Westbrook School from September 1923 to June 1924. She boarded with the Bailey family.

Edna Hill was born in Durham, England, and came to Canada with her parents in 1909, settling

Miss Rabbitt and Miss Hill on the steps of West Brook School, 1926.

in Lethbridge, Alberta. In 1916 they moved to Georgetown, a mining town three miles west of Canmore. When the mines closed there, the Hill family moved to Canmore, where Edna taught for 32 years. When she retired in 1969 she was principal of the Canmore Elementary and Junior High.

This versatile woman, who married Stanley Appleby, a Canmore mine official, is a wife, mother and grandmother. She has recently turned author and has published a history of the Canmore area entitled "Canmore — The Story of an Era." This book took root in 1935 when Edna had her English class interview old-timers. She kept this material all these years, has added to it, edited it, and finally has had it published.

Edna was a student of the Banff School of Fine Arts, attending classes there in the summer of 1933 when it opened, and continued for four consecutive seasons, receiving a senior art certificate.

Along the way this studious citizen also earned her Bachelor of Education degree by attending summer school classes and evening classes.

HENRY HOFFMAN — by Margaret Robertson

Henry Hoffman was born in Hanover, Ontario, on January 12, 1877. He came to the Westcott, Alberta, area in 1904 and worked for Henry Braun. He homesteaded in the Dog Pound area in 1906 on the SW¼ 32-28-3-5. Here Henry and his friend, Dan Russell, built a two-roomed shack. The Local Improvement Tax on this quarter for 1914-1915 was $4.20. In 1912 Henry went back to Ontario and he and Annie Eifert were married that summer. Annie was born at Mildmay, Ontario, June 28, 1883. She learned to sew at an early age and at the time of their marriage she was a professional dressmaker and a model in a big department store in Buffalo, New York. They lived in the homestead shack on the west side of the C.P.R. Coulee. Here their son, Woodrow, was born in 1913, Dr. Park of Cochrane was in attendance.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hoffman. Their wedding pictures, 1912.

In 1941 Henry purchased the SE¼ 6-29-3-5 from Louis Bliss and built a new house. The Education Tax on his quarter in 1915 was $2.00. A daughter, Margaret, was born in 1916 in the hospital in Cochrane. Dr. Steele was in attendance.

Although Hoffmans lived in the Dog Pound School District, Woodrow and Margaret attended the Summit Hill School, as there was no school in the Dog Pound district when Woodrow reached school age. There was an understanding that should Summit Hill become crowded, they would have to transfer to Dog Pound. This never became a problem so Mr. Hoffman paid school taxes to both districts. The school tax paid to Summit Hill in 1915 was $14.00, paid to Secretary-Treasurer, W. R. Vaughan. During the next few years Henry purchased a quarter of land from Billie Urquhart and a quarter from H. Sauers, joining what he already owned. The land was cleared mostly by hand and broken with horses. Henry was quite a horse trader. He bought horses in the spring on credit, used them in the spring work and harvest, then sold them in the fall. In this way he paid for the horses and usually made a profit. He paid the taxes by doing some road work.

In 1916 the telephone rental paid to the Bottrel exchange was $1.25 per month. In 1917 Henry purchased 22 steers for $1300.00, threshing bill paid to Cliff and Ben Henry $132.00, Ford car purchased for $350.00 and in 1918 he purchased a team of horses from Osborn Reid for $325.00 and three loads of straw cost $3.50.

Over the years Mrs. Hoffman often helped in the fields at haying time; she also helped with the stooking and stacking. She always raised chickens and oftimes ducks, geese and turkeys. Woodrow farmed with his dad after leaving school, and in 1941, he and Hazel Parsons were married. They continued to live on the farm. They had one daughter, Dixie Lynn. Woodrow passed away in 1967.

Margaret married Raymond Robertson from Queenstown, Alberta, in 1941. They live on the Dan Shafer farm in the Summit Hill area. They have four children, Ronald, Keith, Beverly and Bruce.

Mr. Hoffman left the farm in 1968 and resided at the Rocky View Lodge in Crossfield until his passing in 1970, at the age of 93. Mrs. Hoffman left the farm in 1967 due to ill health and is at present a guest at Southwood Nursing Home in Calgary. She is in fair health except for an arthritic condition which necessitates the use of a wheelchair.

The Hoffmans took an active interest in community affairs and were good neighbors.

THE HOPPER FAMILY

Mr. and Mrs. Hopper had three children: Mary, Donald and Katie, who all attended West Brook School. Mr. Hopper was a peddler of patent medicines.

GEORGE HUBBERT

George Hubbert was born on the Moorlands of Yorkshire, England. He was a member of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, and the Duke of Wellington's West Riding Regiment and served in France and Germany in 1918 and 1919.

George came to Canada in 1920, and then to Calgary. In 1927, 1928 and 1929 he guided in the Banff National Park for Brewsters. In 1932 he married Vida Myers in Calgary. Their daughter, Barbara, was born July 7, 1933.

In 1939, George and his family moved to the Bottrel district, living on the SE¼ 29-28-4-5. After leasing this land from the Alberta Government, George bought it in 1962. It was part of a school section.

Mrs. Hubbert passed away shortly after they moved to Bottrel.

Barbara attended Westbrook School and Mount Royal College. She married Al Scheidl of Calgary. They have three children and have a motel at Salmon Arm, British Columbia.

George lives in Cochrane now but spends some of his time at his farm at Bottrel.

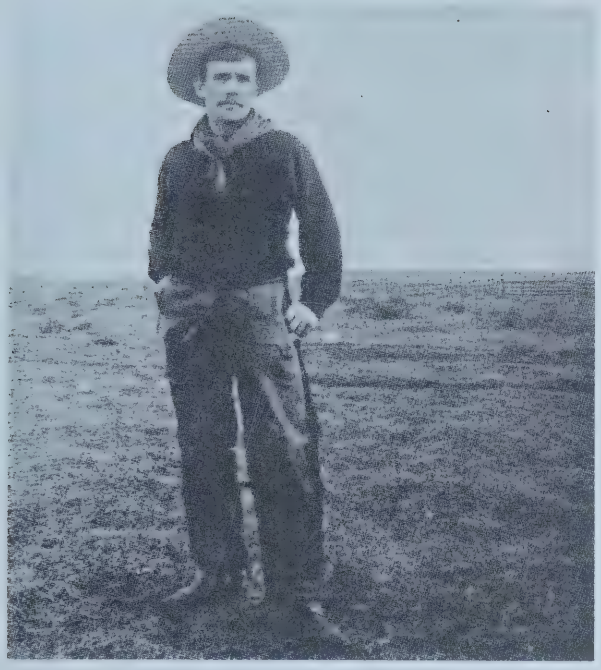
LEWIS HUGHES

Lewis Hughes was born in Camarthen, South Wales, and came to Calgary in 1911. He homesteaded the SE¼ 33-28-5-5. His friend, Tom Harvey, homesteaded the N.E. quarter of the same section. Lewis joined the Army in 1916 and went Overseas shortly after the marriage of his sister Frances to Harry Viney in April of that year.

He was killed in action in France on November 6, 1917.

GEORGE BRUCE HUNTER — by Mrs. C. MacKenzie and Mrs. V. Erickson

George Bruce Hunter was born at Guelph, Ontario, November 1, 1871. In the fall of 1893 he visited his uncle, William Bruce, who was then working on the railway bridge at Kicking Horse



Bruce Hunter.

Hunter Brothers, 1897. Picture taken by themselves.

Pass. William Bruce, an early building contractor, owned a house in Calgary.

In May 1894, Bruce came West again to try ranching. He bought some cattle and stayed at his uncle's ranch below Nose Hill, now in the city of Calgary, until fall. Then he and Alex McEwan came to Dog Pound to look for homesteads. They stayed a week at the Botterell Ranch, which was then managed by Walter Jones and owned by the Botterells of Montreal. The second week was spent at Jimmy Kennedy's ranch, now the Virginia Ranch, then they located their homesteads. Alex McEwan settled on a quarter which is now part of the Virginia Ranch, and Bruce about four miles further north along the creek, on the SW¼ 18-29-3-5.

1894, Bruce Hunter by first shack on Hunter's HU ranch.

During the winter Will Bruce and a cousin, David Anderson, built Bruce's log shack, and one for Jimmy Kennedy, where they stayed. In the spring Bruce's brother, James D. Hunter, joined him, after having visited the previous fall. James filed on the adjoining quarter to Bruce, NW¼ 18-29-3-5, and their uncle Will took a quarter east of them. It was a very early spring, beginning February 15, and the men put a sod roof on one of the shacks and built a corral. In the winter logs for the buildings were cut and hewed in the bush near the Winchells, and hauled in the summer.

1894 was the end of the dry years. The roofs made of poles covered with hay and then sod, were fine previously, but when the wet seasons began, it rained three days indoors after the rain ceased. Bruce and Jim used their slickers to keep beds dry, but the fellow in the lower berth would be liable for a shower when the occupant above him turned over. Groceries were stored under the table, which had an oilcloth cover. They bored holes in the floor boards to let the water drain away. Their days were kept busy pulling stock out that mired in the sloughs. As they had had no experience with the creek in flood, they had built their house and buildings too close to its banks. This caused many hurried rescues of stock and belongings.

Prior to 1905, when many settlers came, there had been plenty of open land and free range. Later the Hunters had to buy as much CPR Ranch land as they could afford. The name of this ranch near Dog Pound came from its brand, not the railway.

J. Kennedy sold out to D. Smith in 1897-98, which gives rise to an oft repeated tale. While Dicky was in the process of moving in, and away to Mitford for another load of supplies, two passers-by stopped in and stayed awhile; doors were never locked in those days and all comers were welcome. Before leaving, they mischievously dumped a package of Epsom Salts

Left to right: Bruce Hunter, Dan McNeil, Bob MacIntosh.

into the teakettle. Dicky told people for years, "The Dog Pound water is all right, after you get used to it!"

A bachelor merely added water to that left in the kettle, so it took some time before all the Salts would be eliminated. As the Hunter brothers knew all the details the prank was credited to them.

At this time there were no towns closer than Mitford. The Hunters received their mail at Mitford, and later, Cochrane. One of the neighbours, often from the Botterell Ranch outfit, would bring the mail out and somehow it would be passed on. Often Bruce rode in one direction and Jim in another, to visit and see who had been to town. Mr. Johnstone, Postmaster at Cochrane, who had been in the Cariboo Gold Rush with William Bruce, was very good at sending their mail out if any chance came, but it might take a month or six weeks to reach them. When the Dog Pound Post Office was first opened about 1899 on the D. Smith ranch, the route was marked by posts at intervals of several miles, since there were no roads. The mail was brought by saddle horse and never failed to get through, a fact of which Bruce was very proud.

Supplies were hauled in large quantities by team and wagon or democrat, with the trip to Calgary taking several days. All the lumber used in building was hauled from Calgary. Bread was made from a starter of sourdough; Jim was the cook, although they might all have had to take a hand in it as need arose. As the creek flowed right past their backdoor, Bruce thought it might save some time washing if they hung their overalls on a willow branch in the creek and let the water pass through them. This experiment failed, however, as the clothes stirred up the mud and came out dirtier than they went in. They took many pictures with a box camera which used glass plates; the prints were developed at home. Several of their pictures have been shown on television, courtesy of the Glenbow Archives.

It was essential to be able to stay on a lifey horse; if one was thrown off, it often meant a long walk. The Hunters also became proficient in carrying items on horseback, such as the occasional pie a housewife might donate them. One story oft told: they had just reached the dessert stage of dinner, and had a rare treat of a pie, which had been generously divided amongst the three or four present, when a visitor was seen approaching. They hastily collected the cut portions and re-cut them, as all comers must share in whatever was going.

In 1908 James Hunter married Alexina Shand, and in 1909 sold his cattle and moved to Oregon to work at his trade as a machinist until the spring of 1918, when they returned to the farm. Their daughter Margaret, now Mrs. Angus Cameron, was born in Oregon and now resides on her parents' land. Her son, James Bruce, farms Bruce Hunter's land and one quarter of D. Smith's. James Hunter farmed until he passed away suddenly in 1944, aged 72.

In 1915 Bruce married Grace Shand. They had three daughters, Betty, Doris and Jean, all of whom became teachers.

In 1905 a Local Improvement District No. 15-B-5, consisting of four townships, was formed. The first councillors were: J. A. Briggs, C. W. Grain, E. J. Reid, and A. Robertson Sr. Bruce Hunter was appointed secretary-treasurer. In 1912 the territory was enlarged to include seven townships, and the councillors changed, but Bruce remained secretary-treasurer. In 1918 a further two townships were added and the Local Improvement District was made the Municipal District of Beaverdam. Bruce remained in his position until 1944, when an enlarged Municipal District was formed with the head office in Didsbury, and an accompanying change in office style and working hours were effected. Bruce was now one of the assistant secretaries. In 1946, at the age of 76, he retired to his home in Dog

1910, Dog Pound in flood at Bruce Hunters.

Pound for the remainder of his life. Thus for over 40 years, all landowners in the area paid their taxes to him, including the people of the Bottrel district.

After his return to the farm in 1918, James took over the farming operations, and Dad devoted his full time to the municipal work. Starting salary with the Local Improvement District had been a remuneration, then later, he was paid a yearly salary.

For many years the office was one room in the house, reached through the living room. People came and went constantly and waited their turn in the living room. If they arrived at or near mealtime, they often ate with the family. During the early 1930s an office was built, a small building just beyond the vegetable garden. Doris recalls, "I usually had the honor of helping clean and tidy it for monthly council meetings. Dad swept first, after sprinkling the floor with snow or water, then I dusted — around piles and piles of letters and papers that were **not** to be moved, as he knew where everything was.

"The floor was of unpainted boards, walls simply covered with wallboard. Dad had a desk and two other large tables, one an old extension table; the other had been in their bachelor shack. When the top became too stained they cleaned it off with a plane. He had a revolving desk chair with a cushion, and there was a similar chair for the reeve. Six plain kitchen chairs for the councillors and a couple of benches (home made), a water pail and dipper (tan coloured so the rust from the water didn't show as much), completed the furnishings. A wood and coal burning heater supplied heat. A gas light gave illumination for evening work, and after New Year's it burned late every night when year-end work pressed, and the books were prepared for auditing. The auditors told Dad that his books were the neatest set to come in to them. The minutes of each meeting were kept and are still on record. While the office was in the house, Mother supplied afternoon lunch to the entire group, and continued to do so for a short while after it was moved out to the new building."

An office in the house also meant keeping the children reasonably quiet so as not to disturb the bookwork.

Office hours were any time between 7 a.m. and 11 p.m. Christmas Day was the only day that Dad never had someone there. Holidays for him were non-existent. Once, only, we went to Banff for three or four days. During the busy time, he often found it hard to get meals. Once during the War, 1 p.m. came and poor old Daisy was unmilked. Over much protest, Jean had to go out and ask Charlie MacKenzie, who was waiting for his father, if he would milk that cow that was waiting in the barn. Naturally, he obliged.

Gun registration in the war years caused another flurry of activity. Guns were brought to the Municipal office to be registered. One of the old guns dug out of an attic had no serial number. Another was homemade. Then, after that subsided, someone got the bright idea that all dogs should be licensed, and the secretary could do it. Dad balked at that; if he was to register dogs there wouldn't be a dog around, that he could see, anyway.

Dad knew the legal description of nearly every farm in the municipality. Often a farmer wouldn't remember his off hand, so Dad would say, "Whose place did you buy?" "Oh, that's the old — place, so it's —." His memory extended to his last days in hospital. When visitors came in and remarked, "I don't suppose you remember me, Bruce," they received a prompt assurance with not only their name, but the place they were on. He still worked on his memoirs at the age of 90, which were helpful in compiling the Dog Pound history book.

During the war when grain acreage payments had to be applied for, the weather turned bad and we received quantities of rain. The office was several miles away from a gravelled road, so many of the farmers were unable to complete their applications. Dad phoned the head office in Calgary and requested an extension of time. After checking, they phoned back and extended the time limit. They said later that they decided they might as well give it to him, as have a whole pile of forms dated on the last day.

Another incident, after the formation of the large municipality, concerned a ratepayer who was paying his taxes. One of the other secretaries was explaining in great detail just how the taxes had been computed. As he looked bewildered, she finally asked, "Didn't Mr. Hunter explain your taxes to you?"

Promptly the answer came, "No, he never had to — we knew he was honest."

Some of his former ratepayers insisted on paying their taxes to him only, as they had paid their first taxes to him and did not want to change.

At the reception held for him in the Dog Pound Hall upon his leaving for the Didsbury office, one of the councillors, who had not always agreed with him previously, made the remark that "Mr. Hunter was always fair; when asked how to go about handling some problem for which there was no easy solution, he would make a suggestion on how it might be done with the words, 'It's not according to Hoyle, but it might work.' "

The first roads were built with little machinery except a scraper, and little, if any, pay. If you wished to have a road you helped build it. Later, the money earned by doing road work would, as a rule, be applied on the yearly taxes, so the secretary had to keep track of it. Some worked their taxes out entirely.

With the increased sums of money to be handled, Dad found it necessary to obtain a Model T car to make the frequent business trips. It was later replaced by a Model A Ford purchased with cash, as his theory was that if you

had not saved the money you did without. There were no "expense accounts" then. He was an excellent driver, and he could get through where others couldn't, or wouldn't. Once, in early spring, someone asked him how he drove across the flats south of the house, where there was just the old trail. He said he stayed close to the foot of the hill.

"But there are all those willows there!"

"I know. They give you traction."

He rolled his first car, on an icy patch, so that it came upright on its wheels; he was able to continue on his way and then return home, minus the canvas top and windshield. A young nephew, listening to a discussion on the high price of running a car, proudly remarked, "But my uncle Bruce doesn't have to pay for gas to run his car. He just goes down to the creek and fills her up with water."

With Bruce's frequent trips to town through the years, people along the way became accustomed to running out with their lists, money and mail to send with him, or they simply telephoned orders to the store for him to drop off on his way home. While he was Postmaster at Dog Pound he dropped mail off all along his route home.

Dad had been instrumental in obtaining the Post Office, and in 1920 was involved in obtaining permission to have the Dog Pound School built, although opposed by bachelors and childless couples. The school opened in 1921, and he was secretary-treasurer of the School Board until 1944. Neither Post Offices nor schools materialized without much effort, as a need had to be proven before they were granted.

A school trustee also found himself with other duties, such as Santa Claus at the annual concert, and organizer of the races at the June picnic always held on the last day of school, rain or shine. All the kids knew that if they had no ties for the three-legged race, Mr. Hunter always had a good supply of large white hankies in readiness for their requests. The Santa Claus suit was stored at our home, and usually Dad and J. McBain took turns year about using it, while they had children at school. Doris says, "All during my public school years, Dad was secretary of the School Board. If anything untoward occurred there, it was, 'Go get Mr. Hunter,' and someone took off on horseback. I well remember the day of the big windstorm. A boy, who had left the room, burst back in yelling, 'The barn is blowing away and all the horses are in it.'

"There was an immediate exodus of all the horse owners, to get their mounts out, and then, 'Go get Mr. Hunter.' He and Uncle Jim came and propped the barn, but it had shifted quite a way off the foundation."

After retirement Dad continued to drive his own car, until he suffered a heart attack at the age of 84. He passed away in Calgary at the age of 91, on June 18, 1963, and is buried in the Carstairs cemetery.

Mother now resides in her own house in Calgary, close to two of her daughters. Doris is still teaching near Ponoka, after raising a family of six. Betty and her husband have two children, and Jean and her husband, three.

THE HUPKES FAMILY

John and Henry Hupkes were born in DeSteeg in the Netherlands, and came to Alberta in 1919. First they came to Burdett where their sister Geurdina Van Gallen and her husband Nick farmed. From there they moved to Aldersyde, then Crossfield, and finally settled in the Bottrel area in 1923. They bought the W½ 12-28-4-5 from Scotty McDonald. This land was formerly homesteaded by Crawford and McLintock. Later the Hupkes bought the NW¼ 11-28-4-5, part of the school section where the Len Blow family had lived. They ran a mixed farming operation. In 1927 their sister Catherine came and kept house for them.

In 1943 Henry married Mary Harbidge, youngest daughter of Charlie and Bertha Harbidge. Henry and Mary had five children: Gerrit, Charles, Henry, Bertha (Mrs. Tim VanNes) and Geurdina (Mrs. Don Kreller). The children all attended Westbrook School. There are now three grandchildren.

In 1948 John and Catherine took a trip home to the Netherlands. The following year Henrietta Dornbois, a childhood acquaintance, came to Bottrel and married John. John bought the quarter section north of Westbrook School from Ed Arndt, the SE¼ 10-28-4-5, and built a house, where he and his wife and his sister Catherine lived.

Henrietta was organist at the Bottrel Community Reform Church nearby. All the Hupkes family were active in church activities and their lives centred around the church until it closed in 1972.

In September 1965, Catherine passed away. Henrietta died in September 1972, followed by her husband John a year later. They are buried in the Cochrane cemetery. Henry passed away in July 1975, and is buried in the Crossfield cemetery.

REV. H. T. JARRETT — by George Jarrett

In 1897 Rev. H. T. Jarrett arrived in Calgary from Ontario, with his wife and family of three boys, Fred, Ben, and Charlie, and two girls, Mary and Florence. Two more sons were born after coming to Calgary, George, born September 2, 1899, and Walter, born September 22, 1901. Rev. Jarrett preached and taught school in and around Calgary until the spring of 1905, then he and his family moved to Springbank.

In the fall of 1906 they moved to Bottrel where Rev. Jarrett homesteaded the NW¼ 18-28-4-5, which later became the property of R. Henry. Charlie homesteaded the SE¼ 18-28-4-5, which later belonged to Baileys, and Fred homesteaded the SE¼ 2-28-4-5, which eventually sold to Angus

Jarrett family, reading left to right: Charlie, Florence, person unknown, Mary, Ben and George Jarrett skating on a slough southeast of the Jarrett house.

McDonald. Rev. Jarrett also purchased the E½ 17-28-4-5, where he built a home, and this property was sold in 1919 to John McDougall who was a World War One veteran. Then Rev. Jarrett and his wife moved back to Calgary.

Rev. Jarrett was very active in community affairs, teaching and preaching the Gospel. He was the teacher at the first school in the Bottrel area. Westbrook School began in an old log building which had been converted into a "make-do" school. He also taught when the new one-roomed Westbrook School was opened in 1907. He preached in Westbrook, Grand Valley, and Chapelton schools, as well as other places where he was needed.

Three of Rev. Jarrett's sons were in World War One. Ben was shot at Vimy Ridge and died four days later. Charlie served in the trenches until he got trench feet and then he served in England until the end of the War. He was later married, in Canada, to a girl he had met while Overseas. George was in the Armed Forces but didn't go Overseas. He is the only one of five sons living today, and resides in Calgary.

The older daughter, Mary, married an electrician. They had one child. Her husband has passed away and she is living in Edmonton. Florence, the younger daughter, married Mr. McKernan whom she had met while attending Mount Royal College in Calgary. They had one child. Her husband passed away and she remarried and is living in Edmonton.

Fred Jarrett with team and buck rake.

MR. AND MRS. J. D. JOHNSTON

J. D. Johnston bought the S ½ 9-28-4-5 in 1910. Mr. and Mrs. Johnston's twentieth child was born there. Mr. Johnston often butchered cattle for a beef ring. He did custom farming for neighbors and at one time operated a livery barn in Cochrane.

JOE JORDAN AND FAMILY

In 1911 Joe and Ferel Jordan and their daughter Bertha came from Junction City, Kansas, to Gleichen, Alberta. Joe's parents, Isaac and Hulda Jordan, and his two sisters and their husbands, Mr. and Mrs. Bradford (Tip) McNair, and Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Hughes, moved to Gleichen with them.

Joe and Ferel's daughter Leitha was born at Gleichen. Another daughter, Edith, was born at Drumheller, where the families moved when the men got work at the mines. They tired of mining, so decided to go homesteading.

In 1917 Joe Jordan took up the NE¼ 16-29-5-5, and his father filed on the adjoining SW¼ of the same section. McNairs and Hughes also homesteaded nearby, but Tip McNair didn't prove up on his quarter.

Joe worked for J. T. Boucher at Bottrel for awhile, then helped Frank Coyle with his farming. Bertha and Leitha started school at Westbrook. Mrs. Dean, an English lady, was their teacher. In 1920 they moved onto the homestead. At this time they got their mail at Big Prairie.

The rest of the family, Joe Jr., Bill, Cliff, Ken, Dennis and Inez, were born on the homestead.

Joe was a plasterer by trade and did a considerable amount of work on houses in the area, for James Farquharson, Inghams, Bantas, and Fred Wilson, to name a few. Joe was renowned for his baseball pitching. He was on the Bottrel team for a time, then he played for Beaver Dam, and later for Water Valley.

Bertha married Robert Cockerton; they live in Calgary. Leitha married Lee Salisbury, who is now deceased. Leitha lives in Calgary. Edith married Harry Foster and they live in the Water Valley area. Inez married Bob Irwin and they live at Nanton. Joe Jr. and Dennis live in Calgary. Bill is at Grand Coulee, Cliff at Blackie, and Ken is at Penhold, all in Alberta.

Mrs. Joe Jordan passed away many years ago and is buried in the Westbrook cemetery. Joe spent his last years with Inez and Bob, and passed away in 1973 at the age of 85.

JAMES KENNEDY

James (Jimmy) Kennedy, who had been a land surveyor, came from the United States with

the Cochrane Ranche cattle drive in 1881. He was in charge of A. P. Patrick's cattle, which were brought to a spring located near where Henry Hoffman later lived.

In the late 1880s Jimmy Kennedy started the Dog Pound Creek Ranch for A. P. Patrick. This ranch was later called the Botterell Ranch.

About 1890 A. P. Patrick sold the Dog Pound Creek Ranch to A. E. Botterell who bought it for his son Edward. At this time, Jimmy Kennedy moved to a quarter of Section 2-29-4-5, which eventually became part of what is now known as the Virginia Ranch on the Dog Pound Creek.

In 1898 James Kennedy sold his land to Richard (Dicky) Smith and returned to the United States.

THE KINCH ACCOUNT

In 1908 George, Bennett, Leo and Hannah Kinch came from Alberton, Prince Edward Island, to locate homesteads at Chaplin, Saskatchewan. They lived in a sod shanty the first two winters. George built a house on the homestead in 1911. Hannah and Bennett moved into it, and Leo and George stayed in the sod shanty; they also built a sod barn.

In 1913 a brother, Herman, and his wife, Eulalia, and their two children, arrived from Prince Edward Island, and homesteaded by the lake near Chaplin. That winter their little daughter died. Eulalia took their other daughter Bertha back to P.E.I. Their last child, Lester, was born there. Eulalia died shortly afterward. Six years later Grampa and Gramma Kinch came West, bringing Lester and Bertha with them. In 1923 they left the homestead to reside in Coderre, Saskatchewan, where Mr. and Mrs. Kinch passed away in 1936.

The winter George, Herman, Leo, and Bennett batched together they wrote this song:

This little song it won't take long
If attention you may give.
It teaches us to bake and sew
In order for to live.
Out in the West where we reside,
At 45 below,
We put our cap and mittens on
And start to mix the dough.
To get a man to light the fires
We often found it hard.
Said George, "Roll, it's your turn, Leo."
Said Leo, "I think it's Jim's."
And Herman covered up his head
And quite agreed with him.
Our cook and man have left us now,
They moved across the way
Into a smaller shack, you know,
But warmer yet, they say.
Ben milked the cows and fed the pigs
And did his share of work.
Josie too she helped us through,
She never was a shirk.
The biscuits, they were hard and dry.
The soda tasted strong.
Said Leo, "We will eat them anyhow
To help the cook along."
Leo's favorite dish of oatmeal
He often tried to make.
Said George, "Let the darn thing go
The breakfast now is late.
It's Herman's turn the beans to burn."
The fire was rather high,
He snapped the cover off the pot.
The steam flew in his eye.
He jumped right back and what a shock.
It nearly made him cry.
"We'll have to put the steam gauge on
To save the other eye."
With breakfast over, pipes all lit,
For work we did prepare.
We all went down into the barn
To hitch the kicking mare.
To hitch her up was quite a job,
It took us all our time,
And George climbed up into the sleigh,
Said, "Pass me up the lines."
We cut her loose, she leaves the ground,
Her heels would upward soar,
Three circles around the homestead
For beans and toast once more.
So if by chance you hear this song
And think that it's not true,
Just spend a winter in the West
With some of Kinch's crew.

Leo married and moved to Oregon in 1918, where he took up the carpenter trade.

In 1922 Hannah married Herb Walters and moved to Hythe, Alberta, later coming back to the Sundre district by wagon train. The family consisted of 12 children. On the trip back the family had to stop two days a week, one for baking and the other for washing clothes. Hannah now lives in Edmonton.

In 1922 George moved to Hythe, where he owned and operated a livery stable. He had many friends young and old. When he left Hythe, he left his dogs with some friends, and the story was told that the dog wouldn't eat, and couldn't be moved till he died on the station platform where he'd last seen his master. Although

Kinchs' hay crew, showing the push-pole stacker.

George remained a bachelor, he loved children. He raised two children, Bea and Bob Smith, whose father died in a flu epidemic in 1918. Their mother died of T.B. She left word at the hospital that in the event of her death George was to take the children. They were aged eight and nine.

If George could get an audience he'd spend hours telling big stories. He would get as big a kick out of his stories himself, as his listeners did, because he never really knew how they would end either.

In 1940 Herman and George bought the SE¼ 25-27-5-5 from Scotty Elder, George coming from Hythe, and Herman from Coderre. Herman turned over his farm there to his son Lester, who now lives in Moose Jaw. His daughter Bertha married Ed Fisher and lived in Calgary. They had three children each.

Herman was a very easy-going person. One time George was very upset with him. They were haying and George was having trouble with his equipment, so he decided to wave Herman down and ask him to help him. When Herman came around the field again George waved. Herman just waved back and kept right on going.

Herman read a lot. He knew the history of every explorer or anyone of note in our Canadian heritage. He also wrote a bit of poetry. This is a poem he wrote for Margaret Kinch:

My pathway leads me near the slough,
And if my men-folk only knew
The joy I get to linger around
They'd stop complaining of waste ground.
It's willow-fringed and as I peer
Within its leaves I have no fear,
Each leaf takes a form
A picture clear, of dogs and pets,
And folks so dear.
Now that one, upon that limb,
Is just the image of wee Jim.
The crinkled ear I'd know for miles,
The soft round chin, then he smiles.
The wind and sun must play their part,
They are God's actors of good heart.
They hold me spellbound on the spot,
I am alive or am I not?
The icy fingers of the north
Have called my pearls and diamonds forth,
They are so fragile and so clear
The slightest touch they disappear.
My seven seas it's so to me.
A Chinese junk by that tree.
An old ploughshare half buried there
Takes form, it is a ship so fair.
Then the sun plays pranks with me
And throws a shadow on my tree.
Oh please, dear sun, please
Shine for me and give me
Back my seven seas.
It is so nice to linger here.
Oh, thank you, sun, you are so clear.

Herman quit farming after George's accidental death in 1958. He moved to Calgary, where he owned a couple of rooming houses. He lived with Bennett, until Bennett passed away in 1971, then Herman went to a home, where he lived until his death in 1973.

In 1912 Bennett married Josie Skerry in Prince Edward Island, returned to Saskatchewan, and moved across the road from the homestead at Chaplin. They had six children, Jack, Leonard, Alma, Mary, Bernard, and Frances. Alma and Mary died in infancy.

The drought and crop failures forced them out of Saskatchewan. A "time" sale was held and all Bennett got out of it was a trunk full of I.O.U.'s. They loaded their family on a train heading west, and settled south of Turner Valley in 1929. In 1933 they moved to the Bottrel district. Bennett and Josie rented the Art Noble farm, then bought a few acres from Angus McDonald.

The winter was spent hauling logs and rails. The logs were for their future home, and the rails were sold or traded for groceries. The first summer was also a busy season, breaking the land for planting, and building their house. The heater for their house was made out of an oil drum, which kept the house very warm and comfortable.

Josie was an avid gardener; she always had a great number of house plants, and a lovely garden. She would plant anything that she could get seed for, including peanuts. Josie also raised turkeys and chickens. One year she had about a hundred turkeys, so a turkey shoot was arranged. This made a social event, supplied a sport, gave people a chance at a Christmas turkey at a small cost, and was great fun. Josie also made a bit of money out of it.

Josie used to buy raw wool, which she would wash, card and pull into the lengths to knit. She found that by pulling the wool instead of spinning it, she made a softer and more comfortable product to wear. She supplied a lot of people besides her own family with warm hand and footwear. Wool for heavier items, such as sweaters, was spun.

Bennett and Josie owned a Ford car but with the shortage of funds, they did some improvising, added a tongue and a box of sorts, then had what was known as a Bennett Buggy.

In 1943 Bennett bought the John Morrison homestead in the Horse Creek area, where he lived until the death of his wife in 1949, at the age of 61. Bennett then sold his land to his son Leonard. Leonard and his family lived there until 1961, then they moved to NW¼ 7-28-4-5.

As young men, Jack and Leonard took off to seek their fortunes. Jack went to the Yukon, and worked on construction. Leonard worked for a couple of winters northwest of Edmonton. They both traveled through the country by freight trains, working where they could for a few cents or a meal. Leonard was on the trek to Ottawa in the 1930s, when people were demanding 50¢ an hour wage. The trek started in Vancouver and gained momentum. It was stopped in Regina, but not before one man was shot. Everyone on the

freight was dragged off and thrown into camps. Just as the riot broke out Leonard and a couple of companions slipped away and caught the next freight back to Alberta.

In 1935 Jack and Leonard bought the SE¼ 7-28-4-5. They farmed for a year together, then Jack joined the Armed Forces. He returned to this country for a few years, then moved to Edmonton where he died in 1962.

Frances, now Mrs. A. Miller, resides in Kindersley, Saskatchewan.

Bernard married Mary Blackstalk and moved to Black Diamond. They had five children: one daughter, Molly (Ambury), Calgary; four sons, Bennett and Mike, Calgary; Pat, Kelowna, British Columbia; and Danny (deceased 1975).

Bernard worked for several years on different ranches in this area, then in later years worked for the Royalite Oil Company. He had a heart condition and passed away in 1972. He was a very good natured happy-go-lucky kind of guy. He could always laugh or find a wisecrack no matter how serious the situation.

Leonard did custom haying for many years south of the Bow River. In later years, working for John W. Boothby, Leonard put up many tons of hay using a horse-drawn mower and the old push pole and stacker.

In 1939 Leonard married Mary Dolen. They had 16 children, Pat, Cremona; Margaret (Fletcher), Vancouver; Evelyn (Lashmar), Cremona; Bill, Grande Prairie; Jon, Bottrel; Philip and Roy, Cremona; Jim at home, Debbie (Graham), Calgary; Marie Anne, Doug, Dale, Kevin, Sharon, and Ross at home. Tommy died in infancy.

Leonard worked in oil field maintenance from 1945-1951. In 1951 he formed his own Gas Plant maintenance company which is still in operation.

FRANK KING (FRENCH NAME — FRANCOIS ROY) — as told by Mrs. Lillie Buckler

Frank King came to Alberta from Ottawa in the 1890s. He drove a team and stagecoach between Calgary and Edmonton before taking up ranching along the Dog Pound Creek, north of the Botterell ranch. In January 1903 he filed on his homestead on NW¼ 34-28-4-5. His address at that time was Bradbourne, North West Territories.

He went back to Ottawa and married Flore Azilda Racine. They had three sons, Edward, Donald, and Dalfrey. The first house on the homestead was made of log, but then they built a two-storey, brick house, which is still in use by the Ben Grainger family.

Mr. King raised horses and cattle. His horses were much in demand and people travelled great distances to deal with him.

I worked for Mrs. King, who knew very little English, so I learned some French and helped

The Frank King home, 1908.

her with English. Mr. and Mrs. King treated me like a daughter, even taking me to Calgary to shop for my wedding. The trip was a two day affair. We drove a team and democrat to Cochrane, and then took the train to Calgary. We shopped and had something to eat. We stayed overnight at the hotel and finished shopping before we took the train back to Cochrane. We got our team from the livery stable, loaded our parcels in the democrat and headed home.

In 1910 Mrs. King became sick and died before Dr. Harbottle could be reached. In those days the body was prepared for burial in the home. The casket was loaded on a wagon which served as a hearse, and was pulled by black horses 20 miles to Cochrane for the funeral service and burial in the Catholic cemetery.

Mr. King went home to Ottawa and brought Mrs. King's sister, Eugenie Racine, a nun, to take care of his three small sons. A year later they were married.

The children rode horseback to the Westbrook School three miles south.

We took a motor trip to Calgary soon after the King and Buckler families bought their first cars. This trip was an experience the children all remember. Both families were up early, doing their chores, dressing up for the long ride, and meeting at the corner. Mr. King led the way, keeping in sight most of the time. The trip going in was uneventful. We all went to the photographer and had family pictures taken, then we went to the stampede and saw the races.

On the way home Mr. King was ahead of us. He disappeared over the Cochrane hill and we heard a loud bang. When we came in sight there was his car at a precarious angle, half in the ditch, and leaning against a tree. The tree had saved them from rolling the car down the hill after the tire blew out. In those days you carried a tire patching kit instead of a spare tire. Luckily we were close to Cochrane and got a new tire, and we were on our way again. We had a bunch of tired and sleeping children when we got home after a big day in their lives.

Tragedy struck again when Mrs. King caught the flu and died in 1918. Mr. King took his family home to Ottawa, selling the home ranch to Littleton and Bert Turner, brothers, who came from Carstairs.

This land was again sold in the early 1920s to the William P. Lunds. Fred Brown, a bachelor, bought it in the 1930s. He, in turn, sold the property to the Harry Backs, who had come to the area from east of Calgary. When Harry Backs retired in 1956, he sold to Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Grainger, who had previously lived in the Brooks, Bassano, and Mossleigh areas.

WILLIAM ARTHUR KING — as told by Bill King

William (Bill) King was born in 1895 in Wisconsin, and in 1904, at the age of nine years, he came to Alberta with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard King, who came to farm in the Carstairs area. In 1909 the family moved to the Acme area where they continued farming.

While in the Acme area Bill assisted his brother drilling water wells, working as far east as Drumheller. He still witches wells with a willow or wires, with great accuracy.

Bill married Miss Edith Schneider who was born and raised east of Olds. In 1930 they took up homesteads northwest of Bottrel. Bill took NW¼ 34-28-5-5, Edith, the NE¼ 34-28-5-5. They proceeded to build a log house on the property, though, while they fenced the half section, they lived in tents. When there was still no roof on the house, a canvas was placed tent style over Bill's bed. Mr. Taks and Leo Bosch came to call. Bill gave them his bed and slept on the floor. It rained, and the canvas cover filled with water, slipped, and down came the water on Mr. Taks and Leo Bosch. They did some hollering!

After the fencing was completed, Bill returned to Acme for his cattle. Due to a blizzard he was two weeks bringing them to his homestead. It was late at night and he very carefully opened the gate and put the cattle in, shut the gate, then went to bed. Next morning he had neither horses nor cattle. All the wire had been stolen off the fence! Only the gate remained intact. He hunted all summer for those cattle and never did find seven head.

In 1935 Mr. and Mrs. King moved to their homesteads but due to the fact that there was no school nearby, they moved in 1939 to NE¼ 22-29-5-5 where they still live on a portion of that quarter, just south of Water Valley. They had been promised that a school would be built at Dartigue but such was not the case.

These were depression years and times were hard. They did have a spring but dug a well under the house. While on the homestead, they drove their car to Bottrel for their mail.

Mr. and Mrs. King have one daughter, Bessie, now Mrs. David MacKenzie of Dog Pound, and five sons. Billy works in Calgary; Harvey lives in Cochrane and works in the area; Bert farms his parents' homesteads; Robert farms near Peers, Alberta, and works on oil rigs in that area, Bryan took a welder's course, lives in Airdrie, and works for the government. All the children married. The Kings have 13 grandchildren and 5 great-grandchildren.

Mr. and Mrs. King are enjoying good health. They enjoy dances, card parties, and visiting with people.

CARL LARSEN

Carl Larsen was raised at North Haven, Connecticut, U.S.A. After working his way through the United States to Alberta, he homesteaded the NE¼ 10-29-4-5. While in Alberta he was a bachelor and is listed as receiving his mail at Dog Pound before 1914. He sometimes worked in the Silver Creek area west of Water Valley where a number of sawmills

were located. The last time he was in the cabin near Silver Creek it was fifty degrees below zero when he went to bed, and when he wakened in the morning a Chinook had blown in and the water was dripping off the roof.

In 1927 Carl returned to his original home in Connecticut, where he and his brother operated a large poultry business. He married there, very late in life.

He returned to Alberta periodically to visit with the Jim Watt family and other friends near where he had homesteaded.

Jim Watt rented the Larsen homestead from Carl for several years and later purchased it.

Carl has now passed away.

THE LARSON FAMILY — by Vola Farquharson

Christian (Chris) Larson was born in Denmark in 1843 and immigrated to Iowa, U.S.A., in 1864, at the age of 21. He married Barbara Knudson in 1881.

Barbara was born in 1863 and came from Norway with her family of two brothers, two sisters, and her parents, in 1868. It took them 90 days to cross the Atlantic Ocean in a sailing ship. They sighted North America once, but the wind changed and blew them off course; finally they landed in New York City. Barbara was only six years old, but remembers two or three people dying on board ship and the crew rolling the dead in blankets and burying them at sea.

After their marriage, Chris and Barbara settled in Iowa for a while, moved to Minnesota, Plankinton, South Dakota, Montana, and later moved back to South Dakota.

Chris was a venturesome man, and in 1910 he and Mr. James came to Alberta for a trip. Chris returned but didn't say too much. When Barbara was cleaning his suit she found a bill of sale for land and goods which he had bought in Canada. He had bought three quarter sections of land at Bottrel from W. J. Phipps. He also agreed to purchase 20 calves, $200; 20 yearlings, $300; 28 cows and 1 bull, $690; three sows, $55; one four-year-old mare, $165, two suckling colts, $70; two mares, $300; four oxen and their harness, $300; and all the machinery on the farm. Other household articles were to be thrown in.

L. to R.: Tina Havens, Lillian Carter, Mrs. Larson, Annie Dahl, Minnie Farquharson, Alice Wood.

Barbara, shocked at discovering this, finally agreed to go along with it — but what about the family? By this time the Larsons had 12 children, ten of whom were still living: Henry, Alfred (Fritz), Rena, Ida, Tina, Ben, Minnie, the twins, Alice and Annie, and Lillian. Henry, Rena and Ida were married and lived in South Dakota, but there were still seven children at home. Barbara and Chris also raised Bill Drayder, who now lives in Montana.

In the spring of 1911, Chris, Ben and Fritz Larson, accompanied by Bert Croston, left South Dakota to take over their new farm at Bottrel. Chris and the boys batched, and worked the land with their four oxen and horses.

Barbara grew annoyed living in the States with the "kids," so in December 1911, unknown to her husband, she packed her trunks and with six children boarded a train for Crossfield, Alberta. She had written Fritz to meet her, which he did. The trunks and the family were loaded into the lumber wagon and taken to the farm, a distance of about twenty miles.

Chris, not knowing the family was coming, hadn't cleaned the house. Just prior to their arrival, Bert Croston, who was churning with a large barrel churn, while relaxing, chewing and spitting tobacco, had forgotten to let the air out of the churn. Suddenly the cork blew and the churn made a few revolutions before being stopped. There was cream all over the walls, ceiling, and floor — what a mess! Soon all was forgotten as Chris was so happy to see his wife and family.

Six more children in the district really boosted the population at the Summit Hill School. Joe Jensen was their first teacher, and he boarded at Charlie Salisbury's. Everyone rode or walked to school. Mrs. Larson bought a piano for the school. The Gazeley and Barr Orchestra played for dances. What good times everyone had!

In 1912 Fritz returned to South Dakota for the rest of the Larson belongings. He rode back in the boxcar with the horses, machinery and furniture, which was unloaded at Crossfield. After assembling and loading everything on the wagon he hooked up the horses and headed west.

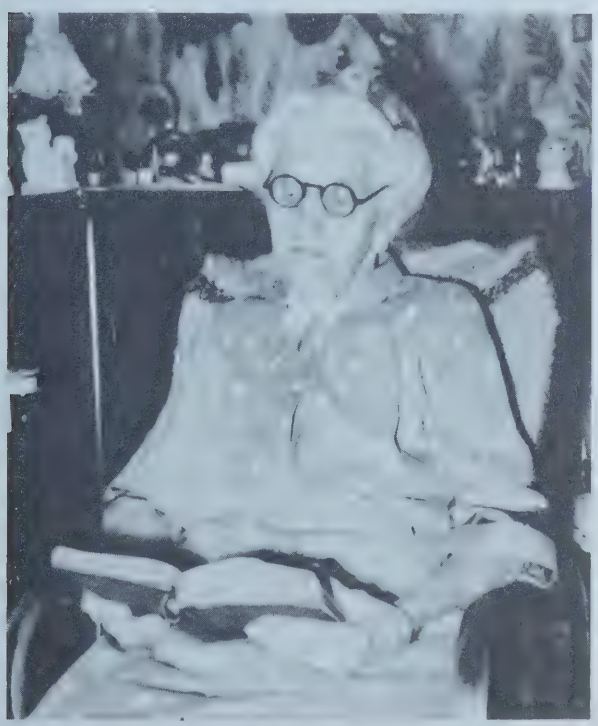
As South Dakota is very flat, the horses were afraid to go down into the coulee and started backing up, then over went the wagon. Finally, Fritz got help and arrived home with a lot of broken furniture and bent machinery.

Chris and his family built a large log barn and they milked several cows and sold cream. Barbara raised chickens with setting hens and sold eggs.

Whenever Barbara went to Bottrel to get groceries or go visiting, she drove an old mare and buggy or democrat, depending upon how many offspring accompanied her.

Chris Larson's oxen, 1911. All set for a drive in the cutter and the democrat!

Fritz Larson's shack at Deer Springs. Left: Mrs. Minnie Farquharson, Howard Farquharson, Stewart McLaren. Right: Anna, Margaret and Mrs. McLaren, Melvin Farquharson, Donnie McLaren.



Mrs. Chris Larson reading her Norwegian Bible.

Eventually, Chris went into the pig business. There were no trucks, so the neighbors would get together; one would take a team and wagon, and the rest, on foot, would follow and drive the pigs to market. Once Chris, Ben, Fritz, and Harold Vaughan drove 103 pigs twenty miles to Crossfield. If you have ever tried to drive a pig you will know this wasn't easy. They left early in the morning and returned late the same night. Chris told his wife he had to go back to Crossfield in the morning. She thought this rather queer, but said nothing. When he returned he admitted to her that he had received the money for his pigs, tied it in his old red hankie, and lost it. He had gone back and kicked around in the manure and there it was! His sons, who were always after him because he carried his money in his hankie, were really cross with him. He soon reminded them that he never would have found his money if it had been in a purse — after all, who would pick up an old red hankie.

Fritz went to Youngstown, Alberta, to homestead. It cost him $10.00 to file on a quarter section. He built a shack and a barn. After six years of hard work and drouth he loaded his things on a wagon and hayrack and drove back home.

Fritz remained a bachelor and lived with his mother. He continued to farm the home place until his retirement. He has a wonderful sense of humor and can tell many anecdotes. Now 91 years of age, he is residing in the Didsbury Auxiliary Hospital.

Chris Larson, a highly respected and upright man, passed away in 1923. Tina married Jess Havens, but passed away at an early age leaving two children, Evelyn (Aaskow) and Douglas. Alice (Wood), Annie (Dahl) and Lillian (Carter) live in Calgary and Edmonton. Minnie married David Farquharson and they resided at Madden, Alberta. Ben lives in California.

Barbara loved her many friends and always kept the coffee pot on. She lived to the ripe old age of 93. She passed away in 1956 leaving five daughters, three sons, twenty-three grandchildren, fifty great-grandchildren, and nine great-great-grandchildren.

A half section of the Larson farm was sold to Raymond Vaughan and the other quarter was sold to Howard Farquharson.

JOSEPH LATIMER — by Ermine Stevenson

In April 1927, my father and mother, Joe and Grace Latimer, decided that Calgary was not the place to raise seven children, ranging in ages from four to fourteen, so Dad bought three sections of land north of Cochrane from Mr. Fish. He re-sold two of these sections: the N½ 26-28-4-5 to Bill Armstrong; the S½ of that same section to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Amidon; and Section 27-28-4-5 to Axel Sundgren.

Bill Armstrong was a bachelor whose main interests were raising and breaking draft horses. He raised beautiful, big horses and they became very well trained under his hand. Mr. and Mrs.

Amidon's son, Raymond, now farms the Amidon property. Axel Sundgren, also a bachelor, lived on his farm for only a few years.

Section 23-28-4-5 was chosen as our farm. Dad built two rooms onto a granary and they were made into bedrooms. Soon after we arrived, a log barn was built, a deal for some horses to farm with was made and we started farming. There was not much land under cultivation at that time, but I can remember one year when Dad planted twenty acres of potatoes. We children hoed our hearts out! But we did have a wonderful garden. Dad sold the potatoes to restaurants.

My mother became ill the first summer we were there and passed away. Being the oldest, I took over. I shall never forget the rain and mud, day in and day out, all summer. There were only 11 days from the first of July until school started on the first of September, when the sun shone at all. That was in 1927. In August we had a foot of hail; the roofs leaked, and the roads were mud, two feet deep.

The mailman, Mr. Johnson, brought the mail to Bottrel from Cochrane twice a week. He drove a snappy team of well-bred horses hitched to a democrat. The Bottrel store, with the Post Office inside, was a gathering place every Wednesday and Saturday. Neighbors from every direction arrived there at the same time for a big visit and to get their supplies and mail. Today, by comparison, if you are lucky enough to live on a certain road, the mail will still come by rural delivery. Otherwise, people still go to Bottrel for their mail. Today the mail is put in a tin box outside on the step at the store. The friendliness is gone with the closing of the old Post Office — modernization I guess!

Dad was a real-estate salesman and a machinery and car dealer. During his 20 years around the country, he made many sales.

The five younger Latimer children received their education in the district. We two older ones, Myron and I, have remained in the Bottrel vicinity through the years. Joyce married Wilf Forster, a steam engineer in the Turner Valley oilfields, and they live in Black Diamond, Alberta. The four youngest members of the family, Glen, Dale, Lloyd, and Warren settled in the United States.

Today our lovely country has good roads; most farms have electric power; soon natural gas will be available by pipeline. I only wish our parents could have enjoyed these rewards for their hard work of opening up the country.

THE LEE STORY — by Terence Lee

I, Terence Lee, known to most people as Ted, came to Canada in 1919, soon after the First World War.

My stepfather, Colin Dunningham, decided to come to Canada because times were so tough in England. Canada was advertised as the land of milk and honey, so in March 1919, my stepfather sailed for Canada. When he arrived in Calgary he asked a taxi driver to take him to a fairly good hotel. The taxi driver, seeing he had a real greenhorn, took him for a scenic drive around Calgary, brought him back to the Palliser Hotel, charged him five dollars and drove off. My stepfather was sure mad the next morning when he saw the C.P.R. station was just three or four steps away.

He got a job with Harry Earle, who lived on the Grease Creek northwest of Cochrane. In April Harry sent my stepfather to Cochrane with a team and wagon for supplies. A blizzard overtook him and he got lost. The trail was soon covered up and he drove in circles. He came to an old cabin, put the team inside and stayed there for the night. The next morning was cold but clear, and to his surprise he was only two hundred yards from Paul Swanson's ranch house. He stayed there that night and the next day Paul showed him the right trail to take.

In July 1919, my mother and the four Dunningham children, all under seven years of age, my sister Norah Lee, 17 years, and I, 15 years, came to Canada. We had a very good trip except for seasickness. Norah and I didn't dare to be sick as we had to help Mother to look after the children.

We travelled on a colonist train to Cochrane and arrived tired and dirty. We were met by my stepfather and stayed at the hotel. We stayed alone for a couple of days while Mother and my stepfather went to Calgary for supplies. On the fourth day we started for Greasy Plains with a team and wagon and all our earthly belongings, which at that time didn't amount to much. We just got nicely started and it began to hail, forcing us to take shelter in the old brickyard west of Cochrane. We only got as far as Clem Edge's at the head of the Grand Valley the first night. We stayed there for a couple of days as Peggy, Clem's wife, would not let Mother travel any farther until she rested. It was a rough, tough ride, as we drove in the back way. Just the other side of Boney Thompson's cabin we got bogged down in a muskeg, so we had to unpack the wagon. My stepfather, Norah and I were soaked to the waist before we got out. We made it to the Fuller place that night and stayed there. The next day we reached Harry Earle's.

My stepfather was building a log house for us to live in but it wasn't finished. We worked on the house and moved in, but three weeks later Harry Earle told my stepfather he didn't need him any longer. We packed up and went to live on the Boney Thompson place on the Dog Pound Creek. The roof of the house leaked and the only place I could sleep dry was under the kitchen table. My stepfather went to Sampsonton to work while we stayed at Thompson's and ate fish for food for six weeks.

The Indians used to scare the life out of us. They would not knock on the door; they just

slipped into the house and sat down. We would turn around and there they were!

We moved to Sampsonton for the winter and lived in the Matthews house east of Mr. and Mrs. Buschert's store. I worked for Henry Stone during harvest, then I worked for Mr. Matthews. In November when I walked over to his place, it was 25 degrees below zero and the only clothes I had on were a straw hat, leather boots, blue jeans, a shirt, and a jacket that was too small. I nearly froze to death. I stayed until the middle of February and then went home.

The spring of 1920 I worked for Mr. Buschert who had sold his store and bought a place on the Dog Pound. That summer I went to the Virginia Ranch to get a job haying. I saw a man riding in the corral and thought it was T. B. Jenkinson. When I asked him if he needed anyone for haying, he asked me my age. I told him I was sixteen, and he said he would have to see my folks. At eight o'clock that night he arrived in a big car and I found out that he was Major General Bethall from Washington, D.C., the British Military Attache to the United States. He was at the Virginia Ranch buying polo ponies for himself and the Vancouver polo team. He wanted someone to groom the ponies so off I went. They played polo in Vancouver and Spokane, then the horses were brought back to Jenkinson's ranch. I went on to Washington, and was a valet for the Major until the horses were sent down in the middle of January 1921. The Major became ill so I returned to Cochrane in May 1921. I stayed at home for awhile then I went to work on the Virginia Ranch and stayed there until 1922. During this time my folks had moved twice.

Norah and I used to ride to Sampsonton to dances and to house parties. Lots of times we would get as far as McPhee's and go with them in their Ford car. Sometimes the hills were too steep for the gas to feed into the carburetor, so we would turn the car around and everyone would get out and push the car up the hill. Later Norah returned to England to live with our other two sisters, Kathleen and Josephine.

I worked for different farmers from Bottrel to Crossfield until the spring of 1924. Pat Morgan came over to get me to help the Morgans move to Lathom, just south of Bassano, Alberta. They had two hayracks, each pulled by four horses, and they trailed about 30 head of loose horses and mules behind. This was the first time I had met the Morgans.

The Morgans moved to the Dominion Farm at Lathom, and I went to work for Charlie Galbraith, who also farmed part of the Dominion farm. Mary, Pat, and Ted Morgan and I used to play cards every evening as there was nothing else to do in that God-forsaken country. All there was out there was Russian thistle and antelope. Mrs. Morgan raised a lot of chickens, and we ate eggs nearly three times a day. I liked eggs but did not like sitting on the footboard of the bed and crowing first thing in the morning. I decided I would get some meat, so I took the old 30-30 and went out to one of the straw piles and put up a white flag. Soon a nice big buck antelope came within range and down he went. I had just finished cleaning it when I heard a car coming across the field so I hid everything in the straw pile and got in myself. The car stopped and someone got out and walked around the straw pile, then went away. It suddenly struck me that he might set fire to it, and I was thinking of one "Roasted Ted Lee."

A couple of days later we were going to have a good feed of steak, and in came the Game Warden. We knew him quite well. He put his horse in the barn, fed him, and came to the house. By this time Mary and her mother had taken off the steaks and had some eggs fried and on the table. Shorty, the Game Warden, had dinner with us and after we sat around for awhile he said, "Mrs. Morgan, that was a lovely dinner, but could I get the recipe for that nice antelope gravy you made out of your fried eggs?" He told me he did not mind me shooting the antelope but don't waste any and don't brag about it.

I rode back to Bottrel and then went to work for Lou Chambers at Airdrie, where Charlie Oldfield and I picked rocks, and broke horses. The next year I worked for anyone needing help; jobs were getting hard to find.

In 1924 my eldest sister Kathleen's husband died suddenly so I packed up and went to England for Christmas and hoped to bring her back with me but she wouldn't come. She was afraid to cross the water. It was just as well, as it was a very rough trip. We got caught in a storm that broke the ship's rudder, and we drifted around from Sunday to Thursday with the waves coming right over the ship. We were not allowed on deck for two days. They put ropes around the deck and you could go out for air as long as you held onto the rope. This was March 1925. We got back to Ireland and were transferred from the Mont Laurier to the Montclear and we started back to Canada.

That spring my stepfather and I rented the Weatherhead place and started farming together. In May Norah came back from England and was going to buy the Atkinson place, just south of us, and start a chicken farm. The deal fell through and my sister went back to England that fall and stayed there.

While Norah was here my stepfather and I agreed to disagree, and I went to work for Morgan Lewis.

Some of us used to amuse ourselves by going around to different places on Sunday. We would round up a bunch of horses and cattle and see who could ride the best. Most of the time it was at the Ab Banta place, as Buck Banta and I were good friends. We would often go to Ray Johnson's on the Beddoes place and ride horses.

The Morgans had returned to the Bottrel area and I began to look toward the fairer sex. I began to spend most of my spare time going over to see

the Morgan boys, having in mind that they had a very nice sister Mary. In 1926 I popped the question and to my surprise Mary said, "Yes." We were married May 2, 1927. My sister Josephine and her baby son were here from England and stayed for the wedding. Josephine wanted us to go to England with her on our honeymoon, but we couldn't as I had oats to seed. Mary and I lived on the Atkinson place for a year and I started to build onto the log homestead cabin on the Reid place. I had the Atkinson and Reid places rented.

The spring of 1928 I got word from England that a lawyer had embezzled all the estate my father had left us four Lee children. I left the farm and went to work for my wife's brother, Coleman Morgan, at Nightingale, Alberta, for $20.00 a month. Mary went over and stayed at her mother's.

On July 15, 1928, our first child, Bill, was born. We nearly lost him when he was a month old. He was bitten by a spider and was in the General Hospital for a month.

In the spring of 1929 Mary and I went to work at the Virginia Ranch. John and Cecil Martin from Ireland had bought into the Ranch. T. B. Jenkinson had bought the Wagon Wheel Ranch at Medicine Hat, Alberta. That spring the Dog Pound flooded, and the house we lived in was surrounded by water. The corrals by the barn were also under water. The ranch was sold to Satchwells, so in the spring of 1930 Mary and I went to work for Osborne Johnson. That fall we went back to work for Coleman again. I drove a team and wagon and Mary cooked in the cook car for the men during harvest. That winter we decided to build a log cabin on Mary's folks place, so we would have some place to live between jobs. We moved in that summer but had a garden at Osborne Johnsons.

The summer of 1931 nine of us decided to go to Fort St. John, British Columbia, to see what the homesteads were like. There was Burr Gano, Frank Osborne, Pete Sullivan, Harry Florer, Charlie Donald, Ted Morgan, John Morgan, a Swedish fellow and myself. We drove up in Morgan's one ton truck and Ted Morgan did the driving. It was nice country, but there was no way to get grain out, only by boat. Farmers just built granaries to put their grain in because they did not have the money to ship it out. Everything was done by trade. Frank bought something at the store and gave a $20.00 bill. They could not cash it. One old man wanted to see it. He said, "That is the first one I've seen in 30 years." We thought things were tough down here, but things were worse up there. Pete Sullivan and Charlie Donald took out homesteads just to say they had land in British Columbia, but they never did anything with them.

Our daughter Loretta was born September 26, 1931. We were threshing but had to quit because of snow. The whole crew went home to Morgans and dug and pitted the spuds. The snow stayed for a week then the weather turned fine, and we had a lovely fall and a mild winter. I ploughed at Mr. Craven's place after threshing. He had bought the Godlonton place, where he batched. He wanted some help so Mary and I and our family moved there and worked for our room and board. That was the hardest we ever worked; he left everything for us to do while he slept.

We moved back to our cabin in the spring of 1932 and went back to Coleman's to work because he had got caught in the threshing machine. A key on the cylinder caught in his clothes and wound his clothes tight enough to start spinning him. He broke an arm and some of his teeth were knocked out. One of the men saw it happen and threw the clutch on the tractor or it would have been curtains for him. He was laid up the rest of the winter and part of the next spring. I worked for Coleman until fall when I came back to thresh on Mary's folks threshing rig. That winter Pat and I did bush work. In the spring we went back to work for Coleman again, and returned to our cabin in the fall.

At this time I got word from England about my father's estate. Instead of getting thirty-five thousand dollars, I got a little over four thousand. My sister Kathleen got fifteen thousand as she hadn't drawn any money out of the estate. The lawyers had embezzled the rest.

I bought the Osborn Reid homestead, and we moved there March 15, 1934. At last I had a home for Mary and the children. I bought six milk cows, $15 to $25 apiece, two mares, a sow, two turkey hens and a gobbler. I was nearly out of cash again, but we shipped cream, receiving two dollars to two-fifty for a five gallon can if the cows did not get into the stinkweed. The crop looked good, but the day I was going to start binding we got hailed out, even the pasture.

Bill started to school in 1935, riding his pony two a half miles to Mount Hope. David was born in June 1935. That year we got hailed out again. In 1936 I had five yearling calves fattened and a butcher in Cremona offered me six dollars apiece for them. I did not sell them to him as I thought I could do better in Calgary, but when I went out to the pasture one was dead. Morgan Lewis came and told me it was blackleg. I vaccinated the rest but lost them all. Bill and I both were ill, which added to our problems.

I worked in the bush and tried to sell wood and poles. I don't know what would have happened if the good Lord had not put wild game on this earth. The government made a lot of laws that we had to break to live. They tried to stop us from cutting logs; said we had to get a permit and pay stumpage. We had no money so we had to do the next best thing and not get caught.

Things went from bad to worse, two dollars a day threshing with a team and wagon. If you didn't have a team you worked for one dollar a day, and I mean a day, from six in the morning until seven-thirty at night. There were no strikes in those days, if you didn't like it you just up and

quit. There was always someone else to take your place.

The winter of 1935-1936, the government said they would "help the farmers out." We had been hailed out so the government promised to sell us hay, and we were to pay them back with wheat when we could. Wheat was 50 cents a bushel, so a lot of farmers got hay from the Government. The hay was slough grass from the north country. It had been cut after freeze-up and the stems were so thick the cattle couldn't eat them. Half of it was frozen so hard you had to chop the bales apart with an axe. We didn't know the sale was this way and when we did get a little grain, we discovered the government had a garnishee on our crops. The price of wheat went down to 25 cents a bushel and that was that!

In 1940 and 1941 I built a log house, about 75 yards from the road, in the northwest corner of the quarter so it wasn't so far for the children to go to school. Roads were not gravelled and after every rainstorm you got stuck. The house was very cold so we decided to insulate it with shavings, which were free at the mill for the hauling. One day late in October, Bill and I were going for a load of shavings when a neighbor living at Deer Springs, asked if we would help him hitch a colt and drive him. All was going well until the colt was frightened by a rock on a sidehill. My feet went from under me in the slippery wagon box and the team and wagon went over a cutbank, throwing me out and badly dislocating my shoulder. Because this injury laid me up for three months, I took a job cooking in a ski lodge at the foot of Skokie mountain, near Lake Louise, run by Lizzie von Rummel. This was a very trying time for Mary. Besides my injury, she was hospitalized for three weeks with blood poisoning, and David had an accident running into a barbed wire fence for which he too was hospitalized.

Lucy was born in June 1944. Later I went to cook for Frank Phillips on a hunting trip. In the fall Bill and I went threshing for Ted Wigg. My arm was very stiff so the next February, I went back to Skokie Mountain Lodge to cook.

The next spring I got a job with the Warden Service, cooking at Spray River for a group of Conscientious Objectors. They were very fussy and had to be fed better than you would eat at home. They wasted and destroyed a lot but the government did nothing about it. Later I worked for Ray Legace, a well-known packer and outfitter, a real mountain man. When you got Ray and Jimmy Simpson Sr., another veteran packer, together, you could listen to their stories for hours. Jimmy was a grand old man. He had trap lines in the Bow Lake district before Banff National Park was formed. He had built and owned the Bow Lake Lodge. Later I worked as a cook for him. I cooked in the mountains for around 25 years.

We left the farm in August 1949, and sold it to Elmer Fenton, who is still living there.

David finished his schooling in Cochrane and worked as a carpenter in Calgary. He then worked for Shell Oil at Jumping Pound until his death October 8, 1961. He married Rose Norman from Jumping Pound on August 30, 1957, and they had a son Norman. Rose remarried and is now living in Calgary.

Lucy received her education in Cochrane, went to business school in Calgary, then worked as a legal secretary for a law firm. She married Fred Newsome of Bearspaw in June 1965. They have a daughter Laurie and a son Dale. They had a dairy farm at Bearspaw but sold it and bought a farm at Westcott, about ten miles west of Didsbury.

Bill worked in the mountains cooking with Ray Legace and at Bow Lake for Jim Simpson. Later he went to Calgary where he drove a taxi before going to work for Burns and Co. He married Lena Kamp of Rimbey in May 1950. They had two boys, Wade and Brent, and two girls, Wendy and Laurel. Bill continued to work for Burns for awhile. He then joined the Calgary Police Force. After about 14 years he left the Police Force and studied welding. Bill and Lena separated, and in 1967 he married Marline Swift. They have two children, Catherine and Robert. Bill purchased an acreage where he milks cows and ships cream and does welding part time.

Loretta worked in Cochrane at Hart's drugstore and for William Andison's grocery, then took a trip to England with her friend Katie Yates, who had worked in the telephone office in Cochrane. When they returned Loretta worked in Calgary until she married David Wiens of Calgary in October 1960. They have one boy, David, and four girls Paulette, Pamela, Lorraine and Mary-Ann. They reside in Calgary.

I quit working in the mountains and went to work on construction jobs. I helped dig the hole for the footing of the first big tank at the Shell Plant in Jumping Pound. In 1960 I went to work for Sam Peverell at the creamery, where I was milkman for eight years. During my holidays I used to go to Denver, Colorado, to cook for a Mountain Club, which I thoroughly enjoyed. The cooking was all done over open fires, for 70 to 120 people. They all did their own dishes.

In 1967 I went to work for the Village of Cochrane with Wayland Britton. In 1969 Harold Barton was hired and I retired at the age of 67.

Now Mary and I just putter around in the garden, yard and house, and enjoy our children and grandchildren. The family always gather on special occasions; this we always look forward to.

We have seen a lot of changes, but I don't know whether for better or worse, but we both thank God for bringing us through the years.

RAYMOND LEWIS FAMILY — by Owen Phillips

My grandfather, Raymond Lewis, called the Governor, and his wife Sybil had eight children;

Charlie, Jestyn (Jack), Mick, Morgan, Bob, Florence, Louise and one that died as a youngster. Due to a financial crisis, my grandfather decided to immigrate to Canada around 1904, from Swansea, South Wales. Jack, Mick, Morgan and Bob came with him. The Governor homesteaded in the Bottrel area on SE¼ 6-29-4-5. Stingy Creek (now called Deer Springs) ran through the southwest corner of this property. Drinking water was hauled a half mile from a spring. Uncle Jestyn homesteaded SE¼ 32-28-4-5. He built a log cabin, but I don't know that he lived in it, as he stayed with his father. The cabin became a granary and is still being used. Uncle Morgan homesteaded SW¼ 30-28-4-5 and Uncle Mick homesteaded NE¼ 32-28-4-5. Bill Tempany was the Homestead Inspector at this time. Uncle Bob worked as a claims agent for the C.P.R., so he didn't file claim on a homestead.

My grandmother passed away in Wales around 1911. The oldest son, Charlie, stayed there. Florence came to Canada but did not adjust to life on the homestead. The Phillips boys had come from Wales, and they were acquainted with the Lewis family. Florence married Frank Phillips, and they went to live in Banff and later Vancouver.

Uncle Jestyn helped the Governor on the ranch when Bob, Morgan and Mick joined the Army and went Overseas in the First World War. They raised purebred Cleveland Bay and Hackney horses. Jack travelled two studs around the country. Oak was the Cleveland Bay and Concord the Hackney; they sired many colts of excellent quality when good horses were of utmost importance in a farming and ranching business.

Morgan Lewis, Arthur Phillips, Baby, Owen Phillips.

Mick, Bob and Morgan Lewis.

After the war Uncles Bob and Mick bought N½ 2-29-5-5 through the Soldier Settlement Board. Shortly after, Uncle Bob left to go back to England, where he married. He and his wife had two daughters. They never returned to Canada.

The Governor and Uncle Jestyn died of the flu in 1919. Uncle Mick died accidentally in Vancouver in 1923.

I often went to the ranch and batched with Uncle Morgan. Dad (Frank Phillips) was a guide for Big Game hunting expeditions, and would need lots of horses and equipment, so I would go with him and stay at the ranch while he was preparing for these events.

I remember a wounded Army veteran, Tom Harvey, who used to ride over from his homestead several miles west along the township line to have the dressings changed by one of my uncles, who was home at the time. He had received an ugly wound while serving in the Army during the War, and was unable to change the dressings himself.

The Morgan Lewis home was never locked. It was used as a stopping house. People from Crossfield, Carstairs, and Beiseker would drive to the bush for firewood, logs and rails, and would often stay over in the Lewis home. The Hutterites would have a caravan of up to ten wagons. One night when I came home late, there was no room for my horse in the barn and there was scarcely room to bed down on the floor.

The telephone at Morgan Lewis's had a saucer under it for people to pay the cost of their calls, and, as it was the most westerly phone in the area, people came for miles to use it. Never was there a shortage of money in the saucer to pay the bill, though, as often as not, there was no one at home, as is the case with bachelors. Neighbours knew they were always welcome to come in at any time.

The Lewis horse brand was Circle L on the left withers in the early years. Around 1924 they got the George Bevan brand which was the Fleur-de-lis. In 1940 they still had one old horse with the Circle L brand on. The cow brand was Circle L on the left rib, which was later changed

to Circle 7 on the left rib. Both revised horse and cow brands are still being used.

The Lewis boys were all active in helping with the Dog Pound Stampede. Morgan passed away in 1940.

BILL AND VIOLET LOBLAW

Bill Loblaw, known as Big Bill to all his friends, was born in Michigan, U.S.A. and came with his parents to Canada in 1909. They settled in the Mossleigh district south of Carseland where the family farmed till 1919. At the age of fifteen years Bill struck out on his own and went to work for Walter McHugh at the ranch on the Bow River below Carseland.

In 1919 he was working for Jack Morton breaking horses at the Two Bar Ranch north of Gleichen. Bill first came to Cochrane when he worked for Morton at the XC Ranch south of the Bow River. This ranch now belongs to Frank Copithorne. Big Bill also worked for P. D. Bowlen at the Bar C, rounding up horses and breaking broncs. In those days he always took a job working with horses, and in 1921 he and Lorne Bingaman were breaking Nine Bar horses for J. J. Bowlen at the Little Red Deer Place.

At the Calgary Stampede of 1923 Big Bill, Eddie Bowlen and Laurie Johnson entered in the Wild Horse Race. Bill, who was extremely powerful, eared the horses down. There is a well-known picture of Bill holding a rearing horse by the ears with his legs wrapped around the horse's neck. Bill and Laurie also entered the Wild Cow Milking contest. Laurie roped and did the milking while Bill held the cow by the neck and horns. This was allowed in those days. Altogether they won their share of the day money.

Bill's other great interest was trapping and in the fall of 1923 he headed North. His trapline lay one hundred miles northwest of Dawson Creek. He had a couple of cabins along the line for it took him two or three weeks to make the rounds. His well-loved companion was an Airedale dog. At one camp on the trapline the dog took after some animal, possibly a cougar. Bill waited for two or three days for the dog but he did not come back. Finally Bill continued on without him. When next he came to that camp, two weeks later, he could see as he approached the cabin that something had gone through the window which was covered only with gunnysack. He whistled and to his delight the dog jumped through the window and came to him. The poor animal was badly scarred from his fight with the wild animal, but he recovered.

In 1927 Big Bill married Violet Mickle, a daughter of Cochrane oldtimers, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Mickle. For a couple of years they lived in Banff where Bill was a game warden. Perhaps he found that life dull, for in 1931 he bought the Little Red Deer place which was on the river adjoining the Forest Reserve. He also bought a large band of horses. He kept a Belgian stallion and his horses ran on the open range. To facilitate the gathering of his horses he built drift fences. Back in the hills drift fences were made by partly chopping trees about four feet up and

Bill Loblaw earing a bronc in the wild horse race at the Calgary Stampede, 1923. Laurie Johnson holding, Henry McEachen saddling.

bending them down all in a line. This was too slow for Bill who grasped the trees high up and broke them down by sheer strength. Two of these drift fences led to a corral which Bill had built in a thicket of lodgepole pines and spruce a bit west of Little Coulee. This became known as the "hidden corrals" after an imaginative hunter stumbled upon it and reported that it was undoubtedly put up by horse thieves.

During the twenties and thirties most people in the western foothills ran their horses on the open range and the Forest Reserve, and gathering horses, or chasing horses as it was called, was a way of life. Many mares got away with their unbranded progeny and these are the forebears of the so-called wild horses which roam the Reserve today.

Bill made many improvements on the place by building good fences and corrals and brushing and breaking some land. He began to build up a good herd of cattle and with a view to growing more feed for them he bought the Boucher Ranch at Bottrel in 1935 and moved his family down to this good land on the Dog Pound Creek.

But the North Country still called and in 1954 Bill and Vi sold both ranches and moved to a large ranch near Fort St. John, on Pine Creek, at its confluence with the Peace River. They left there in 1966 and are now retired and living in Calgary.

Bill and Vi Loblaw had seven children, Jack, Ted, Lorraine, Bill, Jim, Gail and Ross.

THE WILLIAM LOWE FAMILY

The Lowe family came from New Zealand and settled on NW¼ 32-28-3-5. William (Bill) was a Methodist minister. His brother, Ted homesteaded in the Klondyke Valley west of Dartigue. The William Lowes had three sons: Bill and Edward, who attended Summit Hill School, and Fred, a baby. In 1919 they sold out to Merle Elliott and returned to New Zealand. Loy Robertson now lives on the Lowe property.

JOHN LUFT AND FAMILY — by Janice Luft

Section 8-29-4-5, now owned by the Luft family was first purchased from the C.P.R. by the Gentles family, where they operated a horse ranch.

The ranch was rented to Mr. Sullivan for a short time and was then sold in 1920, to Edd Luth.

In 1938 the section of land was purchased by John Luft. As the 1938 crop did not belong to him, he spent the summer, with the help of his brothers, breaking up 50 acres on the northwest quarter in preparation for the following year.

John and Elizabeth Luft, their four children and Mrs. Luft's father moved to the farm in November 1938. The years following were not easy ones for the family. At Christmas 1939, Lawrence, the oldest son, was in hospital with an appendix operation. Christmas 1940, Lawrence broke his leg, and again spent the festive season in the hospital. In 1940 Norman, the second boy,

The John Lufts, 1940. Lawrence, Norman, Mr. and Mrs. Luft, Donald, Mrs. Luft's father, and Eleanor.

Don Luft with team and stoneboat.

broke his arm; it healed only to be broken again in the same place just in time for Christmas.

Christmas 1942, brought tragedy with it when on December 21, the mother, Elizabeth, passed away.

Eleanor, the eldest, aged 18, took over her mother's duties which included looking after her eight year old brother, Don. This was no easy task. Until the old house was demolished a dent could be seen on the door, made when Eleanor, in exasperation, threw a can of peas at Don.

In 1951 Eleanor married Ray Martin and they moved to Saskatchewan, leaving Mr. Luft to keep house for his three boys. Eleanor and her husband later returned to live northwest of Cremona where they purchased a farm.

The Luft section is now operated by the two oldest sons. Lawrence, a bachelor, lives with his father on the south half where new buildings have been erected near the old building site. Norman has built a new set of buildings on the north half where he and his wife Joyce, and their youngest daughter Valerie live. Norman and Joyce's oldest daughter Barbara is now Mrs. Skage and lives at Red Deer. Their second daughter Judy married Charlie Harbidge, a local boy.

Section 5-29-4-5 was originally purchased from the C.P.R. by William Graham who sold it to H. B. Judd. Mr. Judd sold the north half of this

section to Bill Duguid who erected buildings on the northeast quarter. However, as Mr. Duguid did not remain at this location the land reverted to Mr. Judd and the buildings were removed.

H. B. Judd sold the N½ 5-29-4-5 to John Luft. In 1964 Mr. Luft sold this half section to his youngest son, Don. New buildings have been built on the northeast quarter where Don, his wife Janice, who is a schoolteacher, and their three children, Dixie, Jeff and Keith now live.

WILLIAM P. LUND

After the mid 1920s, William P. Lund and his wife owned a section of land northeast of Bottrel. They lived on the NW¼ 34-28-4-5. Mrs. Lund's son, Don McLellan of Calgary, was a frequent visitor at their home. Don is remembered as being musical and played for dances in the area.

Mr. Lund, a quiet man, raised cattle and sheep. His wife, who was more outgoing, often rode a white horse to the store at Bottrel.

Towards the end of 1936, Bill Lund sold his farm to Fred Brown and moved away.

THE LUTH FAMILY — by Eileen Taeger

In the fall of 1920 my parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edd Luth, bought Section 8-29-4-5. It had been the Gentles' horse ranch for many years.

My father cultivated the land and raised cattle. The ranch house was often filled with neighbors who came for dancing and games during the evening.

My parents sold the farm in October 1938, to Mr. and Mrs. John Luft, who took possession of it in January 1939. We had a closing out sale on November 9, 1938.

My parents and I moved to Iowa where they retired in 1948. My father died August 30, 1953. My mother, Leora, lives at Stockport. I am married and have two sons and live at Hillsboro.

Mrs. Luth, daughter Eileen, Edd Luth, 1934.

THE SAM MACDONALD FAMILY — by Edward Bundt

Mr. and Mrs. Sam MacDonald came from Ralston, Iowa, to Calgary in May, 1929. Ten family members came: Mr. and Mrs. MacDonald, their twin daughters, Sara (Sally), and Sue, their son Roy, and his wife, Sadie, their daughter and son-in-law, Edna and Edward Bundt, and their two sons, Lyle and Carl.

The trip took twelve days; there were no paved roads, and there were lots of mud holes. Brush had to be cut and laid in the ruts in order to get through in some places.

The MacDonalds bought the W ½ 23-28-4-5, where Mr. and Mrs. Joe Latimer had lived, for twenty-five dollars an acre, and moved out to the farm during the first week of June. Sam bought a 15-30 International tractor soon after the family moved to the farm. Ed and Edna Bundt plowed down the brush on about 60 acres in the northwest corner of the farm. Some of the brush was ten feet high; Edna drove the tractor, and Ed's job was to keep the standing coulter clear of brush and roots. They had a heavy chain dragging in the furrow to pull the brush under.

In 1931 Sam bought Section 27 for seventeen dollars an acre on contract from Mr. Fish; later the contract was taken over by J. J. Bowlen.

Mrs. MacDonald passed away on May 10, 1959, and Sam died on December 3, 1959. Both are buried in Mount View Cemetery, east of Calgary.

Sue married Robert Peters, who teaches Electronics at S.A.I.T. They live in Calgary, and have a married daughter, Linda, who lives in England, and a married son, Donald, who is a computer operator in Calgary.

Sally married Merle Olson, a grandson of the late Mr. and Mrs. Frank Winchell of Water Valley. Merle worked for a few years in a gold mine at Bralorne, British Columbia, and now works for an oil company at Fort McMurray, Alberta. Sally and Merle have a daughter, Susan and a son, Richard, both married.

Roy and Sadie MacDonald had four children. They returned to Iowa in 1937. Roy passed away in 1939, and Sadie in 1941.

Sam MacDonald Jr. was only in Alberta for a short time, and lives in Iowa.

L. to R. Hank Fricke, Floyd Banta, Raymond Barnett, Ed Pratt, Sam Pratt, Marlow Blatchford, Fred Wilson, Roy MacDonald, Eddie Bundt, John Banta, Tom Tidball. Sam MacDonald seated. Year 1931.

Cochrane and Area Historical Society Old-Timer's Tea, Westbrook, 1974.

Bud Gano, Bert Butler, Jim Butler.

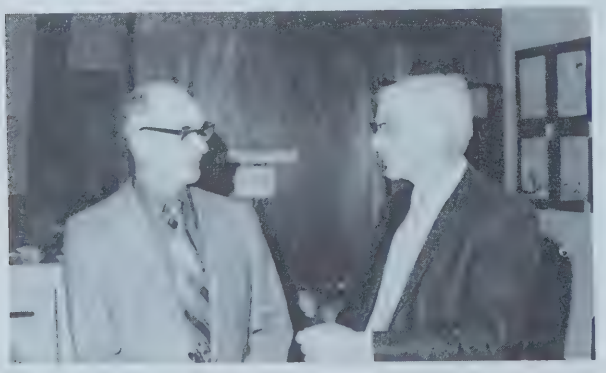
Mrs. Bristow and her sister, Mrs. Wilson.

Charlie Brown and Lloyd Dolen.

Mrs. Bryant talking it over with Mrs. Young.

Fay Stone, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Harbidge, Ted Morgan, Mrs. Mary Lee.

Ed Bundt, Stan Buckler, Mrs. Dave Buckler.



Roy Banta and Frank Hutchinson.

Guy Gano, Al Mottet, Jappy Rogers and Cecil Bushert.

Mrs. Barbara Hardy, Ed Bundt, Ollie Tidball and Cecil Bushert.

Leslie Beddoes, Jack Bates and Calvin Bristow.

Miss Agnes Reeve, Mrs. Buckler and Mrs. Jack Reeve.

Tina Hardy hearing about "the good old days" from Bert Smith.

JOSEPH MAIER

In 1927 Joe Maier came from Switzerland to Edmonton where he worked on a farm. Then he went to Drumheller and was a blacksmith and welder at the coal mines. In 1928 he sent for Anna Maria Heirholzer to come from Germany, and they were wed in Drumheller. Joe and Anna Maria had five children: Margaret (died at seven months), Frank (died at 17 years), Martha, Ralph and Marlene.

Joe worked at Drumheller until 1943, when he and Anna Maria decided to go farming as they had planned. Joe came to Cochrane and picked out the farm, S½ 3-28-4-5, which had been Mrs. Downs' land. He went back to Drumheller for his wife and family. They brought 200 baby chicks, 75 pullets, four cows, and ten bags of seed potatoes. It was May 19, 1943, when they arrived. The following day the threshers arrived to thresh the last year's crop.

On May 23, they had ten inches of snow. The potatoes were planted June 10, which was very late for Drumheller, but worked out very well here. On September 16, another snow storm flattened the crop. After a couple of years they quit trying to grow wheat. They had a good crop of potatoes but the grain yield was light. Potatoes provided ready cash over the years. Anna Maria has never bought potatoes to eat since coming to Canada, but has bought a few seed potatoes. Also she grows a wonderful vegetable garden.

Anna Maria wanted very much to give her children an education. The children went to school at Weedon, Cochrane, and Westbrook. Martha finished her schooling at Red Deer Composite High School. Ralph took Agricultural Mechanics and Welding at the Technical School in Calgary. Marlene went out to work rather than going on in school.

In 1947 Joe died leaving his wife with three children aged nine, eleven, and fourteen. Ralph took over the farm at the early age of 16, and managed with the help of good neighbours.

Martha married George Cunningham from New Glasgow, Nova Scotia. They had one son, Ken, and one daughter, Georgina. George was in the Army and they spent a total of five years in Germany with the occupation forces. He recently retired from the Army. They reside near Victoria, British Columbia.

Marlene married Bruce Morrison from Grand Prairie, Alberta. They have one daughter, Leni. Bruce worked on the oil rigs. He was killed in an airplane crash in 1971. Marlene has worked for Alberta Government Telephones for 22 years. Marlene and Leni live in Calgary but come home to the farm most weekends.

Ralph married Carol Boyer from Maple Creek, Saskatchewan, and they have one son, Robert. They ranch near Maple Creek.

Anna Maria is still living on the farm enjoying life and good health. She took a trip home to

Switzerland and Germany in 1969 and since then she has made many trips there.

MARSTON BROTHERS

The Marston Brothers homesteaded by Dry Lake on SW¼ 10-28-4-5, now the home of Mike and Tillie Harbidge.

MR. AND MRS. THOMAS MASTERS

Mr. and Mrs. Masters and family came from the United States early in the 1900s. They homesteaded the NW¼ 30-28-3-5. The Masters had five children: Nita, Tom, Thelma, Douglas and Parker. There was no school in the district when the Masters first came to their homestead, but when Summit Hill opened, the younger members of the family were among the first pupils to attend the new school.

Parker Masters was killed when a load of logs he was hauling home from the bush overturned on top of him. His death was the first of three recorded in the Dog Pound Register in January 1908.

Nita married Harry McDougall; they lived on the NW¼ 22-28-4-5, which was later owned by Mac Allen.

Tom Masters was one of the first farmers in the area to have a threshing machine. It was run by a power sweep, a device with radiating bars or arms to which horses were hitched, to travel in unending circles. It is interesting to note that the first horse-driven power sweeps to be used in Canada were imported in 1845 by Daniel Massey, who farmed near Cobourg, Ontario. Massey was the founder of one of the largest companies manufacturing machinery in Canada.

MARMADUKE SHIRLEY MATTHEWS — by Claude Matthews

My dad was born in London, England, in 1884. He came to Canada in 1902 and worked as a surveyor and as a cook for the Grand Trunk Railway (now C.N.R.) when it was being built between Edmonton and Jasper. After this he worked on a ranch at DeWinton before filing on a homestead in that area.

Dad married Maude Seago, from Suffolk, England, who had come to Canada to visit the Turners at DeWinton.

My parents left the homestead and moved to the Sampsonton district in 1912. Four children were born there: Beryl, Sidney, myself, and Lionel.

In 1928 Dad bought a section of land northwest of Bottrel; at first this land was used only for summer pasture. It boasted a strong flowing spring on the land that later became the home quarter.

Mother moved to Calgary where the children received their education.

In 1930 my dad made the Bottrel place home and raised sheep, cattle and horses. Our brand for cattle was Lazy M 7 Bar, and Lazy M 7 for horses. Dad also raised a few goats, pigs, geese, chickens and turkeys.

At first our neighbors were Morgan Lewis, Harbottles, and Winchells.

Dad trucked livestock for neighbors. He worked off some taxes by doing road work with horses and a slip or scraper. He owned and operated a lumber mill located on the Little Red Deer River on land which is now Jack and Barbara Bates' Bar J Ranch.

The most talked-about storm was the hailstorm in July 1951, which did a lot more damage than just dampen spirits of the people attending Dog Pound Stampede that day.

Dad was sometimes called "Sampson" as he was exceedingly strong. When a car got stuck in the mud he could lift the one end of the car and move it over to another set of ruts. He could handle a log that would ordinarily take two men to lift.

Dad passed away in June 1960, and is buried at Crossfield. Lionel was a Flying Officer in World War II and was a recipient of the Distinguished Flying Cross before he was killed Overseas in 1944. Beryl, Mrs. James Whitely, lives in Strathmore. Sidney and I reside in Calgary.

EDWARD McARTHUR — by James McArthur

My father, Edward McArthur, was born at Rothesay, Scotland, where he grew up and had his schooling. He married Jeannie Drummond from Paisley. He served in the First World War with the Royal Garrison Artillery. He was discharged from Salonika Base Area March 1, 1919 from Unit Ammunition Col. Fourth Highland Mtn. Brigade, R.G.A.G.

After the war the Canadian Government sent pamphlets and information to Britain to encourage people to immigrate to Canada. Pictures of the prairie farms at harvest, and ranches in the foothills of Alberta, started Dad thinking about giving up driving a bus in Scotland to start a new way of life in Canada. There was lots of land available and the government helped veterans get started.

Dad and Mother decided to come to Calgary with their four small children, Eddie, me, Elizabeth, and Bill. The Soldier Settlement Board found them a quarter section in the Dog Pound area to their liking (SE¼ 30-28-3-5). The farm had been the Walter Vaughan homestead, complete with a two-roomed shack and a well, barn, and chicken house. The Summit Hill School was close by on a corner of their land, so this was handy for the children to attend.

Five more children were born here: Jack, Albert, Peter, Danny, and Boyd. Farming was not easy as Dad had very little experience with horses and the very minimum of equipment to start with. He had four horses, a two bottom plough, and a six or eight foot disc. Of course Mother had none of the conveniences of today.

Logs had to be cut and hauled from the bush and cut and split to stove-size pieces, and fed at regular intervals into the big cookstove.

James McArthur and Ross Gano with the winter's fur catch, 1945.

We didn't have a car so we did a lot of walking. We used a grain wagon, bobsleighs, or stoneboat for hauling. We took turns with neighbours going to Bottrel for the mail. For this distance, ten miles return trip, we rode a saddle horse, or if there were parcels, we had the privilege of taking the horse and buggy. There was an old trunk in the corner of Dan Shafer's yard where the mail was left to be picked up by the families involved. Dan Shafer had a good watchdog, and we boys had to get him to call off the dog so we could get our mail. It was always a challenge to see if we could sneak up, open the trunk, and get the mail before the dog heard us slam the lid back down. Besides Shafers and us, there were Cullings, Jansens, Wyatts, McLarens, Salisburys, Larsons, and Reeves to take turns.

When Albert was kicked by a horse, we ran and got Bob Culling to come and take Dad and Albert to the hospital in Calgary in his car. Dad admitted the unconscious wee lad at the General Hospital, where Bob had stopped to let them off. When Dad had done all that he could for Albert, he realized he didn't have a penny on him, leaving in such a rush, and returned home walking all of the 35 miles. Albert passed away, never regaining consciousness, and is buried in the Westbrook cemetery. Peter was also killed accidentally, while driving a truck.

Dad and Mother retired from the farm to Cochrane in 1955. Mother passed away in 1961 and Dad in 1964.

I own the home farm now. The buildings were all moved away and the old farm site is now a grain field.

JAMES McDONOUGH

James McDonough homesteaded the NW¼ 20-28-4-5 about 1883. He sold his land to Osborn and George Reid in the 1890s. Little is known about Mr. McDonough, but he was surely one of the earliest settlers who assisted in opening up the area along the Dog Pound Creek.

JOHN AND GRACE McEACHERN AND FAMILY — by Alton High

In 1919, John and Grace McEachern and four daughters, Merle, Eva, Edna and Vera, moved from Chinook in Eastern Alberta, to the country known as the Klondike Valley, west of Bottrel. The family lived in a house which had previously been the home of the Gazeley family. They received their mail at Bottrel Post Office.

Merle married Lloyd Havens. They lived at Madden for a number of years. They now reside in Victoria, British Columbia.

Eva married Roy Noble. She and her husband live in Calgary.

Edna was my wife. We lived on a farm west of Crossfield. Edna passed away in 1968. I am retired in Calgary.

Vera married Lorne Christie. She passed away in 1969.

A son, Milford, was born in 1919 while the family was living near the Klondike Valley. He resides in Calgary.

John McEachern passed away at Airdrie, in 1945. Grace, who was 88 years of age in 1974, resides in the Chinook Nursing Home in Calgary. She enjoys good health.

JOHN A. McKINNELL AND FAMILY — by Dorothy Kingscote

My father, John A. McKinnell, of Scottish descent, was originally from Manchester, England, but more recently from Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, where he was manager of the large firm of McKinnell Coffee Exporters. Owing to tropical fevers he chose to come to Alberta for his health, and in 1886 he and his brother James came to Calgary. At that time there was one store, I. G. Baker and Company, a Post Office, and a few dwellings in Calgary.

My father and Uncle Jim purchased a wagon, team and supplies and headed northwest to find a place with a good water supply. They travelled 50 miles, on what the old-timers called a suicide mission of a couple of crazy Englishman (Scots really), before finding an icy cold spring bubbling out of the earth near the foothills. This land location was Section 36-28-5-5.

Dad and Uncle Jim ranched, ranging their cattle and horses for miles around. There were no fences. Dad bought some of the finest registered cattle and horses available and bred some very fine stock. His spread was one of the largest around, called Glencairn Ranche, named after their home and a castle in Scotland. Building materials were cut from the bush in the low foothills. Logs and rails were shaped to meet the need. Dad broke little land as the wild range was excellent in the early years. His stock was branded with his monogramed initials, JA, which also appeared on the pipes he contentedly smoked. Later my father did break some land and grew wheat, barley, oats and alfalfa hay. He worked with four to eight horses at a time. He didn't have a tractor as they came in much later;

Taken in front of McKinnell's log house. Robbie came home in style, complete with chauffeur! John McKinnell (left) and Mr. Massie are seated in the back.

he still preferred horses even then. Horses did not pack the land like those clumsy machines did.

Edith Payn Le Sueur, the lady who was to become my mother, was born in Jersey, Channel Islands, December 14, 1870. She had lived for a number of years in Rio de Janeiro, where her father and the man who was to become her father-in-law, were in the coffee export business together. She was sent for her education to England and later to Germany, where she excelled in music, art and languages. She became fluent in German, to add to her already excellent mastery of Portuguese and French, the latter being the native tongue of her mother, who was the daughter of a colonel in Napoleon's Army.

Dad was also educated in England and Germany and spoke, quite fluently, the same languages as my mother.

In 1894 Edith and her family came to Canada to join a brother who was ranching near Morley.

In 1895 Dad married Edith Payn Le Sueur, a daughter of Walter Payn Le Sueur, who had also retired from the coffee export business and with his son had started ranching at Morley. There were no conveniences and Mother, who had been brought up in a "well-to-do" family, with plenty of servants to do all the work, knew nothing of cooking, washing, scrubbing, or raising babies! It was all very frustrating and even heartbreaking at times, and she spent months without seeing a white woman.

Five of my parents' six children were born without medical aid. Their first child was stillborn. My dad delivered them all, except me. I, the youngest, was born in the Cochrane hospital. I am the only survivor, and live at Cowichan Station, British Columbia.

Robert (Robbie), my parents' only living son, enlisted when the 1914-18 War broke out. My mother became a very ardent Red Cross worker. Robbie later joined the Royal North West Mounted Police and was stationed in the Yukon.

My sister Coralee helped Father and the cowboys with the cattle roundups, branding and castrating, and was better than any man at breaking horses, Dad said. She later joined the Salvation Army and became an officer of that organization until she passed away in Australia.

Cyril and Archibald, my twin brothers, died at a very early age.

There were no schools close enough to attend but Mother's excellent education stood her in good stead teaching her family. Winters were hard and lonely. Dad saw the thermometer mercury drop out of sight on several occasions. Blizzards were to be expected. In summer there were hailstones that flattened the vegetation, but everything sprouted again like magic.

Transportation was mostly on horseback or a wheeled vehicle drawn by horses. Horses were very important. We were put on a horse before we could walk. They would find their way home even in a blizzard. Dad owed his life to his horse's instinct more than once. In one blizzard he had to ford a river, getting completely soaked. His clothes quickly froze on him, he could neither see nor feel. His horse took him safely home where he had to be lifted from the saddle.

The roads were wagon tracks, often deep and muddy. Rivers and creeks had no bridges and had to be forded. Dad rode ahead and chose a likely place to cross. Mother drove the buckboard with, sometimes, an almost wild team, and followed him, even over the Bow River in flood. The horses swam, the buckboard followed half submerged, and the lighter contents often floated down the current. Bobsleighs were used in winter. We never had a car, but my brother Robbie did drive one home on one of his visits about 1915.

The ranchers made their own entertainment. When they got together there was singing and dancing. My parents both sang extremely well. Dad played the banjo and Mother the piano. The cowboys were expected to sing too, and usually did well. In fact, to get a job, it was as important for them to be able to play, sing or entertain in some way, as to be a good cowpoke.

When the family were away for a day or a week, the house was never locked. Travellers were welcome to eat and sleep there during their absence. It could mean the difference between life or death in a blizzard. No one was ever sent away unfed.

There were no phones in the early times and no police needed. Neighbors were good ones and law problems were few. Mostly they were honest and reliable and their word was true. Naturally there was always a rogue or perhaps several. Was there rustling? We had another name for it! It was not a serious problem — only the odd animal — one fat and ready to slaughter. It was a strange thing that one always disappeared about the time a close neighbor butchered. The fence was also mysteriously cut and naturally the fat stock got out.

Dad had some wonderful friends among the Stoney Indians, who just could not do enough for him. Soon after my parents' marriage, the Indians arrived with a string of pack ponies loaded with venison and other gifts for the newlyweds. Even the Hudson's Bay Company sent them fine gifts.

Mother's closest friend was Mrs. Dave McDougall, whose husband could tell the wildest yarns. He had a brother John. Other friends I remember were Osborn Reid, Ivor Lewis, Miss Harbottle, Thompsons, and Mrs. Storey (Tarlton). Other names I recollect are O'Neil, Graham, Myram, Dean, and D'Artigue.

When more settlers came and the land was divided and had to be fenced, my father said ranching with free range was over. He just couldn't fence in hundreds of cattle and horses. He gradually cut down until he finally sold out in 1918 to Abraham Postlethwaite.

My parents retired to Cowichan, British Columbia, arriving there amidst the hysterical celebrations of that first Armistice Day.

After numerous moves, they settled at Somenos for several years. Fire destroyed their home and most of their pictures and mementos of pioneer life in the Alberta foothills, then they went to live at Koksilah. When my father's health broke down they made their final move to a cottage on our farm at Cowichan Bay. My father passed away on April 27, 1946.

My mother, now deceased, was a born naturalist and animal lover. She was an enthusiastic gardener and a faithful and active worker for the church. She always had a kind and sympathetic word for those in trouble, giving generously of herself to help them. She had a humorous and cheerful nature and an indomitable spirit, derived from a deep and simple faith that refused to submit to physical handicaps. She kept a keen interest in all world news and a personal interest in all her friends, especially young people, whom she loved to have around her. She could always tell an exciting anecdote of her pioneer life.

I am happy to say that Dad lived to celebrate their Golden Wedding Anniversary — 50 years together of struggle and hardship, tears and joy, and, in their later years, the pleasure of grandchildren.

JOHN A. McLAREN — by Anna Wilson

In 1902 Mother came West from Glengarry County, Ontario, with her parents, the James Farquharsons. My dad, John A. McLaren, came West the same year from the same county. My parents had known each other since their youth. They were married in December 1906.

In 1901 or 1902 Dad took up a homestead on the NE¼ 2-29-3-5; later Farquharsons took this place over as Dad decided to go into real estate and the contracting business in Calgary. Here, Donnie, myself and Margaret were born.

The John McLaren family: Anna, Donnie, Margaret and Stewart with their parents.

John McLaren's house on the homestead, about 1903.

In 1915 we moved back to Ontario to our grandparents' (McLaren) farm at Martintown, where Stewart was born.

In July 1922 we returned to Alberta to our uncle Stewart Farquharson's farm (NE¼ 33-28-3-5), west of Madden, which was then Sampsonton. Stewart Farquharson was a bachelor, so Dad and the boys were to help him farm. We lived in two tents all summer while my dad, with some help, built a house, which still stands in perfect condition on the farm now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Hume Porteous. Unfortunately, Uncle Stewart passed away in 1923 at the age of 49. We later moved across the road to SE¼ 4-29-3-5, now owned and farmed by Stewart McLaren, along with 275 acres which belonged to the original farm.

My mother made wonderful dairy butter which was in great demand. She also made excellent bread. I remember she taught Mrs. McKenzie (Dave's mother) to make bread.

We attended Summit Hill School. Donnie, or D J as he was often called, and I took grades seven and eight. Margaret took five, six, seven and eight. Stewart started in 1923 and went from grade one to eight.

Mrs. McLaren, her children, and Grandmother Farquharson.

We had a sorrel mare named Goldie which we drove on a buggy to school (over four miles) summer and winter. This was quite an experience as we had never ridden or driven a horse before. We thought it very strange at this school because the boys and girls played together. In Ontario, boys played on one side of the playground and girls on the other. However, we soon became accustomed to this new arrangement and had lots of fun.

Some of the winters were very severe. The roads were blocked with huge drifts so high that horses could not get through. Stewart hauled the mail from Crossfield to Dog Pound one winter with a saddle horse and toboggan. We had to wander through fields to find a way to the store.

We drove to church, held in the Madden Hall, every Sunday, with a team and democrat until Mr. and Mrs. Ault started coming, then they would pick us up in their 1924 Chevrolet car.

Mother passed away in March 1949 and Dad, who lived to be 86, passed away in 1960. Donnie married Leona Parsons of Madden. They had three daughters, Donalda, Rheta and Marilyn. In 1966 Donnie became manager of Moore's Food Store in Cochrane. He passed away in 1967. Margaret married Cliff McArthur of Calgary. They have one daughter, Deanna. Stewart married Vera Sutherland of Shepard, Alberta, and I married Fred Wilson from England.

THE McLAUGHLIN BROTHERS

Loris and Earl McLaughlin came to Alberta from Oklahoma around 1900 and homesteaded in the Dog Pound community. They sold their homesteads to Ab Banta in 1910 and went back to the United States. Later Loris returned to manage the Jim Banta ranch at Madden. In 1914 he married Bernice Walsh. Their son, Stanley, was born in Alberta. In 1915 they paid a visit to Loris' parents in Oklahoma and went to visit Earl, who had homesteaded at Clayton, New Mexico. Loris and Bernice decided to take up a homestead there.

Loris was killed by lightning, leaving his wife with two small children, Wanda and Stanley. Bernice still lives on the land they homesteaded

Earl and Loris McLaughlin.

in New Mexico. Wanda lives at Clayton and Stanley lives at Eads, Colorado.

Bernice was the first white child born in the Beaver Dam area. She returns to Alberta regularly and attends both the Calgary and Dog Pound Stampedes. She is still very fond of horses and still rides. She keeps a few horses and cattle but rents out most of the land. She remodeled her own home, even to building a fireplace. She has won awards for Homemaker of the Year in State and Interstate competitions.

1915, Loris McLaughlin cutting oats, so wet extra horses were needed.

"DOC" McPHAIL

"Doc" McPhail, his wife and their daughter, who was about 15 years of age, lived in the Bottrel area during the late 1920s and early 1930s. Though not a doctor he was given the nickname because he peddled patent medicines in the surrounding area.

It is believed he and his family lived, for a short time, in the log house which was located immediately north of Bottrel store. They later lived with Morgan Lewis and in the winter Doc McPhail rode one of the Lewis horses and peddled his medicines; in summer his transportation was by car.

After leaving the Lewis place the McPhail family lived at Winchells, where they stayed for a few months.

JOHN AND ELIZABETH McROBBIE

John McRobbie and his wife, Elizabeth, were both born in England in 1856. They married in the Old Country. John was a construction architect and they came to Canada where there were more opportunities available for his trade. As they were coming across Canada, John helped to build many bridges. They settled at Winnipeg for awhile and then moved to the Cochrane area in the 1890s. They resided on the N½ 3-28-4-5.

John constructed all of the buildings on the farm. They were all log buildings and a unique item used in the construction was the wooden pegs used to fasten the logs together.

In December 1917 John suffered a heart attack and died. Elizabeth kept his body in the house until it was time for his burial. She continued living on the farm until around 1920 and then she returned to England, remaining there for a while. While she was in England Ozzie Johnson and Art Noble rented her place. She came back to the farm, hiring the farming done, but doing the rest of the farm work herself. A hard working woman, she was very set in her ways and very independent. The mailman would bring her groceries and chicken feed to the mailbox and she would take a wheelbarrow and haul them home. One of her hobbies was her flower garden; she was well-known for her beautiful flowers.

She purchased a home in Calgary and in 1943 she sold her land and moved into the city. The McRobbies had no children. Elizabeth passed away December 2, 1954, at the age of 98 years. Elizabeth and John were laid to rest in the Cochrane cemetery.

JAMES AND MARGARET McTAVISH — by Archie and Mac Boyce

James McTavish, our mother's brother, was of Scottish descent, and was born on a farm near Tavistock, Ontario. After living a few years in Manitoba, he came to the Cochrane and Dog Pound districts, about the mid 1890s. He homesteaded by the Dog Pound Creek on NW¼ 12-29-4-5. He erected a log shack at the foot of the big hill but later built another log house farther away from the creek on higher ground.

James McTavish of Dog Pound and his sister, who later married Charlie Chouinard.

Mr. MacTavish's 78th birthday, 1944. Front: Mrs. Ed Hepper, Marjorie Banta, Mrs. A. Satchwell, Mr. Campbell (minister), Anna Wilson, Mrs. J. Jack, Jim Hunter, Mabel Gray. Middle: Mrs. Irene Beddoes, Mrs. Hoffman, Mrs. Carmichael, ?. Back: Mrs. Lottie McArthur, Grandma Williamson, Mrs. Banta, Mrs. Vaughan, Mrs. MacKenzie, Mrs. MacTavish, Mrs. Boyce, Mrs. Jim Hunter, Mrs. Andrew Spence, Mrs. Alexander, Anna Wilson's mother, Mrs. Jimmy Williamson, Mrs. Jim Robertson.

James McTavish's sister, Elizabeth, came from Ontario to keep house for him. She married Charlie Chouinard a few years later.

Margaret Crerar, also of Scottish descent, of Stratford, Ontario, came to Alberta, about 1904. She married James McTavish in 1905. They lived on the ranch for a few years before they moved to Didsbury. While at Didsbury Mrs. McTavish boarded school teachers.

Later Mr. and Mrs. McTavish returned to the ranch on the Dog Pound Creek, where they resided for many years. Their water supply was from a spring behind the house some distance away and was carried by pails. The creek provided a reliable water supply for the livestock.

Mr. McTavish raised cattle and horses and put up the required amount of hay to feed his livestock. He sent back to Tavistock to have

harness and shoes made. He greased the shoes with tallow. Mrs. McTavish boarded teachers from the nearby Dog Pound School.

James McTavish died in 1938. Mrs. McTavish continued on the ranch with the help of John Robertson. In 1946, Mrs. McTavish sold the ranch to Donald Leask and moved to Carstairs, where she lived with her sister, Mrs. Boyce, our mother.

In 1949, Mrs. McTavish and Mrs. Boyce went to live at the Linden Nursing Home at Swalwell, Alberta. Mrs. McTavish passed away January 12, 1958, and was buried beside her husband in the Carstairs cemetery.

Senator T. A. Crerar, who had been a Liberal member of the Government for 60 years, was the son of an older brother of Mrs. McTavish and Mrs. Boyce. The Senator had been manager of United Grain Growers in Winnipeg. He passed away in the spring of 1975.

ROBERT MEDLEY

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Medley, their daughter Audrey, and Bob's father, lived on the NE¼ 33-28-4-5 in the late 1920s. Bob is remembered as being the announcer at the Dog Pound Stampede, where he sat on a chair and announced with a megaphone.

In the 1930s they moved to Calgary where Bob worked around the Stampede chutes as a carpenter. While doing this work he owned land just west of Calgary.

Before moving to the Bottrel area, the Medleys had been associated with "Wild West" shows which were common at that time.

JACK MILBURN AND FAMILY

Jack Milburn was very young when his mother passed away. Jack went to live with Mr. and Mrs. Walter Thome, who farmed near Madden. Jack's sister lived with Mr. and Mrs. George Hamilton of the Bottrel district, but passed away at a young age.

Jack attended Beaver Dam School. In the early 1930s when Mr. and Mrs. Thome moved to the log house north of the Bottrel store for a few years, Jack attended Westbrook School.

After the Thomes returned to their Madden farm, Jack worked out and eventually worked for Bill Loblaw just south of Bottrel. Isabelle Liddell was working for Mrs. Loblaw.

In 1943 Jack and Isabelle were married and lived for about a year in a small house beside the Thomes. The Milburns rented several farms in the area before they homesteaded at Bonanza, Alberta, where they still reside.

Jack and Isabelle have four daughters. Vicky, their oldest daughter, married Bill McCartney and lives in Calgary. Jeanie, the second daughter, married Roy Bouck, and Leslie, the youngest daughter, married Roy's brother, Rob Bouck. They all live at Bonanza. Cheryl Ann, the third daughter, married Leonard Sydoruk of Rycroft, Alberta, where they reside.

Jack Milburn pitched many good games of baseball while he lived in the Bottrel and Madden area.

MISS HAZEL MOORE

Miss Hazel Moore taught at Westbrook School from September 1926 until June 1927. She boarded with Mrs. Mac Allan most of that year. She taught at Mount Hope School from September 1927 until June 1929 and boarded with the Jim Myram family.

Hazel spent several years south of Lethbridge, and during this time she married John A. Ball. She later moved to Calgary where she now resides.

JOHN AND LUCY MORGAN — by Mary Lee

My parents, John and Lucy Morgan, and four of my five brothers, Coleman 8, David 7, Pat 3, and Ted 6 weeks, moved from Troy, Idaho, and arrived at Calgary the 24th of May 1906. Our half brother, William Horton, stayed at Dickey, North Dakota, with his grandfather. My folks were surprised to find all the stores in Calgary were closed in honor of Queen Victoria's birthday, a public holiday in Canada that was not held in the U.S.A.

The folks moved to Crossfield, Alberta, where they lived while Dad filed on a homestead in the Bottrel area, the NE¼ 14-28-4-5. Earlier Dad's stepbrother, Fred Sulier, had filed on the SE¼ of the same section. While building and proving up on the homestead Dad worked in a butchershop in Crossfield, having had experience in this field as owner-operator of a butchershop in Dickey before he moved to Troy.

Dad bought most of the material for the house in Cochrane and some of the rough lumber was bought from Tom Quigley's sawmill, located at that time on the old Florer place. Logs for other buildings, corrals, and fencing were hauled from the bush several miles to the west of us. In 1906 Jess Fike dug Dad a well 48 feet deep for $48.00; the cribbing cost $5.00!

The folks moved to the homestead October 24, 1906. All the school-aged children went to the one-

Back row: Ted Morgan, George Beck, Pat Morgan, Bill Reeve. Front: Mrs. Harbidge and Mary, Charlie Harbidge, Sr., John Morgan, Mrs. Morgan, 1926.

roomed log West Brook School located kitty corner to where the new one-roomed school was built in 1907. Mr. Jarrett and Miss Artley were their teachers.

In 1907 Dad broke about ten acres of land with a wooden beamed walking plow and a team of oxen. August 1907, Dad went back to Dickey for his horses and stayed for the harvest. After harvest he loaded a freight car with horses and other farm equipment and came back to Canada. His stepson, William Horton, came with him and he went to the new one-roomed West Brook School. The old log school was still there and the children played in it.

Dad often went out to work. He put wheels on his walking plow and built a platform so he could ride on it, and broke land for the neighbors. Dad helped build the subways under the railway tracks in Calgary with his team and scraper. He also hauled gravel on other construction work while he was there.

I was born November 24, 1908. It was 20 degrees below and blizzarding. William, thirteen, went seven miles with the team and sleigh to get Mrs. Dawson, a midwife, who lived south of the old Weedon School. Dr. Park was called but I arrived before he came. Mrs. Pogue came over to stay with Mother. William is eighty years old and still says he will never forget that trip as long as he lives.

Mr. and Mrs. Coleman Morgan, Russell and Delores, taken during World War II.

Coleman and the Boazgate boy, who lived on the place where Bill Hindes lives now, were really chummy. On weekends they took turns taking their pet roosters to one another's place to watch them fight. They even placed bets on them.

One morning in 1913 I was sent to the barn to call William and David. They said they would come right away but did not show up, so Dad went to see why but could not find them! The police and the neighbors were called in; even the Dog Pound Creek was dragged. A month later the folks got a card from Superior, Wisconsin. The boys had walked to Calgary to see the circus, joined it, and got a ride back to the U.S. Later they worked their way back to their grandfather at Dickey. William stayed, and in July 1916, he joined the United States Marine Corps.

David came back home and went back to school. In the fall of 1914, at the age of 15 years, he joined the 56th Battalion, and on March 15, 1915, went Overseas, where he was transferred to the 50th Battalion. He was listed as Missing in Action on October 15, 1916, just after the Battle of Vimy Ridge. He was officially listed as killed in action on the 19th of November 1916. The entire regiment David was in was wiped out. His name, with a maple leaf beside it, is on the Memorial at Vimy Ridge.

Pat quit school before his 13th birthday to help on the farm. Coleman joined the 137 Battalion in March 1916, and went Overseas. He was a stretcher bearer on the battle front. He won the Military Medal for bravery for rescuing the wounded on the battlefield. Coleman went "over the top" and carried Stanley Waters, who was badly wounded, from the battlefield under heavy gunfire. Stanley named him "Iodine Pete", a name that stayed with Coleman all his life. Later Coleman was transferred to the 31st Battalion and given the rank of Sergeant. He received his discharge in 1919, returned to Bottrel and bought the Sulier homestead through the Soldier Settlement Board. Dad farmed it for him and Coleman worked out. In 1921 Coleman married Lela Londsbury, and in 1922 they came to live on the farm. Here their son, Russell, was born February 12, 1923. Coleman and Lela left the farm in 1923 and went to Nightingale Alberta, to work. In 1924 Coleman turned his land at Bottrel back to the Soldier Settlement Board and Fred Sholtz took the place over. Coleman and his wife bought a farm 14 miles north of Nightingale. Their daughter, Delores, was born December 1, 1927.

Coleman's son, Russell, joined the Air Force in 1940 or '41 and was discharged with the rank of Sergeant. He married Marjorie McNeill and they had four children: Connie, Donald, Patrick, and Kenneth. After the war Russell bought several sections of land close to his dad's, and he and his dad went into partnership.

Coleman's wife passed away March 10, 1961. Coleman bought a house in Strathmore and commuted from there to the farm. Russell and

Coleman sold out on March 23, 1971. Coleman passed away three days later while attending a wrestling match in Calgary.

Coleman's daughter, Delores, married Ralph Way and they had five children: Laura, Linda, James, Rodney, and Cheryle. Ralph passed away in April 1971. Coleman, Lela and Ralph are all buried in the Memorial Gardens in Calgary. Delores and her two younger children live in Calgary; Russell lives in British Columbia.

My folks had a mixed farm. Mom always raised chickens. She always kept a diary on the farm and I note in 1915 she planted her spuds on April 20th, and Dad finished seeding barley on the 14th. Dad bought a purebred Jersey bull from Mr. Briggs who lived north of the Jarrett place. Dad's Jersey cattle won first prize at the Cochrane Fair. Many of the neighbors used his bull to improve their dairy herd. Dad's cow brand was JM Running Bar on the right rib and his horse brand was M Reversed Hanging J on the left shoulder. The first car my folks had was a 1916 or 1918 Model T with a cloth top and side curtains.

Dewey Blaney came to work for Dad in 1919 but went back to work for Charlie Galbraith on the old Bob Barnett place in 1921. In 1921 Pat, still helping on the farm, went with Dewey to visit Mr. Wright on the old Johnson place, and the three of them went for a ride. Pat's horse stepped into a badger hole and fell, throwing Pat out of the saddle. His foot caught in the stirrup, and he was dragged over half a mile before Dewey caught up to Pat's horse, leaped onto its neck and grasped the reins. It took Pat months to recover.

One Sunday the family and Dewey went raspberry picking by Wright's Lake; they picked a cream can and two water pails full of berries. Dad had bought the Wright place some time before 1916. Dad and Dewey used to step dance at the many house parties and surprise parties we went to.

In 1924 Dad rented his farm to Fred Sholtz and the family moved to a Dominion Farm at Lathom, south of Bassano, Alberta. They only stayed there one year.

In 1928 Dad and my brothers traded the mules they had bought at Charlie Boucher's sale, and some horses, to Archie Boyce of Carstairs for a Hart-Parr tractor. Later they bought a brush breaker and Ted did custom breaking for $5.00 per acre. In 1929 Dad and my brothers bought a threshing separator and did custom threshing. They threshed every fall until 1938, when they dissolved partnership.

Ted married Elizabeth "Lizzie" Beck November 15, 1938. They did not have any children.

Dad had a sale in 1939 and sold his land to Mr. Swartz. The folks lived in Calgary for awhile then moved to Chilliwack, British Columbia, where they lived for two years. Later they came back to Calgary. Mom passed away in June 1946, and Dad in June 1961. They are both buried in Queen's Park Cemetery, Calgary.

Pat, Ted and Lizzie left the farm on January 9, 1939, and went to live at Midnapore, Alberta. Later they bought a place at Jumping Pound where Ted started raising Galloway cattle. He bought his first purebred bull from Mr. Wallis of High River and later bought purebred females from an auction sale at Cayley.

In 1946 Ted bought the old home place at Bottrel. He got the foreman of the EP or Prince of Wales Ranch at High River to buy him a purebred Galloway bull from Scotland. Six month old calves from this bull sold for $400.00 each. Ted sold bulls all over Canada. After a few years there was no demand for Galloways and Ted and Lizzie sold their farm and went to live at Creston, British Columbia. Later Ted and Lizzie came back to Calgary and bought a house at Bowness where Ted still lives. Lizzie passed away in 1971.

Pat was killed in 1960 while working for Frank Copithorne. The tractor he was driving overturned and burst into flames, and he was pinned underneath.

I married Terence Lee May 2, 1927.

AL MOTTET, KLONDYKE VALLEY RANCH

Father and Mother, Charles Edward Mottet and Olive Irma Liengme, were married at Orvin, Switzerland, in 1882. In April of the same year they decided to leave Switzerland and come to North America. They set sail in a new boat but bad storms and trouble with the ship put them off course. The boat and its passengers and crew were given up for lost but finally arrived in New York City, after twenty-one days at sea. They had run out of drinking water and tried distilling sea water but it was still too salty.

Arriving in Kansas, they worked for daily wages for two years, saving up enough money to rent a farm at Nemaha. After two years of bad luck they moved to Scott County, and took up a homestead. Three years of dry weather and poor crops brought on another move, this time to Missouri, where they rented land and did very well until 1906, then they came to Canada and settled at Leedale, Alberta. Eleven of their children were born in the States but my brother and I were born in Alberta. Father passed away in 1944 and Mother in 1945 and along with my youngest brother, are buried in the Bentley cemetery.

In 1921 at the age of thirteen, I left home and worked out at various places in Canada and the United States until 1927. I bought a half section of land and rented a half section south of Youngstown, Alberta. I farmed there for three years but due to dry weather and depressed prices, gave it up. With seventy-five dollars in my pocket and an old 1916 model T Ford, I headed for the Cremona district, arriving at the Deer Springs, west of Bottrel, the first night. This was June 1, 1931. During June I just could not believe

Lumbering at the Klondyke Valley Ranch, 1941.

Sawing wood at Klondyke Valley Ranch, 1937. From the left, George Mottet, Tony Velthuys, Al Mottet, Earl Quimby.

the rains we had, after being used to the dry country; it was such a treat.

I camped around the Water Valley country that summer, looking the country over and liking what I saw. I worked around on farms and threshing outfits until the summer of 1933 and at that time I started putting up log buildings around the country. I helped on the building of the Dartigue Lodge. We had dances there about twice a month for years. No one had very much money but everyone came out to the dances, on horseback, by horse and buggy, sleighs in the winter, and the odd few had cars. The roads were not suitable for cars, and were often impassable. There were no snow plows in those days, we shovelled our way or used homemade V plows pulled with horses. The old hall is still being used today by a younger generation.

In 1934 I worked at the Bottrel store for W. Tidball, driving truck and clerking at the store. The spring of 1935 I bought the NE¼ 28-28-5-5 from P. Dobson and started building a home there. I had to work out to make enough to live on, and put up my buildings between jobs. I would build log buildings during the summer and in the fall work on threshing outfits. In winter I ran traplines and took out firewood and poles and traded them for cattle and horses, gradually getting a few head of stock together. In 1938 I made a deal for an old Rumely engine and a sawmill. My first cut of lumber was planed by George Thompson at Water Valley. I sold the lumber for $15.00 per thousand board feet planed, and $10.00 per thousand unplaned. In 1940 I bought the SE¼ 34-28-5-5 from Mrs. Mac Allan. My brother George bought a planer and went into partnership with me. We bought the logs on the SE¼ 21-28-5-5 from Scottie White. We cut something over one hundred thousand board feet and sold it for $18.00 per thousand for rough lumber and $22.00 to $25.00 per thousand planed.

We had some real good men working for us and the wages were twenty-five cents an hour, which were top wages in those days. In the winter of 1941 we logged part of the Allan quarter and part of the SE¼ 33-28-5-5 which I had bought from the Alberta Government. In the spring of 1942 we sawed the logs we had taken out during the winter. I sold the Allan quarter to W. Webb and bought the NW¼ 28-28-5-5 from Mike Brysh. In the fall of 1942 my brother George sold his planer and rented a farm at Vulcan, Alberta, where he has farmed ever since. I kept on with the sawmill, selling the rough lumber to Revelstoke Sawmills in Calgary. By 1946 I had enough cattle to keep me busy growing feed so I sold my sawmill to Henry Buckler. It was getting hard to get help. I cut mine props, posts and poles in the winter, until 1950, when Ivor Clark moved onto H. Fricke's place and Ivor and I went into partnership on a new mill. In the next three years we cut around six hundred thousand feet of lumber. In 1955 I bought the E½ 33-28-5-5 from the Robert Lawrence Estate. The days of free range were over so I leased four quarters from the Alberta Government. I was running around fifty head of cows and keeping the calves over until the next fall, selling the steers as feeders and keeping the best of the heifers. Ivor Clark sold out in 1967 and I took over the mill and operated it until 1969, selling then to J. L. Stevenson of Cremona. Due to arthritis in my hip I had to give up my cattle business, so I let my cows out on shares. In the spring of 1971 I had a sale and rented my place to Mac Leask. He is now the owner of it. I bought a house in Cochrane where I am now living.

MOUNT HOPE SCHOOL No. 1961

After receiving a petition from residents of the area, Alex C. Rutherford, Minister of Education, approved the formation of School District No. 1961, to be known as Mount Hope, April 10, 1909.

On May 31, 1909, the Board of Trustees of the Mount Hope School District were authorized to borrow the sum of one thousand dollars, upon security of the said district, for the purpose of building and equipping a school house. The treasurer was George Watt of Dog Pound.

Signed by D. S. MacKenzie,
Deputy Minister of Education.

Mount Hope School was located on the SW¼ 17-29-4-5.

In 1911 the teacher at Mount Hope was Miss Ruby Tennyson Wood. The school trustees in 1911 were: John Anderson, John Rattray, and George Watt, Secretary. The pupils in 1911 were: Alfred Anderson, Mary Anderson, Annie Borton, Arnold Borton, Graham Borton, Dorothy Brown, James Brown, Vincent Brown, Lloyd Ellis, Howard Gazeley, James Haley, Johnnie Haley, Justeena Haley, Enid Moore, Creola Olson, Celeste Olson, Gladys Olson, Lena Olson, Archie Walker, Charles Walker, Francis Walker, Bessie Walker, Vivian Weatherhead, Irene Weatherhead, Bessie Oldaker, Norman Oldaker, and Dora Watt.

Mr. and Mrs. Ken McRae on their wedding day. Mrs. McRae (nee Marion Ingham) taught at Mount Hope School; Ken taught at Westbrook, 1928-1934.

JAMES AND LILLIAN MYRAM — as told by Mary Houghton

Jim and Lil Myram came from Surrey, England, to Dog Pound, Alberta, about 1905 or 1906. For a time they stayed with Jim's sister and brother-in-law, Margaret and Den Dendy, who had a homestead on the SE¼ 24-28-4-5.

From there they moved to the Evan Jones place near Bottrel. Lil kept house and cooked for Evan Jones and his half brother, John Watkin. Jim started a herd of cattle and kept 10 to 15 head of milk cows. He also got four horses.

Jim took up a homestead on the NW¼ 24-28-5-5, but he and his wife lived on the Tyrell place recently vacated by Bill Smith, who went to Hand Hills, Alberta. Jim started farming on his own. When Johnny Anderson wanted to sell his farm, Jim was looking for a place closer to a school so he bought the Anderson farm.

World War One had started and Jim joined the Army. As he was very capable with horses, he looked after their needs and also handled supplies that were freighted to the front lines. While he was away Lil, with her brother, Charlie Price, looked after the home place. Lil kept chickens, turkeys, and had a huge garden of flowers and vegetables.

Jim had good luck raising pigs. He and his wife also raised sheep, cattle and horses. Their cattle brand was Half Diamond SD. Their horse brand was rollock Lazy M.

Jim and Lil had two sons, Frank (nicknamed Dinky) and Cecil. Frank married Ada Koester. They had three girls and three boys. Cecil married Dorothy Bloomfield. They had four boys and two girls.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Myram, taken about 1928. Mrs. Myram celebrated her 100th birthday February 26, 1976.

Frank farmed in the district near his parents and cut brush for the farmers with his Caterpillar tractor and brush cutter. He and his brother Cecil worked on threshing outfits. Around 1938 Frank and his wife and family moved to Agassiz, British Columbia. While there they milked cows and shipped milk. Frank also worked in the bush in the lumber industry at times.

When they moved from the Bottrel district, Jim and Lil moved to Agassiz and lived near Frank and his family. Lil helped them as well as caring for her own place. Jim's health was such that he was in and out of the Belcher Hospital in Calgary for three or four years. Jim passed away at Agassiz and is buried in the Field of Honor in the Cochrane cemetery.

Frank, Ada and Lil moved to Valemount, British Columbia, where they still reside. Lil has her own house beside them, still has a big garden, goes picking wild berries, and gets around well, at the age of 98 years.

Cecil was secretary-treasurer of the Dog Pound Stampede Committee before Russell Haley took it over. Cecil and Dorothy lived on the NW¼ 4-29-4-5, where they farmed. Cecil also did

Miss J. Rabbitt, Jim Myram and Miss Edna Hill, 1926.

custom work breaking land for neighbors. He passed away from polio in 1952.

Jim and Lil were home folks. They did not go out too often but always welcomed company. They always had a good team of horses but didn't have a car. When their sons got cars they took their parents with them. Jim did the butchering for the local "beef ring" for years.

Cecil Myram threshing his first crop of rye.

DAVID NESBITT

David Nesbitt was a carpenter and built houses along the Dog Pound in the 1880s. The log house still standing at Bottrel was built by him in 1889, as well as many others in the Cochrane and Bottrel areas.

ARTHUR NOBLE

Art Noble bought the NE¼ 4-28-4-5 but lived for many years at Aldersyde, south of Calgary, where he took care of his mother. Osborne Johnson lived on Art's farm while the latter was away. When Art's mother went to live in a nursing home he returned to his farm, where he spent the rest of his life.

He had one daughter, Dorothy.

OLLIE NUNN

Mr. and Mrs. Nunn homesteaded the NE¼ 30-28-3-5. About the same time the Vaughans homesteaded on the next quarter. Mr. Nunn was a carpenter and built a number of homes around the district. He also helped build the Summit Hill School.

Before the Bottrel Post Office was opened, the Nunns got their mail at Dog Pound. About 1920 they sold out to R. T. Culling and left the area. The Cullings later sold to Norman Harnack, who still resides there.

THE OLDAKER STORY — by Mrs. R. Arnott

The Oldakers came from England to Crossfield, Alberta, in September 1906, and bought a farm one mile west of Crossfield. Knowing nothing about farming, my father hired a manager. My mother soon learned a great deal about life in the new country; she was thirty years younger than my father and was interested in everything. The winter of 1906-07 was a tough one for us, but we muddled through. Our well froze up for two months, and snow had to be melted for everything. I can still remember how flat the tea tasted.

Father and I did much walking back and forth to the village, visiting and getting acquainted. We found people so pleasant and anxious to help us. Two ladies even came to show Mother and me how to make bread. Father was happy to dress up in his frock coat and silk hat on Sundays and attend church, even if his clothing attracted some curious stares!

In 1909, Father decided to make a move to where he could see trees and water, and be able to fish. The farm was sold and the family moved to a farm north of Dr. Harbottle's, north and west of Bottrel. Dr. Harbottle was an interesting personality, and will always be remembered as having helped Mother greatly when she was suffering with a bad attack of erysipelas.

Mrs. Oldaker, with some of her flock of turkeys at the Virginia Ranch.

Father died in 1914; he was buried in the Bottrel Cemetery. Mother carried on the farm work with my youngest brother, Norman. He enlisted in 1916 at the age of sixteen. When he was wounded at Vimy Ridge, his age was discovered and he was given an honorable discharge. Mother boarded a Mount Hope schoolteacher, Miss Hamilton, so that she would have company, but she soon found it advisable to sell the farm.

At the end of World War I, Captain T. B. Jenkinson bought the Virginia Ranch and needed a housekeeper. Mother accepted the position and stayed there until 1926, then moved to Burnaby, British Columbia, where she died in 1960 at the age of 96.

HARRY AND DAISY PEARSON

In 1927 and 1928 Harry Pearson, formerly of Carstairs, Alberta, owned and operated the Bottrel general store, which he purchased from Ephram Buschert. Harry was Postmaster, had a Hudson Essex car agency, and was an A.G.T. agent.

On January 1, 1927, Harry married Miss Daisy Spence, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Spence of Cremona. Daisy had taken a course at Garbutt's Business College in Calgary and worked in that city until her marriage. Harry and Daisy took up residence in the big house west of the store.

Miss Toots Larson, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chris Larson, did hairdressing in a part of the store. The building, which had been the creamery, was now being used as a hall, and picture shows were held in it every Saturday night.

Daisy's brother, Patrick Spence, and Russell Haley clerked in the store, trucked groceries to the store, delivered groceries and hauled cream in the surrounding area. Pat also did some mechanical work.

Harry Pearson often sang at entertainments; his wife accompanied him on the piano. While at Bottrel they formed an orchestra and spent many happy hours practicing. Harry played the saxophone, Daisy the piano, Pat Spence the violin, Wanda Huston, teacher at Westbrook School, the clarinet, and Colin Dunningham the drums.

Harry passed away suddenly on November 13, 1928. He had previously received an injury while working a road grader on the Bottrel hill.

The store business was sold to William Tidball Sr. Daisy returned to Calgary, where she resumed her position with Allen and Johnson, Custom Brokers. In 1957 she joined the staff of the Calgary General Hospital, where she worked until her retirement. She resides in Calgary.

THE JACK PENTLAND FAMILY

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Pentland bought the SW ¼ 33-28-3-5, which was homesteaded by D. B. Gamble. They had two children, Mary and John. They left in the early 1920s. Mrs. Pentland returned to visit in the area. She was later killed in an automobile accident at Chilliwack, British Columbia, where she was living at that time.

THE PHILLIPS BROTHERS — by Owen Phillips

Around 1910 Jim, Arthur, Charlie and Frank Phillips came to the Dog Pound-Bottrel area from Little England Beyond Wales, South Wales. They had gone to the same school as some of the Lewis brothers.

Arthur homesteaded the NE¼ 14-29-5-5. His brothers joined him, but the claim was in Arthur's name.

Jim, Arthur and Charlie joined the Army and served Overseas in World War I. Arthur was killed in action, the only one of thirteen of my uncles and cousins that served in that war who lost his life. Charlie had served in the Boer War, although underage. Somehow, he had two birth certificates with different ages listed.

Jim became a consulting engineer for the C.P.R. One project he worked on was the Connaught Tunnel in the Rockies. He made his home in Winnipeg.

Charlie worked for the Forestry Department and was a game warden in the Banff area.

Frank, my father, was in special service with the R.C.M.P. during the First World War. He married Florence Louise Lewis in the Pro-Cathedral in Calgary. They had two children, myself and Olwyn Mary (Mollie), who received her education in Vancouver.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Phillips.

Jim, Frank, Arthur and Charlie Phillips at the homestead.

My father became a guide for Big Game hunting expeditions, guiding people from all over the world. He also worked around Banff, and in the shipyards in Vancouver.

I was born in the Cochrane hospital. A cowboy friend of my father's played a joke on my father and me by registering my birth with Mr. Boucher at Bottrel in the registered stock book as a Hackney stud colt. To this day I have been unable to get a birth certificate. The church where I was baptized, and its records, were destroyed by fire. What was done for a joke, then, is harder to overcome in passing years than that cowboy could possibly have dreamed.

I married Eva Fenton, youngest daughter of John Fenton. We have one daughter, Mrs. Cameron (Vicky) Deeton, and two grandchildren.

MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM J. PHIPPS

Mr. and Mrs. Phipps bought the SW ¼ 19-28-3-5 from the C.P.R. Mr. Phipps was a photographer and worked in Calgary. Mrs. Phipps raised chickens in a room joined onto the house. Lillie Faggetter stayed with her while Mr. Phipps was away. One time a prairie fire came while he was away and the Urquhart men hauled water and helped Mrs. Phipps and Lillie save the house. Mr. Phipps sold out to Chris Larson about 1911.

THE POGUE FAMILY — by Allan Pogue

The Pogue family moved from Calgary to their homestead (NE¼ 10-28-4-5) in 1906. There were only my parents, my sister Mary, and me at this time.

In 1909 my sister Isabel was born. My folks sent Mary and me to stay at the Morgan house for awhile when the baby was born. In those days women stayed at home to have their babies. Dad called in a midwife, Mrs. Lancons.

My folks stayed on the homestead until 1915, then moved to the King place, one mile north. The year 1918 was a very dry year. There was no winter feed for the cattle. That is why we moved

Greenfield Afta. Aug. 18 th. 1910.

This is to certify that I Mr William Judson Phipps agree to sell to Mr Christian Larson, of Plankton South Dakota, the under mentioned Stock, machinery, and other articles for the sum of,--- $ 2532.00

Twenty 20 calves	$ 200.00
Twenty 20 Yearlin	300.00
Fifteen 15 Two Year old	$ 361.00
Two old cows	$ 40.00
" Young "	15.00
One four year old mare	165.00
Ten cows and one reg Her. Bull.	330.00
Two sucking colts	70.00
" Mares	300.00
Four oxen and harness	300.00
paint	4.00
One set blacksmith tools	30.00
Two wagons and one drill	125.00
Mower and rake	60.00
Bob sleigh	20.00
McCormick disc	20.00
Breaking Plough	20.00
One Cultivator	10.00
One Democrot and buggy	100.00
Stoves and Sealer	80.00
Lounge and three bed springs	17.00
Horse shoeing out fit.	2.50
Dishes, cooking utentials, cooking table. and Cubbard thrown in.	

All to be paid on or before the first day of, July, 1911.

W. J. Phipps

Witness

C. Larson

Notary Public

Commission Expires 1912

to Bon Accord, just north of Edmonton, Alberta. We fed the cattle there that winter. The next summer we moved to Waskatenau, 60 miles northeast of Edmonton, where my folks stayed until they passed away. I stayed in Bon Accord and worked for a good many years.

All of us kids went to school at Westbrook School. I think my first teacher was Mr. Jarrett, then Miss Urquhart, Miss Zink, Miss Richards, and then Mr. Jarrett again.

Mr. Jarrett was a thorough teacher, he really drilled us in math.

I thought Westbrook School was the greatest place. There was the slough back of the school for wading and swimming in the summer and for skating in the winter. Then there was a hill west of the school. In the summer we would take the shafts off a buggy and ride it down the hill. In the winter the hill was good for sleigh riding, and we could go fishing in the Dog Pound Creek. Quite often we were late getting back to school at noon. There were gophers we could snare. Then we might have a horse race.

When I was in the Bottrel district I did a lot of fishing in the Dog Pound Creek, and shot wild ducks and prairie chickens. Morgans and our family picked raspberries and gooseberries at the south end of Wright's lake.

The Morgan family lived in a log house on a knoll south of their barns. Later on they built a frame house on the hill northeast of the barn. John Morgan had his own little blacksmith shop. He was very good at doctoring sick horses and cattle. He started a nice herd of Jersey cows from one old lame Jersey cow. He also had other cattle.

I remember one summer Mr. Morgan and Dad took teams of horses and wagons to haul gravel for the streets of Calgary. They had to pay the City of Calgary fifty dollars a team to work at the city works.

Mrs. Morgan did more than her share. She always had a big garden. She had turkeys, geese, ducks and chickens, and also milked quite a few cows. The Morgans kept some pigs; I don't know who looked after the pigs.

J. T. Boucher ran the store and Post Office at Bottrel. In the early days there was a creamery at Bottrel run by Jim Loughery. Charlie Brown had a blacksmith shop on the hill half a mile east of the store. Walter Crowe brought the mail from Cochrane to Bottrel. Once a year there was the Dog Pound Stampede.

Mrs. Boucher was our Sunday School teacher at Westbrook School. One Sunday we were waiting at the school for Mrs. Boucher to come. After awhile someone came and told us that Mrs. Boucher had been killed in a car accident, and we went home a sad bunch of kids.

THE ABRAHAM POSTLETHWAITE FAMILY — by Ethel Amidon

Abraham Postlethwaite, my dad, was born in Cumberland, England, in 1875. He came to Canada in 1909 with his wife Sarah, and their young son William. They lived in the Diamond City district of Alberta, renting a quarter section of land, and my dad worked in the coal mines there for nine years. During this time four daughters were born: Alice, Edith, Mary, and Emily.

In 1918 Dad purchased land from Mr. McKinnell in the Bottrel district, and he and his family made their home there. Here, two daughters and four sons were born, Ethel, Dorothy, Jim, Francis (Ike), John and Sidney.

Dad worked on the road for some time, and with milk cows, hogs, chickens, and a few beef cattle, they managed quite well. Their cattle brand was A Lazy P and their horse brand was E P Bar.

William, Alice and Edith attended Mount Hope School, walking four and one half miles morning and afternoon. It was impossible to attend school in the cold winter months, which made it very difficult to get an education.

In 1928 during an electrical storm, Dad and William were plowing with four horses and were struck by lightning. Dad and his horses were killed instantly. William was knocked to the ground, but, not being injured, he managed to get to the neighbours, Tyrells, for help. Seven months later on January 8, another tragedy struck, when seven-month-old John passed away with pneumonia.

Three years later at a sports day and stampede at Dog Pound, Emily was killed in a horse race when one of the horses in the race bolted off the track, causing four of seven horses in the race to pile up. Emily's horse fell and she was either stepped on or kicked by one of the other horses.

Mom, a very strong and wonderful woman, carried on in spite of all the hardships and the loss of loved ones. She managed very well with the help of a brother-in-law, Frank Postlethwaite.

William (Bill) married Marjorie Dillabaugh and lived on a farm near Bottrel. Bill drove a school bus for several years to the Horse Creek School. After moving to Cochrane he did carpentry work with the Lambert brothers. Bill and Marjorie have one daughter, Joyce, and one son, Vernon. Joyce married Ed Schmidt and they live on a farm at Myrnam, Alberta, with their three young sons, Todd, Brent, and Trevor. Marjorie passed away in 1960. Vernon resides in Cochrane with his father.

Alice married Frank McNicol and they lived in the Carstairs district for several years. Frank was an excellent grain farmer. Later they moved to the Madden district where they farmed and kept honey bees. On retiring, they moved to Enderby, British Columbia. Frank enjoyed travelling and fishing. After five years retirement he passed away in October 1974. They had two sons, Albert and James. Both attended Beaver Dam School. Albert married Evelyn

Shaning and they live in Edmonton. They have five daughters, Wendy, Gail, Karen, Doreen, and Donna, and two sons, John and Frank. James resides in Enderby.

Edith married John Sutherland and they farmed in the Carstairs district. John enjoyed hunting and fishing. He was killed in an accident on his way home from a hunting expedition. They had three daughters and two sons. Lea-Nora married Dave Evans and they live in Calgary with their four daughters, Patricia, Wendy, Cindy, and Linda and their one son, Ted. All the others reside with their families on farms in the Carstairs district. Charles Evans, Dorothy's husband, works at the Carstairs Gas Plant. They have three young daughters, Laurie-Lee, Michelle, and Beverly. Jean and Owen Francis have two daughters, Teresa and Bonnie, and one son, John. Robert also works at the Carstairs Gas Plant. He married Shirley Gray and they have four sons, Kevin, Ricky, Danny and Robbie, and one daughter Karen. John married Marjorie Arbuckle and they live on the family farm.

Mary married James (Kelly) Reeve and they lived in the Bottrel district. Kelly was proud of his horses. He had a well-matched sorrel team he drove, and preferred to do all his work with horses. He passed away in February 1968. They had two sons, Donald and Gordon (Jack); both attended West Brook School. Both Don and Jack live on farms in the Bottrel area. Don married Alma Robinson and they have one daughter, Deborah, and one son, Douglas. Jack and Heather (Fernley) have one daughter, Robin, and one son, Kelly.

I married Raymond Amidon. The Amidon story is also in this book.

Dorothy married James (Jimmy) Patterson and they lived on the family farm in the Grand Valley district. Jimmy was very good at training draft and saddle horses. Jimmy's parents had the Caldbeck Post Office in their home for 15 years (1913-1928). Jimmy also worked on roads for several years. They have two sons, James and Ronald, and one daughter, Doreen. All the children attended Westbrook School. James, Jr. resides at home with his parents. Ronald married Beatrice Hindes and works on a farm near Turner Valley. Ron and Bea have two daughters, Denise and Deanna, and one son, Jamie. Doreen married George Hindes; they live on the farm with Mr. and Mrs. William Hindes. George drives a school bus to the Westbrook School. They have three sons, Jason, Garth, and William and one daughter, Sandra.

Jim married Barbara Patterson. They reside in Cochrane. He works at the Jumping Pound Gas Plant and Barbara works in Andison's Dry Goods Store in Cochrane. They have one daughter, Sandra, who married Joe Hofer. They have one daughter, Dallas, and live in Cochrane.

Ike married Rita Sholtz. They live on a farm in Manitoba. Ike does carpentry work and has beef cattle. They have two daughters, Judy and Sherry, and two sons, Darrel and John. Judy married Dave Spalding and they live on the farm with Judy's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sholtz. They have a young daughter, Kerri. Darrel, Sherry, and John reside on the farm with their parents.

Sidney (Sid) married Jean Statham and they also live on a farm in Manitoba. They have beef and dairy cattle and ship milk to a cheese factory. They have three daughters, Diane, Marlene, and Valerie, and three sons, Richard, Steven, and Robert. Diane married Melvin Twersky and they live in Winnipeg. They have one daughter, Camilla. All the other children live with their parents on the farm.

Mom lived in the Bottrel area until she passed away in 1953. She was sadly missed not only by her family, but by her many friends in the community.

Dad, John, Emily, Mom and Frank are all buried in the Westbrook cemetery.

THE PRATT FAMILY — by Larry Pratt

Mrs. Pratt was born in Perth, Ontario, in 1865. Mr. Pratt died during the flu epidemic in 1918. Mrs. Pratt then came west with her sons, Sam, Elmer, Bob, Ed and Bill. They came to Bottrel from the Crossfield-Airdrie district in the early 1930s, Mrs. Pratt Sr. and Bill lived on the Evan Jones place west of Bottrel. Sam and his wife Ethel (Smith) lived on the Boucher place. Elmer and his wife Mamie (Hoover) lived at Bill Loblaw's place on the Little Red after the Loblaws bought the Boucher place. Later they lived on the Clem Edge place in Grand Valley before moving to Okotoks, Alberta.

Bob and Ed stayed at Sam's home and worked in the Bottrel area. At one time Bob drove the Bottrel truck for Ollie Tidball. Sam, Bob and Ed played baseball for the Bottrel team when Bottrel was a member of the Bush League.

The Pratt families left Bottrel just before World War II. Mrs. Pratt Sr. and Bill went to live in Calgary where Mrs. Pratt passed away in April 1947. After Mrs. Pratt passed away Bill, who had always been in poor health, went to live with Sam and Ethel at Haney (Maple Ridge), British Columbia. Sam passed away in 1953. Bill passed away in 1960.

Elmer and Mamie separated. Elmer remarried. He and his wife Pearl are retired and live in Kelliher, Saskatchewan.

After leaving Bottrel Bob went to Victoria where he worked in the shipyards during World War II. He married just before the War. He and his wife Rita farmed at Bashaw, Alberta, for several years. They are now semi-retired at Bashaw.

Ed went to Victoria and did commercial fishing. He married a girl from Acme, Alberta. He and his wife Alberta had two boys and one girl. Ed was drowned in 1952 while on a fishing expedition. Alberta worked to bring up her small

children. She is now retired and lives in Whalley, British Columbia.

Mrs. Pratt had one daughter, Margaret, who did not live at Bottrel. She married Les Hoover, Mamies's brother, and they had two boys. Margaret passed away in Calgary in 1946.

THE SAM PRATT FAMILY — by Ethel Pratt

We were married on January 13, 1923, and settled on the Guy Gazeley place. As we didn't have anything but big hopes and plans, this was a real place. Everything was there, horses, machinery, even household furniture. We were there for three years. Our neighbours were Jack McBains, Jim Watts, and Jim Myrams.

Sam ran the engine for Jack McBain's threshing outfit the first year we were there. I milked cows and kept things going at home while carrying our first child. I never saw a doctor until the morning of November 20, 1923, when Larry (Laurie) was born. Marjorie was also born while we were on this farm.

In those days we didn't have refrigerators or deep freezes, but we did have the beef ring. Everyone who joined it donated one beef, and every week we picked up our share. By the end of the year each member had received one beef. Jim Myram was our butcher and did a really good job.

While on the farm, I made butter, worth 25¢ a pound, and traded it for groceries. I also sold turkey toms for $3.15, a big price then.

We went to dances at the Dog Pound Hall and Cremona. The Barr and Gazeley Orchestra was always on hand. Occasionally there was a picture show at the Dog Pound Hall.

In 1926 we moved to Carstairs, where we lived for five years. Our son, Bud, was born there. We returned to Bottrel and lived on the Boucher place, where we farmed with Milford Boucher for many years. Following a move to Calgary, we moved to Maple Ridge, British Columbia, where we have lived for twenty-eight years.

Sam passed away in 1953. Larry lives in Calgary, Marjorie in Victoria and Bud lives in Haney not far from me.

CHARLES PRICE — by Mary Houghton

Charlie, my brother, came from Sussex, England, to the Jim Myrams at Bottrel, before 1914. Jim Myram joined up and went Overseas, so Charlie stayed on the farm and helped his sister, Lil, as he didn't pass his medical. He bought the NE¼ 22-28-4-5, a quarter section homesteaded by O. P. Nichols, now the home of Raymond Amidon. He farmed this land but had no livestock. He built a log shack there which is still standing and is used as a chicken house. He sold out in 1948, and moved to British Columbia, and worked in lumber camps. He moved in with Jim Myrams at Agassiz, British Columbia, and passed away there in 1970 or 71.

THE RAMSAYS

Charlie, Marion and Betty Ramsay came to the Bottrel area around 1924 from Findlater, Saskatchewan. They lived on the NE¼ 36-28-5-5, which at that time belonged to Samuel Atkinson. The Ramsays, a brother and two sisters, were English. They were older people, and friendly with the Tyrells, who lived close by. Both families had lived in the same part of England, and later were neighbours at Findlater.

After living on the Atkinson farm for two or three years, they moved farther north to the Weatherhead place, which was then owned by the Burkas of Calgary. Shortly after, they were joined by a younger brother, Jack.

The Ramsays milked cows for a living but the neighbours assisted them with their butchering and any heavy tasks.

About 1940 they moved to Calgary where Charlie passed away. They all lived to be in their eighties, and have all passed away.

THE RATTRAYS — by granddaughters Gladys Bird and Vera Burroughs

Grandpa, John Shaw Rattray, and his wife Susan Allen, nee Patterson, arrived in the Bottrel-Dog Pound area in the winter of 1906 and 1907, respectively. They came from their farm home near Chesley, Ontario, where they raised and educated their five children.

The call of the West with its promise of opportunities, prosperity and freedom, attracted the young members of the family, so the parents chose to make the move along with them. To leave a well-established home, familiar friends and surroundings, for the demands and hardships of homesteading, was a traumatic experience for a couple at their age.

At home at this time there were three bachelor sons, Alex, Jack, and Bill, and their younger daughter, Clara. Their elder daughter, Christine, married Mel Weatherhead, and she had already gone west to join her husband on his homestead.

Mel's father, Alex Weatherhead, had been sent ahead as an advance agent to choose and claim land for several Ontario families, including his own. He chose SE¼ 13-29-5-5 for Rattrays, Section 12-29-5-5 for the four Weatherheads, and NW¼ 6-29-4-5 for Moores. They also purchased C.P.R. land nearby. Having come from Ontario, Grandpa looked for land with trees and brush — and he found it in the Bottrel district. The roads were trails which often crossed muskegs, and this made transportation and communication extremely difficult.

It was pioneering in every sense of the word, but not quite what was expected by the others. There were houses to build as well as outbuildings for the stock and poultry, wells to dig, land to clear, fences to put up, and gardens to plant and coax to grow from the unwilling soil. Having brought only the bare necessities on their

John Rattray.

Four generations of the Rattray family.

long journey, and not expecting to be clearing land, their equipment and capital were simply inadequate for the job. The winter soon closed in and it was one of the coldest on record. The unprotected cattle were found frozen in the snowbanks and this was a financial loss most of them could not stand. Most of the men soon had to go out to earn extra money for living expenses.

Within a few years some of the families gave up and either sold or abandoned their homesteads. The Weatherhead families left and also the Moores, leaving only the Rattrays from the Ontario group. Perhaps they could not endure the thought of leaving all they had invested in capital, work, and precious years of time.

Alex and Bill Rattray had not stayed on the homestead, nor had they intended to. They moved to British Columbia and entered the lumber industry. They became logging engineers and remained in the logging industry for the rest of their lives. Alex married and had one daughter. Bill remained a bachelor.

Clara Rattray went to work in Carstairs. Here she met a young barber, Jim Lane, whom she married in December 1910. They moved first to Beiseker, and then to Acme in 1911. In 1913 they moved to Munson, and finally settled in Drumheller, Alberta, where they raised their five children. They lived in Drumheller for fifty years. Clara lived to the age of eighty-one and is buried beside her husband in the Drumheller cemetery.

Christine and Mel Weatherhead left their homestead and settled at Woodhouse, near Claresholm, Alberta, where they raised ten children.

Jack Rattray remained on the homestead to assist his aging parents. He worked long hard hours to clear the land, planted and harvested, and cared for stock for meagre returns. He helped his father build the two-storey frame home, barns and other necessary shelters. He sacrificed much to make the homestead a home for his parents. Jack was a quiet, gentle, artistic man. He made himself a violin and played it by ear. Both the instrument and its tone were pleasing and of good quality. He collected rocks, cut and polished them, and placed them in settings. He also did leather work. Jack led a lonely life but is remembered for his pleasant manner, his loyalty, his humbleness, and his unselfish devotion to those he loved. He appreciated the beauty of his surroundings. His dog was his friend and followed him wherever he went. Jack spent twenty years on the Bottrel farm. He was stricken with meningitis, and after a year of hospitalization, he died in Calgary in 1926. He was buried in the Claresholm cemetery.

Grandma Rattray had emigrated from Scotland to Canada in her late teens. She met her husband in Ontario and built her life around her home and five children. She was small of stature, quiet, unassuming and happiest with her own. Shy and retiring with strangers, she was content to keep the home fires burning, while her husband helped with community services. She was a conscientious worker in true Scottish style and clung to her native customs and accent. She was dearly loved by all her grandchildren. Perhaps the move to the West was hardest on her, as it meant hard work and isolation at a time in life when she needed and deserved companionship and ease. An Edison phonograph, complete with an assortment of cylinder-type records, a gift from Bill, did much to brighten the loneliness. It was the first one in the district and neighbors often dropped in to share the entertainment. Grandma became afflicted with painful rheumatoid arthritis, a condition she bore in silence. She became so crippled that it was

necessary for her to leave Bottrel and live with her daughter Christine in Woodhouse. There she spent the last six or seven years of her life; the last three years, she was bedridden as a result of a broken hip which refused to heal. She died in 1930 in her eighty-third year. She was buried in the family plot in Claresholm beside her son Jack.

As children, we loved to visit the homestead. Uncle Jack was so kind and patient with us. We picked roots from the garden patch so it could be planted. We picked buckets of them! Uncle Jack would tell us stories about the farm in Ontario and about their wonderful dog Rover. Best of all, we loved to hear poems, and Uncle Jack's violin playing. We never got tired of listening. Aunt Teen and Mother would recite poems until they played out and said that they would write them out for us to learn.

Grandpa Rattray's parents were Scottish. He was well educated, and drilled in the strict Presbyterian faith, by which he lived and served his fellow man wherever he saw the need. In Ontario he was well known for his kind and comforting assistance in sitting with the seriously ill and keeping watch over the dying, a service not supplied at that time by hospitals or nursing homes. Upon leaving Chesley, they were presented with two matching chairs of carved oak and brocade, a gift of appreciation and remembrance for his services. These were cherished possessions and are now in the homes of their two oldest granddaughters.

Alex Rattray and his daughter Jean.

Grandpa was an experienced carpenter, having served as foreman on many community house and barn raisings in Ontario, which was the custom in those days. At Bottrel, he continued to share his ability with his fellow settlers. He was interested in the U.F.A. and in Mount Hope School. He kept abreast of world happenings. Whenever the need arose, Grandpa could say or do what was required, whether it was a material need or a comforting work of understanding.

After Uncle Jack's death, Grandpa rented and later sold the farm to Bert Butler. The house was sold and moved to another farm. The other buildings have now disappeared from the homestead.

Grandpa had brought his good democrat and his favorite driving horse, Farmer, with him from Ontario. He was very proud of his outfit and fond of his horse. He used them to make trips to the Bottrel General Store and Post Office, and also for outings at the Mount Hope School and to visit in the neighborhood. It was considered a great honor, by us, to be allowed to travel with him, especially when permitted to sit beside him on the spring seat and even hold the reins.

When necessary to take an occasional trip to Calgary, our grandparents usually arranged to be taken to Carstairs to catch the train. They stayed overnight in the city before returning home. Grandpa and Grandma were always welcome at their good friends, the Shouldices, who lived on the old Bowness road. This home, red brick with white trim, was situated on the side of a hill and was a landmark of hospitality. As time went by, it became the Calgary Crematorium.

Grandpa went to Drumheller and lived with his youngest daughter, Clara. He missed his dogs and animals very much so, later, he decided to go to Woodhouse to live on the farm with his eldest daughter, Christine.

Grandpa was a fine gardener and could really make things grow. Even in his later years he continued to build granaries, repair and remodel homes, and do all kinds of chores. He remained bright and alert until his death at Woodhouse in 1937, at the age of 84 years. He was buried in Claresholm beside his wife and son Jack.

The Rattrays and their five children have passed on and no boys were left to carry on the Rattray name. They are survived by sixteen grandchildren and numerous great-grandchildren. The grandchildren are: Alex' daughter, Jean Haynes of California; Clara Lane's children: Thelma Watters, New Westminster, British Columbia; Vera Burroughs, Drumheller; Jim Lane, Calgary; John Lane, Drumheller; and Hazel Lumsden, Windsor, Ontario; and Christine Weatherhead's children, Vivian Shearer, Claresholm; Clarence Weatherhead, Burdett, Alberta; Islay Pelletier, Claresholm; Ruth Dargavel, California; Gladys Bird, Vegreville, Alberta; Madeline Thacker,

Burdett; Victor Weatherhead, Vancouver; Audrey McCullough, Calgary; Kenneth and Sheldon Weatherhead, Claresholm.

THE CHARLIE RAWLEIGH FAMILY

In the early 1930s Charlie Rawleigh's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Rawleigh, lived in the Madden district near the Bill Keil farm. In the mid 1930s Charlie married Alice Keil.

For a number of years Charlie and Alice lived on the Fritz Larson homestead at Deer Springs close to the east end of Winchell Lake. Charlie cut and sold firewood and poles. They later lived in Cremona before moving to Calgary.

Charlie and Alice had three daughters, Wanda, Marilyn and Charlene. Alice has passed away and Charlie lives in Calgary.

Mrs. Lee Rawleigh and Mrs. Charlie Donald were sisters.

THE JACK REEVE FAMILY — by Isabel Sholtz

Jack Reeve, his wife, Alice, their sons, Jim and Tom, and daughters, Jean, Isabel and Agnes were all born in Ontario. We came to Cochrane in the spring of 1919. The folks brought all their furniture along. Walter Crowe, who ran the livery stable in Cochrane, drove us from Cochrane in a democrat until we met my uncle, Jim Reeve, about halfway. He took us to his farm about 20 miles north of Cochrane. Mother thought she had come to the end of the earth when we started down the horseshoe bend north of Cochrane.

We lived with my uncle and his family for awhile, then we moved into a log house on the quarter section just west of my uncle's place. We children went to Westbrook School. We drove or rode horseback. Dad bought a quarter section about a mile and a half east of my uncle's place. We moved there and we went to Summit Hill School. We lived there for many years. Dad worked out most of the time to make enough money to keep his family. He did a lot of road work; it was all done with horses. He owned a threshing outfit and did lots of threshing around the country. I can remember my mother cooking for two threshing outfits at the same time. One crew would come in at 11 a.m. for dinner and the other one at 12 noon. We girls had to help too.

My oldest brother, Jim, had his arm shot off at the age of 16. Later, he drove horses and pitched bundles right along with the other boys and never once complained. He married late in life and lives in Calgary. Tom worked in the plumbing business and lives in St. Albert, Alberta. He and his wife have one boy and two girls. My oldest sister, Jean, married Vince Brown and they lived at Cremona for years. Vince passed away, and Jean and their only son, Gary, moved to Olds, Alberta. My sister Agnes always stayed at home. I married Roy Sholtz in 1933 and we lived on a farm at Bottrel for 25 years.

Dad passed away in 1959. Mother and my sister Agnes live in a nursing home in Calgary.

JAMES REEVE — by Mrs. Art Sholtz

James Barty Reeve was born in 1878, in Puslinah, Ontario. He came to Alberta in 1903 and took out a homestead near Bottrel, SW¼ 36-28-4-5. For a time he worked at a sawmill in the Dartigue district. He was also on a bridge crew at Big Hill Springs when Tom Quigley was foreman.

Jim married Susan McKay in 1907. Susan and her father came from Scotland in 1904 to live with Mrs. Jim Patterson (Georgina), who was Susan's sister. Gordon Hinde sailed on the same boat, but stopped off at Quebec, never expecting to see Susan again. Several months later he came to settle at Cochrane and when he was visiting his neighbours, the Pattersons, he was surprised when he recognized Susan's merry laughter coming from another room.

Four children were born to Susan and Jim: William McKay, James Barty (Kelly), Georgina McKay (Ina), and Robert Fyfe. All the children went to the first Westbrook School. Jim was a trustee on the School Board for a number of years.

The Jim Reeve family lived on the homestead until he bought the NW¼ 26-28-4-5, where they lived for a number of years until purchasing the NE¼ of the same section from Mac Shell; the original buildings still stand. In later years he bought more land from Harry Florer, where Jack Reeve lives, and the Ben Vincent place, where Don Reeve now lives. Their four children were born and raised on the home place.

Jim had to go out to work quite a lot to help make ends meet, leaving Susan and the kids to milk 12 cows, feed pigs and do chores. In the fall, after threshing, he would haul his wheat to Crossfield with two grain tanks and four horses on each wagon, his son Bill driving one outfit. They would start around four in the morning; sometimes it was very cold, 15 to 20 below, and they never got home until nine at night. Crossfield is about 24 miles from home; they would walk alongside the wagons most of the way to keep warm.

Reading, left to right: Ina, Kelly and Bill Reeve.

LAND DEPARTMENT.

Canadian Pacific Railway Co.

—AND—

MANITOBA SOUTH-WESTERN COLONIZATION R'Y CO.

Winnipeg, April 15th 1905

Mr. James Reeve

Dog Pond. Alta.

Dear Sir:—

I send you herewith Contract No. 26790 *in duplicate, relating to* N.W¼ 25-28-4 W5 *which you will please sign in the presence of a witness, and return to me. I will then sign it and forward you one copy, retaining the other myself.*

Yours truly,

F. T. GRIFFIN,

Land Commissioner.

The boys worked with their dad for many years, and when Bill married, he raised his family on the home place. He married Eunice Dillabaugh. They have three daughters, Georgina, Gladys, and Evelyn. Kelly married Mary Postlethwaite and they raised their family on the Florer place west of Dartigue Lodge. They had two boys, Don and Jack. Kelly passed away in 1968 but the boys were old enough to continue with the farm. Jim bought three quarters of land from Ellis Banta for his youngest son, Bob. He married Joan Rance. They have three children, Susan, Tom, and Lynn. Susan was named after her grandmother. Bob and Joan moved to Calgary, where Tom and Lynn were born.

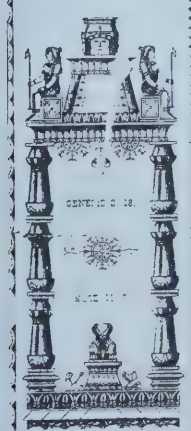
I married Art Sholtz in 1932 and settled on the Sulier place, and have resided there ever since.

Neither Dad nor Mom had much leisure time in their lives. They always seemed to be busy. Mom loved to cook and on Sundays she would sit 10 or 12 people down for dinner. Dad always had steers fattening in the field and the local boys would round them up in the corral and ride them, giving the boys good practice for the rodeos, so they would always be at our place for dinner. Mom was famous for her bread making and her gingerbread cakes. She was a jolly person and always ready to give a helping hand to anyone who needed it. She could knit a pair of mitts in a

Pledge.

Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of Matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honour, and keep her, in sickness and in health, and forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her so long as ye both shall live?

"I WILL."



Pledge.

Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband, to live together after God's ordinance, in the holy estate of Matrimony? Wilt thou love him, honor and keep him, in sickness and in health, and forsaking all other, keep thee only unto him, so long as ye both shall live?

"I WILL."

Marriage Certificate

I Hereby Certify that on the 16th day of December 1907 the Rite of HOLY MATRIMONY was solemnized by me, authority of License between James Reeve of the P. O. of Dog Pond in the County of ——— Prov. of Alberta Dominion of Canada, and Susan McKay of the Village of Cochrane in the County of ——— Prov. of Alberta and Dominion aforesaid.

Witness my hand at Cochrane this 16th day of December 19 (1907)

In Presence of Earl McLaughlin

Georgina Patterson

A. J. Jarrett

Officiating Minister

No. 3089 Registered at Calgary

Calgary Power Company, Limited

OPTION FOR EASEMENT

I, James Reed of Bottrel

in the Province of Alberta, being the registered beneficial owner and entitled to possession of the following lands:

NW1/4 Sec. 25 - 28 - 28 - Rge 4 - W 5 -

do hereby in consideration of the sum of $5.00 paid to me by Calgary Power Company, Limited, (the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged) offer and agree to sell and grant to Calgary Power Company, Limited, (who and whose successors and assigns are hereinafter called the "Company") an easement for the said Company's pole transmission lines from Bottrel to Calgary in the Province of Alberta, to be constructed in the Province of Alberta over the said lands at any time before the 31st day of December A.D. 192 8, for a sum of money to be computed as follows:

(a) The sum of $15.00 for each pole of the said transmission line constructed on a cultivated area of the said lands as they at present exist.

(b) The sum of $10.00 for each pole of the said transmission line constructed on an uncultivated area of the said lands as they at present exist, and if as and when the said uncultivated area or any portion thereof becomes cultivated, the Company to pay to me an additional sum of $ 5.00 for each pole that may be on the said newly cultivated area.

(c) An additional sum of $ 7.50 for each pole with guy wires attached thereto on a cultivated area of the said lands.

This offer is to be irrevocable until midnight on the 30th day of June A.D. 192 8, and may be accepted at any time before then by the said Company mailing to me a letter of acceptance, signed by any one of its officials, including its local Superintendent or Manager or by its solicitors, addressed to me at Bottrel in the Province of Alberta.

hurry and many people had warm hands because of her busy fingers.

Whenever they went to parties she was always asked to get up and do the Highland Fling and Dad was sure proud of her. I don't think Dad ever danced. He would just sit around and enjoy himself.

I can remember one year Dad hired an Indian and his family from Morley to do the stooking. They had three little kids and they pitched their tent right in the yard, so us kids used to play with them and have lots of fun. One day Mom had baked a big batch of bread and buns so she thought she would ask the squaw in for tea, so, of course, she put all the buns on the table. When the squaw and kids had all they wanted, she scooped the rest of the buns in her apron and walked out. Mom wasn't in very good humor when the men came in for supper that night, and, of course, Dad heard a thing or two about his hired help. Dad thought it was a big joke, but Mom didn't.

When Dad got off the train in Crossfield he had his axe, a bottle of whiskey, and a loaf of bread. He walked to his homestead. Dad was a good axeman and he made his living with his axe. It was always kept razor sharp and we were never allowed to touch it. He was also a noted horseman. He had a superior black team he used when on a bridge crew. In his spare time he attended competitions to see whose team could outpull the others and his was generally the winner. Then there was a white horse called Bob. Dad always used him when breaking another horse. He thought a lot of his horses and hated to see anyone abuse a horse.

Dad took great pride in being up early and was always out to harness his horses before breakfast. When Guy Gano worked there each of them tried to be the first to the barn.

Mom died in 1958 and Dad died in 1962. They are buried in the Cochrane cemetery.

THE GEORGE REID FAMILY — by Phyllis Moore and Jack Reid

George Reid completed his education with his brother Osborn in Bruges, Belgium, and was well schooled in languages and mathematics. He and his three brothers came to Cochrane from Tunbridge Wells, Kent, in 1895. He filed on his homestead, the SW¼ 20-28-4-5 in the Bottrel area and built a log house on it. Between 1905 and 1907 a more pretentious home was built on a rise above the first house as a home for George's bride, Olive Vincent, who came out to Canada from England in April 1907. Lumber was brought from Cochrane for the building. The bedrooms upstairs had colored panes in the windows and were a great fascination.

Olive recalled that this trip was made in the spring following a most severe winter and she was appalled by the stock lying dead beside the railway tracks. This was a new and vastly different life for a young woman who had come from a family of sixteen children, and had been used to cooks and maids. She missed the company of such a large group and she was now faced with the most inadequate arrangements;

wood to be cut, water to be hauled, irons to be heated, no indoor plumbing, and coal oil lamps. For the first few years Dad made the bread, but people who knew our mother will agree that she coped very well and grew to love and enjoy her life on the farm. She was only five foot two and weighed no more than about a hundred pounds, but she was a vibrant, active person.

Olive and George had four children. John (Jack) married Dorothy Turner, sister of Bob Turner of Glendale. They have a son, David, who married Barbara Larson and they have three children, Cheryl, Karin, and Graham. Jack worked forty one years at Bapco Paint. He is enjoying retirement and his numerous hobbies of painting, woodwork, fishing and gardening.

Phyllis married Gordon Moore of Cochrane. They have two daughters, Diana Faust, who with her husband, Jim, and children Derek, Lisa, D'Arcy and Amanda, lived in Burnaby; Linda married Paul Owens of Ireland. They have their own singing group known as Lovin' Sound Productions and have travelled for the past three years, playing for lounges and dining rooms. They put out their first record in October 1974. Phyllis taught at Pat Kerfoots, three years at Claresholm, three years at Bearspaw, and for the past twenty years as a kindergarten teacher in Calgary.

Eileen, who died in 1965, had been employed by Eatons until she married Frank Smith of Burnaby, where Frank and Eileen's two sons, Peter, a teacher, and Stewart, a lumber employee, live. Their daughter, Mary, is married to Bob Howcroft and they live in Edmonton with their children, Michael and Jennifer.

Peter was killed over Germany in 1943. He had gone directly from school to the Imperial Bank, then into the R.C.A.F. He is buried in the Black Forest, Germany.

Social life centered around the neighbours, the school concert, or the picnics. Mother played the piano at the concerts and that is where we

Eileen, Phyllis and Jack Reid in the Dog Pound Creek.

The George Reid family and Mrs. Osborn Reid off to town, 1919.

first learned Silent Night and Noel Noel. We carried letters spelling out the word Christmas and each child had some lines to say. At school, we used to get merit cards for good behavior. This seems to me to be in the teaching career of Miss Gordon.

Transportation to any events was by horse and buggy, by cutter in winter or just horseback. Uncle Osborn owned his first car in 1917 and Dad got his two years later. In the cutter we had a metal box which was filled with hot coals to combat the cold. Once, we kicked it open and set fire to the straw. Dad had to extinguish it before any serious damage resulted.

Indians worked on the land and two children are buried on the place. Indian women helped Aunt Peg as she had a few years of illness and went to Rochester for treatment. Upon her return she had to have twelve raw eggs a day. UGH! Almost too much for a lady who raised White Wyandottes and loved every feather of them.

When my parents were first married, a N.W.M.P. constable made frequent stops at the Reids. He was called Happy Davis. He was killed by a shot from a squaw whose sleigh he was pursuing. The Reids were saddened.

Jacks recalls the frozen whitefish sent in barrels, to be used throughout the winter. He

Breaking land, 1912. George Reid taking a brief rest.

remembers the many fish he snared; these he shared with the Tysons, riding his pony to their home in the Cremona area. We loved the feather beds at the Tysons and the pump for the water trough. We had to haul our water from the spring or creek and at their place it came out of a pipe. Almost like the miraculous Pitcher.

Our visits to the Dan McNeils were wonderful experiences. Mrs. McNeil, whom we called Auntie Lady, every inch of her was a lady, had a beautiful flower garden. Uncle Dan had an impressive implement shed. Of all the friends in our parents' circle I think we children loved these two dear people best.

We feared fire and when Charlie Brown's blacksmith shop went up in smoke we were quite upset. Mother had a sort of bugle that had a far-reaching sound but was a horror to blow. It was to be used in case of a chimney fire if the the men were away in the field.

The Reid Brothers purchased a pure white bull for which I think they paid $500. It lived one day and that was a blow to every one of us.

Once we fattened a lamb for the Fair. The grooming was supervised by Bill Bailey, a huge Englishman who lived for a time on the Jarrett place. He knew all the angles of sheep shows and showed the boys how to blacken the hoofs and nose of the animal. Under his tutelage, the Reids won a prize, but when it came time to slaughter the lamb, none of us could eat the meat. At the Fair I remember Mrs. Ab Borton, who had been our teacher at Mount Hope, won first prize for sock darning. All the bachelors and many of the married men envied Ab Borton.

In Jack Reid's Baby Book his mother has recorded: December 14, 1909, "Today we went to Bottrel Post Office for the official opening."

We did not have a variety of food. Rice was prominent on the list and heartily sick we got of it. I remember telling Dad that if I could go into the little room off the kitchen to eat it I would not make a fuss. He granted me the right but was suspicious of my motives and walked past the window to find me spooning rice to the hens. The next chicken slaughter did not bother me; their treacherous cackling had betrayed me. We thought bananas a great treat for May and June birthdays, as they could not be brought in during the freezing weather.

I shall never forget Mrs. Allen's parlor. It was a shrine of mystery to us. On the hottest day it was cool. She kept the shades down until a few special visitors were allowed into the sanctum. She had wall paper, lamps with jewelled shades, decorated pillows, pictures on the wall in profusion, fancy dishes, a carpet on the floor and a player piano which I got to play while my parents sampled her latest dandelion wine. She had a great love of berry picking and gathered quarts of strawberries, saskatoons and chokecherries. When you had tea you got the finest china. When she was getting Isobel ready to go somewhere she put her on a chair once she was dressed and she never moved. In vain my mother sought the secret of her success of keeping children clean and quiet.

School days at Westbrook stay with us. We recall Madge Tisdale on the Arabian horse. She and her mother lived with her uncles Ben and Cliff Henry. We stopped there on the way home one day, when my mother was having the Ladies Aid, to bring Madge with us. She put some flour on her face in lieu of face powder and the ladies thought she was ill.

Mrs. Dean was one of our teachers. She drove from away up near Florers in a buggy pulled by a single horse. One day some of the boys at school loosened the bolts on the wheel and when she went around the bend at Henry's at a fast clip, as her horse was given to doing, the wheel flew off and she broke her arm. It was Ben Henry to the rescue and the boys heard more of this escapade the next day.

My earliest days of school bring to mind one teacher who walked to Bottrel every Wednesday to get the mail, and left us for about two hours. The fiendish minds of some of the boys went into action. Twenty-two shells were put in the stove, that shot the lids off and left a hole over the door. The outhouses occupied by the gentler sex were tipped over, and the water in the teacher's kettle on the stove for his tea was changed. We used to put apple seeds on the stove lids giving them the names of current people who were enamoured of one another. If the seeds jumped apart, the love affair was over.

Dad served on the School Board and for one year we went to Mount Hope School due to a conflict between the Board and the teacher.

Mother took us to England in 1919, and on our return journey across Canada on the train the seat opposite was occupied by a lady and a small girl. She kept putting her finger in her mother's mouth until at the end of her endurance the lady bit her. My mother was horrified and said, "Oh! What a wicked woman!" The lady was Lily Tyrell and the girl Winnifred. My mother came to count Mrs. Tyrell as one of her dearest friends and they had many laughs about their encounter. The Tyrells and Allens often joined us for picnics at the creek. We liked to go to Tyrells as Mrs. Tyrell could be counted on to have some amusing toy for the occasion. The Tyrells were both artistic. The dogs they kept were a source of interest to us. Bertie and Winnifred (Tyrell) Northall visited us in 1971 and we had a picnic at Bottrel, with some of our old friends, in spite of a heavy rain.

On one occasion my father was working in the field. Jack went out to him, mounting and remounting his pony several times for gates, to tell him that he had broken his leg. Father was not convinced. Jack rode on home to tell his mother. By this time there was no doubt, and Dr. Waite, who was attending someone else in the district that day, came and set it.

When Mother had to go to Calgary for some dental work, Mrs. Josh Keith came to look after us. We shall never forget the great pot of prunes that she cooked. Every morning Mrs. Keith had ear inspection, which you had to pass.

Nancy (Harbidge) Boothby came to help my mother when Peter was born. We dearly loved her. Nettie Crowe and Gertie Sholtz were with us at odd times when Mother had to go to Calgary occasionally. Nurse Roberts was there when Jack was born. Phyllis arrived early and was attended by Mrs. J. T. Boucher.

Mother had a flair for poetry and wrote this poem on the anniversary of Pete's death:

My Sacrifice

I gave my son, my younger one
And sent him forth to fight
In pain and strife. He gave his life
For me. — My Sacrifice.

O Mothers, when your sons return
With sympathy, remember
There are no arms to cherish me
Just a medal, name and number.

I know not where his ashes rest
Upon a foreign shore;
I only know his soul is safe
With God for evermore.

"A Mother."

OSBORN REID — by Phyllis Moore

Osborn Reid was born in England and received part of his education in Bruges, Belgium. A spirit of adventure brought him to Canada along with his three brothers. In 1895, they came to Cochrane from Tunbridge Wells, Kent, England. Hector went to Florida, George stayed at Cochrane, and Joseph accompanied Osborn to the Klondike in 1898. They went via Edmonton and the Overland Route. They met Jack Peppard in the gold fields. The only profit from their adventure was the experience and a wealth of stories that his nieces and nephews enjoyed in later years.

Following his return from the Klondike, Osborn took out a homestead on the NW¼ 32-28-4-5. Evidently he did some custom work in the Cochrane and Bottrel area, as Archie Kerfoot recalls that he broke land for his father, W. D. Kerfoot, with a team of oxen. He married Margaret Gentles, and they lived on their farm until selling out and retiring to Victoria, in 1937. Osborn died in 1941 and Margaret in 1973.

In memories connected with Auntie Peg, I recall watching her sew on her machine. I was

E. O. and G. A. Reid. Taken at the ranch on Dog Pound Creek in 1898.

Osborn Reid's place, taken in 1923.

cautioned not to put my finger in front of the needle, but I did, and in her excitement to get the needle out, Auntie put it through a second time. She was more upset than I. She made lovely gelatine desserts in unusual molds, with cream from her Jersey cows; very impressive when prunes and rice were such a common dessert. We also remember her sheep dog, Bonesy.

THE RIGGS FAMILY

The Riggs homesteaded SE¼ 20-28-4-5 early in the 1900s. They were a quiet family and kept very much to themselves. One boy attended West Brook School.

JOHN ROBERTSON — 1891-1950 — by Berenice Porteous

John Robertson was born to Christine and Hume Robertson at Cannington Manor, North West Territories, in August 1891. Hume Robertson was the first blacksmith at Cannington Manor.

In 1902 the Robertson parents, their three sons and one daughter, moved to Carlyle, Saskatchewan, one year before the railroad came through from Brandon. At Carlyle John continued his education and then helped his parents on the farm.

In 1916 John moved with his parents, his sister May Porteous and her two children Hume and Ida to Medicine Hat, where they lived while John and his father scouted around to find a new home in Alberta. On the train they met Mr. Wintemute, who told them to go north to Carstairs and contact Don Hays, who would show them some good country more to their liking. They contacted Mr. Hays and together they drove by horse and buggy over the area west of Carstairs and Crossfield into the Dog Pound district. This land looked very fertile, was covered with willow brush and was also very moist.

They purchased two sections of land. Hume Robertson's land was Section 16-29-3-5. This land was known as the CPR Ranch as it had once been owned by a CPR bridge contractor. John's land was Section 8-29-3-5. These two sections had been broken by plow and steam engine in 1908. The plowman started in the center of the field and plowed around and around until he came to the outside of the field.

In 1917 the family moved from Medicine Hat and spent Christmas Day in the Crossfield Hotel. The next day John, with the family, set out in his Model T Ford in the early morning, on the frost. The two wagons followed, loaded with their furniture. The day turned out to be very mild and the horses couldn't pull their loads. One wagon was abandoned and the extra team of horses was used to help pull the other wagon, and they proceeded west. At dark the wagon arrived but the lamps had been left in the abandoned wagon, so the first night they went to bed in the dark. Andy Duncan, also from Carlyle, helped the family move.

John Robertson in his Model T, 1917.

The old log house that was to be their new home had been temporary quarters for a sheep herder who worked for Frank Brown, who lived on the land directly south.

John rebroke his land in 1918 with horses and a one-furrow plow. In 1919 he sowed oats in the spring but the grain didn't germinate until it rained in July. The crop was harvested green and put up for feed for the horses and cattle. They also put up wild hay which was in abundance.

John brought a number of purebred Hereford cattle from Carlyle. He sold bulls to the local ranchers and fed out steers for the market. These steers were walked 18 miles to Crossfield, a two-day trip, then loaded on the railway cars and shipped to the Calgary Stockyards.

John was a great horse lover. He bought, raised and sold them. One of his favorite horses was shown at the Royal Winter Fair in Toronto, where it won a ribbon.

Through the 1920s John grew wheat which yielded very well. Through the winter months he hauled his grain to Crossfield by wagons and four-horse teams, and usually made three trips a week.

John farmed on this land until 1929, when he rented it to R. Williamson. It is presently owned by John's niece and her husband, Romelda and Harold Judd. The other section was sold to John's brother Jim and is now owned and operated by Jim's sons, Larry and Leon.

John rented pasture land from Jim McTavish along the Dog Pound Creek, and for a time he lived at the McTavish place. In 1945 John sold his cows and later operated a grain farm near Crossfield. After a short illness he passed away in 1950.

THE HARRY ROBINSON FAMILY

In the early 1930s Harry Robinson rented the N½ 33-28-4-5 and the S½ 4-29-4-5 from James Young of Calgary. Harry and his wife Margaret, Harry's sons, Gerald (Bill) and Donald, from a previous marriage, and their son Fred lived on, and farmed this property for several years.

In 1935 Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, Don and Fred moved to the Hillhurst district of Calgary.

Before moving to Calgary, Bill worked for Ollie Tidball at Bottrel, trucking, and clerking in the store. He also played hockey with the Boggs hockey team.

During the Second World War, Bill served with the Royal Canadian Navy. After his discharge, he worked in Alberta for a number of years, then moved to Vancouver, where he passed away following a serious illness. Bill and his wife had two daughters.

Harry Robinson worked for the City of Calgary and his wife kept boarders to supplement their income. Harry has passed away, and Mrs. Robinson lives in a Calgary nursing home.

Don, his wife and family live at Dawson Creek, British Columbia, where Don is engaged in a building supply business. Fred, his wife Audrey and their family live in Calgary.

Jappy Rogers on Skipper, 1914.

THE JAPPY RODGERS FAMILY

William Jasper (Jappy) Rodgers was born in March 1896, at the General Hospital in Calgary. He grew up on a ranch six miles west of Okotoks. His father, James, came from Ireland and was a great horseman. After coming to Canada, he returned to Ireland to be married. He and his bride, the former Maud Pinkerton, then came to make their home in the Okotoks area.

Jappy joined the Lord Strathcona's Horse Regiment in Calgary in 1918. In a short time he was in the remount department, handling horses the Russians had bought and wanted trained. Shortly after joining the Army, he met an old girl friend, Lulu Hamilton, from Okotoks. They were married in August 1918. That fall Jappy was stationed in Vancouver, looking after horses which were en route to Russia. While he was there Armistice was signed. He stayed in Vancouver that winter, looking after the horses. In the spring they were sold by public auction, some of them coming back to Calgary. Jappy was out of the Army and returned to his wife, who had spent the winter in Calgary living with her sister Clara.

In 1919 Jappy was hired by a Government agency that wanted an expert horseman to handle horses at the Calgary Stockyards. His duty was to match and train teams for the Soldier Settlement Board. About 30 horses would be brought in every few weeks; most of them had been former artillery horses. While working there he met Captain T. B. Jenkinson, an Englishman, who was shipping polo ponies to Spokane. Jappy sold him his pony, which he had been riding at the Stockyards. Later in the year, when his job was over, he was hired by Layzell and Durno. A month later Capt. Jenkinson approached him, saying that he needed help at his ranch on the Dog Pound Creek. Jenkinson had bought the ranch from Barton French, who had installed running water and electricity in the house, and many other extras which were rarities in those days. In the fall of 1919, Jappy went to work for Jenkinson. His wife joined him after Christmas.

He worked for T. B. Jenkinson at the Virginia Ranch for nine years. While there he received a good education in handling horses, and training polo ponies. A highlight was when he was sent to California with horses, caring for them on the way down. He spent the winter playing polo at Coronado Beach in San Diego. In the spring the polo ponies were sold, with the exception of two, which Jenkinson traded for a sports car. He drove as far as Portland, Oregon, then sold the car to a friend, and he and Jappy returned to Calgary on the train. There were other trips with polo ponies, to Sheridan, Wyoming, Vancouver and Toronto.

The Rodgers' children were born at the Virginia Ranch. Kathleen was born August 24, 1922, Patricia on July 25, 1925, and Douglas on January 29, 1928. Douglas was six weeks old when the family moved to the NW ¼ 4-29-4-5, which Jappy had purchased. It had been the homestead of George Shand Sr., and in later years it had been sold to Fairmans by the Soldier Settlement Board. Jappy bought cattle and machinery, and he trained horses, that were readily sold due to excellent contacts in the horse business. They also milked cows, and Mrs. Rodgers was a good gardener.

The children attended Mount Hope School. Kathleen married Ramsay Parsons, a water well driller. They reside in Calgary and have two sons, Rodger and Ronald. Patricia (Patsy) finished her schooling at Olds, took a commercial course, and worked in Calgary. In 1946 Patsy was chosen as Miss Rodeo Calgary. She is married to Robert Henderson, and they live in Vancouver. Her two sons, James and Douglas Mitchell, live in Calgary. Douglas married Margaret (Peggy) Croft. They have two

Mr. and Mrs. Jappy Rodgers.

Miss Rodeo Calgary, Patsy Rodgers, 1946.

children, Donna and Ronald. Doug and Peggy live on the home place, where they farm. Both are affiliated with the Foothills Cowboy Association, Doug as a director and Peggy as an assistant secretary and timekeeper.

Both Jappy and his wife were affiliated with the Dog Pound Stampede for many years. Jappy still rode his horse and helped in the arena at the 1975 Stampede. Mrs. Rodgers was a very active member of the Bottrel Busy Beavers Club. She passed away March 25, 1956, and is buried in Queen's Park Cemetery, Calgary. Jappy has retired and lives in a trailer beside Doug and Peggy's home.

MISS RODEO CALGARY

Daughter of Mr. W. J. Rodgers and the late Mrs. Rodgers — Patsy, who was christened Patricia, is a descendant of two noted pioneer families, the Rodgers and the Hamiltons, who, as early settlers, came into Southern Alberta in the late 1800s. Her father, better known as "Jappy", is a noted horseman and now a retired rancher. Patsy was born on Jenkinson's Virginia Polo Ranch north of Cochrane and later moved with her parents to a ranch near Bottrel. She rode her pony to a country school and was her father's shadow on horseback during time out from classes. Being brought up in a ranching atmosphere gave her a natural love for horses and rodeo.

Honored in 1946 by the late Jack Dillon of the Calgary Exhibition and Stampede Board, Patsy was chosen as Miss Rodeo Calgary and was Calgary's representative to ride in the Madison Square Gardens Rodeo in New York City, and at the Manger Gardens Rodeo in Boston, Massachusetts. There, under the sponsorship of the late Everett Colburn and the Gene Autry Rodeo production, Patsy was accompanied by five Rodeo Queens from the various Southern States, whose duties were, to ride in with their country's flag at each grand entry and carry it in the downtown parades. They also made guest appearances on television and radio programs, toured Military and Childrens' Hospitals and attended many sports and social events.

Now residing in Vancouver, British Columbia, Patsy and her husband, Robert Henderson, frequently visit Patsy's two sons, James and Douglas, in Calgary, and her father who is still living in the Bottrel area.

CECIL RONK — by Alfred Anderson

Cecil Ronk accompanied my parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Anderson, when they homesteaded in the Dog Pound area. He was a special friend of my dad and took up a homestead adjoining us on the south. It was the SW¼ 10-29-4-5.

Cecil was an excellent horseman, and a good rider.

CHARLIE AND EDITH SALISBURY

Charlie Salisbury came from Colorado in 1903. He grew up in the same area as the Havens brothers and followed them to Canada. He homesteaded the NE¼ 20-28-3-5. He built a slab cabin first, then wrote to Edith and asked her to come up from Colorado and marry him. In 1906 she came to Calgary. Charlie met her, took her around to Rev. Kirby, who married them, then they went to the homestead. Later he and Mr. Deland built a two-story house, barn and granaries, some of which can still be seen. Charlie broke land with horses for A. T. Ault, F. L. Geitsen, and Walter Vaughan. Charlie was an excellent horseman and in 1906 rode bucking horses on the flats at Bottrel with some of the early cowboys such as Dave Buckler.

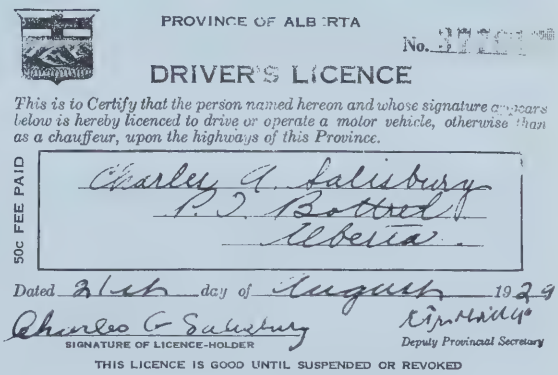
Charlie did excellent leather work. He could braid hackamores, lariats, and make saddles. Edith was a hard-working woman. She could tan hides, make buckskin jackets, gloves, and moccasins. Charlie and Edith were excellent shots with a rifle or a shotgun. Edith raised turkeys and often turkey shoots were held at Salisburys but not many turkeys left the place because Mrs. Salisbury could outshoot most of the men in the district.

Later Charlie owned the quarter where Henry Jansen now lives and built a house and buildings there. He helped build the Summit Hill School. He bought the quarter just north of the present

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Salisbury.

Left to right: Buster and Dave Malloch, Charlie Salisbury.

Charlie Salisbury with his sheep.



PROVINCE OF ALBERTA

No. [illegible]

DRIVER'S LICENCE

This is to Certify that the person named hereon and whose signature appears below is hereby licenced to drive or operate a motor vehicle, otherwise than as a chauffeur, upon the highways of this Province.

50c FEE PAID

Charley A. Salisbury
P. O. Bottrel
Alberta

Dated 31st day of August 1929

Charles A Salisbury
SIGNATURE OF LICENCE-HOLDER

[illegible]
Deputy Provincial Secretary

THIS LICENCE IS GOOD UNTIL SUSPENDED OR REVOKED

Westbrook School, now owned by the Hupkes family. Later he bought E½ 29-28-3-5 northeast of the school, when Bob Culling and Dan Shafer had the other half of the section. Charlie broke his land with horses and mules.

Charlie went into sheep farming and he and his wife homesteaded on the Greasy Plains. They ran 1,000 head of ewes, wintered the sheep on the home farm, lambed them out there and drove

them back to the Grease Creek area for the summer. They eventually built up a ranch on the Grease Creek and went there to live. His son, Lee, ran the home farm with his wife, Leitha. They had one son, Ronald, and two daughters, Leona and Carol (Peggy).

Mrs. Salisbury was an excellent cook. She could rustle up a meal for a crew at short notice. If the threshing crew arrived an hour early, she could still get the meal on the table without a long wait. She was a good neighbour in time of sickness. When measles put the Gano family in bed, she did the washing and looked after the sick. Charlie often rode for the doctor before there was a telephone service in the district.

Salisburys were the first in the district to have a car, a radio, and a tractor. Mrs. Salisbury was one of the first women in the district to learn to drive.

The Salisburys had a ram which would butt anyone it could. One day Mrs. Salisbury was bent over emptying slops in a pig trough when the ram butted her from behind. Each time she attempted to get up, it knocked her down again. Charlie and some neighbours, standing at the barn, noticed this happen, and laughed. When Edith finally got away from the ram, she stumped off to the house, returned with her rifle, shot the ram and went back to the house without a word. Charlie said, "Don't say anything, men, or we'll be next."

The Salisburys left the Grease Creek ranch when rheumatism got the best of Charlie, and they retired to Ladner, British Columbia. He died at Ladner in 1955 and Mrs. Salisbury died there in 1963. They are both buried at Crossfield, Alberta.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Shafer.

MR. AND MRS. DANIEL SHAFER — as told by Thelma Latimer

In 1905 Dan Shafer came from Marcus, Iowa, to Crossfield, Alberta, and then to the Dog Pound area. He homesteaded the NW¼ 20-28-3-5.

In 1902 Catherine (Carrie) Scott had come from North Dakota with her sister Mrs. Laura Keil and family. She was my father's mother. Aunt Carrie worked around Crossfield until she married Dan Shafer. Dad (Bill Keil), and Aunt Bertha Keil stood up with Uncle Dan and Aunt Carrie when they were married in Crossfield in 1910. They spent a couple of years at Halkirk, Alberta, but the rest of their years were spent on the homestead. They had one daughter, Shirley, who received her education at Summit Hill School, which was just across the road. She later took a business course in Calgary. Many teachers boarded with the Shafers as it was so handy to the school and they enjoyed their companionship.

Uncle Dan's father, F. Shafer, known to us as Grandad Shafer, came to Alberta too. Together they farmed the land across the road (SW¼ 28-28-3-5). Grandad built a little shack on his property. He passed away during a desperately cold spell around 1930. A rough box was made and his body taken to Dog Pound. Arrangements were made for the train to stop in Dog Pound and take the unusual consignment on board. My dad went along to see that the casket was transferred

Billy Keil and Carrie Scott, Carrie later became Mrs. Dan Shafer.

in Crossfield to the Calgary bound C.P.R. train, and then delivered to a funeral home. Dad then arranged for the funeral in Crossfield and burial in the cemetery there.

Uncle Dan was independent and a hard worker. He passed away around 1954 and is buried in Crossfield.

Aunt Carrie sold the farm to Raymond Robertson and moved to Calgary where she still resides. The trees that Shafers planted are still a landmark.

Shirley married Clarence Milgate and they have one son, Norman. They live in Edmonton.

THE SHAND FAMILY — by Dorothy J. Shand

George Shand Sr. was born at Banff, Scotland, October 29, 1845. At the tender age of 12 years he became a sailor. After many voyages, which encompassed the Seven Seas, and varied experiences, he returned to his birthplace. There he met and married Miss Helen Dick on May 20, 1870. He continued sailing for three years, eventually landing in New York, where he was joined by his wife and nine months old daughter, Nellie. From there they went to Sarnia, Ontario, where he sailed on the Great Lakes for some years. His last trip was on a schooner that had wintered in Sarnia Bay and was en route to Milwaukee. There was a strike on when they arrived and all hands were laid off. He returned to Sarnia and worked in the lumbering and house building business for many years.

While they lived at Sarnia, four sons, George W., Louis, Fred and James, and four daughters, Margaret, Jean, Alexina, and Grace were born to the Shands. All of their children eventually lived in Alberta with the exception of George W. and Nellie, who went to Oregon, and Margaret who married and lived in Sarnia, until she, too, moved to Oregon. James passed away at an early age.

In 1902 Louis, born April 24, 1877, travelled through the Cochrane area. In the spring of 1904 after doing electrical work at Ymir Gold Mine, at Ymir, British Columbia, he came to Alberta. He homesteaded the NW¼ 28-28-4-5 in the Bottrel area. Fred, born July 17, 1885, also came and filed on the SW¼ 34-28-4-5. They had been told

Louis Shand, first tractor in Bottrel area with breaking plow.

George L. Shand (left) and Keith Borton, 1924.

Edith and Lou Shand with their daughters Dorothy (left) and Marjorie, 1945.

of the opportunities to ranch north of Cochrane by a friend, Tom Oddie, who had also worked at the Ymir mine and was now living in Grand Valley.

After hearing glowing reports by his sons, George Shand Sr. decided to come West and have a look, which he did in early June of 1904. He wrote for Mrs. Shand to come West so they could decide whether or not to move to Alberta. She like the new country and the neighbors, so it was settled that they would come as soon as they could dispose of their property in Sarnia, to which they returned until the spring of 1905.

In the fall of 1904 Lou was joined by his sister Alexina (Zena) who came from Sarnia to keep him company, while Fred worked for Cushing Mills in Calgary.

Early in 1905 misfortune came to call when Lou was at the bush for firewood. His team ran

The Shand home, 1905. Front row: Grace, Mr. and Mrs. George Shand Sr. Back row: George W., Alexina, Lou and Fred Shand.

away and he was thrown off the load and received a badly broken leg. He was hauled to the house on a stoneboat. Time elapsed before the doctor arrived. By then Lou's leg was badly swollen, making it difficult to set. Later when the cast was removed it was found that the bone had not set straight. This left him with a limp for the rest of his life. Zena cared for him and Fred gave up his job in Calgary to come out to the ranch to look after things.

In the spring of 1905 George Shand Sr. arrived at Lou's homestead and in June of that year Mrs. Shand and daughters Jean and Grace came to join their adventurous family. It had been terribly hot in Ontario, but upon reaching Calgary they found snow and cool weather. They stayed there a few days before journeying to Lou's homestead, where there was no sign of snow, but hordes of mosquitoes. Lou's father learned of his accident when he arrived and assisted in roofing the stable and built corrals for the stock.

The Shand parents brought with them a hand seeder which was used to plant the crop. The operator walked, carrying the seeder, turning the crank to broadcast the seed. Hand-sewn ticks to be filled with whatever might be available for mattresses were among their possessions. A large supply of canned fruit in glass jars was highly prized, for they did not believe that they would ever have fruit to preserve again. The strawberry season was on in Ontario, and Mrs. Shand encouraged Jean and Grace to eat all they could, as there would be no more strawberries. She also brought a large supply of long woolen underwear for the men, but the boxes which contained the underwear were broken into and it was gone. Their belongings had been transferred to another railway car en route.

Though a shack had been used for a short time, the Shands built a house on the SW¼ 33-28-4-5, C.P.R. land which Lou Shand bought because there was open water in the Dog Pound Creek all year round just 300 yards east of the buildings. The family lived there until 1907 when George Shand Sr. took up a homestead on the NW¼ 4-29-4-5 and built a new home. They also bought a half section of adjoining land.

George Shand Sr. was in charge of the Quigley and DeVienne sawmills, located west of Jean D'Artigue's place, the first winter he was in Alberta. He had been foreman of a lumber yard in Sarnia for some years, and was an excellent builder and cabinetmaker.

Jean D'Artigue was a frequent visitor at the Shands and at Charlie Chouinards. He often stayed overnight.

In 1916 George and Helen Shand retired and went to Portland, Oregon, where they lived for a short time. They returned to Alberta and lived in Edmonton for a year, and finally settled in Carstairs, where they were active members of the Presbyterian Church, as they had been in Sarnia for the 35 years of their residence there. They loved their garden, and were very active gardeners.

Mrs. Helen Shand passed away in Carstairs on January 17, 1929, from pneumonia. Mr. Shand moved out to Dog Pound to live with his daughter Zena until he suffered a stroke in September 1930, after which he went to Edmonton to live with his daughter Jean. He passed away on September 13, 1932. Mr. and Mrs. Shand were both laid to rest in the Lakeview Cemetery at Sarnia.

Evan Jones, who homesteaded near the Shands, told this story: on his way to visit the Shands one day in the early spring of 1906, he saw that an animal had fallen through the ice of the creek, and Evan hastened to let them know about it. Lou, upon hearing this, rushed to assist it, but he slipped on the ice and fell into the same hole as the animal. He was able to catch a hanging branch and hung onto this, holding himself out of the water. The animal got on the fight and turned on him. Catching him between the legs, it began bouncing him up and down on its horns. He and the animal were soon rescued. The young fellows thought it quite funny although the consequences could have been tragic.

In 1906 Jean married N. B. Moors, also from Sarnia. They lived in Calgary and later in Edmonton. Alexina (Zena) married James Hunter in 1908. They lived in Oregon but in 1918 they returned to the Dog Pound area. Grace married G. Bruce Hunter in 1915, and also lived in the Dog Pound area where the Hunter brothers had homesteaded. Fred went to Oregon, married, then he and his wife Lydia returned to Alberta in 1916 where they bought his father's homestead and lived on it for a few years. They returned to Rockaway, Oregon, to live until Fred passed away. Lydia lives in a nursing home at Tillamook, Oregon.

In the early years Lou bought an International one-cylinder tractor and five-bottom breaking plow, east of Lethbridge, Alberta, at Grassy Lake, where he did some breaking before he drove it to his Bottrel homestead. He did breaking for himself and his father, and also used it to grind grain for himself and the neighbors. Lou also harvested with a small

threshing machine which was nicknamed "The Coffee Mill." Previous to that the district threshing jobs were done by Dan McNeil's large Case separator which was operated by horses.

Louis married Miss Edith White, who was born October 17, 1886, in London, England. She came to the Bottrel area in 1914, to visit her sister, Mrs. Cecil Fry, who with her husband lived on the SW¼ 6-29-4-5 which was the Jack Harbottle homestead. When Mr. Fry went Overseas in the first World War, Mrs. Fry and Miss White moved to Banff. Miss White worked there until the time of her marriage to Lou on July 2, 1917. Their son, George Louis, was born January 20, 1920. Two daughters, Dorothy Helen, born March 17, 1921, and Marjorie Jean, born January 13, 1924, completed their family. They continued to reside on the SW¼ 33-28-4-5. In addition to farming Lou sold fire insurance. He was a school trustee while his children attended school at West Brook. He was a quiet, well-respected man.

In January 1949 Lou became ill at the farm, and due to the roads being blocked with snow, an airplane was summoned to take him to Calgary. He was taken to the Holy Cross Hospital where he passed away April 12, 1949, twelve days before his 72nd birthday. Shortly after, Edith Shand went to live in Calgary, first with her daughter Dorothy, then at Rundle Lodge and later at the Brentwood Nursing Home. She passed away at the General Hospital in Calgary, March 29, 1969, at the age of 82. Her remains were interred next to her husband's in Queen's Park Cemetery.

Lou and Edith's son George attended Technical School in Edmonton. He then returned to the farm and assisted his parents. A new home was built close to the first Shand home and on July 10, 1947, George and I, Miss Dorothy J. Atkins, were married. I am the youngest child of Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Atkins of the Cremona district. As a youngster I was fascinated when my father would tell of the experiences he had when he was the lone white settler in that area in the late 1880s and the 1890s.

A son, George John, was born to George and me on May 19, 1948. Two years later we moved to the SW¼ 34-28-4-5 which we purchased from my husband's uncle George of Oregon. It had been Fred Shand's homestead. We also purchased the SE¼ 33-28-4-5 from Uncle George at the same time. On April 27, 1953, our second son, Brian Douglas, was born. Both John and Brian attended Westbrook Consolidated School.

John completed high school at Westbrook, graduated from the Southern Alberta Institute of Technology (S.A.I.T.) and is a certified Petroleum Technologist. He is employed by an oil company in Calgary. John married Miss Janice Caithness, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Caithness of Calgary, January 29, 1972. Janice is a Registered Nurse. She graduated from the Foothills Hospital in Calgary in 1971. They have two sons, Craig Trevor, born October 1973, and Travis Matthew, born June 1976. They live in Cochrane from where John commutes to his work.

Brian attended the University of Calgary where he obtained a Bachelor of Science degree in Chemical Engineering. He is employed with a gas company in Calgary. All of his high school education was taken in Cochrane, due to the closure of the high school at Westbrook in 1967.

Lou and Edith's daughter, Dorothy, graduated from the Olds Agricultural College, took a Commercial course in Calgary and was employed there. She married Raymond Barraclough, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Barraclough of Calgary, on September 19, 1944. She and her husband live in Calgary. Their son, Raymond Wayne, born October 12, 1946, attended S.A.I.T., took further training in Ottawa, and is a Dominion Government surveyor. Wayne married Miss Marilyn Lane, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Lane of Winnipeg, December 22, 1975. They live in Vancouver. Over the years Dorothy has attended art classes and has become an accomplished painter.

Marjorie, the younger daughter of the Lou Shands, attended high school in Carstairs, took a comptometer course and worked in Calgary. She married Clair Birchall, son of Mr. and Mrs. Heywood Birchall, Calgary, formerly of the Lochend district, April 22, 1950. They live in Dawson Creek, British Columbia. Their daughter, Norma Jean, born February 26, 1954, is attending the University of Alberta, in the Faculty of Education. Their son, Ronald John, born December 12, 1956, has completed high school and is employed at Dawson Creek.

THE FRED SHOLTZ FAMILY — by Roy Sholtz

My mother and dad were born and raised in Eganville, Ontario. Our sister, Gertrude, was born there. My folks moved to Glenella, Manitoba, in 1904, and took up a homestead. That is where my brother Art and I were born. They farmed there until 1916, when Mr. McRae, a great friend of the folks, and my dad, thought they would like to come to Alberta and start ranching.

Mr. McRae bought two carloads of cattle, six horses, and some haying equipment and came to Cochrane in 1916. They had no land spoken for, so moved the cattle and all to the Webster place, north of Cochrane, and lived in a tent for two weeks. It rained and snowed for ten days.

Dad and Mr. McRae made a deal for the D'Artigue place, so we moved out there. There was lots of rain that spring; the Dog Pound flooded its banks, and we had water all over the yard. By this time Mother wished we had stayed in Manitoba.

In the fall of 1917 Mr. McRae, who now lived in Vancouver, passed away, and his son came out to take his place on the ranch. We moved about four miles north to the Alex Moore place. In 1919 my sister Gertrude passed away, from a

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sholtz and their sons Roy, Art and Vic.

Roy Sholtz driving ten horse team on road grader.

Roy Sholtz with horses.

Push binder, Roy Sholtz and team.

Roy Sholtz with six horse team pulling grain tank.

ruptured appendix. This left much sorrow in the family, so the folks sold out and moved to Calgary.

They lived there two years, then moved to Kelowna, British Columbia, to a ranch owned by Countess Bubna, worked there for two years, then came back to Alberta, to the Brock Weatherhead place where they lived for a short time. Then they bought the Sulier place, the SE¼ 14-28-4-5, and that was our home for sometime. My brother Art bought it from the folks and is still farming there.

My brother Victor was born in 1923, and took his schooling at Westbrook School. My sister and I went to Mefaking School for four years, and when we moved out here, we went to the old Westbrook School.

My folks bought the Clem Edge place in Grand Valley, where they farmed for some years. Victor stayed with them until 1952, when my folks sold out and went to Cochrane. My mother passed on in 1958, and my dad in 1963.

I bought my first quarter of land in 1928. It was the NE¼ 15-28-4-5. All it had on it was a small shack, so I worked out for several years to get enough money to start on my own. I worked at various places. I broke a lot of horses; they ranged from three to seventeen years old, and some were pretty rough. Then I built a new house with the help of Isabel's father, Jack Reeve. Isabel Reeve and I were married in 1933. We bought the west 80 acres of the SE¼ 15-28-4-5, the NW¼ 14-28-4-5, and the SW¼ 20-28-4-5, which was the George Reid place. Later we bought the W½ 14-28-4-5, (the John Fisher farm). We got into a nice bunch of cattle and horses, and got along quite well.

We used to go to dances at Old Dog Pound Hall, school houses, and many other places, sometimes at 15 degrees below zero. We went on horseback, or horse-drawn sleighs, and later by car. We had good times and no car trouble.

Our son, Leonard, was born in 1939. He took his schooling at Westbrook School and Crescent Heights in Calgary. He married Marilyn Bundt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Bundt. They have two children, Terri and Mike. They live on a farm near Ashern, Manitoba.

My brother Art married Georgina Reeve in 1932, and they had one daughter, Rita. She married Frank Postlethwaite, and they also live near Ashern. My brother Victor married Theresa, a girl from north of Edmonton. They have one girl and three boys.

In 1958 we sold lock, stock and barrel to Bill Hindes, and have retired to Calgary, and enjoy life quite well in good old Alberta.

ART SHOLTZ

I bought the Sulier place, Section 14-28-4-5 in 1924 and farmed and batched for a few years until I married Georgina (Ina) Reeve in 1932. I brought my bride to this farm and we lived in a little old shack for a good many years until we built our present home. She didn't expect much because it was in the hungry thirties as we called it then. Times were very hard for a person to make a decent living.

We milked ten to twelve cows and had chickens, but cream and eggs were not worth much. We sold eggs for nine cents a dozen and got $2.00 or $3.00 for a five gallon can of cream. Every Saturday afternoon we would drive to the Bottrel store, pick up the mail, and buy our groceries with our cream and egg money. There wasn't much left for luxuries, but we didn't seem to mind as everyone was in the same situation.

Every spare moment I had I would go coyote hunting. Coyotes were a good price then. I can remember I had 20 coyote pelts and my father-in-law had 20 calves off the cows in the fall. We both went to Calgary with these calves and pelts and my coyote pelts brought more than real good range calves. So I did a lot of hunting and trapping to help the financial end along.

We didn't own a car, but in those days your pride was to own a real good team of horses and a good saddle horse, which was our sole transportation. We would go to card parties, house parties, and dances on our saddle horses or gather up the neighbours and all go in a sleigh box with a four horse team, all decked out with sleigh bells. We had heated stones and lots of blankets to keep us warm. We were a happy crew all singing songs and telling jokes. I can remember taking my girl friend (Ina) to our first dance with my sorrel team and cutter. Coming home the cutter broke down, so we had to ride the horses home. We didn't mind, it seemed great fun then. I usually took my mouth organ and accordion along to these get-togethers and sat and played for hours. Everyone seemed to have a good time.

We had one daughter, Lillian Rita, born in 1933. She was born and raised in the Bottrel district and went to school at the old Westbrook School. She married Frank (Ike) Postlethwaite. They have four children, Judy, Darrel, Sherry, and John. They moved to Manitoba in 1964 and are still residing there.

Judy, our oldest granddaughter, married Dave Spalding in Manitoba, in 1971, then they came to Alberta to make their home. They live right beside us. They have a baby girl, Kerri, born June 18, 1975, so we are great-grandparents, which makes us very happy.

ALBERT SMITH

My parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard (Dicky) Smith, came from Sevenoaks, Kent, England, in September 1889. They got off the train at Cochrane and walked to Mitford, where they worked for Tom Cochrane and his wife, Lady Adela. My father worked as butler and my mother as housekeeper and cook. My mother used to tell us how she drove across country where the Cochrane Lakes are now; the lakes were dry at that time.

In 1898 my family bought a ranch on the Dog Pound Creek about 20 miles north of Cochrane. I was born on the ranch in 1899. I was the first boy christened in All Saint's Anglican Church after it was moved to Cochrane from Mitford.

I have two sisters; Nora, who went to Garbutt's Business College in Calgary, and Violet, who went to school in England. The first school I went to was the Rugby School, built in 1906. My first teacher, Miss Sutherland, was from Nova Scotia.

In 1902, while we were at the Dog Pound ranch, my father passed away at the age of 43. He is buried at Mitford. My mother returned to England for awhile. She took a midwife's course in London, then returned to Cochrane, where she practiced her training. She then married Charlie Brown of Westcott (Kansas) area west of Didsbury.

My stepfather had cattle near Didsbury. There was a lot of cattle rustling going on. One of our cows was stolen and the police ordered the rustler to return it, which he did. Once when my stepfather was moving cattle in a storm, an animal drifted south. A man butchered it and a few years later my stepfather received a cheque for what the man thought it was worth.

After I grew up, I went away to work. I once helped deliver horses to Andy Garson, who lived on the Oddie homestead in Grand Valley. Later I went to Los Angeles, where I worked in a garage for three and a half years. Top wages were from 50¢ to 70¢ per day. I also spent five years as a carpenter, and worked on farms. My wife and I were married on December 31, 1931, and we live on our farm west of Didsbury.

THE E. T. SMITH FAMILY — by Margaret Gilson

My parents came originally from Ontario. We lived in every province from Ontario to the Pacific Coast, but always came back to Alberta. We moved to Bottrel in the late 1930s and bought the Postlethwaite place from the original owner, John McKinnell, who had settled in the area in the 1880s. The house was built in 1885, on the NE¼ 25-28-5-5.

My father, E. T. Smith, passed away shortly after coming to Bottrel. My sister Marjorie and I took care of my mother who was crippled with rheumatism, and we looked after the farm.

Phil Gilson came from Bedford, Indiana, to Calgary. He farmed west of Crossfield until he moved to the Bottrel district. He came to work for us and later we were married. We had two children, Rebecca, who is a legal secretary, and Edgar (Ted), who is working for an oil company. I have one granddaughter.

We did mixed farming northwest of Bottrel, and we were either hailed out or frozen out every year until the last year we were there. We broke more land and I helped outside all the time. My sister Marjorie took care of our mother and helped outside when necessary. My husband and I cut logs and made a small sawmill making lumber and shingles for the buildings we put up.

My mother passed away in 1946. My sister Marjorie married George Kolody after coming to Calgary. She passed away two years ago.

Phil was paralyzed seven years before he passed away in 1971. I still reside in Calgary.

ANGUS SPARROW 1854-1912

Angus Sparrow came to Calgary by oxcart. He and his brother Charles owned and operated one of the first butcher shops in Calgary. Charles was the first secretary-treasurer of the Village of Calgary.

Angus homesteaded on land that is now part of the City of Calgary. The house on his homestead was destroyed in 1963 to make way for home development. Later he became a cattle buyer for Gordon Ironsides and Fares, which in later years became Canada Packers.

In the early 1900s Angus owned the Botterell Ranch north of Cochrane. His cattle brand was a U Bar Cross on the left rib. His horse brand was an A on the left shoulder. After owning the Botterell Ranch for a time, Angus sold it to Mr. Cook. Angus did not live at the Botterell Ranch and had hired help there.

Dr. Albert Sparrow and Dr. Larry Sparrow, a veterinarian in Calgary, are two descendants of Angus.

Angus contributed a great deal to the development of the Calgary and Cochrane area in his capacity as a cattle buyer for Gordon Ironside and Fares. He maintained a keen interest in the cattle industry.

JOE SPENCER

Joe Spencer, an Englishman, worked for Charlie Salisbury before World War One. He joined up and went Overseas. He and his English war bride, Emily, returned to Canada after the War and bought the Bert Hayes homestead, the SW¼ 6-29-3-5. They had two daughters, Edith and Gwen, and one son, Jimmy. They went to Ontario after selling their farm to Rance and Fred Brooks.

Joe Spencer was a farrier by trade.

MR. AND MRS. H. SPRINTHALL

Around 1904 Mr. and Mrs. H. Sprinthall homesteaded NE¼ 4-28-4-5, where they built a shack. They hauled their water from a spring. They had one son, Bill. Mr. Sprinthall worked in the brickyard at Cochrane, and was known as a good cook. They sold out to Mr. Goodrich after five years, and went to Grand Forks, British Columbia. Other people who lived successively on this land included Mrs. Lavina Fenton, Art Noble, and Osborne Johnson.

LAURIE AND FLORENCE STEPHEN

Laurie (Larry) Stephen came to Bottrel in 1932 to work for the Charlie Smiths who lived on the NE¼ 33-28-4-5. He worked there for a year and returned to Sacramento, California.

While at Sacramento Larry married Florence Krull. Florence had three daughters from a former marriage. Larry and Florence came to Bottrel and lived on the Evan Jones place, the SW¼ 29-28-4-5, for two years.

They rented the NE¼ 36-28-5-5, which was owned by Samuel Atkinson, and lived there for two years. About 1940, they moved to Lynn Creek, British Columbia, where Larry resumed his trade as a carpenter. Following a move to Oregon, they returned to Bottrel and lived on 80 acres of land which they purchased from Cecil Patterson. This land was located immediately northwest of Dartigue Hall. They also purchased a quarter section close by to the north, from Bill Dillabaugh. They later sold the 80 acres to Mr. Hannah and lived in Calgary for three years, then returned and lived on their quarter.

Larry and Florence had four children who all attended Westbrook School. They are all married. Mary (Mrs. Ted Petersen) and her husband have three children. Dianne (Mrs. Jack Statham) and her husband also have three children. Helen (Mrs. Brian King) and her husband have two children. John and his wife Elaine have two daughters. John is an electrician. All live in Calgary except the Kings who live in Airdrie.

Florence passed away in 1973. Larry now lives at Enderby, British Columbia.

JACK STEVENSON — by Ermine Stevenson

In the fall of 1919, Jack Stevenson and his mother, Cora, came by covered wagon with Joe Withey, their employer, to the Bottrel area. They came from Chinook, Alberta, where everything had been dried out for four years. They came to McCochrans, friends who had left Chinook several years before. McCochrans lived on the William Graham homestead, where Brian Whitlow now lives.

When they arrived after ten days on the road, they encountered a chinook. There was no snow around at all. Despite the chinook which was blowing when they arrived, the winter was severe and long. There was still snow around on the first of July. Mr. Withey brought 37 head of

Left to right: Mrs. Cora Stevenson, son Jack, Joe Withey, Vern Williams, 1928.

Jackie Stevenson's birthday party, 1939. L. to R.: Grandma Stevenson, Lou Watt, Pearl Stone, Ruth Banta, Ivy Gano, Ermine Stevenson, Mrs. Dundas, Joyce Latimer, Winnie Butler. Children: Robert Stone, Ian Watt, Jackie Stevenson, Lloyd Gano, Audrey Stone, Vera Butler.

brood mares with him and he lost over half of them the first winter he was at Bottrel.

When Jack first came to this area, the phone line was being built from Cremona to Bottrel, and the first people he met were Vince Brown and Bun Borton, who were working on the line.

Joe Withey rented a farm, NW¼ 7-29-4-5, a mile from Mount Hope School, and this place became their new home. The summers were beautiful, so many green trees, plenty of grass and wild fruit. Mrs. Stevenson was a tremendous cook. She, at one time, had run a restaurant at Shepard, Alberta. Living close to the school, Mrs. Stevenson boarded the teacher.

In 1921 Jack cut and hauled wood with a team of horses for the steam engine which ran the churn in the creamery at Bottrel. In the summer of 1922 he worked for Ephram Buschert and hauled butter from the Bottrel creamery to the Cochrane creamery. He hauled one ton to the load, and it took ten hours to travel the twenty miles to Cochrane with a team and wagon. He would stay overnight at the hotel, which was located where Bow Ridge Motors is now. In the morning he loaded supplies at the station and hauled them back to Bottrel. He was paid one dollar a day. Jack also helped with threshing around the country each fall. Wages for threshing were two dollars a day.

In 1923 the whole flat at Bottrel was flooded. The mailman would pile the mail on the seat of his democrat, before driving from the bridge to the store.

When the Tidballs took over the store, they turned the creamery into a dance and picture-show hall. The shows were silent movies and attracted a full house. Bill Houghton, who did the trucking from the Bottrel store in his old Reo truck, took a course in Calgary and learned how to operate the movie equipment.

In 1930 Joe Withey and Jack Stevenson bought the N½ 29-28-4-5. There was no land broken on this place, and it took many years of axe clearing. Most of the land was broken with horses. In 1935 a tractor was used for the first time to break land. That same spring, Jack built a log house on this land, and married me, Ermine Latimer. We still reside there. Our son Jack was born in 1936. He attended the old West Brook School, and after that the Red Deer Composite High School for two years. He returned to attend the Westbrook Consolidated School when it opened in 1953. He took a four-year apprenticeship in electricity from Commercial Electric Company in Calgary. In 1959 Jack married Sharon Phillips, and they have four children: Donald, Debbie, Dean and Denice. They now reside on the NW¼ 7-29-4-5, the quarter Joe Withey rented back in 1919.

Mrs. Cora Stevenson passed away in April 1954. Joe Withey passed away in November 1955. They are both buried in Queen's Park Cemetery in Calgary.

Looking back over the years, part of our life was milking cows and raising chickens. Each year Jack worked off the land taxes by doing road work. We are very pleased with the improvements through the years. Imagine! A hard-topped road in our country!

FAY STONE — by Pearl Stone

Fay Stone, born in Nebraska in 1903, was brought to Alberta by his parents in 1905. His father, Walter, came intending to homestead, but, as he could not find homestead land to his liking, bought the N½ 7-29-3-5, which was C.P.R. land.

A shack was built near an excellent spring. The family lived in the shack while the two-storey house was being built. They moved into it on Christmas Day. They lived the life of the pioneers of that era; Mr. Stone did what he could to eke out a living for his family.

Fay's mother died when he was four. He and his sister were cared for by relatives. He remembers living with his aunt in her beautiful

home in Kalispell, Montana. He also remembers running away and being found by a friendly Police Officer.

When he was about six he was brought back to live with his father. Fay enjoyed those years of close companionship. His father cut and hauled poles from the bush leaving Fay with Winchells while he cut and loaded his logs. Fay was a blond curly headed little tyke and Mrs. Winchell was very kind to him. He did present a problem though. He had to be caught and held while his neck and ears were washed and his hair combed.

For four years, they batched, and then his father remarried and brought his wife and her two daughters to Alberta. Fay often recalls the berry picking trips after his father remarried. Early in the morning a lunch was packed, and lunch pails, clean flour bags, and children were loaded into the democrat and they drove ten miles to the cranberry patch. Everyone picked. A hundred-pound bag could be filled in time to return home to milk the cows and feed the pigs and chickens.

How good those berries were! Jelly and cranberry sauce were made from them. Some were canned, dried or frozen for winter use. Cranberry pies served with rich country cream were delicious. The pinky juice had great eye appeal.

He remembers, also, the time spent hunting or fishing. Fish were abundant in the streams and wild ducks and prairie chicken were easily found. This meat gave variety to the menu. Pork was kept in a barrel of brine, which supplied meat the year round. These foods, supplemented by eggs and chickens, plenty of milk, cream and butter, provided a good diet. Mr. Stone enjoyed gardening so the garden was very productive. Mrs. Stone was a good cook and her light bread was a treat to two fellows who had lived on biscuits and pancakes. Bread was not available in the store.

When Fay reached school age he stayed in the Sampsonton (now Madden) area with his Uncle George and attended school at Beaver Dam. When Summit Hill was built he and his sister went there. That was during 1913 to 1919. Mr. Stone paid a fee for their education. Walter Vaughan was secretary of the school district and he collected the tax. The children went on horseback or in the democrat to the school, which was four miles from home. Fay walked for two terms. He made many good friends there.

One thing that sticks in his memory was that he never could dress quite like the other fellows. Times were hard and he had to wear what was available, not what he would have chosen.

His attendance was not steady as he had to stay at home to help during spring and fall work. When he finished school, he worked at home and also on the No. 2 Highway and on the Calgary-Banff Highway. He drove four horses on a fresno — really hard work.

Fay liked to hunt, fish and work by himself. No doubt he should have been termed a "loner." He enjoyed friends but was never bored if he was alone. In his younger days he enjoyed big game hunting, as the antlers on his fence testify.

Today he feels that he was born fifty years too late, as he would have enjoyed the West when it was wild and wooly.

In 1928 he married Pearl VanDuzee, and to that union two children were born, Audrey and Robert. Robert and his family own and live on the farm that his grandfather bought.

One of the greatest pleasures of Fay's life was the celebrating of his seventieth birthday with some of his school mates, Bill Godlonton and his wife, Ellis Banta and his wife, Stan Buckler and his wife, Bud Gano and his wife, Isabel Sholtz and her husband, Emily Benson, Cecil Bushert, and Margaret Hunter Cameron. He missed Irene Rapin who lives in Delta, British Columbia, and Bill Lowe, who lives in New Zealand, but enjoyed reminiscing with the others.

MRS. E. STOREY

Mrs. Storey owned the N½ 33-28-4-5, according to the Cummins Rural Directory map of 1927. She, her husband Chris, and his brother lived on the property at that time. It was sold later to Bob Medley, who rented it to Jack Tessier. Jack played baseball in the Bush League, for Bottrel, while he was a resident in the area.

It has been rumored that at one time there was a "still" on the property, but if this was the truth it has never been found, or perhaps it may have been destroyed by its owner. Rumors persist that there was another "still" near Bottrel, which was discovered and completely destroyed.

THE SULIER STORY — by Mary Lee (Morgan)

Alfred Joseph Sulier, my uncle Fred, took a homestead in Alberta before 1906. This homestead was the SE¼ 14-28-4-5.

He was married to my dad's cousin, Lennie, and they had nine children: seven daughters and two sons. Fred separated from his wife, leaving her and the children in Lewiston, Idaho. They lost one son, David, at the age of twelve years. Their son, Vincent, and his girl friend, Grace Tobie eloped to Alberta. They were married at Crossfield, October 4, 1906. The happy couple stayed with my folks for awhile and then stayed a short while with Fred. Vincent filed on a homestead, SW¼ 2-28-4-5, east of the McRobbie place.

Fred batched most of the time except when one of his daughters, Agnes or Elva, would come and stay with him.

A few years after Fred came to the homestead he got a barley beard in his eye which caused an infection making it necessary to have the eye removed, but he never wore a glass eye.

Vincent and Grace had three children born while they were living on the homestead:

Clarence, who was born October 15, 1908, passed away five days later and is buried on the homestead; Clyde was born October 15, 1909, and Walter was born May 7, 1911. Owing to Grace's poor health, Vincent and the family left their homestead and rented a farm near Cochrane. They stayed there until early 1916. Grace's health got steadily worse and they moved to Calgary where they bought a home. A daughter, Mary, was born April 16, 1916, and passed away five days later. Vincent joined the Army in May 1916. Grace passed away January 30, 1917, at the age of 26. She and her daughter, Mary, are buried in St. Mary's Cemetery, Calgary.

Vincent was given a discharge from the Army so he could take care of his family. He went to live with his father, and the boys went to Westbrook School from February to the end of June 1917. In the fall the boys went to Summit Hill School and boarded at Mrs. Larson's.

In February 1918 Fred, Vincent and his family left for Lewiston, Idaho, and then went to Montana. Later in 1918 Fred sold his land in Alberta to Joe Jensen and moved to Valley Creek, Montana. He farmed there until his death in November 1923, at the age of 73. He is buried in the Catholic cemetery at St. Ignatius. His wife, Lennie, passed away in the fall of 1935 and is buried beside her husband.

During the summer of 1918, Vincent met Lura Brock. They were married April 2, 1919, at Kalispell, Montana, and made their home in Spokane, Washington, for three years. Two daughters were born there: Eula and Bernice. In September 1922 the family moved to California, first to Anaheim then to Barstow. A son, La Verne, was born July 6, 1924. The family moved again to San Fernando, where another daughter, Lynn, was born. Here Vincent learned the greenhouse trade. He bought two greenhouses and ran a successful business. He died on October 7, 1956, at the age of 69 years.

Vincent's son, Clyde, married Mildred Watt at Missoula, in June 1937. They have one son, Lee Ray. They now have two grandchildren. Clyde is an accountant and office manager for an auto agency at Missoula. He, his wife, and his aunt Agnes visited the old Alberta homestead in 1956 or 1957.

Vincent's son, Walter, married Dorothy Watt, Mildred's sister, September 5, 1936, at Missoula. They had six children: Russel, Mary, Patricia, Walter, Virigina and John. Walter is an excavating contractor in Missoula. He and his wife have five grandchildren.

Elva Sulier married Perle Gazeley, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Gazeley who lived in the Bottrel district in the early 1900s. Elva and Perle separated. In 1917 Elva married Charles Buell. She passed away in 1945 at the age of 55 years. She is buried in Carson City, Nevada.

Agnes Sulier married Floyd Johnson at Paulson, Montana, in 1932. Floyd passed away in 1960. Agnes lives in St. Ignatius.

PETER SULLIVAN — by Margaret Sullivan

Pete Sullivan was born in Ontario May 18, 1898. His wife, Margaret (Marj), was born in Manitoba July 24, 1905. They met in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, and were married in Prince Albert, December 30, 1925.

They came to Alberta to look for a farm, and worked for two years on a farm about one mile south of Cayley. In March 1928 they came to the Bottrel district to work for Frank Coyle. They worked for Mr. Coyle for six years. Mr. Coyle wished to sell his farm, so Sullivans bought it in March 1943.

Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan had five children. They attended school at Dog Pound, and are all married. George (Buster) and Jack live in Calgary. Frances married George Whitlow, and Doreen married James Wigg; both families live on their own farms near Cremona. Marjorie married John Bosch of Water Valley, a member of the "Bush" orchestra, which was well-known in this area. They now live in Calgary. The Sullivans have ten grandchildren.

Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan lived on the farm until March 1960 when they sold it to George Sherriffs from Carstairs. The Sullivans built a house in Cremona, and retired there.

Pete Sullivan passed away February 1, 1964, and was buried in the Carstairs cemetery.

NOTE: Margaret Sullivan passed away on December 6, 1974. She, too, was buried in Carstairs.

SUMMIT HILL SCHOOL No. 2003

In 1909 the Summit Hill School District was formed with W. J. Urquhart as Senior trustee, Dennis D. Dendy, Treasurer and Walter Vaughan, Ollie Nunn, and Charlie Salisbury extra trustees. Six children were needed to start a school so the trustees rode around the neighbourhood getting signatures of parents with school-age children. There were a number of pre-school-age children but scarcely enough older ones to get approval from Edmonton to open a school. In a year or two there would be no shortage, so strings were pulled and enough children's names produced to get permission from the Department of Education to go ahead and build. The sum of fifteen hundred dollars was borrowed to purchase and fence the school site, build and equip a schoolhouse and outbuildings and dig a well.

Walter Vaughan donated the land on the southeast corner of his homestead, the SE¼ 30-28-3-5. Walter Vaughan, Ollie Nunn and Charlie Salisbury built the school, named Summit Hill by the local people. It was near the top of a steep hill, and there was a hill west of the school, which is the highest for miles around. School opened in 1909.

When Anna Urquhart started teaching, Summit Hill was her first school; there were seven pupils. The following pupils are remembered by Mrs. Jarrett (Anna Urquhart) as the first pupils:

Summit Hill School pupils about 1920. Miss McNutt, teacher, holding Shirley Shafer.

Summit Hill School, 1919. Front: Woodrow Hoffman, ?, Alfred Barnes, Bud Gano, John Banta. Second row: Maggie Buckler, Albert Buckler, Lee Salisbury, Floyd Banta, ?, ?, Irene Gano. Third row: Iona Stone, Bill Godlonton, Raymond Vaughan, Mike Huber, Edward Lowe, Ruth Stone. Back row: Emily Stone, Fay Stone, Bill Lowe, Ellis Banta.

Summit Hill School, 1926. Teacher: Miss Nicholson. Students: Bud Gano, Jean Reeve, Floyd Banta, Dura Gano, Albert Buckler, Woodrow Hoffman, Aggie Reeve, Shirley Shafer, Stanley Buckler, John Banta, Margaret Hoffman, Irene Gano, Billie Church, Violet Buckler, Margaret McLaren, Roy Buckler, Isabelle Reeve, Stewart McLaren.

Frank and Harold Vaughan, some Masters children and Stanley Hubervitch, a Belgian boy, who lived with the Geitsons. He really kept the class lively.

Summit Hill basketball team, May 1926. Jean Reeve, Miss Nicholson, Margaret McLaren, Ina Reeve, Isabelle Reeve, Violet Buckler.

Miss Urquhart went to school early and lit the fire. The children swept the floor at noon. Miss Urquhart quit teaching in October when her mother became ill and she was needed at home, then Joe Jensen taught at Summit Hill. He had a homestead about four miles southwest of the school. He was teaching when the Chris Larson family moved in.

A picture taken in 1911 shows Joe Jensen and 11 pupils; after 1911 there was no shortage of children. In 1917 there were 19 pupils and 1919-20 about 24. In 1913 the school trustees were Walter Vaughan, Abner Banta, and Sam Atkinson. Sam's sister, Miss Alma Atkinson, taught there after Mr. Jensen and she married Fred Morecombe, a minister in the Bottrel area. There followed many teachers. Most of them stayed a year or two, others three to five years, but some only a few months.

To the best of our knowledge the following list shows the teachers and the years they taught at Summit Hill School: 1913 to 1923, Miss Rachel Borton, Miss Lillian Bowen, Miss Moyle, Miss Cross, Miss McNutt, Miss Helen Gimmel and Miss Amy Nichol. From 1923-1928, Miss Agnes Nicholson; 1928-29, Emery Hamilton. From 1929-1932, Miss Ada Vere; 1932-1936, Miss Grace Williams; 1936-37, Miss Margaret McCracken; 1937-1939, Miss Janet Smith; 1939-1941, Miss Irene Belt; 1941-1943, Miss Grace Key; 1943-44, Miss Gladys Boothman; 1944-45, Miss Landymore, Miss Marion Stodalka, Mrs. Reed, and Miss Doris Pole; 1945-1947, Miss Ellen Norris; 1947-48, Mrs. Murphy; 1948-49, Miss Miller; 1949-1951, Mrs. Lahl; 1951-52, Miss Pardelli; and 1952-53, Miss Verna Davidoff.

Like most schools, Summit Hill was used for church services on Sunday, with Rev. Jarrett giving the first services. He sometimes held church in four different schools on a Sunday, driving his horse and buggy from one to another.

Summit Hill School was also used for dances and community parties. Of course, the Christmas concerts were the highlight of the year with people travelling from far and wide by team and cutter or sleighs.

In September 1953, the school was closed and the children were bussed to Westbrook Consolidated School. The building was sold to Jack Beddoes. The era of the one-room country schools in the district was over.

OSCAR SUNDSTROM — as told by Lillie Buckler

Oscar Sundstrom came from Sweden. He met Florence Dendy in Manitoba. They married and went to Fernie, British Columbia, in the late 1890s. He was a stonemason and contractor, building coke ovens in Fernie, also hotels, stores and houses. I, Lillie Faggetter, went to live with them in 1902 after the death of my mother, Florence's sister. Uncle Oscar moved to Calgary in the fall of 1904 and continued building business blocks and houses. He wrote to Aunt Florie in Fernie to sell the house and come to "God's Country."

In 1905 they took up a homestead in the Bottrel area located on the NE¼ 24-28-4-5. In Calgary, Uncle bought a team and wagon, tent, tin stove, walking plow, drags, shovels, two mattresses, and a little food, and headed for the homestead with Aunt Florie, their son, Herbert, and me. We got lost and landed at a bachelor's shack east of Crossfield, so we pitched tent for the night. The bachelor showed us the right road and we reached the Barney Madden Ranch by evening. We pitched tent there that night. Mr. Madden didn't welcome settlers, as he was afraid of losing grazing lease, but Mrs. Madden made us welcome and even sneaked eggs out for our breakfast. We reached our destination by noon April 12, 1905.

The next day Uncle Oscar went to the Quigley sawmill, seven miles west, to get some lumber. He built a four foot wall and mounted the tent on top of this. He made two bunks and we settled down for the night. When we woke up in the morning, it was snowing and the snow was already standing one foot deep. Uncle Oscar brought the horses in the tent and we all lived there together for three days. Aunt Florie kept reminding Uncle that he had brought us to "God's Country." The snow let up the fourth day so Uncle and Auntie went to Sampsonton for grub. They left Herbert and me in bed to keep warm. The night came and no sign of them so we really whooped it up. We thought the Indians would get us for sure as the Morley Trail ran close by. By midnight Uncle and Auntie arrived home. We were two happy kids to see them.

After the snow went, we built a three-roomed shack (two tiny bedrooms). The only crop the first year was a garden. I stayed one year with Aunt Florie and Uncle Oscar on the homestead.

Uncle Oscar did building in the Cochrane area. He helped to build a house for Mr. Fisher (where the Retreat is), the original Cochrane Jail, and a big stone house near the Elbow River in Springbank. We lived in tents and I cooked for Uncle Oscar and his building crew.

Uncle and Auntie sold out to Thomas Atkinson in 1909 and moved to British Columbia where they spent the rest of their days.

DR. VERNON W. TARLTON, D.M.D., B.Sc.

Vernon W. Tarlton was 12 years of age when he moved to the Bottrel district in 1914 with his mother, and stepfather, Chris Storey. They had lived on Vancouver Island before they purchased the N½ 33-28-4-5 on the Dog Pound Creek from Charlie Chouinard.

Vernon attended Mount Hope School. He was 16 years old when the family left the area. Later he attended the Dental College at the University of Oregon and graduated in 1926. He practiced dentistry in Duncan, British Columbia, until he retired in 1968. He continues to reside in Duncan.

WILLIAM LUTHER TAYLOR — as told by Jean Jeffery

William Taylor, my grandfather, came from England to Canada as a young man. After working for some time as an engineer, he became chief clerk to the City Commissioners at Toronto, an office he held for 15 years. He also acted as a reporter for the London Free Press in the Ontario Legislature.

In 1907 Grandfather came to Cochrane on the advice of his doctor, and took up a homestead on SW¼ 6-28-4-5. With him came Grandmother (Kate), one son, Arthur, and a daughter, Katie, my mother. They lived on the homestead, built a log house and cleared and broke some land, but illness compelled Grandfather to go to Cochrane and reside there with his family until his death in 1910. The funeral service was held in the Anglican Church and he was buried in the Cochrane cemetery. The pallbearers were J. W. and E. Andison, V. Fisher, W. Beynon, and W. Sargent.

The family returned to the homestead for a time. Arthur was old enough to take over, with his mother's help.

Another son of W. L. Taylor, Billy, came West and filed a claim on a homestead nearby his father's claim, but he never proved up on it. Billy was known as Typewriter Taylor, as he had worked for the United Typewriter Company in Toronto in the early 1900s. He was not interested in the hard pioneer life, so went back to selling and servicing typewriters for a living. Billy joined the Army and was in the Medical Corps as a stretcher bearer during the First World War.

Arthur also joined the Army and served Overseas during the war, in the Medical Corps. When he returned he married Annie Leamon. They had three children. They moved to the Coast, where he has passed on.

Grandmother moved to Cochrane with my mother, Katie, where Grandmother worked at the hotel to enable my mother to complete her education. In 1915 Mother won a handwriting contest in the Cochrane and District Agricultural

Kate Taylor.

William Luther Taylor.

Fair. Later they moved to Calgary where Grandmother passed away in 1930.

Mother married W. J. Jeffery of Calgary in 1926, and I am their only child. Mother passed away in August 1971. Both she and my grandmother are buried in the Cochrane cemetery.

THE TEN YEARS WE LIVED AT BOTTREL — by Mrs. George L. Hamilton

In about 1908 my father, Charley L. Fish of Sprague, Washington, purchased 3½ sections of land from the C.P.R. as an investment: section 23-28-4-5, section 27 where we built, half of section 26 and section 35, which was three or more miles from the Bottrel Post Office. He did not have this land improved and besides paying taxes, there was a wild land tax to pay. This open land had been a help to the homesteaders of that area as grazing land for their horses and cattle.

George Hamilton and I were married in 1916. I was just out of high school; I was 19, George was 25. At this time my father decided to send us young folks to the Alberta property to make our home, so in 1916 my father ordered a Northern Pacific Railroad car and loaded it with eight head of fullblood black Percheron mares, farm machinery and household furniture. My husband was in charge. The trail from Sprague with stock and utilities ended in Crossfield, about June 10, 1916.

The first thing George did was buy a good strong wagon from the Laut Hardware Store in Crossfield. He hired a man to help with the horses, loaded the wagon and headed for Section 27. At that time Cochrane was the nearest town and the mailman made two trips a week to the Bottrel and Dog Pound Post Offices. About three weeks after George arrived, I came to Cochrane and went with the mailman to Bottrel.

George said when he left Crossfield it had been raining for several days. The roads at that time were little more than trails, and his wagon was mired down several times. He got about 12 miles the first day and stopped overnight at the Miles Fike home. The next day he got to the Virginia Ranch on the Dog Pound, a few miles from Section 27. The rain had stopped and the country was beautiful with acres and acres of native grass about two feet high. It was the most beautiful country you could ever find on this earth.

It wasn't long before a comfortable six-roomed house was built, as well as a large barn. There was plenty of fresh running water near by. The lovely grass was cut and stacked for hay to feed the stock. That was the beginning of our first winter.

The neighbours were warm and friendly as well as being helpful. Dave Buckler's land bordered us on the east side of Section 23. Jim Reeve's land bordered us on Section 26. The J. T. Boucher family, the Barnett family and the Henry brothers were close neighbors. When we moved into our new house in early October 1916, the neighbors surprised us with a lovely party which lasted until the early morning hours.

At this time Canada was involved in World War One. In the spring I joined the Red Cross Society and for a few years we put on plays and concerts to raise money for the Red Cross and to help the boys Overseas. On Sundays, Church and Sunday School were held at the Westbrook School two miles south from our home.

We joined the United Farmers of Alberta, and took an interest in all the public affairs in the

area. The Dave Buckler, Jim Reeve, George Reid, and Louis Shand families were growing up and we were very interested in them.

About 1924 we heard of a thing called "radio." We had the first crystal set in that area. It ran by batteries and had earphones to fasten onto your head and ears. The first station we got was Denver, Colorado. What a thrill! In a few months Calgary had a broadcasting station and we got good reception. Many neighbours came to hear and wonder at this radio.

In about 1925 or 1926 my father sold the land and we were sorry to leave our friends and neighbours and return to Sprague. Most of our friends and neighbours remained on their farms and most of them have now passed away, but we get letters from the second generation, Ina Sholtz (nee Reeve), Henry Buckler, the Bill Houghton family and others.

George was Chief of Police at Sprague for several years, and in 1942 during World War Two he was transferred to the Chief Security Guard at the local ship yards in Tacoma. George returned home in 1958 and in 1970 he passed away. I still live in our large home in Tacoma, but part of my heart and love is still in Bottrel.

EDWARD VERNON THOMPSON

In 1905, Bradbourne Post Office was moved one mile west, from its original location on the property which later became known as the Virginia Ranch. This new location was the SE¼ 3-29-4-5. At this time the name was changed to Dog Pound Post Office, and was on the property owned by E. V. Thompson. Corny Grain, who was the Postmaster for a short time, owned the quarter directly south, and was in partnership with Mr. Thompson.

In the fall of 1905, Corny Grain moved to Powell River, British Columbia, and E. V. Thompson became the Postmaster. He continued in that capacity until he sold his land to Frank Coyle, in 1918. Mr. Thompson was also Reeve of the Municipality of Beaver Dam.

In 1920, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson and family moved to Victoria, British Columbia, where he owned and operated the Victoria Wood and Fuel Company.

E. V. Thompson, sometimes referred to as "Tommy", was born in Rostrevor, County Down, Ireland. He and his wife had three sons, William Vernon, now living at Powell River, British Columbia, Henry and Cuthbert of Victoria. A brother, Lt. Gen. Sir William Thompson lived at Aberdeen, Scotland and a sister, Miss E. Thompson lived in Victoria. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson had seven grandchildren.

Mr. Thompson passed away in 1945, and was buried in the Royal Oak Cemetery, in Victoria.

THE WILLIAM E. TIDBALL FAMILY

William E. and Nellie Tidball and their five sons, Ed, Bert, Tom, Ollie and Bill Jr., and one daughter Naomi, came to Alberta from Minot, North Dakota, and homesteaded at Linden, Alberta. The family lived at Linden until they moved to a farm west of Carstairs, which was later taken over by Ed and his wife, Myrtle (Hansen), and, eventually, by their son Reuben. Ed and Myrtle also have a daughter Eileen, who lives at Picture Butte, Alberta. Ed is well remembered as the clerk at auction sales when Archie Boyce was the auctioneer.

William and his sons owned store businesses in many locations in Alberta including Cremona, Sampsonton, Madden, Three Hills, Bowden, Bawlf and Bottrel. Late in 1928 William bought the Bottrel store business. He was also Postmaster. William and Nellie and Bill Jr. lived in the big house by the store. Ken McRae, teacher at Westbrook, boarded with them.

When the Tidball parents left Bottrel their son Tom and his wife, the former Ann Conlin from Vancouver, took over the store and Post Office. Tom had been a longshoreman at Vancouver. They had three sons and one daughter. One son passed away as the result of an accident at an early age. Tom and his family left Bottrel and went to Madden to take over the store from Ed, who had spent one year there after he took over from Bert. The Tidballs had built a new store at Madden after their store at Sampsonton burned. From Madden Tom went to a store at Three Hills and eventually went to Vancouver, and bought a store there. Tom and Ann live in Vancouver.

After Tom left Bottrel, Bill Jr. took over the store and Post Office. Bob Patchell from Cremona-Water Valley area, clerked in the store and did trucking. At first Bill and Bob batched. Mrs. Cora Stevenson came to cook quantities of food for them. When the home cooking was gone, it was back to the tin cans. In 1923 Bob worked for D. P. MacDonald.

Bill Tidball married Miss Toots Miller from Olds. They have one son Bill, who lives in Calgary, and one daughter Marilyn, a Registered Nurse, who lives in Victoria. Bill was very sports-minded, playing baseball and umpiring when Bottrel and Madden teams were members of the Bush League.

In 1935 Bill and his family went to Madden to take over the store there and Ollie bought the Bottrel business. Later Bill worked in Calgary for Eaton's store, in the drapery department, then moved to Kelowna, British Columbia. Bill is retired and he and Toots live in Victoria.

Bert Tidball and his wife Margaret are retired and live at White Rock, British Columbia. They had one daughter and four sons. One son lost his life in a plane crash over Lake Ontario.

Naomi Tidball became Mrs. Keeley and lived at Nanton where she and her husband had a store. She lives in Calgary.

Ed and his wife now live in Calgary.

William E. Tidball served Overseas in the Army in the First World War and became a Colonel. He was serving in France when his young son Ollie arrived there.

Ollie won the Military Medal and Bar. Following his return to Alberta, he was active with the Lord Strathcona Horse. He attained the rank of Captain.

William and Nellie have passed away. Ollie passed away in April 1976.

OLIVER J. TIDBALL

Ollie Tidball, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Tidball, came to Bottrel with his wife, the former Nellie O'Connor, and their two daughters Margaret and Helen, in October 1934. He had bought the store from his brother Tom, who with his father and brother Billy had purchased the business from Harry Pearson in 1929. Ollie bought the property in 1937 from J. T. Boucher.

Hauling the groceries to the store was no easy task in summer or winter, as the roads were only just beginning to be gravelled at that time. It was always a battle to get home with a load of groceries after a heavy rain. During one particularly bad winter, Ollie had to make fourteen detours between Bottrel and Cochrane. At one time there was a wall of snow higher than a cattle truck, that had been plowed out.

In 1937 Ollie coached a baseball team in the Bush League and they won the trophy. Members of the team that year were Eddie Bundt, Sam and Ed Pratt, George Shand, Roy and Henry Buckler, Raymond Amidon, Roy McDonald, Marlow Blatchford, Joe Kloberdanz and Ollie Tidball. Ollie umpired many baseball games during that era, and was also active on the hockey scene.

Margaret and Helen Tidball attended school at Westbrook, and continued their high school education in Calgary. Margaret graduated in

Ollie and Nellie Tidball, Margaret and Helen.

Reading left to right, back row: George Shand, Raymond Amidon, Ollie Tidball, Henry Buckler, Roy Buckler. Second row: Eddie Bundt, Ed Pratt, Roy MacDonald, Marlow Blatchford. In front: Margaret Tidball.

1943, took a secretarial course and went to work for the Air Force. Helen didn't complete high school, but attended Art School for three years. Both girls married. Margaret has seven children and two grandchildren. She is now a receptionist for the Stampeder Football Club. Helen has three daughters. Her husband passed away in 1971. She is presently teaching Commercial Art at Bishop Grandin High School in Calgary.

Ollie served as Secretary-Treasurer of the Westbrook School District for a number of years.

Billy Pickard came to live with the Tidballs at Bottrel as a young boy. He attended Westbrook School. He served in the Merchant Marine from 1943 until the end of World War Two.

Ollie served as secretary-treasurer of the Force from September 1916 to June 1919. He arrived in quarantine near Liverpool in 1916 and recalls having a rabbit dinner that was supposed to be turkey. He arrived in France in May 1917, and went to the 50th Battalion with his brother Ed, who was wounded three times during the war. Ollie was fortunate and escaped injury. He was decorated with the Military Medal and Bar in 1918, at the age of nineteen. He returned to Canada in June, 1919.

In 1948, Ollie sold the entire store business to William Milroy, from Medicine Hat, and moved to Calgary, where he still resides.

THE TYRELL FAMILY — by Wyn Northall

Richard Stanley Tyrell, originally from London, England, and his wife, Lily Helen, who hailed from Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, moved to Bottrel in 1920 from Findlater, Saskatchewan. The family moving with them was Mrs. Tyrell's father, Walter Speak, who joined them after a visit to England while they settled in, and Winifred Mary, who was born in Findlater in 1918.

Jack Tyrell with his team of wolf hounds.

At the same time the Chalmers family moved from the same area, taking over the Bottrel store for some years. Around 1924 the Ramsay family also moved to Bottrel from Findlater.

The Tyrells bought the land previously owned by Mr. and Mrs. Myram, the SE¼ 25-28-5-5, and the NW¼ of 24. Mr. Speak homesteaded the NW¼ of 36. The conditions were fulfilled for fencing, and livestock was pastured there as well as on the open range to the west. The Tyrell's livestock was shipped from Saskatchewan.

Richard John Tyrell was born at Bottrel in 1923. Mr. Speak passed away in 1925 and is buried in the Bottrel Cemetery.

The Tyrells lived in the Dartigue School District, which never had a school, so the children had a long trip to Mount Hope School where they received their early education. Wyn finished her High School education by correspondence courses. Although there was no school the ratepayers of Dartigue held annual meetings and Mr. Tyrell was secretary of the Board for a number of years.

When the Tyrells moved to Bottrel they brought with them several of the wolfhounds that had formed the nucleus of their kennels in Saskatchewan. Registered in Alberta as the Cossack Kennels, a number of prize-winning Russian wolfhounds were raised on the farm. They were exhibited at many shows; the most successful dog was Cossack Michael, and was bought by a lady in New Orleans. She showed him a great deal, and several times won the award for best dog in the show. He was entered in an invitational show at Madison Square Gardens, New York, but died of poisoning at a previous show where he was being exhibited.

Another favorite dog was Cossack Katinka, a most amusing and intelligent pet. An incorrigible thief, she had to be kept out of the house on baking days; she could open the oven door and remove the tins of bread loaves, timing it so that they were nearly cooked.

Besides rearing and exhibiting wolfhounds, Mr. Tyrell was Provincial Contributing Editor to Kennel and Bench Magazine in the early 1930s. Earlier, he wrote a series of articles for this publication.

In 1928, he patented a mechanical rabbit for dog racing. One meet was held in Calgary and another one in Edmonton. Betting was not allowed and the project abandoned because the meets attracted insufficient interest.

Mrs. Tyrell and the children went to England for a visit in 1934, thereupon Mr. and Mrs. Tyrell decided to make a permanent move back to England. Mr. Tyrell left in 1935. They have both passed away. Wyn married Bert Northall and they live near London; Jack, his wife and two sons live in the north of England.

W. J. URQUHART AND FAMILY — as told by Anna Jarrett

W. J. Urquhart and his wife Marjorie came to Alberta from Glengarry, Ontario, in 1889. Mr. Urquhart had previously been in the Cariboo country of British Columbia looking for a place to settle, but finding nothing there he bought Squatter's Rights and built a home by Fifty Mile Creek near Olds. This gave him time to look around for a homestead. W.J. and son John homesteaded near Olds. Their other son, Grant, and daughter, Anna, attended school at Olds.

Mr. Urquhart was searching for a place to ranch. In 1903 he decided to buy E½ 19-28-3-5 from the C.P.R. and NE¼ 18-28-3-5. In 1904 he was joined by his wife and family. Their son, John, built their house on this land. They lived in a sod shack until the house was built. The house was a landmark until recently replaced by Clarence Beierback, who now owns this farm.

Both Grant and Anna rode to Beaverdam School for a time. Grant attended Alberta College. Anna attended the old Central School in Calgary then continued her education and became a teacher. In 1910, she taught for part of one year at Summit Hill School, but due to a very severe illness of her mother, Anna was required to remain at home to help. Her mother, after being in hospital for some time, returned home by ambulance and was not expected to live, but made a miraculous recovery.

After coming to their ranch the Urquhart family had many cowboys from the United States staying with them. Friends of the family were the Dan Whites, Dr. and Mrs. Park of Cochrane, and Dr. Bishop of Crossfield. Their neighbours were Captain and Robert Inglis, Mr. Bevan, Barney Madden and the DeViennes.

Anna remembers assisting when a prairie fire threatened her parents' home in the very early years. Though it did destroy some of the neighbour's buildings and belongings, the Urquhart's property was untouched because their pasture, where the milk cows were, was bare. The ladies of the house were left at home to guard the buildings, while the men were helping the Phipps family, as the fire was severely threatening their property. Water was hauled from Urquhart's spring using a stoneboat and a barrel.

The Urquhart home built in 1906. Left to right: Grant Urquhart, a friend, Mrs. MacIntosh, (sister of Mrs. Urquhart), Mrs. Urquhart, Helen Brandon, Anna Urquhart, James MacIntosh on horse.

Anna's memories also include having many very good times at the local dances held in the homes or schoolhouses. The music was provided by the McVicars from Cremona, and sometimes by the Capps family, or by members of the Jarrett family, including Anna. The Cochrane "Oldtimer's Ball" when Anna and Mrs. Park wore their wedding dresses for the occasion, is a cherished memory.

Beginning in the fall of 1911, Anna Urquhart taught for one year at Westbrook School. That year the Johnsons, who lived nearby, were blessed with their 20th child.

In 1912 Anna married Fred Jarrett, son of Rev. and Mrs. H. T. Jarrett. It was at this time that the Jarrett parents left the area and Fred and Anna lived on the Jarrett home place. They boarded Ernie Davidge, who was the minister after Rev. Jarrett left, and Miss Walls, who taught Westbrook School from September 1912, to June 1913.

In the spring of 1912, the telephone crew, who were erecting the telephone lines, lived in the log cabin on the Riggs place which was next door to the Jarrett home. Jim Park, who was the head of the telephone crew, married Mary Jarrett, a daughter of Rev. and Mrs. H. T. Jarrett.

Fred and Anna moved to Calgary in 1913; Mr. Hardwick then rented the Jarrett place. Shortly after, Jim and Mary Park lived there for a time.

Fred Jarrett worked for the Government on the Railway Mail out of Calgary. He and Anna were blessed with seven children. Fred has passed away and Anna resides in Calgary as do some members of her family. She is very proud of her grandchildren. Anna enjoys good health at the age of 83 years. Among her possessions she prizes a Bible written in Gaelic which was a wedding present to her mother. A number of paintings by her daughter, Mrs. Molly Dixon, of Calgary, are also treasured. Two of her works are in Anna's home, the Urquhart Castle in Scotland and the scene of Spy Hill overlooking Calgary.

THE WALTER VAUGHAN FAMILY — by Heather Vaughan

In 1904 Walter Vaughan and his wife Frances moved to Calgary from Nova Scotia, where Walter's father owned a shipbuilding yard. While living in Calgary, the Vaughans lived in a tent. Walter was a carpenter. They had four sons, Harold, Frank, Raymond and Lewis. Raymond was affectionately known as "R P" and Lewis was dubbed "Pete." R P and Pete were born in the West. Pete, the only survivor, is retired and living in Calgary.

The family moved to the Summit Hill district in 1906, where they homesteaded on the SE¼ 30-28-3-5. The Summit Hill School was built on the southeast corner of their land. Walter did a lot of carpenter work in the district. He built the Dog Pound School, also a log barn still standing on the farm now owned by his grandson, Walter

Raymond Vaughan beside the Coppock house. (Barney Madden place)

A group picture taken at Coppocks, including Raymond Vaughan and his parents.

L. to R.: Ken Vaughan, Raymond Vaughan, Grace Banta, Floyd Banta (seated), Ellis Banta and his daughters.

Raymond Vaughan's moose.

Vaughan. He was secretary-treasurer of the Summit Hill School Board for a number of years.

Mrs. Vaughan played the organ for church services, which were held in the homes and in the school. Both she and her husband were good singers. Walter also did a number of oil paintings. Each of the sons or their families own one of his works. Even though their house was small, company was always welcome. There were singsongs with Walter and Frances leading, accompanied by the latter on the organ. At these gatherings, games in which parents and children participated were played. There were many books in the home, as Walter, an avid reader, had brought a great assortment from the East. There were books of interest to the children as well as those for older people. School libraries were very inadequate, so the books at the Vaughans supplied a need.

When the Vaughans retired and moved to Calgary, Ed McArthur, a veteran of World War One, bought the farm. It is now owned by his son James.

Raymond was the only son interested in farming. He worked on various farms in the district, including the Barney Madden place, then owned by Ralph Coppock. After working on this farm he was given a gold watch in recognition of his years of service. He then bought a farm from Mr. Elliott. Raymond and I, Heather Ede, were married in 1941. We had three sons and one daughter. Only one son, Walter, and our daughter, Carol, are still living. After farming

the Elliott place for four years, Raymond sold it and bought the Larson place, the W½ 19-28-3-5, near Summit Hill School. We lived there until Raymond's death in 1968. The land is now owned by our son, who married Wendy Richards. They are presently living near Dawson Creek, British Columbia. Carol married Roy Gano and they live near Bonanza, Alberta. I now live in the Henry Jansen Sr. home.

BEN VINCENT

Ben Vincent came to the Bottrel area and obtained the land originally homesteaded by the Jarretts on 18-28-4-5. He purchased the farm through the Soldier Settlement Board following his return from Active Service in the 32nd Battalion, Canadian Army, in World War I. Ben suffered from trench feet as an aftermath of the war. He was Mrs. George Reid's brother. He did not drive a car but was accustomed to walking to Bottrel twice weekly for mail and groceries. The Reid children spent many pleasant summer holidays with him and after his retirement to Calgary, he spent much of his time with them.

Ben Vincent, taken in 1924.

Ben Vincent's home.

THE VIRGINIA RANCH ON THE DOG POUND — by Diana Satchwell and Shirley Ramsay

In the 1880s James Kennedy and Alex MacEwan each owned a ranch on the Dog Pound Creek. Later the ranches joined and became one ranch (Virginia) and was sold to Dicky Smith in 1898. January 1, 1900, Mrs. Smith opened the first Dog Pound Post Office at her home. April 1900, Mrs. Smith changed the name to "Bradbourne", named after her home town in England. In 1902, Dicky Smith died and Mrs. Smith sold out to James Firstbrook, who came from Toronto and was one of the owners of the Firstbrook Brothers Box Factory Company. Mr. Firstbrook kept on with the Post Office until he sold his property in 1905 to Andre, Oliver and John DeVienne, brothers who came to Canada from France. As the DeVienne brothers did not wish to have the Post Office, it was moved one mile west to the SE¼ 3-29-4-5, where Corny Grain and E. V. Thompson were in partnership. Corny Grain became Postmaster for a few months, and was succeeded by E. V. Thompson. It was at this time that the name of the Post Office was changed back to Dog Pound, and in 1932 was moved to the hamlet of Dog Pound.

Oliver and John DeVienne returned to France but Andre remained and managed the ranch until it was sold in 1914 to Barton French. At this time Andre DeVienne moved to Calgary where he became the French Consul.

Barton French's mother had bought this ranch for her "playboy" son. He was originally from Virginia, but more recently from New York. This is when the Virginia Ranch got its name. Barton French built the buildings, installed the water system and a Delco power plant, which was a rarity in those days.

In the spring of 1919 Barton French sold out to D'arcy McDaniels. He resold to T. B. Jenkinson who started a horse ranch and raised polo ponies. Jappy Rodgers worked on the ranch at this time and trained polo ponies. Captain Jenkinson sold the ranch in 1931 to Satchwell Brothers, Harry and Arthur.

Harry and Arthur were born at Aldridge, England, in the County of Stafford. In 1912, Harry aged 20 years, and Arthur aged 19 years, left Liverpool to come to Canada on the S.S. Majestic. At the same time the S.S. Titanic was loading in the harbor. When they arrived in Calgary on April 11, they heard the news that the S.S. Titanic had hit an iceberg and sunk, taking many lives. It was at this time they realized how fortunate they were.

Their first job was in construction on the CNR near Standard, Alberta, sub-let under Frank

T. B. Jenkinson (owner and driver), Dick Brown, Tom Harvey (back seat), Mrs. Harvey and Joyce on the running board.

The Virginia Ranch polo team: Peter Dewhurst, Jappy Rodgers, John and Cecil Martin.

Jackson. Then they had jobs building irrigation ditches and freighting cement to Bassano Dam.

In 1915 Harry went back to Aldridge, England, and married his childhood sweetheart, Alice Barnaby, and they returned to Strathmore. Harry and Arthur continued their construction work, enlarged their camp, lived in tents and had a large horse tent barn. Mosquitoes almost blackened the air and smudge fires were lit to give the horses some relief.

In 1917 the brothers purchased a half section of land at Cheadle and also rented land at Dalemead in 1922. This they farmed for five years and then purchased land south of the Bow River at Carseland.

In 1931 Harry and Arthur Satchwell purchased the Virginia Ranch near Dog Pound, which consisted of three sections at that time. The buildings are located on the N½ 2-29-4-5. Harry, Alice and family made their home at the ranch, while Arthur, who remained a bachelor, lived on the farm at Carseland. Harry and Alice had four children, Lillian, Huberta, Shirley and Henry (better known as Buster or Ike).

Harry was stricken with cancer and passed away in March 1939, and is buried in Burnsland Cemetery, Calgary. Alice and Arthur continued farming for a number of years and then dissolved partnership in 1959, Alice taking the ranch and Arthur the Carseland property. Arthur sold out at Carseland and bought Pine Lane Ranches at Nanton, where he lived, with his niece Lillian McElroy and her children, until he passed away in April 1975. He is buried in Burnsland Cemetery beside his brother.

Alice did much travelling in her lifetime. She went on several trips back to England, the first being in 1926 with her four children, the oldest being eleven years old and the youngest two years of age.

She also toured Scotland, Spain, France, Italy, Switzerland, Africa and many parts of the United States. During the last ten years of her life she spent her winters in Hawaii with many of her friends.

On her last trip, while visiting relatives in New York, she passed away very suddenly on November 13, 1967, due to a heart attack. She was laid to rest beside her husband in Burnsland Cemetery.

Lillian McElroy has four children. Her sons, Arthur and Harry each have shares in Pine Lane Ranches with their mother. Her daughter Jean lives and works on the ranch, and her older daughter Alice, a nursing aide, married Ron Smith, a Nanton farmer, and they have two children.

Huberta and Tom Haynes live on their farm at Carseland and have two daughters, both teachers. Beverly married a Calgary city policeman, Bill Hutchinson, and they have two children. Lorna married Marv Cherniawski, a University student working towards his Engineering degree.

Shirley and Don Ramsay live on their farm east of Westbrook School on NW¼ 31-28-3-5. They have three children. Tuffy married Gail Nowlin, a local girl. They have three sons and live in Cochrane. Tuffy works for the Calgary Fire Department. Donnie, their second son, works with Harvey Northcott, a rodeo contractor, and rides saddle broncs at the stampedes. Roxanne, their daughter, is a student at Westbrook school.

Buster now owns and lives on the Virginia Ranch. He married Diana Roberts and they have four children. Marlene, their oldest daughter, graduated from Cremona High School and now works as a secretary in Cochrane. Their son Harry and daughter Lorraine attend Cremona School and their youngest daughter, Patsy, begins school in the fall of 1976.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES WABEL — by Georgina Wabel

Of German origin, Charles Wabel was born in 1902 at Pinkafel, Austria. At age 14, he became an apprentice in the blacksmith and welding trade. Later, to avoid Army conscription, he migrated to Canada in 1929, arriving at Regina, Saskatchewan. He landed a job on a farm and stuck it out for three years, then quit without getting paid in full on account of the Depression. Next he helped to construct the road from Banff to Lake Louise; after that he held a job on road

construction at Nordegg — blacksmith-welder on these jobs.

Later at Simons Valley, he worked on a farm for Louis Chambers for four years until 1938. In Calgary, Charles and I met and decided to throw our lot in life together, in one way perhaps, to beat the Depression. For a start we moved to the country north of Cochrane, where for three years Charles worked the farm for Mrs. Mary Osborne. After that we bought a 160 acre farm from Angus McDonald. Not long afterwards we purchased a half section from Walter Bailey, land which Ben Kinch had farmed beforehand.

In the Bottrel district we farmed. There our two daughters grew up. After high school, each girl was a bank employee for a number of years. Hilda married Gordon Lambert, then several years later Brenda married Lyle Taylor. We have five grandsons: John C., Kelly and Michael Lambert, and Bradley and Russel Taylor.

In 1896 my parents migrated from Bukowina, Austria, and became pioneer settlers of Insinger, Saskatchewan. I was born in 1905, the youngest of a family of five. The Slavonic tongue was my mother dialect. However, Charles and I compromised and spoke English, since we did not comprehend each other's language.

ARTHUR WAKELYN

Arthur Wakelyn came from the south of England and took out a homestead on the SE ¼ 20-28-5-5, where he built a shack. He served in World War One and got arthritis from being in the trenches, and was unable to prove up on his claim. However, he was able to keep the land and used it as a retreat in the summer holidays. Arthur worked as an accountant in Calgary. He has passed away. His wife rents the land out for pasture, and the family frequently returns to the cabin on weekends and in the summer.

GEORGE WATSON — by Sylvia Colvin

George Watson was born January 26, 1910, of Scottish descent, in Walthamstow, England. His mother was Susan Watson, born 1876, died, 1925. His father, John Watson, was born in 1864 and died in 1933. He had two brothers; the oldest, Harry, was born in 1900 and died in 1959. David was born in April 1905. Their ancestors can be traced back to William the Conqueror. They were raised in London, England.

When George was 14½ years old he started to work in a machine shop, where he got an apprenticeship. He bought an old mandolin which he learned to play. In 1926 times got hard and he lost his job. He decided to get on a boat and come to Canada.

On reaching Canada he went to work at a place in Dunfermline, Saskatchewan. Here he helped a farmer and his wife milk 54 head of cows by hand. This he did for $10.00 a month the first year. The next year he worked for another farmer for $15.00 to $20.00 a month.

George Watson.

Times started to get hard, so George moved to Environ. He worked for a farmer there for $5.00 a month, which was paid by the government. The government also paid the farmer $5.00 a month for hiring him.

George decided to move on having worked in Saskatchewan for seven or eight years. At the time he owned a Grey Dort car which he had bought for $25.00. The farmer George worked for sold his last bushel of wheat so that George could take some people to the Calgary Stampede. By the time they returned to Saskatchewan their money was all gone, so George went to the local storekeeper and borrowed $20.00 to come to Cremona, Alberta.

There George hired out on the Alexander ranch. He was earning $30.00 a month; these were wonderful wages after receiving $5.00 a month for two years. It didn't take long to repay the money he had borrowed. George worked for Mr. Alexander for four years. When Mr. Alexander retired George decided to work in the bush, and moved to Water Valley. He worked for Glen McNicol for two winters. He received lumber for wages.

George found a half section of Hudson's Bay land that was for sale. He went to the Hudson's Bay Land Office and offered them $300.00. They gave him clear title to the land, the E½ 8-29-5-5. There was approximately three quarters of a million board feet of lumber on the half section. George started to saw lumber and was just about on his feet when World War Two broke out. He was conscripted into the Army and served for four years. During the War he travelled through France, Germany, and Holland. He played a banjo with the Southern Alberta Forces Orchestra for dances.

On leave from the front lines, George went to Oxford, England, where he met his oldest

brother, Harry. They had not seen each other for 18 years. George obtained the address of his other brother, David, and went to see him in London.

When George returned to Canada after the War, he worked for Raymond Fiedler east of Cremona. Then he moved back to his land at Water Valley. In December 1946 David, and his wife Violet, and their family immigrated to Canada. They came to live with George at Water Valley. David's family were all born in England, David Jr. was born February 1929, I was born January 1936, and Colin, in August 1944.

After about five or six years, George sold the half section to David, and went to work for George Butler, and later Ed Laveck, at Water Valley. Then George rented a place one mile west of Water Valley, owned by Bob Smith.

After the War George played a four-string banjo for dances, with Gene Winchell and George Butler. They were the first orchestra to play in the Morley Hall. The name of the orchestra was the "Timberline Serenaders."

Wages not being satisfactory in the bush, George went to work for Ken Eichel near Cremona. After that he worked for awhile at Milt Ford Motors at Carstairs. Still not being satisfied with the wages, George went to work for the Government, in Calgary. He worked for two and a half years helping to build the Robert Bruce statue, then he went to work in a warehouse. He has worked there for over ten years. George still works in Calgary, and comes out to Water Valley on weekends to visit his niece and her husband, Frank and Sylvia Colvin, and their family.

When George was 56 years old he went to school and learned how to read music, and how to play a five-string banjo. Since then he has taught many people to play banjo, guitar, and accordion.

THE GEORGE WATT FAMILY

George Watt, a farmer, came from Lonmay, Aberdeenshire, Scotland, to Calgary in 1904. He took up a homestead on the NE¼ 16-29-4-5 and bought the S½ 15 in the same Township, from the C.P.R. He built a home which is still in use. His wife, Mary Jane, and their five children, George Jr., James, Mary, William and Dora, came out in May 1905.

Mr. Watt had a good knowledge of farming and raising stock. He had taken many prizes in Scotland for his fat cattle. A Clydesdale stallion which he had raised in Scotland was shipped out to Canada. Among the first stock he bought at Dog Pound was a registered Shorthorn bull and cow; later he bought sheep which eventually took prizes at the Calgary Fair. Farming was a slow process and was done with a single furrow plow and horses. During his first years of farming, Mr. Watt experimented with grass and clover seed, bought from Sutton's Seed Co. of England, to find out which was best suited to this country. He was later asked by Sutton's to send some of his seed back to them. He also sent some to an Experimental Farm in Alberta.

Taken in 1909. From the left: Grace Shand, riding Calico, Zena Hunter on Swift, Mary (Biddy) Watt, riding Donald.

In the summer of 1905, church services were held in the Atkins School, where Mr. Watt took a Sunday School class. Later, services were held in the homes nearby, and were conducted by University students from Eastern Canada. When Mount Hope School was built, services were conducted there.

George Watt worked hard to get a local school, and Mount Hope was built about 1909. Previous to that the three youngest Watt children had attended Atkins School. When it was closed for a time, the children rode to Westbrook on their ponies. Mr. Watt was school secretary for many years for Mount Hope. He was on the Council of the Local Improvement District, and later became Reeve of the Municipal District of Beaver Dam when it was formed. He took an active part in helping to form the United Farmers of Alberta Co-Operative Society in the area, and was also Justice of the Peace. To keep abreast of the times he bought an interest in a small threshing machine which was nicknamed the "Coffee Mill." Previous to its use the threshing was done by Dan McNeil's large outfit, which required a number of men to run it. The Watt's first Ford car was bought in 1917, and a Fordson tractor was purchased in 1918.

Social life was important in the early days and a Literary Society was formed. Debates, singing, recitations and plays were very popular. After the First World War, a group got up a play, "Ho Ho You Blighty" which was written by Jack Prestige, who was employed by T. B. Jenkinson of the Virginia Ranch. It was performed at Dog Pound and Cochrane.

George Watt passed away in 1930 and Mary Jane in 1947.

George Jr. proved up on a homestead north of Horse Creek. He enlisted with the 82nd Battalion for service in the First War, and transferred later to the 2nd C.M.R. He saw Active Service, was wounded, and after his discharge farmed at home. He married Miss Frances Batey, a Registered Nurse from the Calgary General Hospital. They farmed for a short time on the James McTavish farm on the Dog Pound. Later

they went to Grimshaw, Alberta, but owing to his war disability were forced to give up farming and moved to British Columbia. He passed away in May 1964.

James proved up on a homestead next to George's. He enlisted with the 12th Mounted Police and later transferred to the C.M.R. He was wounded on Active Service, and after his discharge farmed with his father. He married Miss Anna Lou Dundas, who was a school teacher. She had also trained as a nurse. Her family came from Ontario and lived in Montana for about twelve years. In 1903 Mr. Dundas and some of his family drove from Montana with a covered wagon, bringing their stock, and settled near Sunnyslope, Alberta. Mrs. Dundas and the children came later by train.

James was on the Council of the Beaver Dam Municipality, and served some years as Reeve. He and his wife took an active part in community affairs and enjoyed curling. He farmed the original home place with his son, Ian. James passed away February 29, 1968.

— Richard Pitma

RUTH HUTCHINSON (LEFT) AND MARY JANE WATT
. . . peruse Miss Watt's book of memories

Their daughter, Sheila, received her R.N. at Vancouver General Hospital. She married Ronald Elliott, and they live at Kincardine, Ontario. They have three sons. Ian married Miss Kathleen Aarsby of Cochrane, and they have three children.

Mary trained as a nurse at the Calgary General Hospital and was with the Calgary Public Health Department until her retirement, and is still living in Calgary. She is active with the Red Cross and many other community activities.

William was at home on the farm, but became interested in mechanics and took a course in Calgary. He joined the 8th Battery, in World War One, and when discharged went to Grimshaw, Alberta, and operated his own garage business. He married there and later moved to Huxley, Alberta. He joined the R.C.E.M.E. during the Second War and was stationed at Suffield, Alberta. After his discharge he entered the Civil Service at the Experimental Station at Suffield, and remained there until his retirement. He passed away in Victoria, British Columbia, in 1972. He had one daughter, living in Saskatchewan, and one son in Anchorage, Alaska.

Dora trained as a stenographer. She married Alan Haskell and lived in Calgary until 1952. They had four children, two daughters and two sons. After Alan passed away, she married Leonard Smith and they live in Victoria.

MR. AND MRS. M. S. WEATHERHEAD — by Gladys Bird

Melville (Mel) came from a family of nine children, and was born at Lion's Head, Ontario, the eldest son of Alex and Jean Weatherhead. Christine (Teen) was the elder daughter of J. S. and Susan Rattray, from Chesley, Ontario, where she had been born, raised and educated, along with her three brothers and younger sister, Clara. One of her teachers suggested that Teen be sent to Walkerton, Ontario, to obtain a Teaching Certificate, although few girls at that time had the opportunity of having a profession.

Mel and Teen met when Teen went into the Cape Chin area of the Bruce Peninsula to teach at the local school. She boarded at the home of Mel's parents, and taught him at the school. In rural Ontario at that time, the young men went out to work at an early age, but returned in the winter months to further their education. So it was not uncommon for school teachers to have students as old or older than themselves attending their classes.

Mel and Teen started their married life in Ontario. They farmed for awhile and Mel worked at a lumber camp, and Teen cooked for the crew. They decided to go West and make a fresh start, and their families decided to move with them. Thus their story of those early days at Bottrel is interwoven with those of their parents and

Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Weatherhead and nine of their ten children, 1947. L to R: Sheldon, Ruth, Vivian, Madeline, Kenneth, Audrey, Islay, Gladys and Clarence. Their son Victor was unable to be present.

families, the Alex Weatherheads and the J. S. Rattrays.

Alex Weatherhead, my grandpa, was something of a wanderer, and enjoyed travelling, so he went ahead to choose land for the others. Being an Ontario woodsman, he was attracted by the trees, so gave no thought of looking for clear, flat grassland that might have been available and more in line with what the younger members of the families were expecting and desiring, and easier for the senior members.

Dad and some of the other men travelled in the cattle cars with their settlers' effects in late 1905 and early 1906. They planned to get the houses built for the women and children, who were soon to follow, and they expected to find some preparations already under way. They found nothing started, so with many obstacles to overcome, they hastily went to work and put up a frame two-storey house on Dad's land. Then he sent word for Mother to come right away to cook for the men, so they could make time building before the families arrived. Aunt Helena, Dad's young sister, accompanied Mother to help with baby Vivian, and to be a companion and helper on the homestead. They travelled by train to Carstairs, where they spent the night in a rooming house. There they had their first experience with bedbugs. Baby Vivian cried all night, and when they lit the light to attend to her, they actually saw the bugs scurrying for shelter. Dad picked his family up the next day, and they lurched their way over the rough roads by team and wagon to their next surprise. There in a little clearing was a tall slim house that looked like a box, and was far from finished. There were two rooms, one upstairs where the men slept, and one downstairs where the women and baby slept, and where all the tasks were performed and meals served. There were no partitions, and a ladder served as a stairway from one floor to the other. There were cows to milk, butter and bread to make, wood to chop and carry, water to haul, meals to prepare for a crew of men, with a food supply that was scarce and difficult to replenish. There were no screens to keep out flies and mosquitoes, no fences to hold the livestock, and the cry of coyotes could be heard throughout the lonely nights.

By 1907 there were houses ready for most of the expected group, and Mother and Dad were able to have their place to themselves. We children enjoyed hearing the stories they told of their experiences, and of how they made do to survive the first cold winter, when they lost stock and chickens from inadequate housing and poor feed.

There were good times, too, and memories of cherished friendships and the satisfaction of progress made. The trees and winding trails leading from their home were beautiful. The wild flowers, and fruits, strawberries, gooseberries and saskatoons, were enjoyed and added to the diet.

A son was born and given the name Trevor Rattray, Mother's maiden name.

Some of the men would go out and take jobs, most of them at some distance from home, to bring in necessary cash. These jobs were on road and bridge building, hauling gravel and building grain elevators and other buildings in towns and cities. The women were left to do the chores and care for the children, until the men would return to work at further improvements on their homesteads. Our father hauled gravel with his team for the basements and foundations of such buildings as the Palliser Hotel in Calgary and the Bay in Edmonton. Mother used to tell us of one of her frightening experiences when alone with the children. She heard something walking around the house and then rubbing against it. She thought it must be a bear, as there were some in the vicinity. Suddenly there was a crash at the window close to her bed, and the head of one of their faithful horses appeared in the room. She was almost happy to see him.

When Trevor was two years, and Vivian three and a half years, another baby boy, Clarence, was born at home. Grandma Weatherhead had charge over the two older children while Mother remained in bed upstairs with her two-day-old son. Suddenly little Trevor was taken ill and died in a convulsion. Whether he had eaten something poisonous, or was cutting double teeth, was never known, as there was no telephone and no doctor within miles.

The shock was more than Mother could bear. She could not accept the fact that this could happen to her healthy little boy. To think that something so drastic could take place while she was oblivious to it, with no chance to minister to him, was unbearable. She always felt that if she

had been called, she could have saved him. Mother's love can work miracles, and knowing our mother, it is possible she could have.

Little Trevor was buried in the Bottrel cemetery in a casket made from logs that were planed smooth, and lovingly lined with white silk that Mother had bought in Carstairs. Mother did not go to the funeral; she was seriously ill, both physically and mentally. Her father, who had made Trevor's casket, was her main comforter. Dad did what he could but he was young, inexperienced and suffered his own sorrow.

Dr. Laidlaw, of Carstairs, was called to attend Mother. He advised that she be moved to new surroundings. Dad decided to give up the homestead and they moved to Carstairs where he worked in a grain elevator. Here, two little girls were born: Islay, in 1910; and Ruth, a year or so later. Mother's health was still precarious and again it was Dr. Laidlaw who came to her rescue. She spoke of him with the highest regard as he had helped her through the most difficult time of her life. On the Doctor's advice, the older children were sent back to Bottrel to live with Granny and Grandpa Rattray. Mother and baby Ruth were sent back to stay with relatives in Ontario where Mother was to have a complete rest.

When she returned several months later, the family moved to Edmonton where Dad hauled gravel for the City's building boom. In September 1913, I was born.

In 1914 war was declared and work slowed down. Dad took his team and went south to work in the harvest fields at Vulcan, where Madeline, baby number seven was born. Dad fell in love with the fields of golden grain and he knew that at last he had found what he had been searching for. He got a job as grain elevator agent at Woodhouse, a tiny hamlet in the heart of the grain country of Alberta, a few miles south of Claresholm. He sent for Mother and the six children.

Mother and Dad remained at Woodhouse for over thirty years and Dad worked for the National Elevator Company. They bought farmland in the area and in time they owned more than three sections. They also bought cattle. Four more children were born there: Victor, Audrey, Kenneth and Sheldon.

Mother and Dad were staunch supporters of the United Church and all community activities, especially co-operatives. They believed in the C.C.F. and N.D.P. political philosophies.

Three of our grandparents, Granny and Grandpa Rattray and Grandpa Weatherhead, spent their last years with Dad and Mother. We often heard them speak of Bottrel and the good friends they had there. Years later they went back to visit and enjoyed driving through the trees and seeing the changes made by new settlers. They visited little Trevor's grave and shed tears of love and remembrance.

Dad and Mother retired in Claresholm, where Dad built a fine home. Dad passed away in his 77th year, January 1958, and Mother passed away eleven years later, in August 1969. She was bright in mind and spirit to the end of her long life of 90 years. She is buried beside our father in the family plot in the Claresholm cemetery.

WEST BROOK SCHOOL DISTRICT NO. 1647

In 1906 school was held in a renovated log cabin located on the northwest corner of NW¼ 15-28-4-5.

"Edmonton, Thursday, July 18, 1907.

Notice is hereby given in accordance with the provisions of the School Ordinance in that behalf, that the Minister of Education has authorized the Board of Trustees of The West Brook School District No. 1647 of the Province of Alberta to borrow the sum of twelve hundred dollars, upon the security of the said district, for the purpose of securing and fencing site, erecting and equipping school house, and building outhouses. Treasurer's address: R. F. Kirkham, Dog Pound.

D. S. MacKenzie
Deputy Minister of Education"

THE ALBERTA GAZETTE
Edmonton, Wednesday, July 31, 1907.
Volume 3. No. 14 Page 11.

Later a school was built on the southeast corner of the SE¼ 21-28-4-5, on land donated by J. T. Boucher. In 1907 classes began in this new school. This school was also used for church services and community affairs. The West Brook School District became part of the Calgary School Division No. 41 in 1938.

In 1953 the school was closed. Children were transported by bus to the new Westbrook Consolidated School located on the NE¼ 3-28-4-5.

Records of the school were lost in a basement flood in the School Division's offices in Calgary.

The following is a list of teachers who taught at West Brook with dates where they are known: 1906-1908 — Rev. H. T. Jarrett; Miss Ann Arkley, Mr. D. H. Campbell, Rev. H. T. Jarrett; 1911-1912 — Miss Anna Urquhart; 1912-1913 — Miss Walls; Miss Richards, Miss Fish, Miss Zink, Miss Gavey, Rev. H. T. Jarrett, Mrs. Dean, Miss Margaret Gordon, Miss Helen Gimmel, Miss Anna Lou Dundas; 1923-1924 — Miss Edna Hill; 1924-1925 — Miss Bell; 1925-1926 — Miss Agnes Conroy; 1926-1927 — Miss Hazel Moore; 1927-1928 — Miss Wanda Houston; 1928 until Christmas — Miss Wanda Houston; January, 1929 - June, 1934 — Kenneth McRae; 1934-1935 — Miss Alice Manning; Miss Olga Lopechuk, Miss Mary Polly, Miss Edith Chiswell, Miss Landeryou, Miss May Baptie, Miss Isabel Leask, Mr. Allen, Miss Florence Landymore, Miss Connie Munro and Roy Strickland.

Please note that not all teachers completed the one-year term.

The 1912 class at Westbrook School. Back row: L to R: Orville Boucher, Unknown, Mary Pogue, Lizzie Johnson, Dorothy Johnson, Pat Morgan, Allan Pogue. Front row: Madge Tisdale, Ted Morgan, Bud Johnson. Miss Walls, the teacher, is on the right at the rear of the students.

Westbrook School: reading from left to right: Back row: Lizzie Wright, David Campbell (teacher), Milford Boucher. Middle row: Albert Tisdale, Orville Boucher, Ben Jarrett, Wilfred Dingley, George Jarrett. Front row: John Dingley, Walter Jarrett, James Pogue, Mary Pogue.

When school started in the old log cabin near West Brook in 1906, the following students attended: Hazel Van Allen, Charlie and Herb Boucher, David and Coleman Morgan, Tom Capps, Wilfred Dingley, Charlie, Florence, Ben and George Jarrett, and a Kirkham girl. When the new school was opened in 1907, there were six students taking their public school final exams at the end of the school year in the summer of 1908. They were: Mary Watt, Florence Jarrett, Herb and Charlie Boucher and two Capp boys. Other children attending at this time were Dora and

Westbrook School students, 1926-27. Teacher: Miss Hazel Moore.

Westbrook School class around 1938. Front: Teresa, Dorothy and Eugene Dolen. Second r.: Ted Loblaw, Bob Dolen, Lyle and Carl Bundt, Jack Loblaw. Back: Helen Tidball, Frances Boucher, Olga Lopechuk (teacher), Agnes Dolen, Marjorie Shand, Margaret Tidball.

Bill Watt, Eddie, Brock and Irene Weatherhead, Orville and Milford Boucher, Charlie Harbidge, and a Riggs boy. Bill Horton, a stepbrother of the Morgan boys; Billy Sprinthall and John Dingley also started around this time too.

The cleaning of the school was done by the children with the local women going in occasionally to do a thorough cleanup. The older children took turns each week tending the stove, hauling in wood, and keeping water supplied, carrying it from Capps' spring.

Transportation to school was much different in those days. The children and teachers walked or rode horseback or drove a horse and buggy. The road allowance to the north was not open, as there was no bridge across the Dog Pound Creek. Mr. King allowed the Watt children to use his bridge and go through the corrals and yards; consequently, they had as many as nine gates to open and close on their way to school.

West Brook

School No. 1647

TRUSTEES

G. A. Reid, Chairman

J. S. Boucher — R. J. Barnett

Teacher

MISS M. RICHARDS

Pupils

Grade VIII

Raymond Barnett — Nancy Harbidge
Gordon Jarrett — Mary Pogue
Albert Tisdale

Grade VII

Allan Pogue

Grade V

Edward King

Grade III

Hampton Barnett — Michael Harbidge
Donald King — Patrick Morgan
Theodore Morgan — Madge Tisdale

Grade I Sr.

Dennis Barnett — Isabelle Pogue
Mary Morgan — Sam Harbidge
Jack Reid

Grade I Jr.

George King — James Reeves
William Reeves

SCHOOL SOUVENIR

No. 35

TAX RECEIPT

The School District of West Brook No. 1647 Alberta

Received from L. S. Parks the sum of Six Dollars

being Taxes due on N.W.¼ Sec. 26 Tp. 28 Rge. 4 west of the 5th Meridian.

Taxes current year, 1907 $

Arrears - - $ 6 44/100

Interest - - $

Total Taxes $

Dated at Dog Pound R. T. Kirkham Treasurer.

KORNELIS WESTRA AND FAMILY — by K. Westra

I came from the Netherlands to Canada in 1925 and to Granum, Alberta, where I stayed for two years. I moved to Crossfield, and then I went to Vulcan for two years. While at Vulcan I got the desire to farm on my own.

Cochrane did not have a very good name for farmland, but was famous for its wild hay, which was good feed for cows and horses. I saw an advertisement in a paper which told of a half section for sale north of Cochrane, for ten dollars an acre. That is what brought me to the Bottrel area. I made a deal for my land with J. T. Boucher in 1929. I arrived there in the fall of that year with five horses and a wagon. I stooked to make a living for myself. This was hard to do as

the "Hungry Thirties" were just beginning. The next ten years following were the poorest and hardest I ever encountered.

In the spring of 1939, I married Miriam Harbidge, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Harbidge. Miriam was born on their homestead, in a log shack which had a dirt floor. She had known all kinds of hardships associated with homesteading.

The water supply on our place was always poor. The winters were hard for both man and beast. We started farming with horses, and did some dairying. I worked for six years as road foreman. Taxes were mostly paid by road work which was done by horse-drawn equipment. I also did some telephone maintenance work. Our first car was bought in 1941.

We raised four children in our log house which was built in 1932. It is still standing on the NE¼ 10-28-4-5. Our fifth child was born in the late 1950s. Robert and Richard (Dick) finished Grade 12 and Ruth and Charles finished Grade 11 at Westbrook Consolidated School. Norman received his education in Calgary. I was very interested in education and was president of Westbrook Home and School Association for two years.

Robert is working on his Ph.D. in Agricultural Science in Edmonton. Charles finished a technical course and works for Shell Oil Company as a mechanic and is now residing on his dairy farm at Coronado, Alberta. Ruth finished high school in Calgary and went to business school. She is a stenographer and lives in Sundre. Dick finished college and Seminar in the United States and is Pastor of the Ebenezer Church in Mississauga, Ontario. Norman is living in Calgary and is an apprentice machinist.

Due to my ill health, we sold the farm in 1963 and moved to Calgary. We did have some hard times while in the Bottrel area but will always remember the many very good times we spent with our neighbors. I now keep the home fires burning and my wife works in the Central Supply at the Colonel Belcher Hospital.

FRED WILSON

I was born in Kettering, England, and went to Kimbolton School. After finishing there, I worked in a bank at Leicester, England. Tiring of this, I wanted to go to Australia. My dad wanted me to go to South Africa, but a friend and I, John Burke, who also worked in the same bank in England, came to Canada. John later went to Medical School and became a doctor.

We arrived at Crossfield on March 1, 1926, and went out to Merle Elliott's farm. We had met Merle on the ship coming over. This farm is now owned by Loy Robertson. I stayed with Merle for two weeks, then came to work for Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Ault. My wages were one hundred and twenty dollars for a year. In 1928 I bought the farm, SW¼ 1-29-4-5 from Aults, who had been here since 1903. In December 1929, I married Anna McLaren.

We rode to the Bottrel store for groceries, which at that time was owned by Harry Pearson. We rode to the Dog Pound Post Office for our mail. We went to Jim Myrams for our beef from the beef ring.

In the late 1920s and the 1930s, I played ball for Bottrel under manager Sam MacDonald. We rode to the games and practices twice a week. I played ball for Bottrel until a team was organized at Dog Pound. I managed this team at one time.

In the 1930s I remember buying a cow from Joe Taylor (Auctioneer) for $7.50. She turned out to be a really good milk cow. I hauled oats to the Dog Pound Elevator and received nine cents a bushel, and I have a statement from Union Packing Co. dated May 21, 1932, where I sold ten pigs for $33.73. Miles Fike trucked them to Calgary. His fee was to come out of the $33.73.

Over the years, I broke up more land and started a purebred Hereford herd under the name of "Kimbolton Herefords."

Through the years we have sold bulls and heifers to Russia, also to buyers in the United States and the four western provinces.

FRANK WINCHELL — by Mrs. Pearl Williams

Frank Winchell came from Wisconsin to North Dakota, and then to Crossfield, Alberta, where he took up a homestead in 1903, then went back to the United States. The following fall he returned to Alberta. The next spring Mrs. Elizabeth Williams came to Alberta, and she and Frank were married on May 24. She brought with her three of her children from her first marriage, Harriet (Hattie), May and Vern. Two older daughters stayed in Wisconsin. The Winchells lived at Crossfield for a time and then moved to a homestead near Water Valley, where they resided until they passed away.

They lived in a small log house for awhile, but about 1910 or 11, they built the big log two-storey house which still stands. They received their mail at the old Dog Pound Post Office.

They had two daughters, and one son, Eugene (Gene). Both daughters died at birth. Gene became known far and wide as a violin player. Gene was left handed and remodelled an ordinary violin into a left handed one. Few, indeed, are the dancers anywhere in the country, from south of Cochrane to James River, and east to Acme, who have not listened or danced to Gene's music.

Frank Winchell had been a logger in Wisconsin, and did a lot of log work in the early days in Alberta.

Mrs. Winchell, or Grandma, as she became known through the country, cooked at the old Silver Creek Coal Mine, and for sawmills at various times, and helped in many ways to make a living. She was an excellent artist.

Water Valley Pioneer Celebrates at 100

1965

by Pearl R. Stone

(Gazette Correspondent)

On Thursday, November 11th, many friends called to congratulate Mrs. Winchell of Water Valley on her 100th birthday. This grand old lady is affectionately known as "Grandma Winchell" in the community where she has lived continuously for sixty-one years.

On the day prior to her birthday, she and her daughter were thrilled when they could light their home by the flick of a switch. They now have electricity in their home. They are eagerly awaiting the installation of a telephone as the wires are in place. These are great steps toward their comfort and convenience.

The evening before her birthday, the telegraph operator at Carstairs personally delivered telegrams of congratulations from Her Majesty The Queen, Eldon Woolliams, M.P., and from Wesley Williams, a nephew who lives in England.

Congratulatory messages were also received from Hon. Lester B. Pearson and Mr. Diefenbaker. The Hon. Percy Page sent a beautifully inscribed scroll to commemorate the occasion and Hon. E. C. Manning also sent congratulations.

The residents of the Water Valley community presented Mrs. Winchell with a three-tiered birthday cake which was suitably decorated featuring 100 birthday candles. Centering the top tier was a larger candle which, when lighted, burned cheerily for hours. Besides this masterpiece four other birthday cakes were received.

A large white satin ribbon bow with 1865 on one streamer, and 1965 on the other in figures of gold added to the table decorations. A pretty pink and white feather carnation corsage, a bouquet of autumn flowers, an African violet in full bloom, a large horseshoe shaped arrangement of 100 artificial roses, as well as two other artificial flower arrangements were the floral gifts. The Grade 6 Remembrance Club of the Cremona School sent an electric lamp, Grandma's first electrical fixture. Many other lovely gifts and cards were received. These tributes show the great esteem in which this fine lady is held.

Mrs. Winchell

The highlight of the afternoon was a visit from the members of the Cremona Legion who had taken part in the Remembrance Day Service in the hall during the morning. Led by Parade Marshall Bagnall and by Piper Norman MacLeod of the Calgary Highlanders, the Legion members entered the house to the skirl of the pipes, forming a circle around the table at which Mrs. Winchell was seated. Mr. Bagnall expressed a congratulatory message on behalf of the County, as well as his own personal greeting. "Happy Birthday" was sung by all present and, as the men were piped from the room, each shook hands with Grandma and wished her a happy birthday.

Mr. N. Leatherdale and Councillor Jackson called to pay their respects to Mrs. Winchell and enjoyed a cup of coffee in her home.

Mrs. Winchell was peased that her grandson, Jack Milburn , his wife and family from Bonanza; Pearl Williams, a daughter-in-law who lives at Hussar, and Glen Williams, a nephew from Delia, were able to be present despite the inclement weather.

Mrs. Thome has lived with her mother since Mr. Winchell's death in 1957. Mrs. Gillihan, another daughter who lives in Wisconsin, was brought the 1578 miles by her son, Winfred, to be present at her mother's 100th birthday. The two daughters were charming hostesses who served the many guests who came to honor Mrs. Winchell.

She was born in Diamond Bluff, Wisconsin, in 1865. At the age of 16 she married Judd Willfams and raised five children, four daughters and a son. After the loss of her first husband, she later married Frank Winchell and with him moved to Alberta in 1904. One son was born to this union.

The large house in which she has lived these many years is typical of the time in which it was built. It became known as "Winchell's Stopping House," where the welcome mat was always out to friends and travellers. Many Indians were welcomed by the Winchells who were friends to all.

Grandma studied taxidermy by correspondence, and mounted many kinds of birds and animals, from a snowy ptarmigan to the head of a bull moose. Hunters trusted their precious trophies to her care, and were not disappointed with the results.

In 1910 Grandma was awarded second prize at the Canadian National Exhibition for her drawing of "The Stag". French chalk was the medium used in this work. She painted many scenes in oils, and had a showing of her pictures in Coste House. Mr. Doug Motter was instrumental in making the display possible. Many of Mrs. Winchell's friends proudly display on their walls pictures which she has painted. Only four years ago she presented her daughter, Mrs. Gillihan, a picture which she had done that year.

Death has claimed her husband, two sons, and a daughter. Still living are three daughters, seventeen grandchildren, twenty-seven great grandchildren, and twenty-three great, great grandchildren.

To this wonderful pioneer lady we extend our personal congratulations. In the nearly forty years we have known her, we have never known her to be angry or to say an unkind word about anyone. She, who has "Lived in a house by the side of the road", is an excellent example for each of us. May God Bless Her.

Frank Winchell, Mrs. Winchell, Mr. and Mrs. Sam MacDonald, Susan and Rick Olson, grandchildren of Mr. and Mrs. MacDonald and great-grandchildren of Mr. and Mrs. Winchell.

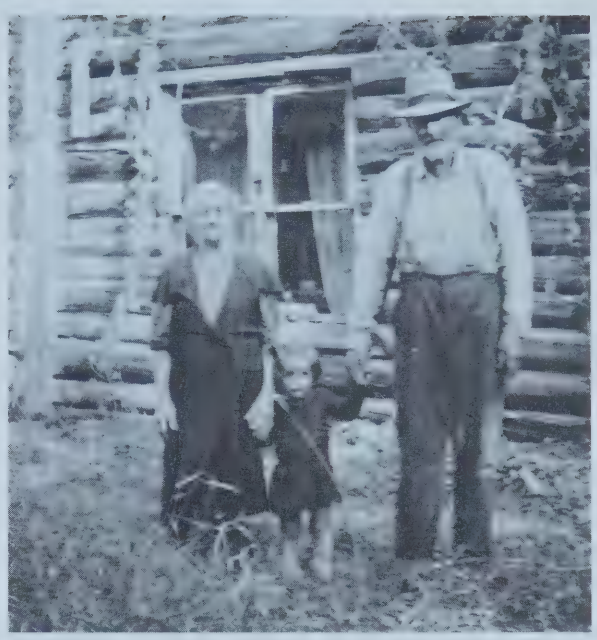
Winchell Lake.

When they first moved from Crossfield to the homestead at Water Valley, I believe Grandma said they could see four houses from the road as they travelled the entire distance. This meant that neighbours were far apart and it was an event to go visiting for a day.

There was no school in the district, so May and Vern boarded in Carstairs for a year to attend school. May did the bookkeeping for the blacksmith to pay for their board. The next year Vern attended Mount Hope School, which had recently been built, and May stayed home and helped. Either she or Hattie helped cook with their mother at the mine. Later, Bituma School was built beside the Little Red Deer, west of Water Valley, and Vern went to school there. Gene also started there, and then finished at Water Valley.

More settlers were coming and the country was opening up for settlement. A post office, store and creamery were started at Bottrel, and Winchells then received their mail there. They always attended the Dog Pound Rodeo, and I believe they attended the first Calgary Stampede.

Dances and social evenings were held at many of the houses and it was not unusual for a family to drive ten miles in a democrat or a



Mr. and Mrs. Frank Winchell and great-granddaughter Susan Olson.

sleigh, according to the roads and the season, to go to a dance or social evening at a neighbor's place. A few halls were being built around the neighborhood and schools were also used for social meeting places.

Hattie Williams married Walter Thome. They had no children, but raised Jack Milburn. May Williams married Gilmore Olson and they had six children. Vern Williams married Pearl Millett and they had three children, Myrtle, LaVerne and Jerald. Myrtle married Donald Dewdney; they have three children. LaVerne married James Stratton and they have three children. Jerald married Patricia May; they have one child. Eugene Winchell did not marry.

Frank died in 1956. Elizabeth (Grandma), died in 1965 at the age of 101 years. She was predeceased by her son Eugene in 1959, and by her elder son, Vern Williams, in 1962.

JOHN WITHEY

John Withey, younger brother of Joseph Withey, came to the Bottrel area from Bristol, England, in 1922. He worked in the neighborhood for many years, for Jim Watt, Lake Parsons, Tom Priest and Cecil Myram.

John bought the NW¼ 12-29-4-5 which was pasture land. Periodically, he came to stay for a few months each year with his brother, Joseph, who lived next to this property.

He passed away in 1940 as a result of a flu which developed into pneumonia. He is buried in Queen's Park Cemetery, Calgary.

ANDREW (SCOTTY) WRIGHT

Scotty Wright came to Bottrel around 1900 and homesteaded the NW¼ 11-28-4-5. He built a

log house beside a lake on his property. This lake became well known as Wright's Lake.

Scotty broke his land with oxen. After proving up on his homestead in 1903, he moved to Banff, where he was employed by the Parks Department Warden Service.

In 1913 he married Lillian Hunter who had come to Canmore, then Bankhead in 1912. They had two children, Mary and Bill. In the 1930s Lillian's health failed, and she went to Sarnia, Ontario, for a holiday. Four months later she was taken to a hospital in Sarnia where she passed away on January 12, 1936, at the age of 45 years. Scotty passed away in Banff around 1960 and was buried in Banff.

The Hupkes family now own the Wright homestead and the lake is now called Hupkes Lake.

Mary and Bill spent most of their lives in and around Banff. They often took the famed wildlife artist, Carl Rungius, on trips around Banff to gather material for his painting and sculpturing. Carl gave Mary a beaded buckskin jacket that had been made for him by Alaskan Indians. This beautiful jacket, which she wore for years, now hangs in the Archives of the Canadian Rockies in Banff.

Mary was an excellent horsewoman, and skier, having been taught by her father when she was just a child.

She helped Jim Boyce run Skoki Lodge near Lake Louise and the Post Hotel at Lake Louise. At one time she ran the Sunshine Ski Lodge for Brewster's Transport Company. She married Bill Burles in Calgary in the 1940s. After their marriage they managed the Bar C Ranch at Cochrane for Mr. and Mrs. William Cox of Chicago, Illinois, for thirteen years.

Mary died of cancer in the Banff Mineral Springs Hospital on November 19, 1968. Her brother Bill now resides at Kamloops, British Columbia. Bill Burles also lives in British Columbia.

THE WYATT FAMILY

In 1904 twenty-year-old Gordon Wyatt, who had served in the British Navy, and his eighteen-year-old brother Charlie left London, England, to come to the N.W.T. They rented a farm from Mrs. Ward White, ten miles west of Didsbury near the Kansas Post Office. The next spring the two boys each took a homestead near the Sampsonton store which was four miles east of the present Dog Pound Store. Gordon's homestead was the NE¼ 32-29-3-5.

In 1905 Mrs. Jean Wyatt, the boys' mother, who was divorced, came to Dog Pound to join her two boys. She brought four daughters with her, Elsie, Lily, Louise and Florie. Her oldest daughter, Alberta (Berty), stayed in England, but came to Canada later. Mrs. Wyatt brought all of her furniture with her; it cost $400.00 for freight. A Chippendale china cabinet and a beautiful mirror that hung above the fireplace in her home in England are still being used in Gordon's home.

Gordon built a flat-roofed house on his homestead, and the roof leaked like a sieve. The girls can still recall the cold winters in a drafty home. One time when their money did not arrive from England on time, the evening meal consisted of a glass of milk and cooked potatoes that had been frozen.

In 1908 Gordon built a new house, and after four years on the homestead he went to Calgary where he built houses for sale.

In 1909 Charles Wyatt Sr., Jean's husband, came to Canada. After ten years of separation, Charles and Jean were reunited in marriage.

The family milked cows for a living. At first they did not have a cream separator. In the summer the milk was kept cool by storing it in a can with a tap on the bottom, then the can was placed in the water trough where the cold water ran through. In the evening the bottom milk was drained off through the tap and the cream was saved for churning. In the morning the cream was saved in the same manner. The cream was churned in a barrel churn. The churn was on a stand and could be operated by a foot pedal or by a handle that could be pushed back and forth which would turn the barrel around and around and the cream would soon be churned into butter. Seven or eight pounds could be made at once. The buttermilk was drained off through a tap on the barrel, and the butter was washed in water, salted, made into pound prints, then wrapped in butter paper and sold at the Bottrel Store for 25¢ a pound to help pay for the groceries.

Gordon and Florie would drive 17 miles to Crossfield and sometimes 40 miles to Calgary. The trip to Calgary would be a two-day trip. They put their horses in the livery stable and would rent a room for the night. Supper at the hotel only cost 25¢. While there, they often went to the Chautauqua which was a real treat. At that time children's admission was 5¢ in the afternoon and 10¢ in the evening.

In April 1916, Gordon joined the C.M.R. He received an honorary discharge in October 1916, as he was wounded and carried shrapnel in his face and legs. He went back to live on his homestead.

Mrs. Wyatt passed away in April 1917, at the age of 58. Mr. Wyatt spent his remaining years with Gordon, and passed away at the age of 90. Both Mr. and Mrs. Wyatt were buried in the Westbrook cemetery. Late in life Gordon married Minnie Dillabaugh. They have two sons, Victor and Gordon. In 1975 at the age of 89, Gordon had to have his foot and part of the leg removed, so he sold the homestead, and he and his wife moved to Cochrane.

Charles Wyatt Jr. joined the Armed Forces during the First World War and was killed Overseas. He had married Jessie Cole and they had one son, Leonard. Jessie and Leonard lived

in Calgary for a while but she, too, has passed away.

Lily married Barney Harvey. Elsie married Bill Rode. Berty married Tom Barnes. Each couple had four children. These families later made their homes in Bellingham, Washington. Louise married Ed Arndt and Florie married Billy McKay.

GEORGE YOUNG — by Ernest Young

"Feedin' calves and ridin' horses", was the answer given to a question asked him by one of the few schoolteachers that touched the life of George Herbert Young, the third child in the William Young family.

George arrived in Calgary November 15, 1886, as a four year old, on the train from Ingersoll, Ontario. This train also brought his Uncle Jim and Aunt Lily Young, their five children; his parents, William and Mary, and Fred, Agnes, Frank and three months old baby Jim (Walter), George's brothers and sister. The train also carried all of the household furniture, utensils, food, tools, farm machinery (no sleighs) and livestock for the two families.

As quickly as team and wagon could manage the move, the two families went to their new homes in the district that was to be named Spring Bank.

A few surprises awaited them. The houses, built by contract, were to have been made of fire-killed logs but were made of green ones. The barn doors were not big enough to get their draft horses through. The weather (they were told that the snow never lay on the ground for more than twenty-four hours and sleighs were of no use) favoured them with, according to official records, nineteen inches of snow before the end of December. On Christmas Day it was thirty-one degrees below zero, Boxing Day, thirty-two degrees below zero. The snow stayed till the following spring.

According to Jim, Fred and Aggie had a fair pioneer education, but he, George and Frank missed out. The two boys who were born in Spring Bank, Percy and Charlie, made it through university.

George turned out to be the cowboy of the family and looked after that end of his father's business.

The Elbow River Rifle Club team is pictured with its trophies and individual lapel medals after winning the Brewery, 5th Regiment C.M.R. and Walker Challenge Trophies in 1904. George and Frank with their cousins, Rex and Harold, make up four of the six-man team.

George started on his own by homesteading the SW¼ 18-28-4-5 at Bottrel.

His decision to join up in World War I brought his brother Frank and his bride Marion, to Bottrel to take over until he arrived home. George's shack (six-foot Frank had to duck to get through the door) was their happy home for a few years. During this time two baby girls were born, the first dying at birth. Frank milked cows and shipped cream to the Cochrane creamery. The misfortunes of war terminated their plans and a request from Frank's father took the couple back to Spring Bank.

The George Young homestead house. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Young lived here also.

An overseas letter from George to Frank bespeaks his personality and character. A line or two from one of Jim's overseas letters and a letter from the War Department, tells us what happened to the Bottrel ambitions and dreams.

February 25, 1916

Pte. G. H. Young
No. 117100 B Coy 1st C.M.R. Batt.
8th Brigade 3rd Can. Div.
B.E.F. Francie
Dear Frank

Whell oald chap how are you getting along these days I have not heard from you for some time write a line when you get a chance as a letter to read once and a while is alright it is very nice to here from you all and to know what is going on over there, how all the folks are who is going on well and who not so well How are the Henery's getting along have any of the boys joined the army yet, have you yet made up your mind what mairs are in foal to their horse, or is there any Did Polly get over her limping or is she going to be lame for life, how are your cows are they still milking or are they dry, drop me a line just let have some thing to read, I read my letters over two and three times, that is when I have time. I know you will have a lot of work to do Frank you cannot tell how one looks for a letter, We are now to take down our 12th badges whell that is not the worst but when some of these brainless fellows say now you just hurrey-up and take down those oald 12th and put up a real badge, and have the gall to say that our Officers were now-good or they would have bean over here, I simply toald them that they were showing their ignerence, and that if they wanted to have a real good row they could just say a few more of thier insulting things, I also toald him that I would never take any badges down for him or any other privet but just to show him that I ment it I left my 12th badges on, I said to him that I'll take them down for a Officer and a jentlman but not for a ignerent thing like him, it he wants to have a hot time he can just pass a few more of his

sleurs upon our oald 12th Officers, I said to him also that we did not come over to be insulted by the likes of him, but to do our little part over here we were not perticklar what badge we wore, but that none of us would stand for such talk as that. We hade the very best of Officers and we know that well, if any one wants a row they can just start that again and they will get it wright quick the oald 12th dose not knead to take any insults as they are as good as any regimant ever were not a single crime sheat in the lot, that is more than the first can say, and they cannot say that the men that are here are afraid of anything either outside of a few little thing like that we get along fine, if they wish they will go before the Officers and then they will soon find out if they are going to be able to run down all our good Officers they darcent do it, We have a good lot of Officers here, but there is some of the N.C.O.'s donot amount to much as N.C.O.'s but not bad sourt of fellows on the hole I havenot sean Jim for a cuple of weecks he was well then, havenot heard from him since, might see him any day, hoping you are as well as we

Yours
George

A letter to Frank from Jim dated January 6, 1917, reads in part:

"As to old George, I know you still like to hope but I am afraid there is no chance of his turning up. I have made many inquiries and feel sure that he fell at his post as many of us would ask to do. There was a fearful bombardment at that time and many were buried in the wrecked trenches and will never be found and though they are counted as killed the authorities have no definite word to that effect and so the report is "missing."

Letter from: The Adjutant-General,
Canadian Militia.
To: William Young, Esq.
Springbank,
Calgary, Alta.
117100, Pte. George Herbert Young,
Canadian Expeditionary Force
Sir, —

With reference to the casualty to the soldier marginally noted who has been officially reported as missing between the 2nd and 5th June 1916, I have the honour to state that owing to the length of time that has elapsed since he was reported missing and to the fact that his name has not appeared on any official list of prisoners of war, nor that, after full enquiry made, has any information been received which would indicate that he is still alive, it is regretted that the only conclusion which can be arrived at is that he is dead. For official purposes, therefore, his death has been presumed to have occurred on or since the last named date.

2. An official certificate of death is enclosed.

I have the honour to be,
Sir,
Your obedient servant,
(Signed) Frank Beard
i/c Record Office
For a/Adjutant —
General.

First
Canadian Mounted Rifles
B. E. F.

Ypres - Somme

Christmas 1915 New Year 1917

O rise, our strong Atlantic sons,
When war against our freedom springs!
O speak to Europe thro' your guns!
They can be understood by kings.
(Hands all Round) Tennyson

With every good wish for Christmas
and the New Year

from
The Regimental Sergeant-Major,
Warrant Officers and Sergeants
of the
First Canadian Mounted Rifles

In the Field

ES
Letter from:
Department of National Defence
(Military Service)
Ottawa, Ont. October 14, 1926
No. 117100, Pte.
G. H. Young
(Deceased)
Dear Sir:

Referring further to your late son George, whose death for official purposes was presumed to have occurred on or since the 5th June, 1916, will you please note that information is now available, upon the authority of which the casualty to Pte. Young has been amended to read "Killed in Action" on that date.

Searching parties, searching the late battle areas in the vicinity of Zillebede, Belgium, discovered an isolated grave, which upon investigation proved to contain the remains of your son, and the body was carefully and reverently removed and re-buried in Grave No. 3 Row "F", Plot 8, Oosttaverne Wood Cemetery, Wyschaete, one and three-quarter miles north of Messines, Belgium, in order that the grave could be properly cared for.

Enclosed herewith is your late son's identity disc, which was recovered when the body was removed for re-burial, and by means of which identification was made possible.

Inasmuch as the grave of your son is now known, and a stone monument to his memory will be erected over the grave, it will not be necessary for his name to appear on the Memorial to the Missing to be erected at Meningate, Belgium, in connection with which a questionaire form was forwarded to you in March, 1925, for completion and return to the Imperial War Graves Commission, London, England.

A further communication relative to the stone to be erected over your son's grave will be forwarded to you later.

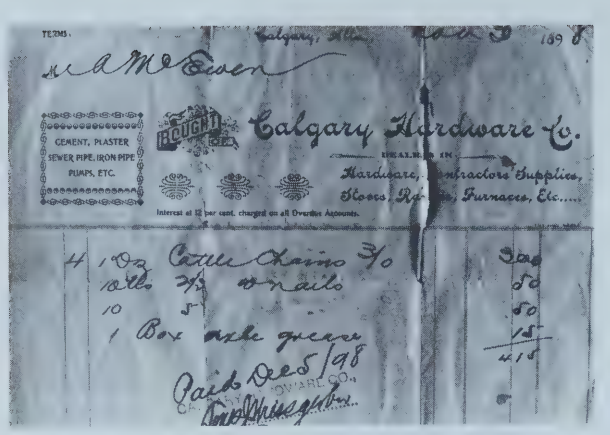
Yours truly,
(Signed) Clyde R. Scott
Major, Assistant Director
of Records
for Adjutant-General

Threshing time at Frys, Big Hill Creek. Among those present are Mr. and Mrs. Fry, Butch Fry, Charles Grayson and Charles Perrenoud. Power to operate the separator was supplied by the horse on a treadmill.

Road work, 1936 style.

Breaking prairie sod with a six horse team and a sulky plow.

"Wop" May's plane at Cochrane.



Imagine nails at 5¢ a pound!

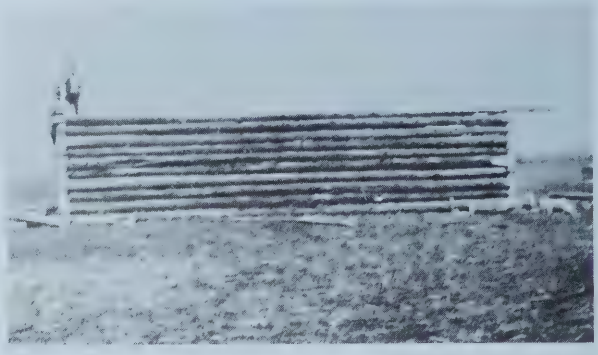
Ethel Beam, Butch Fry;, Mrs. Beam, Mrs. Phipps, Dora and Vincent Phipps, picking their way along the road in Cochrane after a heavy rain.

Ernie Bacon and a helper moving Watt's house, around 1917. It was later owned by Ted Cook.

The Roadhouse at the Ghost River.

Farm butchering.

Cochrane's annual Agricultural Fair, 1925.



Josh Keith building a barn for Walter Beard. He used 40 logs, which cost $1.00 each in 1929.

A Russell road grader being used to build a road in the Cochrane area. Teams of mules and horses are pulling it.

HORSE CREEK

LOOKING BACK — by Mary Armstrong

We came up here to pioneer in 1936,
We were young and optimistic, I'll admit;
Had some cows and four work horses and saddle ponies too.
Times were rough and lean but neither one said "Quit!"
We loved this land of mountains, grass and water,
The crocuses and shooting stars in spring.
We knew this was our place and we would stay here —
With the good, and not so good, the seasons bring.
I did our laundry on a knuckle skinner washboard
And carried pails of water up the hill;
Our dugout well was 'way down in the hollow
So we just reversed the rhyme of Jack and Jill.

We travelled to our town on saddle horses
And brought our groceries home in gunny sacks.
We carted flour, sugar, tea and coal oil
And ourselves upon their ever-willing backs.
Sometimes the sugar would be full of horsehair
From being tied behind the saddle roll,
But you didn't toss it out into the garbage —
You just blew the hair from out the sugar bowl.

But the real pioneers had many graver problems
Than the little ones that I have listed here.
They were so far from friends and home and family
Their bold, brave spirits must have cost them dear.
But they stuck it out and settled up this country
And built a whole new world for you and me.
If it wasn't for the folks who went before us
I wonder where us fellows all would be?
Sometimes I do not like what we call "progress"
As farmers break this virgin prairie sod,
For once it's ploughed this grass is gone forever
That was placed here by the loving hand of God.

JOE ALLEN — by Dorothy M. Edge

Joe was born July 27, 1893, in a little village in County Armagh in the Province of Ulster, Ireland. He has three brothers and three sisters.

Around 1915 Joe came to Canada by himself and went to work at Elrose, Saskatchewan. He bought a team of horses and a team of oxen and drove four-up with the oxen behind the team and hauled two wagons full of grain at a time. Later he went to Saskatoon with all the money he had earned, $220.00, and lost it all in twenty minutes in a poker game. He left Saskatchewan, ". . . . and I sure never went back!"

When Joe first came to Alberta he worked at Drumheller and drove a dray outfit for Jack Morton. They went to the Calgary Stampede and Joe was badly kicked by a horse. Sergeant Taylor looked after Joe and everyone told him he'd better not come to the Stampede sober again because that's why he got injured.

While working at Drumheller he helped trail a bunch of horses to Red Deer. It was terribly cold weather and Joe's horse was pretty snaky. He didn't dare get off to walk because he knew he would never be able to get back on. Upon reaching his destination he fell off his horse; his face and feet and legs were frozen. They took him into the house and put his feet into a tub full of snow. For the rest of the winter he had to wear felt boots in his overshoes because his feet were so sore.

One time Joe made a trip to Vancouver to see if the grass was greener over there. When he was ready to return he got on the train without a ticket. They threw him off four times but he made it back to Drumheller.

In 1920 Joe worked in the coal mines at Drumheller for $7.08 a day, shovelling coal; two men would fill a boxcar a day by hand. He worked for Syndicate Mines, Premier Mines and Midwest Mines. The tunnels in the mines were so low he had to crawl on his hands and knees. They used pit ponies in the mines and Joe said, "You really had to watch them or they would sneak around and eat your lunch."

When Joe came to Cochrane in 1922, the first person he met was Jappy Rodgers. Joe then worked at the Reid place at Bottrel.

In Joe's younger days he was a good dancer. He was once at the MacDonald Hotel in Edmonton with some friends, everyone was quite happy and Joe decided to do a step dance on one of the

tables. Another man in the party got up on a table to compete with Joe. The other man fell off the table, broke his neck and died on the spot. Joe never step danced again.

While working in the Edmonton area he used horses to haul blocks of ice from the North Saskatchewan River. One day the foreman was really pushing the crew to work harder. Joe got so mad he pushed the foreman into the river. Joe said, "He climbed out of that river looking like an icicle." Joe knew he would get fired so he quit. "I'd been kicked by a horse and had some broken ribs, my face had been frozen and I wasn't feeling very good anyway."

Joe went back to Drumheller and worked with Pete and Henry LeGrande and Pete Knight looking after cattle for Jack Morton. Jack was a huge strong man. He and the boys went into the Crystal cafe in Drumheller and Jack put his coat on Joe; the sleeves hung down to the floor, then he put his hat on Joe's head; it fell down around his shoulders, then he told Joe to get up on the table, which Joe did, and Jack said, "Now dance." The management wasn't too pleased with the unscheduled entertainment but they never did a thing after taking one look at big Jack Morton.

During the 1930s and 1940s Joe lived on a half section of C.P.R. land in the Horse Creek district. When Joe was on this place he lived in a very small one-roomed shack which he kept very tidy. One thing in the line of groceries that he always had on hand was tea. There were other types of thirst quenchers that were popular with Joe, and once he said, "I've quit drinking, I've quit smoking, I've quit swearing, and if I wasn't Irish I would be ashamed of myself." At one time Joe saved money to go back to Ireland, but never went.

During the Second World War Joe held dances at the Chapelton School, and the money raised was given to the Red Cross. The well-known Bosch Orchestra from Water Valley supplied the music.

Joe was a horse trader and spent most of his life dealing in horses of all kinds, even rodeo stock. Over the years Joe did a lot of riding. A few of his favorite saddle horses were: Willis, Joan, Big Ben, and Missouri. Some of his best saddle horses were used at stampedes for bucking stock. One time, when bringing a string of bucking horses back from the Morley stampede, a storm came up. The horses bolted and scattered through the hills of the Beaupré district and were not gathered until the next day. Joe's horse brand was Bar JO.

Joe rode many a mile around the country and usually dropped into people's places at mealtime. He really enjoyed a cup of tea or coffee and visiting. When Don Patterson's house was burning down, along came Joe. He said to Helen, in his Irish brogue, "You sure must have had a fire under the teakettle this time!"

Missouri was a big strong bay, and once while Joe was riding him near Art Sholtz's, he roped a colt. Missouri started to buck, the colt got the rope wrapped around a tree, and somehow Joe's neck got wrapped in the rope, too. Missouri and the colt see-sawed back and forth and Joe came out of the confusion with a badly rope-burned neck. "Why I didn't get hung, I don't know."

After leaving the Horse Creek district, Joe was at Sholtz's for a while. He lived on Mac Leask's ranch in Lochend for six years before moving to the Baker House Apartments for senior citizens in Calgary, where he still resides.

CHET AND VELMA BALDWIN — by Chet Baldwin

Frank Court Baldwin, my father, was born in Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, on April 15, 1890. He came to Alberta in 1905 with his parents to homestead in the Wimborne district. A few years later he met my mother, Verena Marion Steadman. She was born in 1888 in Lions County, Nebraska, and came to Alberta in 1903 with her parents to homestead in the Knee Hill Valley district. They were married at Innisfail, Alberta, in 1912. On March 12, 1913, I was born. I was the oldest child of a family of four. I had three younger sisters.

In 1923 our family moved to the United States for my mother's health. Three days after my twelfth birthday I was shot in the chest with a .22 caliber rifle. In 1926 we returned to Alberta. Mother passed away in Calgary on June 8, 1928.

I first arrived in the Cochrane district in June 1927. I was hired in Calgary to work for Tom Noble. The first night I slept in a Model T car in Bert Sibbald's garage in Cochrane. The next day we left for Tom Noble's ranch by way of Morley. The car quit on the Ghost River Hill west of Cochrane, and when the R.C.M.P. came along and asked me if I could drive the car, I said,

Chet Baldwin riding a bronc at the Burns ranch.

Baldwin's covered wagon, 1938.

jokingly, "Yes, if you can get the car to the top of the hill." I was about fourteen years old at the time.

The first person I met was Jim Richards. He was at the Charlie Sundgren Ranch at Morley, which is where we spent that night. The following day we arrived at Tom's ranch. My first job was to round up his milk cows, which was quite a job. The cows had not been milked for four or five days!

In 1929 I hayed for Don Patterson in Grand Valley, and Dad hayed for Tom Lauder. On December 21, 1936, in Red Deer, Alberta, I married Velma Lobb. We spent our first winter living with my father at Pine Lake. In November of 1937 our daughter, Shirley, was born.

In 1938 we moved from Pine Lake to Turner Valley, Alberta, using a covered wagon drawn by four horses. We trailed our cattle behind. My father, Joe Belcourt and Shorty (our teamster) accompanied us on the move which took us a week.

In 1940 we moved from Turner Valley to the Soapy Smith horse ranch south of Morley, using the same covered wagon. It rained for two days during our move. The first day we got to the Millarville Race Track. The following night we spent stuck in a muskeg on the Sarcee Reserve. We left the wagon and continued in a smaller wagon to Jack Haveland's on the Elbow River south of Cochrane. We stayed there that night and Jack and I returned to the Reserve the next day to unload the wagon and pull it out. We left Jack's the next day and arrived at Soapy Smith's.

In the fall we left Soapy Smith's and moved to the Ricks place for the winter. At Frank Ricks' there was a big house that was supposed to be haunted as Mr. Ricks had killed himself there. Not too many people would stay in the house. We held many dances in the dance hall there.

In February of 1941 our son, Don, was born. We moved to the Darnel place later in the spring of 1941. Every winter until 1944 I fed cattle for Clem Gardner. During the summer I contracted to put up hay for Copithornes, Buckleys, Sibbalds and Gardners. I also broke horses for many of these ranchers and chased wild horses with the Copithornes.

In the spring of 1945 we bought our home place in the Horse Creek area. This land had been owned by the C.P.R., and Joe Allen had lived there before us. The big log barn on the place had been built by Jack Garson. Alf Dionne and I came up to put the crop in and do some fencing and later, returned home.

In the fall of 1945 we all moved using the same covered wagon. My father drove up in a Model A car and George Copithorne and Fred Scott helped with the cattle. The team and wagon with our belongings was driven across the Ghost Dam, followed by the cattle. A calf was pushed through the guard rail on the lake side of the dam; I roped it and pulled it out.

We arrived on September 1, 1945. There was no house, so we had to live in tents for about two months. Four days after we arrived it "snowed and blowed" for about two weeks. After the snow had gone Alf and I finished haying. During this time we moved the old barn over from the Horse Creek School using horses. We whitewashed the inside and got it ready to live in by the 1st of November. We lived in this for some time. Our son, Barry, was born there in March of 1949. Later we purchased the old Horse Creek School, remodelled it and are still living in it at present.

I drove a school bus from 1953 to 1973. The roads were bad to begin with; I never saw a snow plough for four years. Twice I left home with a full tank of gas, ran out, and had to walk home.

THE BALL FAMILY

Sidney Ball was born in 1902 in Dalston, England. After learning about Canada at school and reading every western book available, he made up his mind that it was the place to go. After leaving school he worked at Woolsey Cars, in London, but in 1920 decided to sell his motor-bike and come to Canada.

Upon arrival in Canada he worked on a mixed farm at Simcoe, Ontario. Harvest excursions to the West were common, so that fall he came to Calgary. The fare was fifteen dollars from Toronto to Winnipeg and half a cent a mile thereafter. Cayley was the area he went to, and he obtained a job on a threshing crew.

With the coming of winter, Sid went west into British Columbia, where he teamed up with an old trapper, "Dad" Elliott. Most of the winter was spent following the Stewart River. While in this area he worked on a farm near Vanderhoof. He took up a homestead near the postal station of Chilco. He also did some logging work and made a trip or two to Calgary, the common way in those days, by jumping on a freight.

In 1924 Sid gave up the homestead and went to work on a dairy farm for Ed Dunville of Chilliwack. That fall he went to Cranbrook, where he met his brother Reg. Reg had come from England to Nova Scotia a couple of years previously, and afterwards to the West. Sid and Reg then went to Vancouver looking for work. The city had no appeal to them, so they came back to Calgary. Here they worked for Tom and Lyle Jackson and Dick Day on construction around Springbank. Times were hard and Sid remembers buying buffalo meat at the City Hall Market quite cheap.

Reg came to work on a farm in the Olds-Didsbury area. Sid rode horseback to the Cochrane area, where he heard of work available at the Eau Claire sawmill near the Devil's Head. By the next winter he had his own team and worked for Frank Brooks Sr. with Elmer Avery.

In 1929 Sid did some ploughing on the Bow River Horse Ranch south of Cochrane. It was during this time that he was in contact with a Soldier Settlement board representative about land available on the Horse Creek. In the winter of 1929-30 he worked at relief camps, and in the spring he bought the land where he now resides.

Sid married Florence E. Champ of Hammersmith, England, in 1933. The wedding was at St. Stephens Church, Calgary, followed by a short honeymoon, a trip to the Calgary Zoo. Mr. and Mrs. Tom Zuccolo and family invited them to their home for dinner. Though there was a shortage of money, there was an abundance of good-hearted and generous neighbours.

For Flo this life was very quiet compared to the hustle of going to work at a millinery shop in London. She loved to play the piano but had few opportunities to do so except perhaps for the local Christmas concert. She also did a lot of knitting and crocheting. Both Flo and Sid were avid gardeners. In those days the only traffic was herds of horses going down for water at the spring by Chapelton School, and Harry Viney and family in a Model T.

Flo was never sure how to handle some of the company she got. For example, one time when Sid had gone to the bush for wood, who should come but a porcupine. Flo, not knowing whether it was friend or foe, put a square washtub over him, weighted it with a rock and waited to show Sid when he returned.

Cecil "Scotty" Elder was a frequent visitor, first for some good homemade food, and later for his daily pail of water. His usual conversation centred around "I remember when," and the Balls heard many stories, both factual and well exaggerated. However, Scotty had a heart of gold and would always lend a helping hand.

In 1941 Flo and Sid had a daughter, Winnifred. She attended Horse Creek (Chapelton) School. At first she walked to school, as it was only slightly better than half a mile away, but later she rode her own pony. Sometimes the Kinch family next door would give her a ride in their cutter or buggy, depending on the season of the year.

With the advent of centralization in 1953, all the Horse Creek students were bussed to Westbrook School. Winnie finished her education there. Later she entered the University of Calgary for teacher's training, and returned to Westbrook to teach. She married John Worbetz of Warburg, Alberta. They have two girls, Rosemarie and Elaine.

After a lengthy illness, Flo passed away in 1966. She only saw her older grandchild, which was a pity, as she loved children and people in general. Her gay and spirited nature would certainly have influenced the children. However, Sid endeavours to fill this gap and as they all live on the same farm, he does all those extra things grandparents are noted for.

OLIVER C. AND MARY BARDWELL — by Jack Bardwell

About 1903 Mr. and Mrs. Bardwell and their son Frank came to Crossfield from Mantorville, Minnesota. A son Henry (Jack) was born at Crossfield.

In 1905-06 Oliver homesteaded the SE¼ 12-28-5-5, where John Pedeprat (brother of Charlie) built the family a log house. Frank homesteaded the SW¼ of the same section.

The Bardwells sold their homestead about 1910 and moved to Michel, British Columbia, where Oliver and Frank worked in the coal mines. Later they returned to Crossfield.

Frank married Viola Dibb of Crossfield and they went to live at Sylvan Lake.

Jack married Amy Barton of Leslieville. After serving in the Canadian Air Force during World War II, he and his wife have lived in Calgary, where Jack worked for Swifts' Union Packing Company for twenty years before retiring.

In 1971 Jack and Amy's son Lloyd bought the Wm. Fraser home in Cochrane. He and his brother work at the creosote plant in Cochrane.

The Bardwell homesteads were later owned by Jack Cahill and are now owned by Gilberts. Bruce Gilbert and his family now live on the Frank Bardwell homestead.

THE BASSETT FAMILY — as told by Mrs. Perrenoud

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bassett lived on the banks of Horse Creek, a pretty spot with running water running over the rocks, and sometimes

Percy Bassett.

filling the cellar. Mr. Bassett was granted title to his homestead, the SE¼ 20-26-4-5, in 1897.

There were two children in the Bassett family, Ethel and Percy. Ethel married Tom Quigley. Percy took up a homestead on the SW¼ 36-27-5-5. This land, later owned by Wm. Tempany, is where Horse Creek actually rises. It has been known as the "Bassett Quarter" ever since Percy owned it. He also purchased land, the SE¼ 24-26-4-5, in 1914.

Percy served Overseas during World War One, and upon his return sold his land and went to Australia, where he made his home for many years. He and his Australian wife came back to Victoria, British Columbia, to retire, and have both passed away.

One Sunday, when Mrs. Bassett and Ethel were walking to church at Mitford, a long-horned steer decided to chase them. They were having trouble, but fortunately Mrs. John Phipps and the girls overtook them, driving a single horse and buggy, and also bound for church. The Bassetts were picked up, whereupon the steer turned his attention to the buggy and its occupants. For some reason, Laura, Evelyn and Vickey Phipps, and Ethel Bassett jumped out and hid in a little coulee near by. Mrs. Phipps and Mrs. Bassett arrived at the church in full tear with the steer trying to hook them and climb in the buggy. The Rector and the other men around chased it off, the ladies regained their composure and the buggy was taken back for the scared girls.

HENRY AND ALICE BENDIX

Henry and Alice Bendix came from Minnesota and homestead the NE¼ 2-28-5-5 in 1905 or 06 and received their Patent in 1909. The Bendixes had two children. They sold their homestead soon after receiving title. Henry was a brother to Mary Bardwell. The land is now owned by Fred Gossett.

JACK A. BEYNON FAMILY — by Ada Fenton

Dad was born in Rhossile, Gower, South Wales on March 17, 1890. As a lad of seventeen years, he immigrated to Canada with his cousin Jack Beynon Sr. and Jack's wife the former Annie Davies. They settled in the Village of Cochrane. Immigration was prompted by reports of land available in Canada and it seemed like the promised land at the time. His brother William had come to Canada in 1904, and he sent reports back home of the wonders here and the opportunities to be had.

Being born and raised on a farm, Dad's main interest was farming. His first job in Cochrane was as a livery stable hand working with his brother William. In 1908 he went to work at the brickyard operated at that time by Joe Bedoe. It was located south of the C.P.R. tracks. Bricks were formed from clay using the soft mud process; after drying the bricks they were placed in kilns and heated by coal. The finished product was then loaded on to a donkey truck and taken to the railway siding where they were then put in boxcars for shipment elsewhere. Many of the bricks were used in buildings in the locality. Dad later went to work for the Collins brickyard. It was situated on the north side of the C.P.R. tracks (Main Line).

In April 1916 Dad joined the 137th Battalion and saw action in France. After Armistice 1918, he returned to Wales on leave and while there he married our mother, Sophie Thomas. On completion of Overseas war duty, Dad and his bride returned to Cochrane in the spring of 1919.

In 1921 Dad purchased two hundred and forty acres of land through the Soldier Settlement Board. This is in the Horse Creek area. With the help of his brother Bob, Dad built a home, barn and granaries and started a mixed farming operation. The land breaking and harvesting was all done by horse drawn equipment. The farming income was supplemented by working out, haying, threshing, and road work. The road work helped to pay the taxes. Transportation was provided by horse and buggy until the family purchased a 1926 model Chevrolet. Because of the high cost of running the automobile and the need for their three children to go to school, Dad and Mother bought twenty-one acres of land on the western outskirts of Cochrane. The land was owned by Doctor Waite at the time. Dad kept the Horse Creek land and travelled back and forth to put the crop in, do the haying and the harvesting.

At the height of the Depression in the 1930s, hard times were in evidence by the large number of people travelling across Canada on the C.P.R. freight cars. Trains stopping at the Cochrane station for water gave some of the travellers a chance to make a fire and cook a meal; others that were more destitute would come to the homes and ask for food. It was always given to them. In 1940 when Molly and I had completed our schooling, Dad and Mother returned to the farm on Horse Creek. Brother Bob still had to

continue his education so he rode horseback to school until our parents moved back to the acreage in 1950. Dad then went to work for the Department of Highways until 1956.

Dad passed away in 1961 and Mother is living in the Senior Citizens Home at Crossfield, Alberta. The original farm is now owned and operated by our brother Bob and his wife the former Miss K. Wallace of Springbank. I am married to Arthur Fenton and Molly is married to Alfred Brown. There are fourteen grandchildren and fourteen great-grandchildren. Dad was a member of the Cochrane branch of the Royal Canadian Legion No. 15 and served as their president for a number of years.

THE WILLIAM BEYNON FAMILY — by Ed Beynon

Billy Beynon and William Davies came to Canada from Gower, Wales, in 1904. After working on farms in Manitoba they came to Cochrane in 1905 and Billy Beynon took up a homestead in the Horse Creek district, on the SE ¼ 30-27-4-5. He sold his homestead in 1910 and moved to Cochrane, where he operated the Murphy Brothers Livery Barn. When the livery barn closed, Billy worked on the road with his team.

Billy Beynon and Chrissie Davies were married in 1910, and lived in the building that is now the Masonic Hall, until their house was built. They were the first couple to be married in the new Cochrane United Church, which was built in 1909. The old church was moved to the school grounds to be used as a school. Several years later, Billy bought it and rebuilt it for use as a barn, which is still in use on the Beynon farm. In 1919 they bought the SE¼ 20-26-4-5 and also part of the NW¼ of Section 21. They continued to live in Cochrane while Billy worked his land as well as working on the road. They moved to the farm in 1925. Chrissie worked very hard raising chickens, turkeys, and ducks. She also helped to milk the cows. They sold the milk in eight-gallon cans to Harmon's Drug Store in Banff. The milk was hauled to the highway and picked up by a transport truck.

Billy and Chrissie had a family of three, Thelma, Edgar and Margaret. They drove and rode the four miles to school in Cochrane. Thelma trained as a nurse and married Orison Downs. They live in Abbotsford, British Columbia. Margaret (Peggy) married Don Cook, of Cochrane. They live in Canmore, Alberta, and have three children. Eddie is married and has three daughters. He and his wife still live on the farm.

Chrissie's health failed and she was hospitalized for some time. She was able to come home for the day when she and Billy celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary in 1960. She passed away later that year.

Billy was always active in community affairs and was an ardent curler. He was Magistrate in Cochrane for four years. He continued living on the farm with his son and daughter-in-law until his health failed. He passed away in 1964 at the age of seventy-seven.

Mr. and Mrs. William Beynon on their 50th Wedding Anniversary.

STEPHEN BRISCO

Stephen Brisco stayed at the Phipps' and bought horses from G. E. Goddard for the Boer War. The man he hired to break the horses was Clarence Fairello, who was a good rider and would raise his hat while the horse was bucking.

In 1893, Mr. Brisco was a member of the Committee of Management of the Mitford Races. His horse, Bingin, placed first in two races at a Mitford Race Meet that summer.

When All Saints Anglican Church, Mitford, was first built and furnished, Mr. Brisco cut the words, "Cease not to give thanks", out of cardboard and glued them on a board covered with green baize. It was put up above the altar for a Thanksgiving service, and in later years was replaced by the same motto carved on a polished board.

Stephen Brisco may have been related to Lady Adela Cochrane. He returned to England, and is believed to have been knighted.

CYRIL BRITTON — by Wilfred Britton

Cyril Britton was born at Ubley, England, and came to Canada at the age of fifteen. He worked in Moosomin, Saskatchewan, for a year and earned seventy-five dollars. In 1912, he came to the Chinook area of Alberta and filed on a homestead. The next few years were spent working on the homestead and for farmers at High River. He joined the Army in 1916 and served with the First Canadian Depot Command until 1918, then he returned to his homestead.

In 1920, Cyril married Gladys Ellsworth, who with her mother and two brothers had come from Michigan to homestead in the Chinook area.

Due to the severe drought and the Depression, Cyril, Gladys and their four children, Lavina, Hildred, Audrey and Wilfred, were forced to leave their Chinook farm in 1935. They came to Cochrane and purchased the SE¼ 12-27-5-5, and

the NE¼ 1-27-5-5 from Jim Elder. This land is located between Horse Creek and Grand Valley.

Lavina, Hildred and Wilfred attended Chapelton School, now known as Horse Creek Community Centre. Wayland, who was born at Cochrane, also attended Chapelton and after its closure, Westbrook Consolidated School.

Like many other farmers, Cyril worked his taxes off by road work. Long days were spent hauling plank from Brooks' sawmill for culvert construction, or operating horse-drawn graders. Using a 1928, 22-inch wooden McCormick Deering separator and a 1928 Wallis tractor, he did a considerable amount of custom threshing in the surrounding area. The threshing machine was later purchased by the Glenbow Foundation.

He served as school trustee in the Chapelton School District for a number of years, and later was a Divisional Trustee on the Calgary School Division No. 41.

Due to winter road conditions our 1928 Pontiac car was only used during summer months. Team and sleigh were used in the winter for hauling groceries and coal. An essential part of the farm work was cutting and hauling firewood, which was done in the winter.

Cyril passed away in 1969, and Audrey in 1970. Gladys is residing in her own home in Cochrane.

Lavina (Mrs. Bill Perkins) lives in Kimberley, British Columbia. Hildred (Mrs. Ray Archer) resides at Merritt, British Columbia. Wilfred and his wife, the former Marie Adams, live with their family on the farm in Horse Creek. Wayland and his wife, the former Evelyn Brown, live in Cochrane with their family.

JOHN CAHILL

Jack Cahill bought Section 1-28-5-5 from the C.P.R. in 1910. He later bought the S½ 12 immediately north, from the Bardwells. The land, now owned by Bruce Gilbert, is still referred to as the "960", as the 960 acres were enclosed by one fence. The land was fenced by Harry Viney during World War 1; the contract called for him to supply the fence posts. Cutting and sharpening all the posts for five miles of fence was a big task, which he did all alone.

The land was sold to Margaret Little, who ran her beef herd there for many years, and then to the Gilberts.

Jack Cahill did not live on the 960, and in fact did not make much use of the land. He lived in Calgary, and was well known as one of the organizers of the Stampede Parade for many years.

JOHN ALEXANDER CAMPBELL — by Kenneth Campbell

John (Jack) Alexander Campbell was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Campbell. Duncan, as a very young man, immigrated to Canada from Scotland, settling first in Chatham, Ontario (Upper Canada), later moving to Fort Garry, Manitoba.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Campbell on their wedding day.

Jack was born in Winnipeg May 10, 1875. He left Winnipeg in 1900 and came to Calgary, where he was employed by the Great West Saddlery Company. Later he moved to Banff where he worked as a butcher for Hull Bros. After two years in Banff, he went back to Winnipeg, where he enrolled in a business course.

He returned to Banff in 1902, where he was employed by David White and Company. Jack married David White's sister, Clara May. Their first child Kenneth A. was born in Banff.

Still in partnership with David White, Jack moved his family to Cochrane, where he managed the general store. He was also a member of the Cochrane Creamery Association. After the store business was sold to Fred Maggs, Jack went to manage the White Ranch on Coal Creek, and at one time worked on a bridge crew for Dave's brother, Dan White. A daughter, Margaret A., was born in Cochrane September 22, 1915.

Later that year, the Campbells returned to Banff. Mrs. Campbell passed away in 1917. After the loss of his wife, Jack returned to Winnipeg, where he stayed for one year.

The following year he again managed the ranch for Dave White. Due to the selling of the ranch to David McDougall in 1919, Jack resumed his position at the White store in Banff.

Outside Jack Campbell's store in Cochrane. The little boy is Ken Campbell; F. W. Maggs is on the far right.

In 1926 he bought a quarter section of land in Horse Creek from Mrs. McLean, the old Malott homestead. He learned to drive a tractor there, when he was 82 years old. He operated his farm until his health failed in 1959. He sold the ranch to Wilf Carr and returned to Banff, where he passed away December 21, 1960.

Kenneth, who served in the Royal Canadian Navy Volunteer Reserve in World War II, lives in Banff and works at the Banff School of Fine Arts, now called the Banff Centre.

Margaret, a Missionary Nurse, served in Rhodesia for several years. Here she met and married Reverend David Evans. She and her husband still do missionary work in Africa. They have two children, both in Johannesburgh, John Campbell Evans, who works for I.B.M. and Ruth Mary, who is in nurse's training.

HISTORY OF CHAPELTON SCHOOL DISTRICT NO. 1812

In the spring of 1908 the residents of the Horse Creek and upper Grand Valley districts decided the need for a school in the area was long overdue. A meeting was held and a petition sent to Edmonton recommending the building of a one-room school. On April 30, 1908, the district was formed, and on August 15, the trustees were granted permission to borrow $800 to build and equip a school, erect the necessary out buildings and put up a fence.

The school was built on two acres of land donated to the district by Walter Crowe, the location being the northeast corner of the NE¼ 24-27-5-5. This land, surveyed some years later, actually measures 2.89 acres.

Two pioneer homesteaders, James Patterson and Robert Hogarth, were instrumental in naming the school. The name chosen was Chapelton, the name of their home district, four miles west of Arbroath, Scotland. Due to an error the school was registered in Edmonton as "Chapleton." The spelling, "Chapelton" was always used in the recording of minutes and is the spelling used throughout this book.

Chapelton school ponies and their riders. From the left: Doug Rushfeldt, Dorothy and Vic Perkins, David Bryant, Don Perkins, Barbara, Donna and Joan Patterson.

Chapelton School pupils in the spring of 1946. Back row: Evelyn Graff, Joy Fenton, Bill Copithorne, Doug Rushfeldt, Ian Copithorne, Lawrence McCool (teacher). Second row: Barbara Patterson, Dorothy Perkins, Loreen Rushfeldt, Rolfe Copithorne, Norman Blatchford, Johnny Walls. Third row: Alan Rushfeldt, Joan Patterson, Donna Patterson, Shirley Blatchford, Shirley Baldwin, Vic Perkins, David Bryant. Front: Don Perkins, Mervin Rushfeldt, Art Brewster.

The first senior trustee was Jason Malott and the first treasurer was Walter Crowe. The longest term trustee was Earle H. Whittle, who was a trustee on the Board for 28 years, serving 20 years as secretary. Other long term trustees were Mrs. William Tempany, James Patterson, William McKay, Joseph Taylor, Cyril Britton, and Sid Ball.

The school was built in 1909 by Andy and Bob Chapman. The windows faced to the south which was a mistake as the school got too warm on summer afternoons.

The school opened February 1, 1910, with Stella White as teacher. Dora and Vincent

The first school bus in the Horse Creek district. Bob Echlin and Bill Postlethwaite shovelling it out.

Phipps were listed as two students who would be attending classes. As they did not attend, one Malott girl was allowed to attend at the age of five years to make up the required number of students. The first students were the Crowe, the Malott, and the Whittle children. Later two Reamer boys and Donald and Jimmy Patterson, who had been attending classes at the Grand Valley School, were transferred to Chapelton.

For years the district was self-supporting. The school district levied the taxes and set the mill rate. Noted in the minutes, the mill rate in 1929 was 11½ mills and was gradually lowered to 6½ mills during the depression years. During these years taxes were hard to pay and hard to collect. Often the district had to borrow two or three hundred dollars until the current taxes could be collected. Some examples of money paid out were: George McKay, $3.00 per month for janitor work; $4.00 for library books for the year; and Fred Whittle subbed one month for Miss Eccles and received $12.00.

The school burned down two weeks after school started in 1922, and classes were held in the old Malott house. A new school was built in 1923 for the sum of $1,200.

The school burned down again the night of the Christmas concert in 1924. Classes were held in William Tempany's log bunkhouse and, later, when the weather was warmer, in the old Malott house. A new school was built in 1925. The windows of the two new schools faced east. It is not known who built the new schools, but Clem Edge helped haul the lumber with his team and wagon.

Church services and Sunday school classes were often held in the school. During World War I, Mr. Davies (Ed Davies' father) drove from Cochrane with a horse and buggy to conduct the services. Later Reverend Jarrett from Bottrel, Lucy Kerfoot, and Buzz and Julene Buroker conducted classes at different times. Buzz and Julene supplied the music for hymns by playing the guitar and accordion.

The Christmas concert was always the highlight of the year. Many still remember Walter Crowe (filling in when there were only a few students in the school) singing, "Two Little Girls in Blue," with a real English accent. Money for concerts was usually raised by box socials. Bachelors took pride in making husbands pay ridiculous prices for the privilege of eating supper with their own wives.

The concert night was a night for family entertainment, even the youngest member of the family had to attend in order to see Santa. The girls usually enjoyed the concert the most as it was the only night all winter when they didn't have to wear their long-legged, fleece-lined underwear and their heavy knit, black woolen stockings. Their hair was curled and they could wear fancy dresses and party shoes.

The stage was usually a homemade affair that could be dismantled easily as there was usually a dance after the concert.

For years Mrs. Tempany played the piano for the Christmas carols. Her son Rolfe would take her to the school each afternoon for weeks before the concert so the children could practice singing. For several years a piano or an organ had to be borrowed and moved to the school for the occasion. When Miss Hughes was teaching, she played her mandolin and Jim Dolen played his violin. In later years Mrs. Sid Ball played the piano and often played and sang to entertain after the concert. "Swish swash went my whitewash brush, I got more on my old lady than I did on the garden wall," was one of the crowd's favorites.

There was a lot of fun just making do. The curtains were usually someone's bed sheets which had to go back on the bed that same night. The kerosene, and later the Coleman gas lights were the only lighting. Fred Pears or Hank Fricke would play his accordion for the dance and people had more fun than they do now dancing to a band, and sipping a drink in the corner. Frank Brooks remarked, "You could hug your girl on the dance floor in the old days, but now you throw her all over the place."

The schoolteacher was ready for a holiday when the concert was over. They usually gave each child a gift that had been ordered from the Eaton's or Simpson's catalogue. Mr. Vanderberg made the mistake of wrapping all his parcels without naming them and had to send out an S.O.S. to some of the mothers to come and help him unwrap and rewrap the parcels in time to get them on the Christmas tree.

Getting to school in the cold weather was a bit of a problem. As there was no school in the Dartigue district, the Gray boys, Dick and Donnie, rode four miles from the Dean place on the coldest of days — riding bareback on old Rex and clad in bearskin coats. They were paid 25¢ per day to attend school. Some children rode horseback, English or Western style. Others walked, or drove a horse and buggy or sleigh. The story of the one-roomed school isn't complete without a salute to the school pony. Some of

the veteran ponies boasted such names as Old Polly, Old Dolly, Old Brownie, Cigarette, Old Red, Pain Killer, Old Chipper, Flaxy, Star Dust, Wing Ding, Robin, and La Ponge.

When more children in the Dartigue district were of school age, Marlow Blatchford drove them to school in his car in the summer and by team and sleigh in winter. Later Bill Postlethwaite drove them to school in a van.

The Leonard Rushfeldt children had four miles to drive to school, and when they started school in 1944, their mother drove them in a Model T coupe car for seven years.

Some of the former students who had children attending classes in the 1940s were Mrs. Charlie Copithorne (Louise Tempany), Don and Helen (Tempany) Patterson, Jimmy Patterson, and Dave Bryant.

A special meeting was held in 1934 to discuss the future of the school as the closest residents to the school were Scotty Elder, John Morrison, Jim and Tom O'Carroll and Joe Allen — all bachelors, so the Government wanted to close the school.

Chapelton joined the Calgary School Division No. 41 in 1938. After 1938 the Divisional trustees were: Gerald Mortimer, Cyril Britton, Lloyd Fenton, and Mr. Swanby.

A teacherage was built and ready for use in 1945. A second school, the Big Spring School, was moved in, in the fall of 1950. The Larsen sisters, Frances and Lillian, now ranching in the area, attended this school when it was on its original site. In 1950 the name "Chapelton" was changed and the district was re-registered as "Horse Creek." John Grant, the teacher at the time, was very much opposed to the change.

The school closed its doors June 30, 1953, and in the fall the students were bused to the new Westbrook School, six miles east and two miles north on the Cremona road. The first bus drivers from Horse Creek were Bob Echlin and Chet Baldwin. Chet drove the bus for 19 years before retiring.

In October of 1953 a special meeting was held regarding the future of the two schools. The Chapelton School, built in 1925, was sold to Chet Baldwin and he moved it to his property just across the road, east of the schoolyard. The school has now been renovated into a fully-modern home. The senior school (the Big Spring) was purchased by the community and is now the Horse Creek Community Center. The barn was sold to Chet Baldwin for $10 to pay for the fire insurance and the change of title.

The last chapter of the one-room schools has been closed and it has been suggested by R. E. Moore that plaques be erected at the different sites as a salute to their memory.

CHAPELTON TEACHERS, 1910-1953

A Cochrane girl, Estella White, taught the first school year at Chapelton. She boarded at Earle Whittle's and rode horseback to school.

The second term was taught by Ruth Nickelson from Kenora, Ontario. She boarded at Jason Malott's and walked just across the corner to the school. Herds of cattle were new to her and once when Vincent Phipps and Laurie Johnson were herding cattle past the school, Ruth watched them from the doorway. Laurie grabbed his lariat and tried to rope her. Later at a dance, Ruth, not recognizing Laurie, related the story to him, and said, "I wonder what he would have done if he had caught me?" Laurie replied, "I think he would have dragged you right to the preacher." Ruth's first visitors at the school were Mrs. John Phipps and her daughter Dora. They would come and get her with their horse and buggy and she often spent the weekend with them.

Other teachers were: Miss McCallum; Miss Huber, 1914, who boarded at Whitfield's; Miss Cartwright, 1915; Mr. Jarrett, 1916, who lived in the Bottrel area and drove to school with a horse and buggy; Mr. Jenson, who lived four miles east, rode horseback to school; and Miss Wright Hay.

Margaret McNabb taught from September 1919, to June 30, 1921. Her father came to Lethbridge, Alberta, in 1883 and worked as an engineer for the C.P.R. Her mother, a graduate nurse from the General Hospital in Toronto, came to Lethbridge in 1887. Miss McNabb taught at Vulcan for six months before coming to Cochrane. She boarded at Tony Perry's. After Miss McNabb left Cochrane, she taught in Calgary at Central High, which was later named the James Short School. Later she taught at the Balmoral School (the old Crescent Heights school), where she had received her high school education when William Aberhart was the principal. She retired in 1963 and lives in Calgary.

Mrs. Easton, who lived within walking distance of the school, taught the 1921 term. The 1922 term was started by Miss Kennedy and finished by Miss Wilson. Miss Dorothy Grayson, daughter of Charles Grayson of Cochrane, taught from September 1, 1923, to June 30, 1926, and boarded with the Tom Bapties when they lived on their homestead in the Horse Creek area. Other terms were taught by Andrew Wood, Fred Rutherford, Ruth Johnson, and Nola Schooley, 1929. Kathleen Eccles finished the term for Miss Schooley. Miss Eccles also taught the 1930 term. Her salary was $900 per year, plus an extra $50 if she taught grade nine. Mr. Davidson taught the 1931 term.

A former student, Fred Whittle, taught for the next three terms. His first salary was $840 per year for teaching and doing the janitor work. In the 1930s many people could not pay their taxes and the teachers' wages were cut to $600 per year for the next two years.

Mildred Hart, a Cochrane girl, taught for the next three years, receiving a salary of $700 per year for two years and $600 for the third year. She boarded at Sid Ball's and walked to school.

Chapleton School joined the Calgary School Division No. 41 in 1938. Eighty applications for the teaching position were received and Helen Hughes' application was accepted. She had taught Pat Kerfoot's children at their home the year before. She boarded at Stan Ward's. She married Ken Olerenshaw and now lives in Canmore, Alberta. Olga Lopechuk, who taught at the one-room West Brook School in 1938, taught the 1939 term. She was from Canmore. Miss Anderson started the 1940 term and Mrs. Ken Olerenshaw finished it. Margaret McNeil from Bearspaw taught the next two years, 1941-1943. She also boarded at Stan Ward's and walked to school.

Olive Peppard from the Weedon district taught the 43-44 terms. Her Christmas concerts were outstanding. She boarded at Stan Ward's the first year and the second year she rode horseback six miles from home in all kinds of weather. She married Jim Howes and they live in Cochrane.

The 1945 term was started by Mr. McLaughlin and finished by Laurence McCool. They lived in the new teacherage. Laurence spent a lot of time with his aunt and uncle, the Slim Fentons. Once when he and his cousin, Joy Fenton, were invited out for supper, Laurence rode Ranger, one of Slim's chuckwagon horses. On the way home, while riding through Tempany's corrals, someone blew a car horn. Ranger thought it was the claxon and raced the four miles home.

Miss Tolefson taught from September 1, 1946, until Christmas and Mr. Balano finished the term. His salary was $1,570 per year. The next teachers were: Mr. Vanderburg, 1947-1948; Mrs. Evelyn Erikson, 1949; and John Grant, 1950.

In 1951 the Big Spring School, which was built in 1926, was moved to Horse Creek to be used as a senior school. Mr. Grant taught the first term, 1951. Marion Wallace from Springbank taught the junior school the same year. Frank Wallace, no relation to Miss Wallace, taught the 1952 term in the senior school. The 1952 term in the junior school was started by Miss Chaw, and finished by Mrs. Rielly.

After the school closed in 1953, Mr. Wallace was transferred to the new Westbrook School and became the first principal.

ERNEST AND KATHLEEN COPITHORNE — by H. D. Copithorne

Ernest was the fourth son of John and Susan Copithorne. Born in the original house on the banks of the Jumping Pound, he was perhaps the most pleasant, agreeable and well-liked of the seven sons.

At the beginning of World War I, he joined up and was almost immediately sent Overseas. Shellshocked in the trenches, he was sent back to England where he spent some time in hospital recuperating. At war's end, instead of returning home, he elected to serve with a peace keeping force in Germany for a period of time.

When he eventually arrived back at Jumping Pound, he worked on the ranch, courted and married Kathleen McKay who happened to be visiting at the Nicoll Brothers ranch at the time. They moved into a vacant house at the Lone Star.

Isolated and far from market, this was no place to make a living and raise a family. They purchased a farm north of Cochrane where they lived until World War II broke out. Ernest then rejoined the Army and was detailed to special guard duty.

After this second stint in the Army was over, the family moved to Calgary. He was employed by the R.C.M.P. and spent six years as assistant to the veterinarian in the Western Racing Association.

Their family consisted of two sons, Richard and Weldon, and one daughter, Mrs. Beryl Hand of Wagga Wagga, New South Wales, Australia.

Ernest died at the age of 71 and was buried in the Field of Honor, in Burnsland Cemetery, Calgary.

BARNEY DOHERTY

Barney Doherty, who was as Irish as his name, moved to the Horse Creek district in the late 1930s. He had between two and three hundred sheep, which he herded on the Easton section. At that time, that land was open range. There was no herd law in effect, and anyone who wished to do so could turn their livestock out to graze on road allowance and unfenced land.

Barney lived in a tiny trailer on the NE¼ of 30-27-4-5; he is reported to have bought the quarter for five dollars an acre. He used to say that he did not have to get out of bed to light his fire or cook breakfast. His trailer was, in fact, so small that once when a visitor opened the door to Barney's shout, "Come in," the visitor doubted if he could get in while his host was at home!

During the War, when sugar was rationed, Barney kept bees, because honey made an excellent substitute for sugar when he made potato wine. He also made rhubarb and dandelion wines in his tiny kitchen.

Barney sold his land to Mac Christie about 1949 and moved away from the district.

THE EASTON FAMILY — by Alex Easton

In the spring of 1920, we moved from Vulcan, Alberta, to Cochrane, where my father, Charles Easton, bought the section east of Viney's from C. W. Fisher. He paid nine dollars an acre for it. We fenced it and cut the hay but never broke any land or lived there. We lived on the Layzell farm just north of Chapelton School, where my mother taught for a year or two.

When we moved to Cochrane, I was twelve and my brother, Norman, was seven. My father was in poor health and could do very little farm work. In 1923, we moved to Rosebud, where my mother taught, then we returned to the Weedon district in 1924, and to High River in 1925. In 1930, my parents and Norman moved to Peace River,

Alberta, where they resided until 1945, then Father and Mother retired to Naniamo, British Columbia. My father passed away at Nanaimo in 1955, and Mother passed away at Didsbury, Alberta, in 1960.

In 1926, I started working for Calgary Power Limited. I worked at several locations in Southern Alberta, including two years at Raymond as District Manager. I was transferred to Rockyford in 1939 and to Didsbury in 1952, where I retired in 1971, and still reside.

I married Mary Webb of Cochrane in 1933. We have a son, Bob, who lives in Leaf Rapids, Manitoba, and a daughter, Donna, married and living in Didsbury. We have five grandchildren.

My brother, Norman, went to Yellowknife, Northwest Territories, where he prospected for various companies and worked in gold mines. He married Violet Webb, my wife's sister, in 1946, and they live in Edmonton. They have a son, Alan, and a daughter, Joan, both living in Edmonton, and two grandchildren.

T. C. FOOKS

Tom Fooks, the son of a London banker, was originally from Kent, England, and lived at various places around the world, including occasional stays at his farm on Horse Creek. He purchased the SE¼ of 30, the E½ of 19, and the W½ and NW¼ of 20, all in Township 26, Range 4, W. 5th.

Although Tom himself did little work on his farm, money generally seemed to be plentiful and he was presumably a remittance man. He was considered rather eccentric, but was a very clever individual. He was extremely restless, which probably accounts for the fact that he quit University in England just before graduating as a medical doctor. Tom was also extremely daring; many stories could be told of his escapades during the 1930s in his light airplane around Cochrane, Pine Lake and in the mountains, at a time when any sort of an airplane was a novelty in the skies.

Tom Fooks liked to play jokes, which often didn't seem very funny to his victims. Once when out flying, Tom spotted a neighbor walking in his summerfallow, so proceeded to make passes at him so low that the frightened pedestrian lay flat in the dirt. Another neighbor was delighted to accept Tom's invitation to accompany him on a drive to Toronto. All went well until Tom decided to stop in the middle of a downtown Toronto street, take the car keys and walk off. His abandoned and rather bewildered friend was left to deal with irate policemen as best he could for several hours.

A very proper English farm couple asked Tom for supper one evening. Tom accepted graciously, and the couple looked forward to an evening with a cultured person from "home." However, the evening came and went, but no Tom arrived. Around midnight, a commotion at the back of the house was heard. It was caused by Tom and his saddlehorse, both tangled in the clothesline. After straightening things out, the sleepy farmer asked Tom to come in, which he did, then he sat there all night, giving the couple the conversation they had longed for, and went home after breakfast!

At one time Tom had a string of race horses, including a well-known stallion, Doctor Joe. However, his horses came to a sad ending when their irresponsible owner went off to Vancouver and left them tied in the barn. When found by a neighbor, some of them had starved to death.

Tom Fooks joined the Air Force at the beginning of the Second World War. He has since disappeared and no one knows his whereabouts.

JOSEPH AND EFFIE GRAY — by Drusilla Gray

Joseph Arthur Gray was born in Wingham, Ontario, about 1877. Effie Gedes was also born in Wingham. She and her two sisters lost their mother when Effie was five years old. She lived with her grandparents until she married Joe Gray. They had three boys: William, Allen and Joe, and five girls, Norma, Mary, Lilla, Jean and Isabel.

They came to Calgary in 1904. Joe had been working in a furniture factory for 12 years before they came West. I still have an old hardwood chair they brought with them. Joe went into street and subway construction using his horses. He bought and broke horses doing this work and had a number of teamsters working for him. They did the excavating for two subways in downtown Calgary.

After a few years in Calgary he filed on a homestead south of Cereal, Alberta, and since there was no railway near there, he drove his herd of horses from Calgary to the homestead. He was interested in Clydesdales and had two mares and a stallion that had been imported from Scotland. He raised purebred horses until 1933. One of his colts, sold to Frank Postlethwaite, was champion of the Calgary Horse Show. Joe Gray also won prizes and trophies with his poultry in the Calgary Poultry Show.

In 1920 the Grays sold their farm at Cereal and went East for a year but returned to Cereal, where they rented several farms. In 1928 they moved to the Dog Pound area and farmed with their oldest son, Bill. Their youngest son, Joe, attended Summit Hill School. In 1934 Joe and Effie moved to the Horse Creek district and lived there until they retired to Calgary.

Joe and Effie celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary in Cochrane in 1944. They treated 50 guests to a hot turkey supper. This was followed by a dance with the Bosch Orchestra playing, and 200 people attended. The highlight of the night was when Grandma did the Highland fling, and Granddad, not to be outdone, tap danced.

Over the years, many an old-time waltz was played with prizes going to Effie and Joe Gray.

Grandma became quite blind and passed away in 1950. Joe continued to do carpentry work in the Bottrel-Cochrane district until his death in 1954.

While living near Cereal a daughter, Isabel, was accidentally killed by a neighbour boy who was shooting gophers. Norma (Leaman) resides in Calgary and has two children. Bill's story appears elsewhere. Mary married Ray Lott in Cereal. They moved to Grand Prairie and have six children. Lilla married John Krause. They reside at Camrose and have five children. Joe Gray lived in the Dog Pound district, but now is at Quesnel, British Columbia. Allen and I, Drusilla Kelly, were married in Cereal. We lived there until 1933, then lived in the Dartigue area until 1941, when we moved to Calgary. We had four children: Dick, Donald, Norma, and Arnold.

Dick was a fearless lad. He took up flying and skin diving. One time when he was flying from Yellowknife to Hay River, he saw three men fishing from the ice on a lake. When he was on the return trip he flew over and saw the men on an icefloe, which had broken off from the main lake ice. He reported this when he got to Yellowknife and a rescue plane went out but returned without the men, so Dick took sleeping bags and emergency supplies out to drop to them. Realizing the ice was fast disappearing, he knew that rescue had to come before morning, so he risked his life by landing on the ice, and the daring rescue was successful. In 1952 Dick was killed in a flying accident while hauling supplies to a wilderness camp in the Northwest Territories.

Donnie farms at Red Deer. He did motorcycle racing, winning a competition for Alberta one year. He was also interested in race cars and built a prize-winning custom-made race car, which was used at the Shepard race track.

Norma married Jack Williams of Carstairs. They keep horses for team roping, and one year their son Kenny won the youth team roping event for Alberta.

Arnold is a supervisor for Otis elevator. He lives in Richmond, British Columbia, and works in Vancouver.

Shortly before Allen's death in 1949, he won first prize for his garden plot in Calgary. The prize was given to Arnold that fall.

Arnold was eight years old and Norma was fourteen when Allen died of a tonsillectomy. After his death I went to work for Maclin Ford, where Allen had worked since moving to Calgary. Now it was I who had to finish raising the family.

I am now retired and I still ride at least once a week at the age of 72. I won the Senior Championship trophy for a trail ride from Waterton Lakes to Calgary in the 1970s.

Thomas Haigh.

Mrs. Haigh.

Haigh's threshing outfit.

The Haigh farmstead.

THE HAIGH FAMILY

Mr. and Mrs. Haigh and their sons, William and Tom, lived on the banks of Horse Creek on the NW¼ 32-26-4-5. John Haigh (presumably the father), homesteaded the SW¼ 32-26-4-5 and received his Patent in 1897. William homesteaded the home place, and also received his Patent in 1897. It may be assumed that the Haighs lived on their land prior to this date, in order to fulfill the homestead regulations. The remains of a sod shack are still visible on the southwest quarter; it is believed that it was built and inhabited by a trapper when the North West Mounted Police first established a fort in Calgary. Some of the family members may have lived in this shack until the log house was built,

No. 2143

DOMINION LANDS.

INTERIM HOMESTEAD RECEIPT.

No. 2943

Leaguy Agency,

17th August 189

I Certify that I have received from John Haigh

the sum of TEN Dollars, being the office fee for Homestead Entry for S½

Quarter of Section 2 Township 26 Range 4

West of 5 Meridian and that the said John Haigh

is, in consequence of such entry and payment, vested with the rights conferred in such cases by the provisions of "The Dominion Lands Act," respecting Homestead rights.

Local Agent.

☞ [OVER.]

The holder of this receipt is required to give six months' notice in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, before making application for Patent.

Granted under Sub-Sec. 7 of Clause 38, Chapter 54, Revised Statutes.

This entry is granted subject to the provisions of order in Council dated 6th October 1887, reserving all Mines and Minerals [illegible] to exist within, upon or under, all Lands in The [illegible] West of the third Meridian.

which is still in use on the northwest quarter. For some reason, Mary Alice Haigh was granted the NW¼ 5-27-4-5 by the C.P.R. around 1900.

Records of All Saints Anglican Church, Mitford, list John, Mary Alice, Thomas and William Haigh as having been among the first candidates for Confirmation in All Saints, on December 1, 1895.

Mrs. Perrenoud recalls that William (Billy) was quite a photographer, and Tommy played the violin. Tommy married and moved to Wetaskiwin, Alberta. In later years Mrs. Haigh became deaf. A housekeeper, whose name was also Haigh, was hired to care for her, and married Billy after a few years.

The Haighs sold their land in 1904 to Bernard Howard and left the Cochrane district. John's homestead is now the property of Mrs. Lena Gorgichuk, William's is owned by Mrs. Ava Lewis, and Mary Alice's, by Pat Hutchinson.

George Phipps and Tommy Haigh.

THE SAMUEL HAMBLYS

Sam Hambly homesteaded the NE¼ 6-27-4-5. He obtained his Grant for the land in 1892, and sold it in 1898. He built his house so close to the north boundary of his quarter, that when a back porch was added by a subsequent owner, it projected into the next field.

It is not known how long he actually lived in the Cochrane area, but records of All Saints Anglican Church, Mitford, show that he was on the Vestry in 1893. Mr. Hambly loved to act and was a frequent visitor at the Phipps home, where he was a great favorite with the children.

Prior to her marriage, Mrs. Hambly (Grace), came to Mitford as Lady Adela's maid. On their return from a trip to England, Lady Adela told Grace not to burden herself with too much luggage. However, Grace wished to bring some extra clothing back, as she and Sam Hambly were planning to be married after her return to Mitford. The story goes that Grace wore three dresses at a time on the long journey home. After all, where were the nearest dress shops to Mitford, in 1890?

Mr. and Mrs. Hambly had a daughter, Dorothy. It is believed that the family moved to British Columbia.

C. C. W. Price, S. E. Hambly, E. O. Reid, outside Hambly's house at Horse Creek, 1898.

THE HAMM FAMILY — by Mrs. Lavina Harbidge

Abe and Mary Hamm and their four children, Jack, Tilly, Violet and Lavina, came to Calgary in 1921. A year later they moved to Cochrane and lived on what is now the Tom Hardy farm until their log house was built on the SW¼ 5-27-4-5, which they had purchased, along with the E½ of the same section. They had previously lived in Saskatchewan. Both Mr. and Mrs. Hamm's parents had originally come to Canada from Holland.

The girls attended Cochrane Lakes School; Jack had finished school when the family came to the district. He served for several years in the Second War and was severely wounded. He has passed away. Violet (Mrs. Falko) lives at Rimbey, Alberta. Tilly married Mike Harbidge. Lavina married Dan Harbidge. Both couples live on their farms north of Cochrane. Mr. and Mrs. Hamm moved to Chilliwack, British Columbia in 1937, and have both passed away.

The Hamms chose a location for their farmstead which was beside Horse Creek and supplied with ample water by two strong springs. Hills curved protectively around the buildings, and the spruces planted there by the family have grown into a large grove of trees which have made it a beautiful spot and a memorial to Mr. and Mrs. Hamm. The land is now owned by George Perrenoud, and John Zuccolo lives in the house.

THE HARDY FAMILY — by Tom Hardy

Harry Edward Hardy was born in New Mills, Fulstone, Yorkshire, England, on April 23, 1881. He lost his mother, Elizabeth, nee Wadsworth, when he was quite young and was raised by his sister, Mary Alice. His father and two uncles operated a coach service for Lords and Ladies to take them to and from their parties. Dad's older brother left for New York in 1901.

After Dad finished school he worked in a co-op in Skalmersdale, Lancashire, until he left England in 1905. He went to New York and worked with his brother in a store; he then went to work in coal mines in St. Louis, Philadelphia and Springfield. John L. Lewis was organizing the mine workers' unions and made it difficult for small mines and non-union employees, so Dad left the States and came to Calgary in October 1909. The first person he met after arriving was Charlie Harbidge.

Dad took out a homestead in the spring of 1910 on the NW¼ 36-27-5-5, now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Miles Smeeton. Dad went to work for Pete Collins at the brickyard in March 1910. It was a mild winter and there was no frost. It had been a dry year in 1909 and the following year no moisture fell until August, and that was a snowstorm. Some crops that had been sown in the spring came green for pasture. There were huge cracks in the ground and it was dangerous walking. In 1911 Dad hauled wood from the bush to his homestead, cut it up in four foot lengths then hauled it to the brickyard for $1.75 per load.

Dad married Mary Ashcroft, who was born February 20, 1875, at Skalmersdale, Lancashire, England. After she finished school she helped her father in his ironmonger's shop. She came out to Canada in August 1911, and stayed with Bob and Alice Whitfield. Dad and Mother were married at Whitfields, October 1911, by Rev. Jarrett. They moved to Bottrel to work for Bouchers. I was born at Bottrel December 10, 1912.

From 1914 until 1918 my parents took care of Clem Edge's place while Clem was Overseas. They moved back to Dad's homestead and stayed there a short while then sold it to Harry Viney in 1918, and bought a place from Archie

Harry Hardy with a fine garden.

Howard south of the railway tracks at Cochrane. They had a small dairy herd and were not doing too badly until the winter of 1919-1920. The snow came in October and drifted all the feed in so it was very hard to get. On Christmas Day 1919, a Chinook came, melting the snow, then a hard frost, making it almost impossible to get the stooks out of the ice. Feed had to be shipped in from the Peace River country, and by spring people were paying $60.00 per ton for hay.

It was about this time the Cochrane branch of the United Farmers of Alberta was formed and Dad was one of the directors, along with Isaac Coatsworth, Mel Brown and Alex Moore. The U.F.A. paid for the hay coming to Cochrane; it had to be paid for before it could be put on the railway cars. Many of the farmers did not have the money to buy it in large quantities so the U.F.A. helped them out.

In the spring of 1920 we moved to a half section in Grand Valley. Dad agreed to buy it from Mr. Miller for $16.00 per acre at 8% interest. This land had been homesteaded by Sid Chester and was the SW¼ 31-26-4-5 and the NW¼ 30-26-4-5. We had a few cattle and pigs, but mainly chickens. Dad graded and stamped the eggs, and each Friday they were taken to Andy Clark's butcher shop in Cochrane, then shipped to Colebrook's in Banff. Prior to moving to Banff Colebrooks lived on Section 16-27-4-5.

It took all of the egg money to pay the interest on the note for the land, so in the spring of 1925, Dad gave it up and rented the Phipps place, where we stayed until the spring of 1929. We then moved to the N½ 4-27-4-5, this being the Pitter homestead. We are still living on this land. Dad bought this land for $16.00 per acre but in the 1930s he was not able to keep up the payments and interest, so the price was reduced to $10.00 per acre with interest at 5%.

Dad and Mother moved to Cochrane in the fall of 1947. Mother passed away in August 1951. Dad returned to the farm, where he remained until his death in June 1960.

Dad served on the school boards of Grand Valley, Chapelton and Cochrane Lakes.

I went to school in Grand Valley from 1920 until the spring of 1925, and then I went to Chapelton. The first teacher I had was just out of Normal school, I cannot recall her name but I do remember she had real red hair.

During the haying season I would help put up our own hay and then help Whittles with their haying for $1.00 a day.

The summer of 1927 was very wet, it seemed like it rained nearly every day. Charlie and Axel Sundgren rented Section nine, and broke up 200 acres on the north side using two 15-27 John Deere tractors hooked one ahead of the other by a cable and pulled a 24 inch brush breaker. It was so wet one tractor could not go without getting stuck. Tractors were just starting to be used around here about then.

In 1928 I worked with Robbie Webb on his threshing crew and it took a week to thresh the crop of barley that grew on that breaking. I earned $2.50 a day for my team and myself. During the winter of 1929-1930, I helped John Boothby and Frank Whittle bale hay for $2.50 per day and saved enough money to buy a Titan 10-20 tractor from George Perrenoud. I paid $150.00 for it. I used this tractor to break up some of the brushland here on the place. I then bought a 12-24 Hart Parr tractor. I helped Dad on the farm until 1939. I started a trucking business in 1942; in 1947 I took over the farm from Dad, and in 1951 gave up the trucking business.

In 1948 I married Barbara Houghton, daughter of Mary and Bill Houghton. We have two daughters, Christina, born October 1954, and Cheryl, born September 1961.

HERR HESSE AND HERR KÜTZING — by Jean L. Johnson

Shortly after we were married and living in Grand Valley, Mrs. Tempany called upon us and when one evening we returned the call, we met, at her home, Walther Hesse and Walther Kützing. They clicked their heels and bowed from the waist. The elder of the two, Herr Hesse, bearded, spectacled and inscrutable, looked like a professor. Herr Kützing was tall and Nordic with a military bearing. Their clothes were of the best quality and their manners were impeccable. Their only rudeness, after we became well acquainted, was their habit of speaking German in our presence, although their English was almost perfect. Their only faults appeared to be an unbending pride and at times, a thinly-veiled scorn for those they considered beneath them. Walther Kützing had been a flying ace in the First War. He had a cigarette case of solid gold which bore an inscription. He showed it to me, but I was not

sure whether it had to do with the war or with a romance.

They were living in a shack on a quarter section not far from us, presumedly because they had come to Canada as landed immigrants and were putting in the time until they could pursue their own professions. They did no farming, no work of any kind — and they had neither livestock nor vehicle. They went for long walks, or I should say, marches, mostly in the hills, and they took a great interest in maps. This led many people to believe that they were spies. But this was quite unlikely, I thought, in 1927.

Shortly after we met them, they came over to our house one evening and Walther Hesse was very happy to see that we had a piano and some music, including some Beethoven Sonatas. He sat down and played, and to my delight he proved to be a brilliant pianist. This was the first of many evenings when we had the pleasure of listening to his playing.

They had dropped in on the Gordon Hindes, in their wanderings, so I invited the Hindes and our German friends over for an evening of music. I told them that Gordon Hinde had a very good voice and would sing for us. They seemed a bit skeptical, but when they heard Gordon's fine baritone they registered surprise and appreciation. He sang that old song, "Sing Me to Sleep" and I saw tears in the eyes of Walther Kützing. My father used to sing this song in German; it is possible that it was familiar to them and brought back memories to the younger man.

Walther Hesse sent to Germany for some of his music, beautifully bound Peters Editions of the Beethoven Sonatas, the Haydn Sonatas, a book of Chopin and a book of Schubert Marches. How I enjoyed those evenings of music!

Walther Kützing was the first to leave. He went to Winnipeg to go into the importing business. Some time after he left we received an invitation to his wedding but were unable to go to Winnipeg for it.

Walther Hesse's first wife was a blond American whom he had loved dearly. She was dead and their son and daughter were in Germany. After Kützing left, Hesse's second wife and their son, Hans, came out to live with him. He did not treat them as equals. We invited them to come for Christmas dinner, our first, and my husband went for them with team and sleighs.

In the spring of 1928, Walther Hesse came over alone one day, and told me that they were leaving. He gave me all his beautiful books of music. I did not want to take them. But he said, "I will never play the piano again. I want you to have them." This, I still do not understand. It has remained a mystery.

We never saw them again. Hitler came to power and we heard that the son and daughter in Germany were in his Youth Corps. War broke out, and we heard that Walther Hesse was in an internment camp. We were now living on our homestead, back in the hills. One day I heard on the radio that a man named Hesse had escaped from the internment camp at Ozada, west of Morley. This gave me some very bad days. I thought, "He will come to us." Even throughout very hard times I had tried to live up to my motto:

"Who so shall stand on this hearth stone
Shall never, never, stand alone
Whose hearth is cold —
This hearth is his home."

But we were at war. I asked a friend to make inquiries. The escaped prisoner was caught and proved to be a younger man. Or so I was told.

BERNARD HOWARD

It has been suggested that Bernard Howard, who may have come from a titled English family, was another of the remittance men who called Cochrane "home" for a few years. At any rate, he was called Lord Howard. He bought the Haigh place in 1904, and mortgaged the land so heavily that he was unable to clear the debt. Title to the land was granted to C. W. Fisher and R. F. Bevan in 1909, who sold it a year later to Walter Hutchinson.

Bernard Howard did not live on his place continuously, but when he was home, he rode a fine black horse and was generally accompanied by his pack of hounds. He moved to Vancouver, and later lost his life in the San Francisco earthquake.

OSBORNE JOHNSON

In 1894, at the age of 17, Osborne Johnson (Ozzie) came to Canada from Nottinghamshire, England, with his father, brother and two sisters. The family spent the first winter in a tent in the Innisfail district, where they thought they might locate. The winter was very severe, and after nearly perishing under such conditions, they decided in the spring to sell everything they had brought with them and return to England. They were persuaded by friends, however, to give the country another try and they eventually settled in the Horse Creek district on the place where Ernie Zang later lived. It was here that Ozzie became interested and active in raising show horses. He also, along with other young men in the district, formed a polo team and became quite enthusiastic in that sport.

He remained a bachelor and after several years settled on a piece of property in the Bottrel area. He still continued to raise horses, and often his friends would spend the winter with him, or he would go to neighbours and do chores for them during the long winter months.

In the 1930s Ozzie soon realized he had too many horses as there was no longer a sale for them. Anyone who wanted a horse for haying or use of any kind could get one from him. Clarence Ullery borrowed a black mare with a wide white strip down her face. This horse was one of the wheel team driven by Alan Ladd in the film,

Osborne Johnson's horse ranch on Horse Creek.

Saskatchewan. She was on the camera side and showed up beautifully in the picture.

Ozzie lived in the Cochrane area until he passed away December 8, 1960, at the age of 83 years.

ROBERT WILLIAM AND ANNIE JOHNSON — by Ivy Plant

My dad, Robert William (Bill) Johnson, was born October 31, 1880, at Long Bennington, Nottinghamshire, England. He came to Canada in 1894 with his father, George, a widower, and his brother, Osborne, also his two sisters, Augusta Mary and Lillian.

The family arrived in Calgary with their personal belongings and not many household articles. They had many things to buy as well as horses, wagon, tent and the necessary food supply that would be needed on their trip to Innisfail, Alberta, where they planned to go.

It was quite an eventful trip, with the tent falling down one evening just as they were about to sit down for supper, and the coyotes howling. My grandfather thought they were wolves and kept his gun loaded. He was ready to shoot at anything.

My aunts Gussie (Augusta) and Lillian were assigned to the household duties. The girls had been taken out of boarding school to make the journey to Canada. When they were at home in England, a housekeeper looked after them, so cooking, doing dishes and washing clothes was very new to them and I'm sure very difficult.

Alberta Finlay (Atkinson), my cousin, and I loved to hear the stories they told about their trek to Innisfail and we had many good laughs with them.

I think it was in the fall of 1894 when they arrived near Innisfail. They all told of the horrible cold weather and the deep snow (rather cold for a tent). They had to ride a couple of miles to town for the mail and to get supplies. They had a very foxy horse; he would go just so far and then buck the rider off and run back to the camp. The rider would have to walk back and catch the horse and start all over again. What an ordeal!

Well, the family had such a miserable winter they decided in the spring of 1895 to pack up, go back to Calgary, sell their gear and return to England. Along the way someone talked them into homesteading, which they did, at Horse Creek in the Cochrane area. Henry Zang owned their homestead in later years.

My dad worked for Walter Critchley, herding horses north of Calgary which is now known as the North Hill district. He often reminisced about how he could have bought 8th Avenue and Second Street S.W. for five dollars (but who had five dollars?) and about cattle found frozen to death still standing against the fences.

In 1905-06 Dad worked in Banff, Alberta, driving tallyhos, guiding and outfitting. He loved horses and was very good with them. He always managed to find work in the summer, working with the horses. I think he worked for Brewsters, as he spoke of them a great deal. While in Banff he met my mother, Annie Dowson, who was working at Mrs. Paris' Tea Room. Mother, her parents, Robert and Mary, and her brother, Jack, had come to Canada in 1905 from Durham, England. They homesteaded at Horse Creek not far from the Johnson homestead. Dad and Mother were married October 31, 1907 and lived on the Hewitt place. At this time Dad owned quite a string of polo ponies and a famous horse, named "Dollar", who was hard to beat in a quarter mile race. I still have an engraved watch that was bet on his race and the better lost.

My sister, Lily, and brother, Bill, were born on the Hewitt place. Bill arrived May 11, 1910. It was here that they had a severe bout with scarlet fever. My grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Dowson, were called in to help. Mother, Lily, Uncle Jack and Grandfather were all very ill. Uncle Jack

and Lily passed away and it left my brother with a kidney ailment. My dad said the only thing that kept him and Grandmother going was whiskey. They had it in their tea four times a day; in those days whiskey could be purchased by the barrel.

Dad served in the Canadian Army during World War One at Camp Shilo, Manitoba, and at Vernon, British Columbia.

I was born at the Cochrane Hospital in November, 1915. I don't know where home was then, but later on Dad was dealing in horses, growing grain and putting up hay. I can remember Mr. Giffen coming to buy horses, calves and horsehair. About 1927 Dad contracted to carry mail from Cochrane to Lochend. This took him up the Big Hill Creek road to Walter Hutchinsons' ranch, then on to the Post Office where Mr. and Mrs. Laidlaw lived. I went with my dad many times when he had problems with his knee. What delightful people those ranchers were and so good to us. It was an all day trip every Friday. Dad also contracted to carry the mail to Bottrel and Dog Pound; this meant he was on the road Wednesday, Friday and Saturday, with his team and democrat. He always said, "The Royal Mail must go through," and that it did. Only once he had to stay overnight and return on Sunday. I was with him when this happened. There was a very heavy rain in the afternoon and the going was very tough, the horses were exhausted so we pulled into Mr. Fenton's farm at Cochrane Lakes. They gave us a meal and a bed for the night. What a wonderful family. Dad not only carried the mail but on the return trip he hauled cream for the creamery and carried the odd passenger. I think he charged the passengers one dollar. Mrs. Frank Whittle rode with him a few times when she was teaching school in Weedon.

Two weeks before Christmas we always put the sleigh bells on the harness and if there was enough snow Dad would go in the cutter. He always took his buffalo coat and foot warmer and left at 8 a.m. and would be back home at 6 p.m., of course he was often late arriving home as the weather conditions interfered sometimes. Bill and I would run out when he arrived, open the gate, unhitch the horses, take off the harness, put the horses in the barn, rub them down and feed them. About nine o'clock when they had cooled off, we went out and watered them. Dad was mailman until 1940 or 41, then they went back to the Dowson homestead on Horse Creek where they farmed.

In April 1946, Dad got a severe cold which developed into pneumonia and he passed away on April 27, 1946. My brother Bill passed away two weeks later on his birthday May 11, 1946. Mother sold the homestead and worked at Penhold, Alberta, for several years. In 1962 she came to Lethbridge and lived with my husband Art and me until she passed away on October 26, 1964.

JASON MALOTT — by Eva Archibald

My father, Jason Malott, who lived in Leamington, Ontario, worked out West in 1894. At one time, he drove freight wagons around Lethbridge, Fort Macleod and Calgary. He went back to Leamington and married Loretta Rymal in 1897. He worked his own farm there for a short time, returned to the West in 1900, and took up a homestead on Horse Creek on the SW¼ 30-27-4-5.

My mother came West in 1901, accompanied by her daughter, Ruby, who was around three years old. In 1902, Marion was born in a Calgary hospital; in 1903, I (Eva) was born, and in 1904, my sister, Nellie. We were both born at the farm, and I believe Granny Hogarth was midwife. Our brother, Lew, was born after we left the farm and were living at Chilliwack, British Columbia.

When Dad came out to Horse Creek, he must have brought some goods with him because I remember the story about Uncle Percy riding in the cattle car, against regulations, I'm sure! Dad built a log house, enlarging it after. It was burned down some seventy years later. It was a cosy house, built partly into the bank behind it. I have been told that Dad and Earle Whittle got the logs up Banff way, cutting them in the summer and snaking them out in the winter. Our water supply was from a spring near the house. It bubbled out and ran down to the creek. Dad put up a small building over the spring, naturally called the Spring House. Milk, butter and other perishables kept quite well there.

When Chapelton School opened on February 1, 1910, my younger sister had to start at age five to make up the required number of pupils. The first pupils, as I remember them, were Mabel, Ernie, Ethel and Bobbie Crowe, Claude and Frank Whittle, our family, and Donald and Jimmy Patterson. Later I recall two or three Reimer boys arriving each day on one horse, also Robert Whitfield, Harvey Hogarth and the children of a little French lady, Mrs. Darke. The teachers often boarded at our place, or at Whittles. I think Walter Crowe started the fires at the school.

Telephones were installed around 1910. The linemen who were stringing the line up the valley slept in our attic for a time. Mother probably boarded them too.

In those days the Indians frequently wandered by. They would stop for little handouts, but if Mother was alone, we children were banished to the bedroom. Communication between farm wives and visiting Indians was sadly hampered by a language barrier and lack of understanding.

My parents sold the farm in 1913 and we all moved to Chilliwack, where Dad bought and ran a fuel business. Dad died in 1948 and Mother in 1967; they are both buried at Chilliwack.

Ruby was a seamstress and designer. She married Dr. J. S. Currie. Ruby died at Abbotsford in 1969. Marion (Mrs. Schofield) was a teacher. She is now widowed and living at Kimberley. Eva (Mrs. Archibald) was a teacher

and lives with her husband at Castlegar. Nell (Mrs. Munford) also became a teacher and lives with her husband at San Mateo, California. Lew and his wife live at Trail.

I was only ten years old when we left Horse Creek, but my memories of that area are precious; the gophers, the chilling howl of coyotes, the baby ducks in the creek, masses of wild flowers, feeds of luscious wild strawberries, were all part of a life I recall in that beautiful area of Alberta.

MR. AND MRS. A. D. McCANNEL — by Emma Young

The McCannels bought the Pitter homestead on Horse Creek and lived there for a number of years, then moved to Calgary. There were five children in the family. The oldest son was on the staff of a Calgary newspaper. Ardell, Viola and Jean trained as teachers. Bruce was a Police detective in Calgary.

The farm was vacant for a number of years, and then was successively occupied by Joe Jensen, the Heck family, Mr. and Mrs. J. Zang, and the Hamm family. Mr. McCannel returned to the farm for a time while the family stayed in Calgary completing their education. It was then sold to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hardy.

THE McINTYRES

The McIntyres came from the Hebrides. In the 1920s they lived on the NE¼ 25-27-5-5. It is believed the McIntyres returned to the Hebrides.

WILLIAM (BILLY) AND FLORIE McKAY — by Gertrude Fox

William McKay was born in Scotland in 1890. When he was one month old his mother died and he remained in the care of his family. When he was 13 years old his sister, Georgina, came to Canada to marry James Patterson and she brought Billy with her. Their new home was approximately eight miles north of the 1A highway on the Grand Valley road. Billy rode his horse to attend the Grand Valley School.

Billy married Florie Wyatt and they went to work at the Rhodes Ranch, across the road from Patterson's. This ranch is now known as the Anchor X and is owned by Bob Burns. They lived at this ranch in a little two-roomed log cabin. Billy's wages were $40 per month until he went on strike. Then the manager raised his wages to $45 per month.

After Billy and Florie left the Rhodes Ranch, they spent a short time in the Dog Pound area on a rented farm before they bought a quarter section from Dan Shine (NW¼ 25-27-5-5). Later they purchased the adjoining SW¼ from the C.P.R. They milked cows for their income. They always got special grade for their cream as it was kept so cool in the good, cold spring they had on their property.

Billy broke land west of Cochrane for Mr. King. Billy, Florie and their two boys, George and Don, lived in a little house by the race track for six weeks while Billy finished breaking the land. Once after a train went by, Billy spotted a grass fire near the race track. He immediately ploughed a fireguard around the race track which helped to save the race barns. Billy also worked on threshing crews and worked on the Grand Valley and Horse Creek roads, building and maintaining them with horse drawn equipment. Picks and shovels were used to install plank culverts which were used in the roads at that time. Billy was road foreman on the Grand Valley road for several years.

Pattersons had the Caldbeck Post Office and mail was to be picked up every Saturday in Cochrane and brought back to the Post Office. When the men were too busy to go for the mail, Florie went with her sister-in-law, Georgina (Nan) Patterson, to pick up the mail with the team and buggy.

Billy and Florie have four children who are all married. George married Mary Roberts and they have two children, Judy and Jerry. Don married Dorothy Barrows and they have four girls, Margaret, Jean, Louise and Isabel. They live at Airdrie, Alberta. Florence married Reg Morrison and they have six children: George, Marilyn, Brian, Orville, Nancy and Rory. They live at Nanton, Alberta. Glen married Wilda Adams and they have two children, Billy and Linda. George and Glen and their families live on their farms at Cochrane. Florie has ten great-grandchildren.

In May 1958, when Billy was 68, he and Florie planned to go to Washington to visit Florie's sisters; the family was deeply grieved when Florie went out in the field and found Billy lying dead beside the seed drill. He is buried in the Cochrane cemetery.

Florie is loved and respected by her children and grandchildren. She still lives on their original farm in Horse Creek. She and her sister, Louie Arndt, have been to visit their sisters in the United States many times. Florie never hesitates to stay with or to help her family and friends in time of need.

MR. METCALFE

Mr. Metcalfe owned the SW¼ 24-27-5-5. He was a wheelwright and blacksmith and had a well-equipped blacksmith shop on his farm. He did a lot of blacksmith work for his neighbors.

When he grew older he rented his land to Scotty Elder for many years. The land was later sold to Stan Ward. It is believed that a Mr. Black homesteaded this land, but did not prove up on the homestead as A. Nicholson was the first registered owner. This quarter is now owned by Chet Baldwin and no one lives on the land.

THE O'CARROLL BROTHERS

Jim and Tom O'Carroll were Irish, and lived on the Walter Crowe homestead by Chapelton School during the 1930s. Jim had an excellent

sense of humor. Tom did not associate with his neighbors very much, thus was regarded as being somewhat queer. This impression was heightened when he returned from a trip to Ireland with a wife, who never seemed to make an appearance except to get a ride to church every Sunday with a neighbor.

Since the O'Carrolls neither farmed much, nor worked out, it is possible that they were remittance men. If so, there was at least one time that the cheques evidently got held up in the mail, for Jim and Tom were getting pretty hungry until a neighbor asked them if they would like to help him get rid of his pigeons. That very night, armed with a flashlight, a few gunny sacks and some liquid refreshment, they climbed into the neighbors's barn loft and wrung the necks of as many pigeons as they could catch, and stuffed them in the sacks. Tom later remarked that some of the birds were getting pretty "gamey" by the time they were cooked.

Not many years before the O'Carrolls left Horse Creek and returned to Ireland, they built a large pentagon-shaped pig house, the latest style. However, they never owned a pig.

BERNARD PEARS — by M. Zang

Bernard Pears came to Cochrane in 1925 and worked for several people, including Colin Beaton of Simons Valley, Hank Fricke of Bottrel and Walter Hutchinson Sr. In April, 1932, he loaded his worldly possessions into his wagon, hooked up his four horses, and headed north. He had a huge sack of peanuts beside him to eat on the way.

Bernard settled at Battle Lake, Alberta, and built a cabin. Several years later he purchased a quarter section of land west of Ponoka, sawed his cabin in half and moved it to his new location.

In 1939 he married Betty Nielson. They raised a family of three girls and six boys. They have eight grandchildren. Bernard is just as happy-go-lucky as he was when he came to Cochrane 50 years ago.

WILLIAM AND HILDA PERKINS — by Dorothy Fenton

The family of William B. and Hilda Perkins took up residence on the W½ 29-27-4-5 in September 1939. A team of horses, a milk cow, a wagon and rack, and a few personal belongings were hauled to the farm by the local trucker, Jule Zang.

Two other families, the William Frasers and the Emile Popideaus, moved onto this school section at the same time. Terms of the lease were one-third crop share with ten acres of new breaking to be undertaken each year.

The small two-roomed log cabin (16' x 20'), with the weavy-edged roof, was poorly built and one could throw a small cat out through many of the spacings in the walls. The first project was to fill these spaces with moss and mud which was hauled, in tubs on a stoneboat, from the shores of the large slough located on the property. The roof was then covered with tar paper to be followed the next year by shingles.

There were six children at the time: Bill, seventeen; Joe, fourteen; Jack, nine; Dorothy, five: Donald, three years; and Victor, a baby of three months. Mr. Perkins, a Private in the Canadian Army, was stationed at Kananaskis Prison Camp, later moving to the Ozada Camp on the Seebe Flats.

One of the first visitors to arrive at the Perkins' was Miss Agnes Ward, who rode in one day to take our registration for Chapelton School, one and a half miles to the west. Mrs. Perkins decided that Jack would be the only one attending as she felt the walk would be too much for Dorothy. In years to come the school age children rode a pony, called "Punch," loaned to them for the winter months by George and Herman Kinch. When the load became too much for the pony they again walked or drove him on a two-wheeled cart.

There was no drinking water on the property and they hauled it in a forty-five gallon drum on the stoneboat from the next-door neighbor, Jim Dolen, and later from another neighbor, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Gray, who lived about a half mile south. Mr. Gray was the local carpenter. The children seldom arrived home with a full barrel of water; if the horse didn't run away, one runner would drop in a rut or run over a rock and slosh half of the water out. The younger children always enjoyed tagging along on these trips, as "Granny" Gray always asked them in for tea, "with sugar in, even," and she baked the most delicious cookies, something sadly lacking at home with so many mouths to feed and sugar and butter rationing of the war years in effect.

Clothes were scrubbed on a washboard with water packed by bucket from the slough and heated on the old coal and wood cookstove. Sunlight and Fels Naptha bar soap were popular items.

Since there was no bush on this ½ section, firewood was always a big headache and even after it was hauled there was never too much manpower available to cut it into suitable lengths. Mrs. Perkins is still teased about the times some of the neighbors caught her with part of a discarded fence post sticking out of the door of the fire box on the cookstove.

The Perkins had no car for some time and depended on good-hearted neighbors to bring their groceries. Once, when Mrs. Perkins had gone to Calgary on a shopping trip, there was no one in town to meet her when she returned at midnight on the train and she walked the twelve miles home from Cochrane.

The Joe Taylors had the nearest telephone. Ken Campbell was "official" barber cutting the boys' and Dorothy's hair into the typical Dutch bob of the times. A familiar figure in the neighborhood was Joe Allen who was often seen riding along with his Scotch terrier dog named

"Duke" in close pursuit. Around 1941 the Oscar Price family moved onto the next quarter to the west. North of them lived Barney Doherty, famous for his dandelion and rhubarb wines. A favorite visiting spot for the children was the Arnold Rushfeldt farm, a mile to the south.

During the first winter the Holstein cow gave birth to a beautiful bull calf. However, two months later it was kicked in the head by a horse and Mr. Gray was called in to butcher it. The hide was tanned for a rug and is still in Mrs. Perkins' Cochrane home.

In November 1941 Bob was born en route to hospital in the back seat of the Pontiac car they had purchased by this time. Mrs. W. Beynon was called upon to administer nursing aid to the mother and baby before they finished the trip to Calgary.

In 1943 Joe joined the R.C.A.F. at the age of seventeen, and after a brief stay in Ontario, went Overseas. The next two years he spent in Belgium and Holland. By this time Mr. Perkins had become a Corporal and was transferred to Lethbridge. After this the family saw even less of him.

In the winter the roads were often impassable and they would travel through fields taking to the highest ridges to avoid the snow drifts. On Dorothy's tenth birthday she was allowed to go along on a Christmas shopping trip with her mother and brother Bill. As they had learned of a shipment of coal in Cochrane, a rather scarce commodity that winter, they decided to take the team and sleigh so that they could bring back a load with them. They took the noon train to Calgary and arrived back in town at 1 a.m. It was a long, cold drive with the loaded sleigh as they had to stop every mile or so to rest the team. They walked or ran behind the sleigh much of the way to keep from freezing. When they arrived home at 6 a.m. it was twenty degrees below zero.

Mr. Perkins passed away in a Lethbridge hospital in June 1945 at the age of forty-five from a cerebral hemorrhage, following a bout with bronchial pneumonia. He was never a well man, having been plagued all his life with severe attacks of asthma. He found his visits to the farm unbearable due to the dampness from the slough and his allergy to the animals. Much of the time he spent at home he was confined to bed. This same year Joe returned from Overseas, received his discharge and went to work for the United Grain Grower's elevator in Cochrane.

Jack attended Cochrane High School, riding three miles to Weedon Corner to catch the school bus driven by Ed Rowe. The next year Dorothy and Don were picked up at the gate by driver Felix Desjardine. In the winter the roads became impassable and Harold Grant or Bob Echlin had to haul their milk to town on a small platform built on their tractor. On Monday mornings Don and Dorothy would catch a ride with them and ride on milk cans for ten or twelve miles to Cochrane. They stayed in town through the week and returned home the same way on weekends.

Mrs. Perkins retired to Cochrane in 1960, Bill has moved to Kimberley, British Columbia, Joe is living at Sherwood Park near Edmonton, Don and Bob are in Calgary, and Jack and Vic are in Cochrane. Dorothy married Lynn Fenton and they live on their farm north of Cochrane.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES PERRENOUD — by the Family

Charles Emile Perrenoud was born in 1863, one of eight children in the family of Emile and Elisa Perrenoud. His father was a jeweller in Besancon, France. They had a luxurious home, and a country estate.

Charles spent two years in London, England, learning to be a diamond cutter, and learning the English language. He decided to become a horse rancher in Western Canada, and arrived at the Winterbottom Ranch on Sheep Creek in 1886, via Fort Benton, Montana. The Winterbottoms took pupils to learn horse ranching, for the sum of $600 per year. Their pupils did all the work.

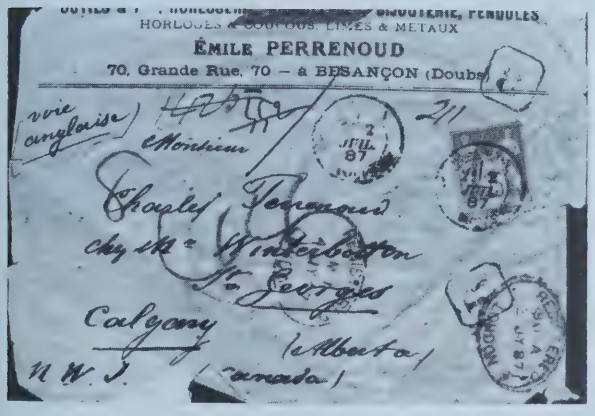
Our father's brother, Ernest, came to the Winterbottom Ranch in 1888, at the age of 18. Shortly after his arrival, he and Charles came to Cochrane. They lived for some years at what was later known as Mortimer Coulee, and started ranching. The original horses, forty head, were bought from Mr. Critchley for one hundred dollars apiece.

One of the many new experiences for Dad and Uncle Ernest when they started their horse ranch, was learning to cook for themselves. They both learned to make very good bread. Housekeeping may have lacked attention, but once while they were living together at Mortimer Coulee, Dad cleaned a window pane. A sudden rush of horses by the shack excited Ernest, and in his hurry to look out, he popped his head through the unusually clean pane of glass. Passing cowboys often dropped in for a meal. Several men arrived at dinner time one day, and cleaned up a stew. One of them asked, "And what meat was it, Charlie?"

"It was bach-er," came the broken English reply. Presumably, beef was in short supply at that time, and badger stew was a last resort.

Charles proved up on his homestead; the SW¼ 4-27-4-5, and bought the adjoining SE¼ of 4 as a Pre-emption. He lived in a tent while building his log shack. Part of its roof was sods, covered with boards. The log barns for the stallions and saddle horses all had sod roofs. "A" fences were built; they seemed to go over the hills for miles. Log corrals were put up around the buildings. There was a large round corral, and a smaller one with an adjoining square pen that had a squeeze gate in it for handling broncs. They were usually three or four years old before they were touched, and would put up quite a fight. After the usual procedure of being handled, they were hitched with a trained

Ernest Perrenoud, coyote hunting. Note the buffalo skull on the ground.



The envelope containing a letter sent to C. Perrenoud by his father in 1887.

experienced horse, to a wagon. The older horses actually seemed to help to teach the bronc. One man drove the horses, and his partner would pull a trip rope, should the bronc get out of control. The gate was opened and away they went at full speed, banging over the rough ground. Uncle Ernest thought he would make the wild ride smoother for the men, and put rake springs under the wagon seat. The idea was a failure, although it provided a good show for the onlookers. The springs bounced both men right out of the wagon when it went over the bumps.

Dad used to carry a six-shooter loaded with salt to protect himself and his saddlehorse from a stallion if it attacked. They could be very dangerous if so inclined. One dose from his gun made them pretty wary and they learned to keep their distance.

Many horse ranchers were in business on both sides of the Bow River west of Calgary before

The Perrenoud ranch house, 1904.

1900, and the Perrenoud Brothers were among the earliest to establish herds. Through the years Dad raised Hackneys, German Coach, Clydesdales, and Shires. There were the usual losses among the horses, but it was a thrill to hear the pounding hoofbeats as the bunch was brought home to the corral. They must have been a great satisfaction to Dad, an ambition that was being fulfilled. The herd increased to around 150 head. Veterinarians were skilled, but scarce; however, there was generally someone in the district who "had a way" with animals. Home remedies were used, such as lime applied to wounds, pine tar on the tongue for distemper; red liniment, ginger and baking soda given to a horse that had colic; bran poultices were placed on sore muscles. The milk cow once got potatoes stuck in her gullet; hammering failed to dislodge them, so she was given a gallon of George's home-rendered badger grease, and the broom handle was pushed down her throat. It worked!

Charles married Laura M. Phipps; her family's history appears elsewhere in the book. They were married in All Saints Church, Cochrane, in April 1902. A team of Hackneys with white rosettes on their bridles were used to pull a smart new buggy. Laura was a very capable pioneer, having come to Canada as a small child, and grown up not far from her new home. She

Vickey Phipps and Mrs. Perrenoud going for a ride.

Perrenoud's house under construction, 1910. Chapman Brothers were the carpenters.

Perrenoud's shack in Mortimer Coulee. Front r.: Angus McDonald, Charles Perrenoud, George Reid, Walsh. The two men at the back are unidentified.

Off to school. George, Agnes and Emma Perrenoud.

Charles and Ernie Perrenoud.

Perrenoud's horse ranch in Mortimer Coulee, before 1900.

had many experiences with horses, and always rode sidesaddle. Trips to Cochrane were generally made by team and buggy, or democrat. Runaways were not at all unusual, as nearly every time Dad went to Cochrane the team was sold, and a new team had to be used for the next trip. Mother speaks of the long drive to Calgary with the grey team, and wagon. Such trips were usually for dentist appointments or for medicine. It was a tiring, long drive over the prairie.

Our parents had three children, George, Emma and Agnes. Our childhood was a happy one, and like all children, we were sometimes a trial to our parents! Dad planted a garden; Emma weeded it and pulled up all the lettuce plants. George used the hammer to knock the oil cups off the new mower, and Agnes used the hammer on the china faces of Emma's beautiful dolls that had been sent to her from France. However, we raised orphan colts, hunted prairie chickens, rode for miles over the open fields and attended Cochrane Lakes School when it opened. There were many children's parties, and gatherings of family and friends at the new house, which was built in 1910. The lumber for it came from British Columbia; six teams hauled the lumber and other supplies from Cochrane, and Chapman Brothers were the carpenters. The house, still standing and in use, is surrounded by mature trees planted by George. It is an example of the good material used, and fine workmanship of carpenters at that time. For several years after the house was built, beautiful butterflies occasionally appeared in it; presumably they hatched from eggs laid on the lumber before it left B.C. Cedar lining was used on the inside walls. A huge engine was used to drill the well, quite a novelty at a time when most wells were hand dug.

Christmas parties were enjoyed in the new house for many years. We danced around a tall Christmas tree to the music of gramophone records. Dad enjoyed his records and had quite a selection. He had a good voice and loved to sing snatches of opera music. He was also fond of art, and did very fine pen and ink sketches before coming to Canada, but very few while living here.

Ernest Perrenoud filed on a homestead above Big Hill Springs, the SW¼ 30-26-3-5. He did not stay in the ranching business for long. He went into partnership with Mr. Bruel at a brickyard in Cochrane for a few years, and for a while he ran a flower shop in Calgary. The young lady who was later to become Mrs. Evan Jones worked at his flower shop when she first came to Calgary from Belgium.

Ernest travelled to several places in British Columbia, lived in Vancouver for a few years, and finally settled in Seattle, Washington. He was fond of photography, and took many pictures of houses and ranches between 1880 and 1900.

Ernest's horse brand was a cowboy hat. A coach horse named Elizabeth was the last horse to carry this brand.

Dad bought numerous stallions that were great assets in improving his bunch. One stallion came from Edmonton, led all the way by a rider. Another was the grandson of the famous "Baron's Pride", and was bought from Mr. McNamee. "Armour" was a beautiful Shire; "Valentine Dee" was a very pretty Hackney; "Coach Boy" was a German Coach stallion. At a show in St. Louis, "Saxon", the champion Hackney, came from Calgary and was once owned by Dad.

Our horses ran on the range for years, but gradually the country was settled, and barbed wire fences appeared, enclosing quarter after quarter of homesteader's land. The horses, unaccustomed to the wire, were often cruelly cut as they ran into the fences or became entangled in a broken one. Little colts sometimes would be found with great gashes in their chests where they had been cut by the wire. A veterinarian was once called to treat a stallion that had "proud flesh" from a barbed wire cut, but the cut proved fatal even after medication.

During the wet years of the early 1900s, bogs were more plentiful than they are now. Many horses sank in the quagmires; some were rescued by pulling them out by the neck, but there must have been dozens that suffered a slow death as they slowly sank into the mud. In earlier times, buffaloes apparently encountered the same hazard, as it was common when we were children to find their bones in swampy places or near springs.

The wet years meant that mosquitoes flourished. Smudges were common near every farmstead. Flying ants used to appear in clouds. They were especially trying in haying time; they would attack the men who were stacking, so the men would put a white rag on a high pole to attract the ants. The ants even swarmed down the chimney at times, so the house was not necessarily a safe refuge! People wore nets around their faces, and horses had to have nose nets, or gunny sacking, over their noses when in harness.

My father did not put up much hay in the early years, but what stacks there were, were protected by a few furrows of plowing in the event of fire. Nearly every farmstead had a similar fireguard around it. Once Mother soaked a number of sacks, when we saw a prairie fire coming towards our place from the north.

Horses were in great demand when the homesteaders started coming to settle the land. When World War One broke out there was a sudden demand for all kinds of horses, for use in the cavalry regiments, and for draft work in the war fronts. Hundreds were shipped from the Cochrane area. There was also a great demand for bones; we children helped Indians load wagons full of buffalo bones for shipment to

Calgary, where they were ground up and then used in the manufacture of ammunition.

Our horses were stricken by a kidney disease; it was sad to see even the fat ones go down. The dead ones were destroyed by burning, but not before someone had skinned them and cut off the tails, with Dad's permission. Hides and horsehair were valuable then. Except for a chosen few, the last of the bunch that remained were traded for cattle.

Dad passed away in 1929. He returned to France for a visit once, about 1900, but was happy to return to his horses and his chosen country, Canada.

Mother still lives on the ranch. She has seen nearly a century of change in the Cochrane district, and through the years has taken many photographs that reveal a history of the area.

George farms the home place, in addition to the land which he has purchased over the years. Emma married Edgar Young; they live in the Inglis district. Agnes married Frank Hutchinson, and they live in the Lochend district.

TONY PERRY

In 1919 Mr. and Mrs. Perry came from Champion, Alberta, to live on the Walter Crowe homestead.

Mr. Perry was from Portugal and Mrs. Perry was from Germany. They had homesteaded at Champion, where they built excellent farm buildings that are still in good condition.

The log cabin on the Crowe place was not very warm and they nearly froze to death the first winter; at that time they were boarding the Chapelton schoolteacher.

The Perrys did not stay in the district very long and it is believed that they moved north to Peace River.

ED PETERSON

Ed Peterson came to Cochrane from Nanton and bought Ed Townend's land in Horse Creek, where he raised Shorthorn cattle.

Ed's sister, Mrs. Stanky, kept house for him. Her daughter, Verna, entered a white Shorthorn heifer in the Calgary Spring Show and won the Baby Beef Championship. She rode horseback from her home to the show and packed special feed for her calf.

THE PHIPPS FAMILY — by Ruth Hinde and Florence Walker

John Phipps was born in Seagrave, Leicestershire, England, in 1852. His wife, Agnes Mary Wilson, had been raised by her aunt and uncle who lived next door to the Phipps family.

John and Agnes Mary's first child, Herbert, died in infancy. George was born in 1876; two daughters, Evelyn and Laura, and a son, Burnard, were born within the next five years. Emma was born in 1882, after her father had left for Canada. He was not to see his new daughter until she was six years old. His younger son, Burnard, died of complications following measles in 1884 and was buried at Selby without his father being present.

John Phipps was by profession a licensed victualler, supplying provisions for taverns and inns. Times were hard in England, and he decided to immigrate to Canada, as advertisements were describing it as a land of opportunity. He arrived in Western Canada in 1882. He worked for Sir John Lister-Kaye around the Fort MacLeod area. He rode the range with John Ware, who in later years spent a winter with the Phipps family at their ranch north of Cochrane. During the Riel Rebellion John Phipps did sentry duty at Fort Macleod, but seemed to think it had been rather unnecessary as he never fired a shot.

After a few years in the dry country around Fort Macleod he decided to ride north until he found a place for sale with good water. He came to the Horse Creek district north of Cochrane and bought the SE¼ 18-27-4-5 from Mr. Thompson. According to records in the Land Titles Office, John Phipps was the first owner to receive title to this land, which was granted to him in 1893. He homesteaded the adjoining NE quarter of land, for which he received his Grant in 1911. He built a log shack, and roofed it with sods. The table was made of slab boards, the chairs were

Mrs. John Phipps.

The John Phipps ranch on Horse Creek.

blocks of wood. Hay mattresses on thin spruce boughs made comfortable beds.

In order to save up enough money to send to his wife and family in England, and pay for their passage out to Canada, John Phipps had to work out for some years. He worked on the "tote road" ahead of the construction gangs laying track on the C.P.R. as far as somewhere around Golden. He did not like the job, so he and a friend decided to walk out. The railway officials would not sell food to anyone who was quitting. They were getting rather weak and hungry when Mr. and Mrs. Towers, also employed by the C.P.R., hid them in their woodshed, fed them and provided some food for them to take along their way.

Mrs. Phipps joined her husband in 1889. She and her family of four left England on January 9th and landed February 18th on the shores of Canada. At that time George was nearly 12, Evelyn was 10, Laura was 9, and Emma was 6. They arrived in Cochrane after a long and tedious journey across Canada. At one stage of the trip the engine gave out and they had to wait for another one. Somewhere else, the "Iron Horse" was actually chased by Indians. The attack was uneventful but succeeded in giving the women and children aboard a real taste of the "Wild West." The Phipps children thought it a thrilling adventure that eased the boredom of the often uncomfortable trip. Laura (Mrs. Perrenoud) recalls that in the end coach a huge coal range was used for cooking. The women crowded into the small cubicle, vying for space on the stove and quarreling as they tried to cook meals for their families. Whenever the train made a stop in daylight hours, the children dashed off for a breath of fresh air. They were generally pushed back on board by men in huge buffalo coats, who told them they would freeze without warmer clothing. Also on the train were many whiskered men wearing rough pants, woolen plaid shirts and heavy boots. Agnes Mary mentioned to her children how coarsely dressed these Canadians were. She was somewhat surprised when she was greeted at the Cochrane railway station by an eager husband with out-stretched arms, dressed in this traditional pioneer garb. He hugged each child in turn, and immediately nicknamed Emma, the daughter he had never seen, Vickey, in honor of Queen Victoria.

The family stayed at first at the hotel in Cochrane, which was then owned and operated by Mr. and Mrs. Elliot. Mrs. Elliot was a wonder. She gave meals to countless people, and would always have a pie for a bachelor to take home. They kept a cow which was milked after the long day's work was finished. She had made large bags out of sacks for the Phipps to take home and fill with hay for mattresses. What a change from the life to which the family had been accustomed in England! When they arrived home John Phipps had a huge rice pudding with currants in it for a homecoming meal. It was no doubt the first of many such desserts that the family was to eat over the years.

Mrs. Phipps and the children stayed with Jim and Gertrude Rayden for a short time until improvements could be made in their own home. The original house was enlarged to seven rooms, and it compared favorably with modern standards of warmth. John had experienced the warmth of the "soddies" on the prairie, so insulated the roof with sods. With good banking and frequent plastering of the logs it was a cosy home.

One day soon after they were settled in their new home, Mrs. Phipps was startled to see an Indian's face at the window. Laura recollects that "Mother went white, froze to the spot and prayed that we would not be harmed. Our visitor satisfied his curiosity in a few moments and walked away.

"Mother was very apprehensive, too, when curious Indians would stroke our flaxen hair in utter fascination."

Later on, when Mrs. Phipps had learned to like and understand her frequent Indian callers, she would often give them some tallow, if there was a surplus when she had finished making a

John Phipps and Phyllis Reid.

batch of candles or soap. The Indians would eat the tallow like candy.

In 1890 Dora Phipps was born and fifteen months later, Vincent arrived to complete the family. The older girls finished their schooling at Mitford. Mrs. Phipps fretted that her two youngest children were not getting the good basic education that the older ones had received in England, so a lot was purchased in Cochrane, on which a two-roomed log house was built. There she, Dora and Vincent lived during the school terms until their education was completed. The little house stood on the block where the old locker plant was. Mrs. Phipps was somewhat distressed that Dora became an excellent rider; she wanted her to be a pretty little lady. Dora and Vincent lost little time when school was out, and they were back home, before they were on their ponies and galloping over the fields.

The Phipps family worked hard, parents and children, to build up a successful farm. They raised cattle and horses, sheep, pigs and poultry. There were lots of pigeons around, too, until Mrs. Phipps started cooking with pigeon eggs and selling the hen's eggs. They milked about twenty cows each summer. The cream was churned in a big barrel churn. The butter was packed in big butter tubs. When the tubs were full, John would take them to Calgary with the team and wagon and sell them, returning with supplies.

There were not many neighbors around in the early days. After the Raydens left, the Barnes family lived on their place, followed by the Tattersfields, and then the Whittles came and were good neighbors for many years. Life was often lonely, particularly for the women, but people made their own amusement. George Phipps had a guitar, Vickey and Dora took piano lessons from Miss Meredith in Cochrane, and later Vickey bought an organ. Dora had a mandolin, and there was always a mouth organ waiting to be played. Coyote hunting was a social event and there were skating parties in the winter.

In the mid-1920s Mr. and Mrs. Phipps retired and lived in a log house which their son-in-law, Gordon Hinde, built for them near the Hinde's house. The Phipps lived there until Mr. Phipps passed away in the mid-1930s. After that Mrs. Phipps spent the summers with the Hindes and the winters with another daughter, Mrs. Perrenoud, until 1940. Later, as she was becoming more frail, she stayed all the time with Mrs. Perrenoud, who cared for her until her death at the age of 93. John and Agnes Mary Phipps are

both buried in the Catholic Cemetery in Cochrane.

Three members of the family survive in 1975. Mrs. Perrenoud (Laura), and Mrs. Hinde (Dora), both live in the Cochrane area. Vincent lives in Winnipeg.

The George Pitter homestead in 1903.

1904. Pitter's Blacksmith Shop. Alvin Rellinger, George Pitter and Jack Burger.

THE PITTER FAMILY

George Pitter, his wife and family, and his brother Charlie came to the Cochrane area early in the 1900s. Charlie, a bachelor, homesteaded the NE ¼ of 4-27-4-5, but did not stay in the area for long. George homesteaded the adjoining NW ¼, which is the present home of Tom and Barbara Hardy. He and his family lived there for a number of years, and some of the children attended Cochrane Lakes School. One son, Willie, was a drummer boy in the Army during World War I and was killed on active service Overseas.

George had a blacksmith shop in Cochrane for awhile, and also worked in the smithy at Bottrel.

Mr. and Mrs. Pitter and family moved to California about fifty years ago.

JOHN POULSON

John Poulson bought 13-27-5-5 from the C.P.R. in 1916. He lived in a small shack on this property. He later sold to Andy Garson. The land is still referred to as "13" and is now owned by Simpson Ranching Ltd.

THE RAYDENS — by Ruth Hinde

Jim Rayden homesteaded the SW¼ 18-27-4-5 in the 1880s. His sister, Gertrude, stayed with him for a few years, later staying with the Phipps family for a time before returning to England.

Jim Rayden and Evelyn Phipps were married in All Saints Anglican Church, Mitford, in 1894. Rev. Webb performed the ceremony and Corny Grain of Dog Pound was one of the witnesses. For a while after they were married, Mr. and Mrs. Rayden lived at Olds. It was not unusual for them to ride home to the Phipps ranch, or for some of the Phipps family to visit them at Olds by buggy or saddlehorse. The trip would be broken at a stopping house on the way, possibly at Brealeys.

Around 1896, Jim decided to give up ranching and go into the family business, Carr Biscuit Company of England. He and his wife travelled for the company to Australia and Tasmania, finally settling in Durban, South Africa. Two of their children, Marion and George, were born while they lived in Tasmania, and Elizabeth was born in Durban.

During the 1920s they decided to go pioneering again. They went into Southern Rhodesia by ox-cart and mule wagon. Their ranch was thirty miles from the nearest neighbour and fifty from the Post Office at Bulowayo. They lived there until Jim retired. Both Jim and Evelyn passed away in the 1950s.

THE RUSHFELDT FAMILY — by Joe Rushfeldt

To obtain pasture for his cattle, my father, John A. Rushfeldt, of Vulcan, Alberta, purchased Section 17-27-4-5, from Mr. Vroman. The land was located just south of Joe Taylor's farm.

My brothers, Ole and Bill, resided on the farm from 1918 to 1920. Both became very ill with the flu in 1918. A nurse, whose name I believe was Mrs. McPherson, was engaged to nurse them back to recovery. Another brother, Emanuel, and his wife Viola operated the farm from 1920 to 1926, then returned to Vulcan to farm. Ole returned until the fall of 1931, then he moved to a farm at Milo. At this time my wife Bertha and I moved onto the farm and remained until the fall of 1937. We were there during the Depression, when farm commodity prices hit rock bottom. I remember selling wheat for 19 cents a bushel, fat hogs for less than five dollars, and eggs for five cents a dozen. Nevertheless, we have many happy memories of those times; money was scarce and no one could afford monetary pleasures, so we made our own fun. Families would con-

Mrs. Leonard and Mrs. Joe Rushfeldt.

gregate at someone's house nearly every Friday night for dancing, card games or just visiting. Music was provided by volunteer musicians.

We moved to Cochrane in 1937, where I took over the United Grain Growers elevator as a grain buyer. I moved to the elevator in Ardley, Alberta, in 1943, where I remained until 1948. At this time, I felt that the grain dust was too much for me, so I opened a real-estate and insurance office in Delburne. I retired in 1973. During our years in Delburne, Bertha has been teaching piano lessons but is finally preparing to retire from these duties.

We have one daughter, Nila, Mrs. Doug Smith of Red Deer.

THE ARNOLD RUSHFELDT FAMILY — by Arnold Rushfeldt

My parents left North Dakota in 1910 with their family of six boys and two girls, and came to the Vulcan, Alberta, district, where I grew up and attended school.

In 1931 I married Violet Crowe from Cochrane, and we farmed near Vulcan. We had a family of two boys and one girl, Douglas, Mervin and Loreen. Violet passed away on June 4, 1935.

I married Joanna Braucht in 1937, and we moved to Cochrane. We rented the Webster place on the Dog Pound road, for two years. In 1939 we built a log cabin on the NW¼ 17-27-4-5. We were two miles from Chapelton School. The children attended school there.

Our son Arnold John was born on February 28, 1946, at a time when the roads were like huge waves of snow. We moved to Cochrane in 1950, and I worked on construction. Our youngest son, Terry Neil, was born on March 29, 1953.

In 1956 we moved to Rimbey, Alberta, where we bought a half section of land about eleven miles northwest of town. We sold our land in 1965 to Ray Lucas, and bought a farm at Eckville, where we lived until 1971. At this time we sold out and moved to Red Deer.

We have since retired, and live on our acreage eight miles south of Rimbey.

Douglas married Peggy Smith of Kevisville, and moved to Caroline. They had seven children: Larry, David, Wanda, Randy, Diana, Douglas and Garry. Douglas (Sr.) passed away in Whitehorse, Yukon, on June 8, 1968.

Mervin married Shirley Blatchford of Cochrane, and they live in Edmonton. They have five children: Marlow, Mervin, Dale, Dean and Pamela.

Loreen married Jack Brand from Chestermere, east of Calgary, and they live in Calgary. They have three boys and a girl, Darcy, Darrell, Douglas and Lori.

Arnold Jr. married Betty Bohus from Taber, and they live in Calgary. They have a daughter Luanna.

Terry lives in Brooks, Alberta, and works in the oilfield.

THE LEONARD RUSHFELDT FAMILY — by Olive Rushfeldt

The Rushfeldt family came to Canada from North Dakota in 1910, settling first in the Vulcan, Alberta, district. After Leonard was about sixteen, he returned to the States. We were married in 1927 and moved to Canada in 1930. Actually, we came for a visit and decided to stay. We worked around Vulcan, Blackie and Priddis before moving to Cochrane in 1937 to take over the farm that belonged to Leonard's father.

Our four sons were born while we lived at Cochrane. Alan, our eldest, is a lawyer, living in Los Angeles. Our second son, Gerald, died at the age of eleven. Rawleigh farms at Camrose with his wife, the former Betty Goertz of Edmonton. They have two girls and a boy. Harry, our youngest son, lives in Calgary and is an Air Traffic Controller. He married Judy Fernley, also from Vulcan but living at Cochrane. They have two girls and a boy.

The boys all went to Chapelton School until Westbrook Consolidated School was opened. As we were four miles from Chapelton, we drove the children to school over all kinds of roads for seven years.

We sold our farm in 1964 to Ed Wilson and moved to Cochrane, where we lived for a year and a half before moving to Calgary. Following Leonard's death in 1969, I moved into an apart-

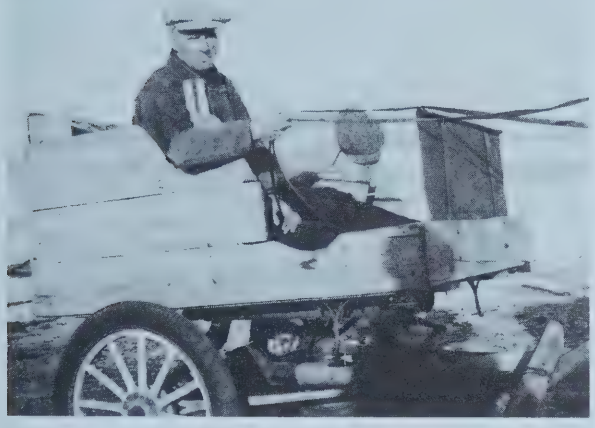
ment on the North Hill where I still live. I enjoy going out to meetings of the Lochend Ladies' Club, which I joined before we left the farm.

THE SELBY BROTHERS

In the late 1920s George and Robert Selby came from Newcastle-on-Tyne, Northumberland, England, and went to work herding sheep for Jack Connell, who owned the old Glenfinnan ranch.

Later they bought the Sid Chester homestead where they raised sheep and cattle. In the 1930s the Selbys sold their land to Mr. Hunter and returned to England where they both married.

Bob passed away in 1974, and George passed away June 20, 1976. One sister, Mary, lives in Northumberland.



Bob Selby in his Bennett buggy.

MR. AND MRS. JIM SOMERVILLE — by Bessie Somerville

My father passed away in Scotland and in 1906 my mother, Mrs. Sarah Hogarth, and I left Greenlaw, Berwickshire, Scotland, to board the "Empress of Ireland" en route to Canada. My brothers, Bob and Jock, had come to Calgary the year before.

We arrived in Calgary by train. There were several good hotels and there were wooden sidewalks in Calgary at that time. We came to Cochrane by team and buggy and went to live with my brother Bob who lived at Wolfe Lea, a farm nine miles northwest of Cochrane on the Grand Valley road (Adam Baptie's homestead).

The Jim Patterson family were excellent neighbors and I will never forget the good times we had at the McEachen place. I went to work at a neighboring ranch for Mr. and Mrs. Meiklejon where I met Jim Somerville and Boney Thompson.

Two years later Jim Somerville and I were married at Wolfe Lea by Mr. Jarrett who lived in the Bottrel area. We went to live in Exshaw where our two sons and daughter were born. Our third son was born in Calgary, but passed away at fourteen months and is buried in Calgary.

My husband, who had already fought in the Boer War, enlisted in World War I and we were transferred Overseas for four years. We were stationed at Folklore, England. Here our second daughter, Marie, was born. We could hear the guns firing in France just across the Channel. An air raid seven miles away shook our house.

We returned to Canada after the war and settled in the Horse Creek area on land secured through the Soldier Settlement Board, NE¼ 25-27-5-5. Sid Ball and his family live there now. Our children attended the Chapelton School and Miss McNabb was their teacher.

My husband and our two sons enlisted in World War II. Jim did not go Overseas, and we were stationed in Toronto where he trained soldiers.

Jim was born in Maryhill, Scotland, near Glasgow. We would have been married sixty-six years this year. We lost our youngest son in the War. Our oldest son was a Group Captain in the R.C.A.F. and has the D.F.C., the D.S.O., D.C., and was given credit for bringing down ten enemy planes. He is now retired and lives in Victoria, British Columbia. One of my daughters lives at Penetanguishene, near Midland, and the other daughter, now a widow, lives in London, Ontario. I have six grandchildren and six great-grandchildren.

When my husband passed away ten years ago I went back to Cochrane and lived in Bob Moore's apartment house and often helped my brother Bob deliver mail to Bottrel. I returned to Midland, Ontario, in 1964 and have lived in the same apartment for ten years.

As a Silver Cross Mother, I have laid a wreath on the Cenotaph in Midland five times on Memorial Day. We have an excellent pipe band that takes part in the ceremonies and I have, at eighty-nine years of age, almost finished knitting a pair of white socks for each piper. The band was invited to take part in the Rose Bowl Football Parade in Pasadena, California, on New Year's Day, 1975.

THE TATTERSFIELDS — as told by Mrs. Perrenoud

Mrs. Tattersfield and her four sons lived on what in later years was the Whittle place on Horse Creek, around the year 1900. They apparently did little or no farming, but seemed to enjoy country life. The sons learned to ride by taking turns on a pony and riding around in a circle. They had a pet pig which they kept in the house and taught to do tricks. Once they decided to paint the interior of the house, so put all the furniture outside. Then they spent their time chasing one another around the house with paint brushes until a good big rain storm came up.

They moved away after a few years and were not heard of again.

THE TAYLOR FAMILY — by Mrs. Nellie Taylor

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Taylor and their four children, Edith, Harry, Joe and Fred, left Toronto, Ontario, in the spring of 1903, and went to Kamloops, British Columbia. They stayed there until that fall, then they returned to Calgary. About 1906 Frank and his son homesteaded in the Horse Creek district. Frank filed on the NE¼ 20-27-4-5, and Joe on the SE¼ of the same Section.

While proving up on his homestead, Joe worked as a spring maker in the C.P.R. shops in Calgary. He broke some land on his homestead and went into the cattle business. In the early days he bought and butchered hogs and sold them, as well as butter and eggs, to the coal mining company at Bankhead, and places in Canmore and Banff. Shortly after World War One, he secured an auctioneer's license and was in the farm auction business until he retired in 1961. Sometime in the early 1920s, he bought the SE¼ of 29-26-4-5, which he used strictly as a hay quarter. He also bought the land known as the Bingaman quarter in the Weedon district.

Joe was a school trustee for Chapelton School for a number of years, retiring from that position when the Calgary School Division No. 41 was formed. He was instrumental in the building of the Dartigue Lodge in 1934.

In 1934, Joe married Ellen (Nellie) McGinnis of Calgary. In 1948, Joe and Fred sold their holdings to Walter Knight. Joe and his wife moved to a home on the hay quarter, where they resided until moving to Cochrane in 1961.

Fred attended Chapelton School as a boy. He worked in Banff during the summer, and on the farm in the winter. Later, he joined the C.P.R. as a fireman and worked his way up to engineer. He owned the SW¼ of 21-27-4-5, and later acquired a quarter west of Chapelton School. This land was sold at the same time as Joe sold his land. After close to 25 years on the railroad, Fred retired due to ill health.

THE THOMPSON BROTHERS — as told by Mrs. Perrenoud

Tom Thompson, his two young sons, and his brother, James, lived on land later bought by John Phipps. James then filed on a homestead on the SE¼ 12-28-4-5, receiving the Grant for this land in 1891. He sold his land to James Johnson of Cochrane in 1896.

Little is known about the Thompson family. James went home to Scotland and returned to the Cochrane area with his bride; presumably they lived on the homestead, but unfortunately his wife only lived a year or so.

MRS. RUTH TOLLINGTON

Ruth Tollington was Jack Campbell's sister. After Jack's wife passed away in 1915, Ruth became a faithful and devoted housekeeper in the Campbell home for many years. Mrs. Tollington was a widow with two children. She passed away at the West Coast on December 11, 1960.

EDWIN AND MARY ELLEN TOWNEND

Edwin (Ed) and Mary Ellen (Polly), nee Gunson, were married in Chapelthorpe, Wakefield, England, before coming to Cochrane in the early 1890s. Ed was hired to look after and train horses for the Rawlinsons at Bearspaw.

In the 1890s the Townends homesteaded the NW¼ 20-26-4-5 in Horse Creek. They added to their holdings by buying the Joe Jump homestead and the S½ of Section 30 and part of Section 19 in the same Township. At one time they also owned the Ted Cook farm at Cochrane Lakes. Ed built excellent farm buildings on his homestead, and although no one has lived there for years, the buildings are still standing and are in fair condition.

Ed's health began to fail, so in 1918 he and Polly bought Wm. Andison's house and moved into Cochrane where Ed passed away May 10,

Taken about 1908. The first two girls on the left are unknown; Dora and Vickey Phipps, Gladys and Mrs. Whittle, Mrs. Taylor, Emma Perrenoud and Mrs. Phipps. Front: Fred Taylor, Claude and Frank Whittle, George Perrenoud.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Townend.

1920, at the age of 51 years. In 1925 Polly sold the ranch to Ed Peterson of Nanton. He and his housekeeper, Katie Antoniuk, ran a dairy there for several years.

Mr. Peterson sold the Townend land to Tom Fooks in 1930. The land is now owned by Big Hill Creek Ranches Ltd.

Polly passed away in 1939 at the age of 73. The Townends were buried in the Cochrane cemetery. They had no children.

THE VINEY FAMILY — by Jo Hutchinson

My father, Harry Viney, was the eldest son of a London tea merchant. However, city life was never his "cup of tea", so for a time he roamed, seeking Utopia. It apparently was not to be found in Australia or on an English farm, so he came to Canada in 1912. He worked in Vancouver and Revelstoke, British Columbia, before coming to Calgary to work in the Hudson's Bay Company's livery barn. Meanwhile, he longed for the chance to go farming. In 1915 he purchased the NE¼ 36-27-5-5, for six dollars an acre from Pete Kohl, who had homesteaded the quarter.

My mother, Frances Hughes, came from South Wales to Carstairs in 1911, to keep a homesick cousin company. However, the cousin and her husband "packed it up" a year later and Hughie, having seen the first Calgary Stampede, headed west to see the other side of the mountains. Destiny caused her to disembark from the train at Revelstoke, where she was companion to the wife of a fur buyer, Mr. Wells. Revelstoke was a fun place with gold and furs often the main topics of conversation. The only place to walk in summer was along the railway tracks, the only link with the outside world. In the long snowbound winters, Hughie learned to ski and snowshoe, dressed, of course, in long heavy woolen skirts.

It was in Revelstoke that Hughie met her future husband, Harry Viney. Dean Paget married my parents in the Pro-Cathedral, in Calgary, in 1916. Mother's brother, Lewis Hughes, attended the marriage wearing a Crossfield farmer's suit. Private Hughes, stationed in the Army in Calgary, was working for Mr. and Mrs. Arnott on a special spring leave and could hardly appear back in the city in uniform.

Like most farm couples at that time, the Vineys started married life with little else but enthusiasm — a team and democrat, a walking plow, two or three cows, and a frying pan. It is not clear what there was to cook in the frying pan.

During the First World War the adjoining quarter was bought from Harry Hardy. Some of the Hardy's buildings were moved to the farmstead and more livestock purchased. The NE¼ of Section 35 was bought from the C.P.R. during the 1930s for six hundred dollars. These three quarters are now owned by Mr. and Mrs.

Mrs. Viney and her first flock of hens, about 1917.

Harry Viney and his assistant, Tommy Hardy.

Harry Viney, with a heavy beef which he has just cranked up on the "gallows." This device was used for years at butchering time.

Smeeton, who are authors, naturalists and world travellers. They use part of the land as a game preserve for endangered species.

My parents had two daughters, Margaret, born on September 7, 1919, one month before a heavy snowfall that never left until the spring, and Josephine, born in 1927. Mother taught both of us the first six grades, and following our attendance at Chapelton School, we completed our educations by correspondence courses and by working for our tuition at St. Hilda's School For

Dairying, pioneer style.

Girls in Calgary. Actually, Bob Hogarth helped me through High School too, because he must have mailed hundreds of my correspondence lessons in those days of bad roads and infrequent town trips. At that time he was the mail carrier to Bottrel, and true to tradition, the mail went through regardless of weather or the condition of the roads on which he travelled. Margaret (Peg) worked hard at St. Hilda's, but the Matron soon found out that I was much less domesticated and not very thorough as a maid or a sock-darner! The staff was all very kind and understanding, and I could wash dishes quite well, and help with the care of the younger boarders. I shall never forget that the Principal, Miss Shand, gave me a dollar which made it possible for me to attend my graduation banquet.

Peg attended the University of Alberta, then taught at The Mountain School in Banff and at St. Hilda's. She married Harry Strange of Calgary. They have three children, Ron, farming at Bashaw, Alberta, with his wife and son; Mary, married to Greg Kinsey and teaching in Cochrane, and Valerie, who is training for a nurse. I taught in the Red Deer School Division and in the City of Red Deer for twenty years prior to my marriage to Jon Hutchinson. We have two children, Hugh and Anne.

For years Mother kept a sizeable flock of hens, selling the candled, stamped eggs to Dave White's store in Banff. We usually milked about twenty cows until the late 1930s, then butterfat prices became so low that it was hardly worthwhile to turn the cream separator. We thought that raising beef might be more profitable. Our first shipment of three-year old steers sold for three cents a pound.

About 150 acres were broken up for cropping. The land was rocky and presented a decided challenge to a breaking plow. Despite the yearly chore of picking rocks, Dad generally rode a saddlehorse behind the machinery rather than be pitched off its seat. Crops were generally good and we managed to miss most of the hail storms. We usually stack threshed, as our corner was at the end of the run for whichever threshing crew got there first. A friendly rivalry existed among the crews; each aimed for the distinction of the longest run in the shortest time. Over the years I can recall our crop being threshed by Orr Fenton, Tom Baptie, Charlie Webb, Ben Henry, Cyril Britton, Jack Dolen and Johnny Zuccolo.

Threshing time was exciting for a child. One generally managed to stay home from school on the pretense that you were "needed." There was the thrill of seeing the wobbly, top-heavy separator being slowly pulled down the rough trail by that wonder of wonders, a tractor; I always tried to preserve its lug marks in the ground for as long as possible. There was extra wood and water to be hauled and huge meals to be prepared for the crew; hopefully there was an errand to be run for the separator man if you hung around the outfit. I remember the tractor being pulled by a team on a frosty morning to get it started, playing Hallowe'en tricks on a crew, and hearing Ben Henry's comments as his can of Picobac went banging through the separator after it accidentally fell in the feeder. Then, after the job was all done, we children and our dog waited impatiently for the straw stack to settle so that it could be climbed, like Mount Everest itself!

Without the assistance of many good neighbours, few settlers could have survived difficult times. Whenever help was needed, neighbour helped neighbour without thought of payment. My parents both had several serious illnesses, during which times the chores were done, groceries were brought out and other necessary tasks completed by many kind folks, in particular by Mr. and Mrs. Billy McKay and their sons.

I have many happy memories of our neighbours in Horse Creek. I enjoyed the warm hospitality of the Zuccolos, and, as I recall, used to ride over to visit them on the least excuse! Mrs. Zuccolo was always cheerful and smiling, a wonderful cook and very talented. She passed on her talents to her daughters, who were as capable with a recipe, a needle or a pen as they were outside on the farm with a rope, a machine, a cow or a team of horses. When they wanted a new dress, they chose one from the Eaton catalogue. Instead of sending for it, they designed a pattern of it, and made the dress. The girls were excellent riders, and I had the pleasure of accompanying them on many long rides in the foothills.

Mrs. Ball served me countless cups of tea when I frequently called in on my way home from school. She was gay and courageous; an Alberta farm in 1933 was quite a contrast to the heart of London, where Florie had spent all her life before coming to Cochrane to become Sid's bride. Mrs. Ball became an extremely capable farm wife. An expert knitter, she taught more than one teen-aged boy who worked for Sid, to knit their own socks.

Picnics at "Pine Lodge" on George Perrenoud's homestead were annual events in September. Several families met at George's cabin on Sunday mornings, ostensibly to pick

cranberries; generally we younger people spent the time eating, exploring, and searching for our mothers, who invariably became lost in the bush while picking berries. Agnes Ward and I used to ride to the bush to pick buckets of the delicious fruit. Once while we were galloping home, my 20 pound sack of berries, which was tied to my saddle, came undone, and my day's work was wasted.

During World War Two, Joe Allen organized monthly dances at Chapelton School, the proceeds of which were donated to the Red Cross. The dances were well attended, and quite a sum of money was raised. Sometimes I made boutonnieres, using wild flowers, garden flowers, or even some of Mother's geranium blooms, and sold them for ten cents apiece to the men at the dances. One night my sales realized six dollars, a magnificent contribution to the Red Cross!

Dad, like Johnny Chinook, sometimes had trouble with the climate. What was good sleighing weather at home when he left for town, might be a melting day nearer Cochrane, which meant borrowing a wagon half way to town in order to complete the fourteen mile trip. Travel was perhaps more unreliable after our purchase of a Model T truck in 1929, and we had to worry about the bad roads and the storms that might blow up during our absence from home. Nevertheless, it was the Tin Lizzie that occasionally took us all the way to Calgary. Once it rolled over as we were descending Cochrane Hill. We were pinned beneath, but unhurt. Bob Chapman and Frank Newsome rescued us.

A trip to Calgary was exciting! Mother generally packed a lunch, and passed the sandwiches out to Peg and me, crouched in the back of the truck, as we barrelled down the highway at twenty miles an hour. Before leaving Calgary, we usually enjoyed the twenty-five cent "Shopper's Tea" at the Palliser Hotel, so that we girls could learn how to use finger bowls.

Some aspects of life during the hard times are amusing in retrospect. School books were always bought second-hand if possible. Sometimes, judging by the names on the fly-leaf, they might actually be fifth-hand. My prudent mother, fearing the presence of germs, always baked the books in the oven, carefully turning the pages as they heated. Little wonder that I found some subjects dry, when my text occasionally contained brown crumbly pages because the stove had "gone hot!"

Our old three-room log house was anything but warm, but at least it was less crowded after a frame addition was built on by Mr. Gray during the Thirties. Whoever had built the house had piled log upon log without giving any attention to their size, and the walls had unusual zigs and zags. When we covered the walls with large sections of cardboard boxes, papered with building paper, then kalsomined, we had a smooth surface, but a variety of interesting curves that often made visitors take a second look.

Dad and Mother sold the farm and retired to Calgary in 1954. After several years of poor health, Dad passed away in 1963 and Mother passed away in 1974.

Life was hard for our parents, as it was for so many settlers of their generation, but Mother and Dad both possessed a keen sense of humor, and Mother, especially, could see the funny side of almost any situation. She was afraid of nothing but a mouse. We were taught a love of books and music, self-discipline, a sense of values and given the example of courage and hard work for which we are most grateful.

FRED VOIGHT — by M. Zang

Fred Voight was born in Saskatchewan and came to Cochrane in the fall of 1920. He travelled in a cattle car with William Liddell's stock. Mrs. Liddell is Fred's sister. He went to work for D. P. McDonald, and in the spring he stayed with Jim Irwin and fed cattle for Art Hall.

About 1934 he herded 500 head of sheep for Pat Timmins and lived in a little teepee on Jumping Pound Creek. He had one good sheep dog, named Fanny, and also kept Mrs. Timmins' bird dog, as she could not take it with her when she and her husband returned to the United States. Pat had to return to the U.S. to keep his seniority on the railroad, where he had worked in previous years.

Fred looked after Pierre Eyma's place for a while when they returned to Holland for a visit in 1939. He farmed with Bert Lancons for five or six years, and spent twenty years at Zangs on Horse Creek. He is retired now and lives in Cochrane.

THE WALTON FAMILY — by Agnes Hutchinson

Mr. and Mrs. William Walton and family came to live on the SW¼ 16-26-4-5 about 1920. The James Hewitt family homesteaded there, and Mr. Neely subsequently owned the farm. It is now owned by the Jack Bancroft family.

Mr. and Mrs. Walton had four daughters, Hilda, Freda, Maude and Esmie. Maude was a great horsewoman until she hurt her ankle in an accident with haying equipment. She became a cripple, suffering many illnesses until her death in 1971.

Esmie faithfully devoted her time to Maude and passed away shortly after the death of her invalid sister. Freda lived with Maude and Esmie and has also passed away. Hilda married and had two children.

There was great excitement when the Walton family won eighty thousand dollars in an Irish Sweepstake during the depression years. The whole family took a trip to England and on their return bought a house on Vancouver Island. Hilda's son, Charles, and his wife still reside there.

STANLEY AND DEBORAH WARD — by Agnes Cornell

Dad (Stan), a blacksmith by trade, came from Bass River, Kent County, New Brunswick, to Banff, Alberta, and started a dray business in 1910. He often told how he took two and three bodies at a time to the morgue during the flu epidemic after the First World War.

After the War, Dad bought a two-seated democrat and drove tourists on sightseeing tours through the mountains in and around Banff.

Deborah (Debbie) Campbell, a school friend of Dad's, who was also born in Kent County, had gone to the United States, and later decided to come to Banff. Stan and Debbie were married in Banff, July 1924. I was born March 25, 1925.

Dad bought several well-bred saddle horses and started a riding academy and riding school in Banff. A horse the tourists really loved was one called Honey. Dad always took pride in keeping his horses well groomed and his equipment in good repair. His private phone number was 17. All his heart-shaped martingales were specially made with the number 17, nickel studded on them.

Dad was his own farrier and seldom had a horse with a sore foot. The only complaint he ever made about his horses was that some of them got tourist wise. As soon as a horse realized it had a "greenhorn" on its back, it would head back to the barn. Dad's brand was reverse P, D joined at the top. I hated it — it seemed so big and cruel.

Some of the young lads who worked for Dad in Banff were: Harry Knight, Sykes Robinson and Charlie Beil. Dad used to get impatient with Charlie because he whittled animals and figures on the stalls and out of every loose board in the barn. Whom Dad thought was an idle boy, was world famous in a few years.

Before gas was piped into Banff, Dad and his brother Bert ran a very successful wood business in the town. They both liked to work in the woods in the winter with sleighs and horses — I think it reminded them of home. Dad could choose standing trees for building logs which were as straight as a die. He loved to hook up his horses to the sleigh, fancy harness, bells and all, and drive them down the streets of Banff, taking Mom and me with him. We were as proud of him as he was of his horses. He could drive an eight-horse team just as easy as one. He helped move many buildings in Banff.

During the winter, after the wood business closed, we lived at Cochrane in a house owned by Beynon and Davies, just across the creek west of the creamery. I started school from there at the age of six years. My teacher was Mrs. Cruickshank. One day she told me I could clean the blackboard brushes. I took them outside and patted them all over the front of the school. I did not know I was doing wrong at the time and I was severely punished.

The Depression caused a slump in the "Dude Business" in Banff. My folks had bought the Metcalfe place in Horse Creek, where they

Stan Ward (left) and the saddle horses he used at his riding school in Banff. Cecil Sykes on the right.

Stan Ward's ten-horse team, moving a house in 1920.

pastured their saddle horses in winter and their draft horses in summer. Several years before, the place had been homesteaded by Mr. Black. His buildings were located in the bluff on the southwest corner of the land. Only the dugout where the shack stood and the old trail to it remained. Scotty Elder had built a new log house on the place and had planned on getting married and living there. We went there to live in 1932 and I went to school at Chapelton. Dad went to Banff in the summer with his horses. His stables burned down in Banff, but Dad was not one to dwell on the past and turned to his blacksmith trade, at which he was one of the best.

On the farm during the Depression, so many riders used to drop in for meals. I could never understand why they never helped with any work; they never even carried a pail of water for Mom.

In 1936 there was a terrible dust storm. The wind was so strong Mom and Dad had to grip one another and fight to get back to the house. Our cropland was close by and Mom's and Dad's faces were just black by the time they got to the house.

I remember a hailstorm that killed all our baby chicks. A girl visiting us held a pillow up to the inside of the window; I could not understand why she did not hold it on the outside.

The folks bought their first motor vehicle in 1933 — an old Model T truck. In 1934 they bought a 1927 Model T touring car from Jack Campbell for $25.00. The same year we all went to the Weedon picnic in it. A hailstorm came up and we headed for home. The weight of the hailstones broke the cloth roof and all the rain and hail off the roof came down in Mom's lap. We could not get her to go out in it again for a long time. Soon we could not afford gas or a license to take it out on the road, so it was jacked up and used to run the buzz saw. My folks did not like cars anyway; a buggy or cutter was more their style.

I remember Dad working on the road with Cyril Britton, who owned a steel wheeled lug tractor. Mr. Britton's brother and his wife lived close to my parents when they went to live at White Rock, British Columbia.

My Dad did not like farming and went into partnership with two other men on a sawmill located on Dog Pound Creek. The mill burned down and Dad lost everything he owned at the mill.

I left Cochrane in 1944 and Mom and Dad sold their place to Chet Baldwin. They went back and tried to rebuild the mill. My aunt, Jean Campbell, who stayed with us a lot on the farm, went to New Westminster, British Columbia, where she married. A few years later she was struck by an auto when out shopping and was instantly killed. I married Jerry Cornell and we have four children, two girls and two boys, and now have four grandsons. We live in Surrey, British Columbia.

My folks bought a home in White Rock and retired. We lost Dad December 22, 1971. Although he was 86 years old, he was active, keen of mind, and could still read fairly well without his glasses. Mom passed away in her sleep June 18, 1973, at the age of 84 years. They are both buried in a little cemetery in White Rock within walking distance of the home they loved so much.

THE WHITFIELD FAMILY — by Henry Whitfield

The first of the family to come to Canada was my father's brother, J. W. (Billie) Whitfield. He came to Kipp, Alberta, about 1904 and worked in the mines there. He moved to Cochrane in 1907 and homesteaded the NW¼ 28-27-4-5. Having been a miner, he was very handy at digging wells and blasting, so he had no trouble finding employment. He dug many wells in the area, in Cochrane as well as out in the country. He also worked at the Mitford mine. He lived on the homestead for a few years, sold out and moved to the Burnham place outside Cochrane, then moved to the Cadiman place, where he went into the dairy business. While living on this place, he got married. About 1933, owing to poor health, he and his wife sold the dairy and moved to Vancouver Island. He passed away in his early eighties, his wife having predeceased him.

My parents, Robert and Mary Alice, came to Cochrane in September 1909. The day they arrived they had only a one-pound note left. Billie was supposed to meet them, but owing to some misunderstanding, was not there. Dad went to Fisher's store, and asked Willie Andison if he knew Billie Whitfield. Willie eyed Dad, a stranger, rather cautiously, and replied that he did not. Dad said, "I'm his brother."

"Oh, in that case," said Willie, "I know him."

The pound note was spent to pay the livery man to take them out to Billie's homestead by team and buggy. Billie was away and the door was locked. My mother, who had expected to come to a far more pretentious home than this homesteader's shack, exclaimed, "Your Billie never lived here." However, she looked in a window, then said, "He must do, there's your uncle John Willie's walking stick."

So Dad climbed in a window, got the door open, and then they looked for some food. There was an appetizing stew on the back of the stove, and some of Billie's baking powder biscuits on the table. One bite of them prompted Mother to exclaim, "If that's the kind of bread they make in Canada I'm going back home."

Dad and Mother lived with Billie for a few months, then moved to the Sterling homestead, the SW¼ 28-27-4-5, where I was born in January 1910. My older brother, Robert, stayed in England with our grandparents until he came out to join the family in June 1910. He attended Horse Creek School.

Robert had a rough introduction to life in Western Canada. Shortly after he arrived, he ran behind a horse that Dad was leading, received a nasty kick on his forehead, and had to be taken by team and wagon to Cochrane, where the doctor put in several stitches.

Another time, he went out to throw some withered flowers down a dry forty-foot well which was near the house. The earth caved in and Robert went down to the bottom with it. He wasn't hurt, but Mother was alone and had no means of rescuing him, so she stayed on the edge of the well and talked to him until Dad came home from the bush hours later. These things happened before I knew much about what was going on, but they also used to tell about a blind mule my father had. He could be driven all day and never step in a badger hole, or stumble, but one night he fell down the old well and broke his neck.

My father filed on the SE¼ 6-28-4-5 in the fall of 1909 and according to his diary, on January 24, 1910, Messrs. C. Webb, H. Webb, C. Dawson, G. Raby, V. Lancons and A. Bingaman each hauled a load of logs from the bush for our house. They were assisted by H. Hardy and R. Draper. We moved into our house about July 1, 1910. Hardy, Draper and my father worked together at this time, building Hardy's house and digging wells around the area. G. Young is mentioned often in the diary, and it is noted that he lost his life in the war. In February 1913, my brother George was born.

Water was scarce and many dry holes were dug up to and over a hundred feet. A lot of time was spent hauling water from W. Beynon's homestead and from the spring on the Davies place. I can remember my mother melting snow for the milk cow and for washing.

We lived on the homestead in winter and during the summer we lived wherever Dad could find employment. We lived in Cochrane at one time, and also on the Malott place in Horse Creek. Mother and Dad worked on the road crew during summer, Mother doing the cooking, and they also worked on the crew that was building telephone lines.

Noted in my father's diary: the telephone was installed at the homestead November 2, 1911. Also, that they were paying 8% interest on lumber bought on time from Quigley's mill and on articles bought at a farm sale. School taxes on the homestead were $7.50 and Government taxes were $2.00.

Also from Dad's diary:

Monday, April 10, 1910: Working for Mr. Kirkham, helping him break his bulls on the walking plow.

August 1910: Subscription for Herald and Free Press, 50¢.

October 24, 1910: Formed partnership with H. Hardy and R. Draper. Assets: three horses, two colts and a wagon.

March 30, 1911: R. Draper decided to dissolve partnership.

(Tom Hardy still has the above-mentioned wagon.)

April 14, 1911: The Homestead Inspector visited our homestead, valued the house at $350.00, four and a half acres of breaking at $18.00, one mile of fence, four rails and posts at $50.00.

In July 1911: had seven and a half acres broke at $5.00 per acre, by Mr. Kirkham.

October 21, 1911: Harry Hardy and Miss Ashcroft were married at our house by Rev. Jarrett.

November 27, 1911: Went with Mr. Crowe to help him build a bridge south of Westbrook School. Finished bridge December 6, 1911.

March 1912: Built a barn 18 x 16 feet, value $100.00.

Also in 1912, had 12 acres broke at $5.00 per acre and seeded 11½ acres to oats, and fenced the quarter with two wires.

When Earl Paterson joined the Army, my father was hired to look after his land and livestock, so we moved onto that place. Mr. and Mrs. R. L. White live there now.

When I reached the age of six, I joined my brother Robert on the four mile ride to Chapelton School. My first teacher was Rev. Jarrett. The highlights in the lives of us children were the school Christmas concerts, local picnics and the odd trip to Crossfield to visit our grandparents. To go to Crossfield was a long day with team and democrat.

After the war the homestead was sold and my folks had an auction sale in the spring of 1920. We moved to Vulcan for a short time and from there to Crossfield. The family lived in Crossfield until 1929, then Dad went to Alix, Alberta, to manage a lumberyard for the Alberta Lumber Company.

In 1954 Dad and Mother celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary. Dad passed away in 1955, and Mother in 1959.

My brother Robert married Alice Barker of Alix; they have two daughters. George married Lucille Straub of Alix, and they have a son and a daughter. At the outbreak of World War Two in 1939, Robert and George joined the Royal Canadian Engineers. Robert spent six years Overseas, serving in England, Africa, Italy, France and Holland. George, owing to medical reasons, spent the duration of the war as a bugler and bandsman.

After I left school I spent a few years working on farms and ranches and came back to the Cochrane area in the early 1930s. I married Barbara Bowhay and we have one daughter, Brenda, and two sons, Robert and David. Brenda married Harvey Thompson and they have two sons and a daughter. Robert married Truda Barfuss of Hillspring, Alberta; they have a son and a daughter. David married Cathy Wilson of Cochrane, and they have two sons. Barbara and I have lived where we presently live since 1938, with the exception of four and a half years I spent in the R.C.A.F.

In the fall of 1910 my grandfather, Robert Whitfield Sr., arrived in Cochrane, followed a few weeks later by my father's youngest brother, Harry. Grandfather had been a printer and was soon working with Mr. Austin, publishing the Cochrane Advocate. In 1913 he bought the Crossfield Chronicle and moved to Crossfield. Uncle Harry worked around the district until 1912, returned to England for a visit, then came back to Crossfield to live. He and his wife now live in Calgary. They celebrated their Diamond Wedding Anniversary in 1974 and are still active and enjoying good health.

In September 1911, Mrs. Adderly, a widowed sister of my grandfather's, came to Cochrane to keep house for him until my grandmother and the family arrived. Auntie, as she was known to all, then kept house for Uncle Billie until he married. She then went to Crossfield to live with her brother, who was then a widower. She passed away in 1938. Another sister of my grandfather's, Mrs. Harry Parker, her husband and son Harry, came to Cochrane from England about 1912. They lived where Mr. and Mrs. Gary Gingles now live. Harry Jr. served Overseas with the Canadian Army during World War One. After he came back from the war he worked for the Department of Highways and the City of Calgary. Mr. and Mrs. Parker resided in Cochrane until their deaths.

THE EARLE WHITTLE FAMILY — by Eva Peppard

My parents, Earle and Letha Whittle, were born and raised near Leamington, Ontario, where my father's Whittle ancestors had farmed for over one hundred years. They were married in 1900 and decided to go West, to Alberta, where there was, reportedly, plenty of good clear land on which to obtain a homestead.

An older brother, Harry Whittle, his wife and small daughter decided to accompany my parents in their bold venture. The men arrived at Cochrane early in April. The hills were blue with crocuses, the sun shining, and they thought that this surely must be God's country. The women and children followed in June; the Harry Whittles had a son born to them in May.

The farm site chosen by the Whittle brothers was located on Horse Creek, some ten miles northwest of Cochrane. The homestead was the NW¼ 20-27-4-5 but the buildings were located on the south end of the W½ of Section 18, on the north bank of a small creek fed by a number of good hard water springs.

Until the existing log house could be renovated, the two families lived together in a small shack built into the side of a hill. Later, they took up joint residence of the cottage-style log house which stood on a rise above the other farm buildings and was a familiar landmark until 1972 when it was demolished.

The Harry Whittles were not too happy with the cattle business, and after a year or two, moved to North Dakota and later to Saskatchewan, where they became successful grain farmers.

My father raised cattle, running them on the open range, and he participated in a number of the large cattle roundups of that time. Over a period of years my parents also acquired the N½ of Section 7, the SE¼ of Section 19, and part of the SW¼ of Section 19. More land was cultivated,

Letha and Earle Whittle on their wedding day, February 7, 1900.

fences were built, and what had been strictly ranching became mixed farming. As well as Shorthorn cattle, my father raised horses, hogs, sheep and poultry.

Father was always interested in improving the strain of his herds by the introduction of purebred breeding stock. He showed some choice Cheviot sheep at Calgary fairs. I recall a team of Hackney horses raised on the farm and sold to Clem Gardner of Pirmez Creek, to run in chuckwagon races at the Calgary Stampede. It was always a thrill for us to attend the Stampede and cheer for Dick and Bill!

Mother was nervous of horses, but she loved to walk and it was a familiar sight to see her heading out through the fields to keep an eye on the sheep, or visit a friend. In those early years, before the advent of the telephone and the automobile, people relied on their neighbours in many ways. Of my parents' earliest neighbours, four families come to mind: the Phipps, across the creek flat to the east, the Johnsons, to the south, on land that was later known as the "Zang place", and the Malotts and the Crowes, two

The Whittle family, 1920. L. to R.: Fred, Earle, one of the Malott girls, Letha, Eva and Frank.

Outside Whittles' house. Frank, Claude and Gladys Whittle on the pony; Earle and his father, Dora Phipps, Letha Whittle.

miles up the creek to the north. There were no doubt others, but I mention these because, as well as being good neighbours in early years, they have remained close family friends. My parents saw many farms change hands, but they never lacked for good neighbours.

Some time during the last part of World War I we had a telephone installed. Not long after that we acquired another modern convenience, a Ford Model T touring car. Father liked to tell of how the dealer he purchased it from in Calgary, told him the purpose of the various levers and pedals, and drove him once around the block. This was the sum total of his driving instruction! Mother was not completely sold on the car and was known to remark that it started well enough when Earle and Bob Hogarth wanted to go to town to curl, but when she asked to be driven somewhere, no amount of cranking would start the temperamental vehicle.

To accommodate families with school-age children, the Chapelton School was built on the NE¼ 24-27-5-5, on land owned by Walter Crowe. My father was secretary-treasurer on the School Board for nearly thirty years prior to his death. He was also president of the Cochrane Creamery Association for many years.

We had a spare bedroom, so most of the teachers boarded with us. Because of this, and Father's position on the Board, our lives seemed to revolve around the school and its many activities. Whether it was the Cochrane School Fair, the Christmas concert, the Union Picnic or just a dance or box social, we were always willing participants.

My parents, although hard working people, always took time for some pleasurable activities. On Sundays in summer there were often picnics with neighbours, berry-picking excursions, or just plain sitting around on the verandah, relaxing and eating big bowls of homemade ice cream. In winter they participated in whist drives, dances and box socials held at the school. Mother enjoyed her gardening, always having good vegetables and a bed of pretty flowers beneath the kitchen window.

My father employed some capable hired hands through the years before and after the time when his sons were able to help. They were mostly sons of residents of the area. Within my recollection, there was Albert Blume, Harry Parker, Johnny Anderton, Harry Brooks, and my husband, Ernie Peppard, also worked for him for a time.

My parents had a family of five children but all did not live to adulthood. In 1912, when the family consisted of Claude, Frank, Gladys and Fred (the baby), six year old Gladys died suddenly of pneumonia and two months later, ten year old Claude died of a heart condition. This must have been a sad time for my parents. I was born a few years later and once again there was a daughter in the family.

Frank married Kathleen Lundy, a former teacher at Weedon School. They resided in Cochrane until his death in 1956. His two sons, David and Raymond, still carry on their father's International Harvester Machine dealership, and have other related businesses, in Cochrane. His widow and married daughter reside in Calgary.

Fred trained as a teacher and taught at Chapelton, Jasper, and Calgary before taking further education at the Southern Alberta Institute of Technology; he then became an instructor at that Institution for several years. Later, he went to Edmonton to be director of the Apprenticeship Board with the Alberta Government. He has recently retired and he and his wife, the former Jean Rutherford, reside in Edmonton. They have a son and a daughter, both married, with families.

I also became a teacher, teaching one year at Inglis School and four years in the Hanna area. I married Ernest Peppard of the Weedon district, in 1940, in Dawson City, Yukon Territory. We returned to Calgary in 1950, where we have lived ever since. We have a son and a married daughter.

My father died in 1936 from complications resulting from an injury sustained in a fall from his saddle horse. My mother lived in Calgary until her death in 1946. My parents and three of their children are buried in the Cochrane Cemetery.

After my father's death, livestock, machinery and household effects were disposed of at an auction sale and the farm rented out for a number of years. In 1944 it was sold to Mr. Bates for the sum of $8.00 an acre.

THE HENRY ZANG FAMILY — by Julius Zang

In 1906 Mr. and Mrs. Henry Zang homesteaded in the Alston district, southwest of Vulcan, Alberta. Their main crop was wheat; soon they found that their section of land would not grow enough feed for their herd of cattle. Land was selling for $50.00 to $100.00 per acre in that area. For $18.00 per acre my folks bought the Johnson Ranch, two and a half sections of land on the Horse Creek road, eight miles northwest of Cochrane. The deal included ten horses and one cow and the farm machinery.

There were eight children in the Zang family: three girls and five boys. On August 4, 1919, Father, my brother Ernie and I moved to Cochrane and lived at the Johnson place. Later, Ernie built his home there.

It had been a very dry summer so we went to work haying to get enough feed for the winter. In September we had thirty head of cattle shipped from Vulcan, and we bought a few cattle to build up our herd. Our brand was Half Circle HZ on the left ribs.

My father and I finished stacking greenfeed on the 8th of October; it was like a summer's

The Henry Zang family. 1919.

Mr. and Mrs. Jules Zang on their 50th Wedding Anniversary, 1974.

day. The next morning there was a blizzard; there was about a foot of snow on the ground. The snow stayed until May. In the spring there were a lot of dead horses and cattle. In November hay sold for $30.00 per ton; the following March it was $60.00 per ton. Beef sold for 15¢ a pound in the fall, by spring it sold for 6¢ per pound. Many ranchers went broke.

I stayed on the ranch all year around. I was sixteen years old. My sister Lizzie who was nineteen years old, kept house for me for the first year or two. My family still lived on the farm at Vulcan, but my father and my brothers spent some time on the ranch with us. The price of beef was so low, we milked cows and sold cream to make a living and pay the taxes.

Dora and George MacFarlane lived with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo MacFarlane, on the Hutchinson place, where Mr. and Mrs. Bill Lewis now live. When I met Dora in October 1919, I said to myself, "That's the girl for me." We were married in Calgary, June 30, 1924.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Zang, 1932.

We worked for my father the first few months of our married life. The next two years we rented the N½ 4-27-4-5; Mr. and Mrs. Tom Hardy live there now. Then my father made me a deal; I was to work for him for two years, then I could build on my own land. We lived in a granary until we got our house built. The Arthur Beebys live in the home we built, but they have built onto our original home.

We have five children: Charlie and his wife, Helen, live in Calgary. Lorna married Arthur Beeby and they have four children: Lance, Sharon, Melvin and Sylvia. Lillian married Mike Esopenko and they have two sons, Wayne and Brian. They live in Calgary. Annie married Ted Maxim and they have two girls, Adele and Cathy. They live in Edmonton. Evelyn married Allen Cote and they have two children, Cameron and Karen. They live in Calgary.

Dora's father died in April 1928. Her mother lived in Cochrane for one year and most of her remaining years were spent with us until her death in January 1942. She was 83 years old.

My mother and father spent the last ten or twelve years of their lives in Calgary. They both died in 1936. We moved into my mother and father's house in Calgary until their estate was settled, and then we bought a house on 4th St. S.E. so the children could go to the same school.

The land at Cochrane was left to my four brothers and me. William got the S½ 7-27-4-5; Ernest got the N½ 6-27-4-5; I got the S½ 6-27-4-5; Walter got the N½ 31-26-4-5; Harvey got the SE¼ 31-26-4-5 and the NE¼ 30-26-4-5. The land at Vulcan was left to my three sisters, Lizzie, Alberta and Laura.

I started a trucking business in 1937. This kept me busy in the fall and winter, trucking cattle, hay or grain for the neighbors at Cochrane. Sometimes I made two or three trips a day to Calgary. I found time to put in my crop in the spring and put up a lot of hay in summer. As soon as school was out our family moved to the farm for the holidays. When Charlie quit school he stayed on the farm until Lorna married Arthur Beeby. Then the Beebys moved onto the farm and started a dairy. They leased the land until 1969 and then they bought the home place.

We have lived in Calgary for a long time, but when we go out to Art and Lorna's we still say, "We are going out home."

WALTER ZANG —by M. Zang

Walter Zang came to Cochrane from Champion, Alberta, in November 1924. He took over his father's farm from his brother Jule, who had married and rented the McCannel place. In 1934 Walter married Millie Pears. We stayed on the farm until 1936, and then moved to the N½ 31-26-4-5, where we built the home I still live in. We ranched there until 1942 when we parted company.

Walter worked for Mannix Construction Company on the Barrier Dam and had haying contracts with Hutchinsons and A. D. Kerfoot in the summers, and worked for Scott Lumber Company in the winters. He joined the Parks Department in 1964, and became Warden of Big Hill Springs Provincial Park in 1965, then worked at Bragg Creek Provincial Park until he retired in 1972. He now lives in Cochrane.

I stayed on the farm, and with Fred Voight's help we ran the place for over 20 years. We kept cattle, sheep and poultry. I sold eggs in Cochrane for years. I am still on the farm. Though Walter and I parted years ago we remained friends and are always willing to help each other when the need arises.

THE ZUCCOLO STORY — by Tillie Richards

As a young man in Italy, Tom Zuccolo had to put in his stint with the Army. Part of this time was spent in Italian Somaliland in Africa. Later he went to South Africa with the idea of settling there but didn't care for what he saw. Canada was his next destination and after spending three years here he returned to Italy. He and Mother, Angelina Rizzi, were married in Italy and two weeks later they left family and friends to come to Canada, where they settled in the Slocan Valley, British Columbia. This was in 1905. It was through the C.P.R. that my folks were able to immigrate to Canada, and in return Dad had to work on the railway tracks for a number of years. This meant work with a pick and shovel or driving spikes with a sledge hammer for $1.00 for a twelve-hour day.

Dad could see no future for a man with a family in the Slocan Valley so he decided to move to Alberta. He traded a Mr. Simmer from Delia,

Mr. Zuccolo, John and Alma operating a homemade sawmill.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Zuccolo on their 25th Wedding Anniversary. Adelma and Alma in front, Tillie, Mary, Elsie and Johnny at the back. Katy is absent from the group.

Alma and John Zuccolo barging the grain crop in 1936.

These little pigs went to market and paid off the mortgage for Tom Zuccolo.

Alberta, our property in British Columbia, plus a $1400 mortgage, for the W½ 5-28-4-5, about fourteen miles north of Cochrane where Buck Miller now lives. At that time it was undeveloped and Dad paid a wild land tax only, on this property. The holder of the mortgage was Mr. O'Neil, who lived northeast of the old Weedon School on what is now the Warner place.

On April 3, 1919, our mother, Mrs. Zuccolo, and her daughters, Mary, Catherine (Katy), Elsie, Matilda (Tillie), and Adelma (Pete) watched the sun set over Revelstoke, British Columbia. It rose for us in Alberta, as the old steam locomotive chugged its way towards Cochrane. At approximately 10 a.m., April 4, we stepped out on the platform of the C.P.R. Station at Cochrane.

We weren't impressed. Drifts of snow still rimmed the draws on the big hills to the north. (We had left green grass and flowers in British Columbia.) On the main street where Esso Service now stands was the Alberta Hotel, operated by Mrs. Joe Murphy, and to this we made our way with our meager baggage. I don't recall what the price of the room was, it probably wasn't much, but then you didn't get much in the way of service either. All this was soon forgotten by us younger members, if not by our mother, when we discovered a two-storey biffy out back which could be reached by a catwalk at the end of the hall.

Two days later we were joined by Dad and our brother Johnny. They had come via the Crows Nest Pass with two boxcars loaded with all our worldly belongings: two cows, a dog, some chickens and a quantity of lumber for our future home. Dad soon rented a house for us to move into. It was owned by Mrs. Murphy and is now the home of Edgar Pears. Across the street from us, in a little green house which is still there, lived Mr. and Mrs. (Dad) Johnson, their sons Bert and Laurie, and their daughter, Dot. The Mickle family also lived across the road in a two-storey house which was moved when the highway went through town. These families were our first acquaintances and, later, friends.

As soon as we were settled, we started school but I cannot recall my teacher's name. Mary's teacher was Mr. Hawkey and Katy and Elsie went to a little school taught by Miss Bruce. It wasn't long before we all were home with the red measles and Mother had her hands full.

Across the road on a quarter section to the west of our land was an old log house which resembled a corral with a roof. Dad got permission from the owner, Bob Whitfield, to use the house and this is where we lived for the first year. On May 9, Dad and Johnny were out at the farm when it started snowing. Over two feet of heavy wet snow fell. The wind drifted it into the coulees killing many cattle in the area. Nine of Bob Whitfield's cows smothered under the snow in a draw on the place where Scotty White now lives. The pile of bones was there for many years as proof. This was just a sample of the winter to come.

The 2nd of June saw our exodus from Cochrane. Dad had purchased Jerry, an old sorrel horse, from "Rattle-snake" Pete Dixon, and with it hitched to the buggy, Mother and her five daughters, each clutching a potted house plant, drove out of town. Ahead were two loaded wagons driven by Dad and Josh Keith, who had kindly offered his help. Mile after mile went by. The trip seemed never ending. Just as the sun set we topped the last rise and we soon were home. While the others were busy unloading I went scouting. Between the house and the barn lay a dead horse. It was quite a shock as I had never seen a dead horse before. This was really the wild West.

Dad had purchased a number of horses including two teams. The cost per head was $150.00 for the broke horses except for one Shire mare which was $200.00. This particular mare died of colic during the summer leaving an orphan colt. Another mare, Dolly, refused to tighten a trace when hitched up with another horse so she became our school horse for many years.

The summer was very dry; we had no crop planted and feed posed a problem. Dad cut patches of wild hay and we raked it by hand with big wooden hand rakes which he had made. During the winter, which was one of the most severe in history, Dad had to purchase feed. The only feed available was at Mr. Lancons, little oat bundles, still in the stook, and the Jack rabbits had eaten the heads where they showed above the snow. These were 10c per sheaf, but there was no choice. We managed to save our cows but lost some of the younger horses.

The snow came early and deep the fall of 1919. Soon the horse was unable to pull the school buggy through the drifts so we stayed home. Each month when Dad got the mail there was a letter from the truancy officer. I can still see my father lifting the stove lid and dropping the letter into the fire.

Christmas that year was rather bleak. Dad took the four older children to the Christmas concert at Chapelton School but there weren't enough clothes to go around, so I had to stay home. But what a joyful surprise! There were gifts for all of us — stockings and hair ribbons for us girls and to this day we don't know who our special Santa was.

On the morning of January 8, we awoke to find Mother and Dad gone. At 2 a.m. they had left with the team and sleigh to drive to Cochrane over roads deep in snow with the temperature well below zero. Their destination was the home of Mr. and Mrs. Dad Johnson, where our youngest sister, Alma, was born later in the day, with Dr. Waite and Mrs. Johnson in attendance. Our baby sister was over a month old before we saw her. She and Mother made the long trip home in an open sleigh. Were we happy to see them!

During that first winter our only income was from firewood. Dad would go to the bush, a distance of eight or nine miles and bring home a load of dry logs. The next day we would saw the logs into stove lengths with a two-man, crosscut saw and fill a double-decker box on the sleigh. Dad would haul the wood to Cochrane and pile it in someone's yard for a $5.00 bill.

Lack of water also helped to make it a difficult winter. All the stock had to be driven over half a mile to a vacant farm where there was a well with a hand pump. It was a monotonous job so we decided to enliven it with a free ride now and then. We tied a rope to the bull's tail and carried a piece of tin to sit on. The trick was to grab the rope and sit on the tin before the bull took off. Water for the house was hauled from here in barrels on a stoneboat and in sub-zero temperatures this really posed a problem. Later in the spring a warm Chinook melted the heavy snows of winter with such rapidity that we were surrounded by rivers. What a release from that long cold winter! Dad started our new home that spring and by June 2, we were able to move in. It was far from complete but it was a red-letter day.

Next on the agenda was fencing. A spool of barbed wire at that time was $3.00 and Dad had brought enough cedar posts from British Columbia to do the job, and I think a few of those posts are still there today. That summer Hank Fricke, who lived up on the Dog Pound Creek, came to break land for us. He had a six-horse team with which he broke 25 acres east of the house and we spent the rest of the summer picking rocks. That fall Dad started digging our well. Mary and Johnny stayed home from school to operate the windlass which brought up the dirt. The well was 70 feet deep before Dad stopped to put in cribbing, and then only because a large stone had come down and hit him on the head. Water was reached December 23, at 130 feet. What a Christmas present! That's also when the fun started — it took two of us kids on the pump handle to keep it from flipping us into the air. Those 130 feet of pump rod got pretty heavy by the time all the stock were watered. The well, which was cribbed with handmade cedar shakes, was still in use when the farm was sold to Bob Echlin in 1946.

Before the next winter rolled around Dad rigged up a wagon with an engine, a grain grinder and a buzz saw. Most of this winter and subsequent ones he spent grinding grain and sawing firewood for farmers in the area. He also dug a considerable number of wells on farms in the district.

During the early 1920s an older couple, Mr. and Mrs. Petti, with a family of grown boys, moved into the old Whitfield house across the road. I remember Albert, the youngest, and an older brother, Emery, who used to ride to the local dances with his violin slung over his shoulder. Later Mr. and Mrs. William McGlashing moved there with two preschool children. Mr. McGlashing and Dad decided to try their hand at mining coal at the old Bonnie Brae mine south of Cochrane but the coal was of a poor quality and this came to naught.

That mortgage still hung over our heads and the interest at eight percent made quite a nick in the yearly income. So Dad tried hogs. He bought fifty weaner pigs which he fed on 50c per bushel wheat and this paid off. When enough pigs to fill a wagon box were ready for market, Dad loaded them in the wagon and drove to the Union Packers in Calgary, a distance of forty miles. Sometime after the mortgage was paid up Dad met Mr. O'Neil on the road and remarked that he was glad he no longer owed him money, to which Mr. O'Neil replied, "Tom, you still owe me $14.00 compound interest." And I think he still does.

In the mid-twenties Katy and Elsie rented a little house from Mrs. McEwan. It stood on the corner where the car wash is now located in Cochrane, and the rent was $4.00 per month but there were no modern conveniences such as water or electricity. Here they batched for two years while attending high school, a Mr. Miller being their teacher. Katy went on to Normal School and later taught at Cochrane Lakes, St. Paul, in north eastern Alberta, and at the Inglis School. I also attended the Calgary Normal School but the Depression and I made our debut together and jobs were hard to find. I finally went to teach in the Morley School District and boarded with Mrs. Alex Jamieson. My salary the first year was $75.00 per month, $25.00 of which went for board and room. The next year I received $20.00 monthly and the parents of the pupils supplied me with board and room. Our oldest sister Mary had taken a business course and worked in Calgary for awhile.

During the Depression many people left the area and houses and fences fell apart. Horses were turned loose on the open range because they were of no value and many were badly cut by the fallen and tangled barbed wire fences. One day we found a horse standing in our garage between the car and the pick-up. When we chased him out we saw that one front foot had been cut off by barbed wire and he had to be shot. One mile west of us where Josh Keith had once lived someone had left the door open and a horse had wandered into the house in fly time and fallen into the cellar. When we found him sometime later he hung there dead with his head and front feet above the floor. Not pleasant memories, but true.

There were also happy memories, some of these being the house parties at Hank Fricke's and at Ben and Cliff Henry's. Christmas concerts at the Chapelton, Weedon and Westbrook schools were also looked forward to. However, the time came when the district needed a community hall and Dartigue Hall became a reality. We had a little sawmill, so logs were hauled to our place to be sawed into sills, rafters and rough lumber. The first three loads arrived on January 15, 1934, the

teamsters being Henry Whitfield, Les Chadderton and Rolfe Tempany. It wasn't long before the eager volunteers had the building finished and the hall was opened. The dance which followed the opening ceremonies was attended by over two hundred people. It was really an occasion to remember.

Picnics were also a source of much pleasure. The first school picnic we attended was east and south from the old Weedon School. In 1927 Cochrane held a picnic on the hill where the High School now stands, in honor of Canada's Diamond Jubilee. By this time we had a Model T Ford but since none of us girls were permitted to use it we drove the fourteen miles to the picnic with a team and democrat. We also looked forward to the Dog Pound Stampede, one of the oldest continuous rodeos in the country. In 1937 the Jack Pine Savages, a club from the Ghost River area were responsible for the idea which sparked the Mount Royal Gymkhana — a popular event which was held for many years thereafter.

Our main source of income during the Depression was our milk cows. We milked approximately thirty head by hand and shipped table cream to Calgary. We also raised some pigs and beef cattle. During these years we sold select hogs for as little as $4 per head. Cattle were no better. I recall shipping thirty head of long yearling steers to the Calgary Stockyards, where they sat for two weeks before being sold, for $10 per head. It took six steers to pay for the yardage, commission and feed, and thirty head of good steers brought $240.

During our first seven years on the farm, 1919-1926, all travelling as well as field work was done by means of horses. About fifteen head were kept for these purposes.

We had a variety of conveyances. These were buggy, democrat and wagon, also cutter and bobsleighs. The saddle horse too was very much in use.

During those years we took one trip to Calgary, when we four older girls attended Confirmation services. To get there from the farm, a distance of forty miles, we had to drive to Cochrane by team, board a train to Calgary, take a hotel room overnight, then come back to Cochrane the next day where we would be picked up by someone from the farm, with a team.

There were no buses at that time. The big event that was to change all this came in 1926 when we bought our first auto, a 1921 Model T Ford. With it we could make the trip to Calgary and back in one day, with luck. By that time, autos (they were not called cars till some years later) were becoming fairly numerous but it would have been useless for us to buy one much earlier as there was no road fit for an auto from our house to the nearest grade.

However, as farmers were allowed to work off part of their taxes on roadways bordering their property, our dad and brother (John) managed to build a passable road to both the Horse Creek and Dog Pound. Incidentally, no other work was done on this stretch of road during the 27 years we lived on the farm. When we sold out in 1946, gravelling had just started on the Horse Creek road.

Anyone accustomed to modern cars only, would find driving a Model T a rather unusual experience. Imagine a car with no starter or accelerator pedal. To start a Model T one turned a crank inserted below the radiator and at the same time manipulated the choke by means of a wire extended to the front. The gas, as well as spark-timing, was controlled by hand levers just below the steering wheel. A floor lever and two pedals controlled the two-speed gear box. The floor lever had three positions. Pushed forward it activated the clutch, in the middle position it was in neutral, and when pulled back it put on the emergency brake. The left hand pedal was pushed forward for low gear, full out was high gear, and half way was neutral. The center pedal controlled reverse gear and at the right there was a brake pedal. The gas tank was situated under the front seat as the gas was gravity fed to the carburetor, there being no fuel pump. This meant that when a stop was made for a gas refill the front seat passengers had to stand up or get out of the auto. The Model T had no heater or block heater, and antifreeze was not yet in use. There was no thermostat so boiling-over radiators were commonplace.

In very cold weather the engine was heated by pouring hot water into the radiator or by placing a pan of hot coals under the oil pan. The auto had a cloth top, and detachable curtains could be added to the sides in cold or rainy weather.

On one trip to Calgary we were caught in a severe hailstorm and to protect ourselves from the hailstones coming through the top we had to pull up the floor boards and hold them over our heads.

During the following three years we acquired a later model car, a half-ton truck and an old Titan tractor. The mechanized age had arrived on our farm. It was at this time that John, who had a natural aptitude for mechanics, repaired the Model T and built it into a van. With it he drove to Pouce Coupé, British Columbia, and back without mishap, though most of the trip was over unimproved (dirt) roads.

As the years sped on, the family drifted away. Mary married Mel Hodgkins, a member of the Lord Strathcona Horse Regiment. When World War II broke out Mel was sent East as an instructor, and the family soon followed. They still live in Ontario and this is where their two children grew up. Jim Richards and I were married in 1937. We have two children and still live in the Ghost River area. Adelma married Ed Larsen from Simons Valley and they now live north of Clyde, Alberta. They have three children. Elsie and Eric Putt were married in Ontario. Elsie

passed away in 1956, leaving four children. Eric is now Superintendent of the Morden Experimental Station in Manitoba. Alma and Francis Dolen were married after he returned from World War II. They moved to a homestead north of Spirit River, Alberta, where their family of six grew up. Francis passed away in 1972, but Alma and the children carried on. Katy and our brother, Johnny, have remained single and still live in the Cochrane area. Mother passed away in 1956, at the age of 73. Dad died in January, 1965, aged 89.

Fifty-six years have slipped by since that April morning. It doesn't seem possible.

GHOST RIVER

and News Items From a Lively Little Burg

RIVER, March 12.—A Gillies received news from his two Kootenay district. The men keep a hotel close to the Slocan mines and are doing well. They state that things are brightening up and the future keeps something in reserve for those that stay there at their post and do not lose their heads by the Klondyke excitement.

Things are quite lively at the Glenfinnan ranch. Chas. Perry and A. McDonald are breaking bronchos of different sizes and color in order to satisfy fastidious Klondyke gold seekers that may come along and need them.

Our industrious manager of the Montreal ranche is feeding a large bunch of steers for the spring market. He is also building an addition to his house in case of any eventuality.

We are sorry to hear that our successful breeder of coach horses and friend, J. Creighton, has, like many more, fallen a victim to the Klondyke fever. Next month is to see the departure for his voluntary exile, intended to last two years. The many friends indeed will mourn indeed his temporary absence; for a person of so great magnanimity is almost impossible to replace.

Mr. Martin, of the Mitford emporium has secured for the remainder of the winter, the valuable services of W. J. Carr, a well known adept of the art.

Thomas Scott, one of our most popular bachelors with the fair sex has just received a great amount of house furniture from the east. Who is to be the happy one?

Frank Butler, the amateur pianist, has just completed his rail contract and is now taking a few days recreation among his friends in the district. After the amount of hard work he has executed he needs some rest in order to recuperate his strength.

M. McLean, the celebrated expounder of the light fantastic art for the Cochrane district, met with a sad accident a few days ago. While on his way to give his habitual lessons one of his ankles was badly injured through his horse falling down. It is to be hoped that his fair pupils shall not be deprived too long of his valuable teaching.

The R.C.M.P. Barracks in Cochrane after a truck had crashed into it. Bert Culling in the foreground.

Horsepower to the rescue pulling a truck through shell ice on the Little Red Deer River.

Veteran's Parade in Cochrane during the 1920s.

MR. COCHRANE'S ADDRESS.

To the Electors of Alberta T[illegible]

Gentlemen: In soliciting your suffrages as a candidate to represent Alberta in the next Federal Parliament, I do so as the nominee of a Convention of the Liberal-Conservative party of Alberta, and a supporter of the Government of Sir Charles Tupper.

CONSERVATIVE POLICY.

The general policy of the Liberal-Conservative party I heartily endorse. It has for its object the preservation of British institutions on this continent, and the upbuilding of the Confederation formed in 1867 into a great commercial nation. The application of this policy involves the protection of native industries to ensure renumerative employment for the Canadian people, so furnishing a home market for agricultural products, which are likewise protected from the unrestricted competition of importations. It involves also the active development of our large areas of vacant lands by furnishing facilities of transportation and by securing desirable settlers from abroad.

NORTH WEST FIRST.

While supporting the general policy of the Liberal-Conservative party, I should, however, as the representative of a western constituency, reserve to myself the liberty of independence in matters affecting the West.

My views in regard to the practical development of Liberal-Conservative policy, as it affects Albertan interests, I have no hesitation in frankly submitting to you.

PREFERENTIAL TRADE.

The National Policy had as one of its objects the securing of reciprocity from other nations. I am in favour of cultivating as assiduously as possible trade with Great Britain and her other colonies and dependencies. The efforts of Sir Charles Tupper to induce Great Britain to consider the advisability of receiving the agricultural products of Canada on preferential terms are already showing practical results. I am a firm advocate of the energetic prosecution of those efforts.

PROTECTION TO FARMERS.

For the further protection of the Western agriculturist and rancher, I am in favour of additional Government assistance to develop the dairying industry in the Territories, and to promote the establishment of a dead meat trade with the British Isles. I advocate an extension of the Experimental Farm system in the West. I believe in a strict enforcement of the quarantine system, which protects our herds from disease and our ranche country from being eaten out by American stock.

In pursuance of the system of tariff revision, whenever necessary, which is one of the principles of the National Policy, I advocate a further revision of the tariff with the view to continuing the reductions of 1894 in the interests of the farmer. I desire to see still further reductions on agricultural implements and in several other commodities largely used by the Western farmer.

RAILWAY COMPETITION.

I desire to see the Western farmer still further protected by a saving in the cost of getting his products to the markets of the world. For this reason I warmly commend the action of the Government in assisting the establishment of a fast line of Atlantic steam ships. I also heartily support Sir Charles Tupper in his policy of securing the immediate construction of the Hudson's Bay Railway. His determined course in this connection should alone secure for him the endorsation of all interested in the welfare of the west. I will strongly advocate liberal Government assistance towards the construction of branch lines of railway connecting the rich agricultural districts of the Saskatchewan Valley and Northern Alberta generally with that great natural outlet. The construction of that road means a vast saving in the distance between the Canadian West and Europe, which will ensure us the most effective possible railway competition and a consequent large saving in freight.

THE CROW'S NEST AND SOUTHERN RAILWAYS.

I likewise shall warmly support the efforts of the Government to secure the construction of a railway through the Crow's Nest Pass. This will not only promote the development of mining in British Columbia; it will also furnish Alberta with a vast market for her coal and supply a most profitable local market for her agricultural produce. I shall also seek to secure aid for a railway to connect Alberta with the United States railway systems, which will also furnish a further market for our coal. In this connection I may say I am in favour of liberal expenditure by the Government to bring the immense mineral resources of Alberta to the attention of prospectors and capitalists. I favour a change in our mining laws to those in force in British Columbia.

IMMIGRATION.

The western settler can be still further protected by the additional advantages increased settlement will result in. I am in favour of a reform in the administration of the Immigration Department, so that the work of securing immigrants may be more efficiently and systematically proceeded with.

HELP THE SETTLER.

Believing, as I do, that the contented settler makes the best immigration agent, I am strongly of the opinion that in matters of administration the interests of the settlers already in the country should receive the most attentive consideration at the hands of the Government.

In this connection I advocate the amendment of the Dominion Lands Act so that the stock districts shall not be compelled to adopt a system of land grants and homestead duties designed for the agricultural portions of the Territories. I also advocate a simplification of the laws and regulations relating to irrigation. I am in favour of the Dominion Government assisting the construction of reservoirs and main canals for irrigation purposes.

I am also in favour of the construction by the Dominion Government of a number of roads and bridges now requisite, which it is impossible for the Local Legislature to undertake.

I am also in favour of increased grants to the Territories for local purposes. The subsidies to the Territories should, in my opinion, be increased so as to be equivalent to those given to the provinces.

MOUNTED POLICE AND WESTERN DEFENCE.

I am strongly in favour of the maintenance, in its full strength, of the North West Mounted Police force, whose services to the North West cannot be too highly estimated. I shall use my best endeavours to secure for those who were members of the force at the time of the rebellion, or for any ex-members who served in the suppression of the rebellion, the same treatment in respect of scrip and medals as that accorded the volunteers.

The defence of the Territories is a most important question, and I shall endeavour to secure the establishment of a volunteer reserve force, composed of ex-mounted policemen and others, to act as an auxilliary to the Mounted Police.

THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

There is one question which, while I do not consider it more than a temporary one, is at the present time an important issue in Dominion politics—the Manitoba School question. On this I wish to be entirely frank with the electorate. Though I am personally a believer in the principle of National schools I am bound to accept the decision of the Privy Council that the minority in Manitoba have a constitutional grievance and that the Federal Parliament has power to remedy that grievance. Personally I believe this matter should be settled by the Provincial Government of Manitoba, who are responsible for the grievance. Should the Province of Manitoba persist in their refusal to remedy that grievance, thereby necessitating action by the Federal Parliament, I shall feel bound to support Sir Charles Tupper in his efforts to uphold the constitution in the manner directed by the judgment of the highest court in the realm. In the words of the late Sir John A. Macdonald, let us have "Equal justice to all, irrespective of race or creed."

Trusting to receive your votes and influence

I am, gentlemen,
Your obedient servant
THOS. B. H. COCHRANE.

Crlgary, Alta., 30th May, 1896.

COCHRANE LAKES

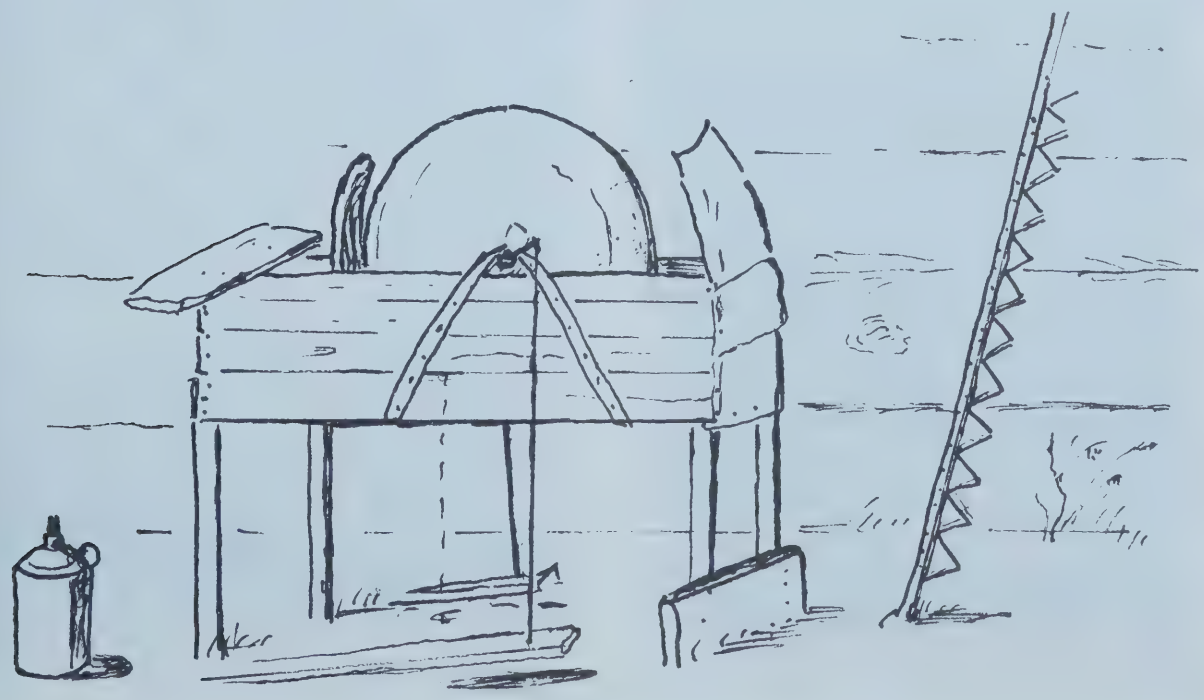
A WESTERN CHARACTER SKETCH — by S. S. Turner

"Happy" stood six foot three in his stockinged feet and weighed over two hundred pounds. Tall and lanky, his clothes hung loosely on his massive frame. His shirt was of worn blue denim which had faded to a neutral gray from years of wear and washings; his pants hung loosely from his waist, cinched tightly with a leather hames strap held together by a bent nail. His face beamed brightly with an inner happiness. Two front teeth poked out and clamped upon an aromatic brown pipe which wafted clouds of blue-grey smoke as he yarned about the days of the Old West. The pipe was bent in the middle and had a lid on it so it wouldn't start any prairie fires. A battered old black cowboy hat topped his iron-grey hair. There were laughter crinkles round his pale blue eyes.

Harold Simon Bansemer was his real name, but everyone knew him as "Happy." As a child he had survived the famous Frank Slide, where Turtle Mountain had turned turtle and buried a whole lot of people under thousands of tons of rock and rubble... families, hotels, stores and banks entombed forever! A little girl found miraculously alive on top of a pile of rubble...the sole survivor of an entire family. Happy awoke to find the baby girl fast asleep in his crib and his mother had fed her with Happy's own bottle.

In his earlier days Happy had ridden for the Burns Ranches, the Big Four, the Cartwrights, the Bar U, the Thorpes; name any prominent rancher and he'd worked for them.

Out west a ways, on a country crossroad he'd made his simple little home: an old log cabin with a veranda covered with lacy green vines, complete with kerosene lamps and a Colt .45. My "Sky-Ranch", he called it. Horses were his hobby and he had many of them...Old Blue, Minnehaha (named after an Indian beauty), Buffalo Gal and a bunch of others almost all half-wild.



One Sunday on a ranch where he was working Happy was busy in the bunkhouse having a bath in a little square galvanized tub. A distinguished gentleman in a herringbone suit drove up in a fancy white Thunderbird and expressed the desire to see Happy. So old Happy kindly came to the door in all his earthy nakedness and invited the gentleman into the bunkhouse where the old tin heater crackled with heat and the smell of pine. Then Happy calmly proceeded with his bath by infinite degrees, while giving the city gent an interview.

Despite the city gent's acute embrarrassment, he stayed for a couple of hours and listened, mesmerized, to Happy's tales of riding the grublines; of prairie roundups; of remittance men; of cowboys around the evening campfires; of the day when the mountain came down, and the days when the West was young.

JOHN ALFKE — as narrated by his son, Ardmore

John and Matilda Alfke and their young son, Ardmore, came from North Dakota in 1908 to Cochrane, and filed on a homestead about six miles north and east of town on the SW¼ 6-27-3-5. They lived in a well built log house, which is still standing today, although it has not been lived in for almost twenty years. A large barn was also built, and a windmill was erected.

Two more sons were born, Pertis and Harold. Cochrane Lakes School was some distance away, so Mrs. Alfke, who had been a teacher, taught Ardmore at home until the family moved to Calgary in 1917.

Ardmore became an automobile dealer in Calgary, a business from which he retired in 1961. He and his wife presently reside in Calgary. They have a son and a daughter.

Pertis became a bank manager with the Canadian Bank of Commerce in Northern Alberta. He has been retired for fifteen years, and he and his wife make their home in Salmon Arm, British Columbia. They have two sons.

The youngest son, Harold, and his wife, live in Lacombe, Alberta, where he has a tire dealership. They have a son and a daughter.

John Alfke passed away in 1949, and his wife passed away in 1956. They are both buried in Calgary.

When the Alfkes moved to Calgary, they sold their farm to George Ward. He sold it to Evan Jones in 1918, who sold it to the Soldier Settlement Board in 1921. Norman Cairns purchased it shortly after, and lived there with his wife for many years. The land is still referred to as the Norman Cairns place, and is presently owned by Circle J Ranch.

THE THOMAS BAPTIE FAMILY — by May Bozak

Dad was born in Jedburgh, Roxburgh County, Scotland, June 23, 1896. He was the second youngest of a family of twelve. When Dad was a young boy, his father went to work as head gamekeeper on Lord Aberdeen's estate near Aboyne, Scotland. Dad went to school until he was twelve years old and then he went to work in a bakery. Tiring of this type of work he got on a tramp steamer, landing in New Orleans, U.S.A. Working at whatever job he could find and acquiring a horse for himself, he finally made his way to his Uncle Adam Baptie's place in Grand Valley, near Cochrane.

From 1910 to 1915, Dad rode with Scotty Elder, as a cowhand, for D. P. McDonald and the McEachens. In 1915 he enlisted with the 10th Battalion in Calgary and soon after left for France and duty Overseas. He saw action at Vimy Ridge and Mons and was wounded with shrapnel. After a time spent in hospital he returned to duty until Armistice was declared.

After the Armistice, Dad returned to Scotland to see his parents for what turned out to be the last time. He returned to the Cochrane area in 1919 and brought back a shoot from a lilac bush that his mother had given him for his homestead. His sister Kate had filed on a homestead for him while he was Overseas. The lilac bush is still living and is now planted at my home in Calgary. Dad stayed at the Elder farm while he was building a house on his homestead, it being SW¼ 20-27-4-5. While putting up his buildings on his homestead he had to work out to have enough income, so he went to work on the road, building culverts and doing general maintenance. His sister Cecile kept house for him until her marriage in 1921. His brother Adam, and his wife, Jean, stayed with him while they were building their home.

In 1921 Dad stopped at the Cochrane Lakes School to get a drink of water. That glass of water really turned him on, for in April 1923, he married the schoolteacher that gave him the glass of water, namely, Miss Gladys Coatsworth. Dad still worked on the road as well as planting his crop and looking after his farm. Mom milked cows and once a week she drove to town by team and buggy to take the cream to the creamery. I was born January 31, 1924, at my grandmother's house on the farm north of Cochrane. My aunt, May McDonald was in attendance. Dad and Mom

Tom Baptie's threshing outfit. Frank Tindal on the rack, Earl Speers and Slim Fenton hitching the team to the grain wagon.

lived on Dad's homestead until 1927 and at that time Grandad Coatsworth was unable to do the work on his farm, so Dad and Mom moved down to their place on the NE¼ 22-26-4-5. The Horse Creek school had burned down and Mom was concerned about schooling for me and the child she was expecting to arrive in 1928. While Mom and Dad were up on Dad's place, Miss Dorothy Grayson was one of the teachers at Horse Creek School. She boarded at Mom's for three years.

Mom and Dad set about renovating the old Coatsworth house and built a log garage to house their new Starr automobile that they had acquired. The child expected in May 1928, turned out to be twin girls who were born at the Coatsworth house in Cochrane and again, Aunt May was in attendance.

On August 13, 1931, another surprise, twin boys arrived and again Aunt May was in attendance. The boys were born up on the farm. With four children under the age of three, Mom had her hands full, so she hired a girl to help her. The hired girls at different times were Anne Leveque and Lily Ronquist of Water Valley.

Dad purchased a threshing machine and he and Slim Fenton worked around the country putting up hay and doing custom threshing, Dad was road foreman for a while. He put up a log barn and shingled it with home made shingles made from Slim Fenton's shingle mill. I stayed with my grandparents in Cochrane and went to school, but my brothers and sisters rode horseback or Mom drove them in the Model A Ford. There were four sets of twins within a mile, the Hanes twins, Lois and Betty, Grisedale twins, Johnnie and Agnes, and the Baptie twins, Cecil and Peggy, Bob and Jim. As youngsters we all had fun growing up. Skating parties at the lakes, baseball games, riding expeditions to the Big Hill Springs, the annual Weedon Picnic, and Children's day at the Calgary Stampede.

World War Two broke out in 1939, and in 1940 Dad enlisted. Mom and the kids kept the farm going. After a few months in the Army, Dad's health failed so he came home to the farm and kept himself busy trying to improve the farm, building a new set of corrals and remodeling the house. He enjoyed going big game hunting every fall. Dad and Mom enjoyed their later years travelling. In 1962 they took a trip to the British Isles. Dad went to see his sister Kate, while over there. He became ill so their holiday had to end earlier than planned. The damp air affected his lungs. Shortly after their return home, the Doctors confirmed Dad had cancer of the lung. He passed away May 4, 1963. Mother stayed on the farm until moving to Calgary in 1971, where she still resides.

I, May, taught school at Westbrook (old), Sunshine, Glendale, Silver Springs, George McDougall High in Airdrie and Western Canada High in Calgary. I am married to R. J. Bozak and we reside in N.W. Calgary.

Cecil is married to Gordon Tempany and they have three children, William (Bill), Betty and Barbara, and they reside in Exshaw, Alberta.

Peggy is married to Leonard Pepper and they reside in Armstrong, British Columbia. They have five children, Gail, William (Bill), James (Jim), Douglas and Margaret (Margo).

Jim and his family live in Brandon, Manitoba. He married Gail Landles and they have two boys, Bill and Tom.

Bob married Betty Jahn and they have one daughter, Sandra. They reside on their farm north of Cochrane.

HARRY BEADLE — by Lou Beadle

Harry Beadle was born in Goderich, Ontario, in 1867. When a young man he went to the United States and worked on cattle ranches in Montana. In 1902 he homesteaded at Granum, Alberta. He, his wife and son Alex, moved to the Carstairs district in 1916 and then to Cochrane in 1918. He bought Section 35-26-4-5, and carried on mixed farming.

Alex attended Cochrane Lakes School; one of his teachers was Miss Coatsworth. In 1922 Alex raced his school pony at the Cochrane Race Track, and made the fastest time on the track. He weighed 98 pounds and had to carry 14 pounds of lead in his saddlebags to qualify in the race.

The Beadle hill on the Dog Pound road was a bad place in winter; many hours were spent pulling cars up the hill.

Orr Fenton, who lived across the road, would use the Beadle corral to hook up a team of green horses. He hitched them to a two-wheeled cart,

Mr. and Mrs. H. Beadle, 1945.

and he'd jump in. Someone would open the gate and away he'd go like lightning across the fields, with the old cart bouncing, but he never fell off. This is how he broke horses to drive.

Harry Beadle could step dance, and was usually asked to dance at the Friday night house parties. His son played the violin for him.

The Beadles sold the farm to Bernard Powlesland in 1945 and moved to Calgary. Harry passed away in 1950 at 83 years of age. His wife died in 1974 at the age of 92.

Alex and his wife Lou, and their daughter Evelyn, Mrs. Vern Lambert, live in the town of Cochrane.

THE BENBOW FAMILY — by Dorothy Gaskell

Father, John Benbow, came to the Cochrane Lakes area in the spring of 1911. He did not homestead the land, there were buildings already on the place. This land was on the SW¼ 28-26-4-5 and is owned today by the Houghton family. Father and Mother came from Saskatchewan.

Father became ill shortly after buying the farm so he had to give up the heavy work and we moved to the village of Cochrane. In December 1913, Father passed away.

There were seven of us children in the family, Pryce, Evelyn, Becky, Dorothy, Daisy, Carrie and George.

We attended school in Cochrane until we moved into Calgary.

My memories of Cochrane in those early days are happy ones. There was no skating rink; we used to clear the snow off the creek or a slough.

I recall the electricity coming to town. People had what were called drop lights put in the main rooms of the house; none were put in the bedrooms. Each light cost fifty cents a month and it was never left on any more than was necessary because we had to pay for any electricity we burned over so many kilowatts and, too, the power was only on for a short time in the evenings. There were lots of complaints about the cost, but it was progress.

Mother passed away in 1961 and is resting in the Cochrane cemetery beside Father and our brother Pryce, who lost his life in a drowning accident at Cooking Lake, Alberta.

Chris and Calvin Bristow, 1925.

Mr. and Mrs. Sykes Taylor and family, 1907.

THE TAYLOR AND BRISTOW FAMILIES — by Marjorie Bristow

Many a milestone has loomed on the horizon since my father, Sykes Taylor, was born in Yorkshire, England, in 1868, and my mother, Annie Smith, was born in Suffolk, England. My father, at the age of 12 years, came with his father to Minnesota, U.S.A. There did not appear to be a way of earning a living there, so they left Minnesota and went to Jarvis, Ontario. The slogan at the time was "Go West Young Man" so this is what the Taylors decided to do. The mother and seven other children had arrived from England, and they all came to Morley, where there was just a station and a stopping house. Just a few years previous the railway had passed through. 'Twas here my grandparents and their family found plenty to do. At the stopping house, Grandmother cooked for as many as 100 persons some days: railroad men, train passengers, many Indians and a few local people. In a short while my grandfather Taylor became ill and passed away. He was the third white man to be buried in Calgary.

After Grandfather passed away, Grandmother Taylor married my mother's brother, George Smith. They moved to Agassiz, British Columbia, where they lived until they passed away; my grandmother was in her nineties.

A few years later my mother, Annie Smith, her parents and family also came to Morley, where they found employment. They arrived there on the 24th of May and there was three feet of snow. For anyone just coming from England — what a sight to behold!

In 1893 my parents were married in the little church at Morley, a landmark still standing.

They were married by the Reverend John McDougall. The marriage certificate is still in the possession of one of my family.

A short time later my parents, grandparents and their families moved to Springbank and took up land. My parents' first child, a girl, was born there, but at five months she passed away with erysipelas. Mabel (Mae) was born in 1895. I was born in 1898. Two years later a son was born on my birthday, but he passed away at birth. My grandfather Smith passed away and was buried in the Union Cemetery beside Grandfather Taylor. My grandmother Smith was in her eighties when she passed away and is also buried in the Union Cemetery.

My father decided he should have a home of his own, so he bought a quarter section from Oliver Mickle and took up a homestead next to it. He and Mother and their two daughters moved about ten miles west of their Springbank home. This new home was a well-built log house. The barns were log with sod roofs. Our place was surrounded by teepees. The Indians still used travois pulled with ponies and the squaws carried their papooses in a laced leather cradle strapped on their backs. The squaws wore bright colored scarves, had Indian blankets wrapped around them for coats, and wore high beaded buckskin moccasins. As there were few white women here, many white men married squaws.

My parents got together a team of horses, some chickens and a few milk cows. Milk was put in pans, the cream was skimmed off and made into butter, which they sold or traded for groceries. At this time there was no bridge over the Bow River to Cochrane so if you wished to go there you had to go a short distance west to Radnor Crossing. A few business places were being built in Cochrane and soon a bridge was built south of Cochrane.

A daughter Laura was born in 1902. In 1904 a daughter Lesley was born.

Father travelled miles to cut wood. He hauled it to Calgary and sold it for fuel for $3.00 a load. He also cut wood for home use.

About 1904 soldiers were returning from the South African War. I faintly remember the many songs they sang. One was "Goodbye Dolly Grey, I Must Leave." About that year gunslinger Ernie Cashel was being sought for murder. One evening he came to my grandmother's house; my aunt, who later married Bill Bradley, was there too, and at gun point he forced them to hide him in the attic and feed him. He stayed there for three days, but one night he left on their little pony. He turned the pony loose near Calgary and it wandered back home. Shortly afterwards, Cashel was burned out of an old shack by the police and sentenced to death. Everyone in the district had been frightened and hoped he would not come to their home.

By now some children in the district were getting to be school age. The school was built in 1905 and my father was trustee for many years. My sister Laura had to start at the age of four and a half years to make up the number of pupils required to open the school. I was nearly eight years old before I started school. The school was opened in June 1906. It was called Brushy Ridge. In 1936 the school was destroyed by fire. It is believed that I am the eldest living pupil in 1975 who attended the Brushy Ridge School.

My dad required some help on the farm. My dad and I and my sisters, who were old enough, milked 20 or 30 cows by hand, fed calves and separated the milk before breakfast; then my sisters and I went to school.

Now Chris Bristow comes into the picture. He was born in Norfolk, England, very near to Sandringham Castle, the home of Kings and Queens. His parents were millers and bakers. His father was also a Methodist Lay Minister. The first seven children born to them were boys. On one occasion the mother bathed each one and sent them to bed; after all seven had had their turn, their mother went to see if they were in bed and she found them sitting on the front lawn with not a stitch on. They were right close to the roadside and passersby were all stopping to look. Chris was the ninth child of 13 children. He left home at the age of 17 years and in 1907 came to Canada. My father and a neighbor picked Chris up in Calgary and took him to our home where he worked for one year. He went to Yahk, British Columbia, and worked in the lumber mills, until the First World War started. Then he went to Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, and joined the 46th Regiment, training in Manitoba. He went Overseas in 1915.

In 1908 a daughter Anne was born. Mother found the home too small, thus in the same vicinity my father built a new home into which the family moved. The phone was installed in 1910. In 1912 Father and Mother really rejoiced and we five daughters were thrilled to no end, for a son and brother, George Sykes, was born on May 24, 1912, Queen Victoria's birthday.

In 1914 I took a trip to Jarvis, Ontario. I spent some time in Toronto and I visited Niagara Falls. I visited the parents and grandparents of Jack Pickersgill. Jack later became Minister of Transport in the Federal Government. His grandfather and my grandmother Taylor were brother and sister.

In Jarvis, where I had an uncle, I worked part time in a munitions factory and learned to drive a car. I stayed there for a year and a half. When I returned home, and because I could drive, my father bought a new Ford car from the first garage built in Cochrane, which was owned by Tom Quigley. There were only a few cars in the West at that time and no lady drivers. On one occasion, when I was driving in Calgary, a streetcar and I, in the Ford, collided on a very slippery street though I had the right of way. Very little damage was done so no charge was laid; bent a fender some and punctured a tire.

Later an item came out in the Calgary Eye Opener, stating: "The First Lady Driver in the Calgary Area, Driving a Ford Car, and a Streetcar Collide on City Street."

On one occasion Laura, Lesley and I went to a dance in Cochrane. Coming home, Laura thought she'd like to try driving, so coming up the Bow River Hill south of Cochrane, she ran over quite a deep bank and the three of us landed upside down in the ditch. Many others, driving teams and buggies, helped to push the car back on the road and we continued on our way home; only a headlight was cracked. We never did tell our father what went on.

No men were available as the War was still on so four of us girls and our father put up as much as one hundred tons of hay in a haying season with teams and older equipment.

Chris Bristow returned from the War; he was discharged due to a dislocated cartilage in his knee. His intention was to go to Australia, but my father persuaded him to stay and work with him. Chris worked for us for one winter. Later he helped to build the Central Alberta Sanatorium at Keith (now part of Calgary), then he went to Sibbald, Alberta, to look for land but found none to suit him. On his return we were married in my parents' home in 1921. We moved to the Cochrane Lakes district where we rented land by the Lakes, but with no satisfaction. Spring was coming on soon and we wanted to get some different land, so we came to the place where we still live. We took a contract with the Soldier Settlement Board and bought the land for $19.00 per acre. Taxes at this time were $25.00 a year. What a dilapidated place it was. Soon we reboarded the house inside and out, thus making it as warm as any place could be. There was not one tree on this place when we came. We set out evergreens which we hauled with a team and stoneboat, seeded caraganas, and set out other small trees for protection around our house and garden.

Calvin was born August 7, 1924, our only son. We lost a daughter at birth, a couple of years later.

We got together ten head of milk cows, a few pigs, two teams of horses, and poultry. Chris worked with four horses on Municipal roads, going many miles away at times. I milked the eight or ten cows by hand and did all the other chores required. Chris broke more land; frost did not do too much damage, but hail and drought prevailed. We grew some wonderful crops especially wheat, but one year we threshed only 25 bushels of wheat and 12 bushels of oats through drought. We cut hay on roads and every nook and corner to get enough fodder for our stock. Another year we were hailed twice in June when the crops and gardens were just nicely through the ground. In September 1949, we had a grand crop and garden. We took Chris' brother to the train en route to England and it hailed; when we came home we drove over ice which held the car. The countryside looked like the Arctic Ocean; the hail took every kernel of grain and bashed it into the earth. The garden was cut up like so much salad. We saved nothing. Hail had come through the windows and the floors were all covered with ice. Our trees were all stripped on the north side. Animals were also badly bruised. It was the worst hailstorm I've ever seen. The worst blizzard I've known was in the year 1927. Chris and I and Calvin, who was about four years old, were at the barn when it hit. We could not find Calvin. Finally he came from somewhere and we had to start around the corner of the barn thrice before we could make it to the house. The storm lasted two full days.

When we first came here, all our neighbors were bachelors. Soon they visited us and enjoyed my homemade bread and a cup of tea. Now, all these people have passed on.

My dad gave me the 1917 Ford car, and on one occasion Chris figured he and our nearest neighbor, Jack Watkin, should drive it to town. After parking it, Chris hid a valuable pair of beaver mitts under the car seat. While coming home he rose up to get his mitts and when he looked up he was going over the road bank. He shouted, "Whoa," but forgot he was not driving a team. Everything was over in the ditch, mail, groceries, egg crates and all. A neighbor came along with a team and pulled the car back on the road and they continued on their merry way with just a cracked windshield.

Calvin, now school age, rode his little pinto pony to Cochrane Lakes School. Chris was school trustee for many years. At the age of 15 years, Calvin, in Grade 8, watched an eclipse of the sun and burned the optic nerve in his eye. The optometrist said he must quit school and not read, not even a funny paper, for two years. He had started on piano and voice, but this deprived him of a future or any other career we had hoped for him. At first he had to have his glasses changed every two months. In 1964 we finally located an eye surgeon, who operated on his eye and straightened the optic nerve; too late now to catch up on lost time. He went to work on ranches where he worked over the years for 29 years.

For entertainment in the winter, we drove with team and sleigh to many school concerts or to each neighbor in turn for dances. We had wonderful times. When Calvin first started to work he was paid 50 cents a day. Having gone through the Hungry Thirties, the three of us know what hard times are like. I worked in hay fields, threshed, stooked, bought my own team and worked side by side with Chris and Calvin and loved it.

In 1936 a fire went through the Brushy Ridge country, taking everything my folks owned except their house. My dad's lifetime earnings were all gone; horses, cattle, poultry and all the buildings, grain and hay stacks too. My dad was ill with pleurisy and the loss was such a shock to

him he passed away in the Holy Cross Hospital in Calgary at the age of 68 years. His son, George, took over the farm and it was like starting all over again.

Although I was suffering from arthritis, I went to work at the Holy Cross Hospital in 1942 and took treatments in Calgary. I worked there until 1946. Chris managed alone while Calvin earned his own money working away from home. In 1946 I started work as cook for the Assiniboia Engineering Company for James R. Paget (father of Ken Paget, owner of the Two Rivers Ranch). We started at Cochrane, then worked at various towns on the way to St. Mary's Dam, near Lethbridge, Alberta, where I cooked for 75 to 100 men. Here I had three girls to help me. I travelled from place to place in planes with Chuck Hodgson, whom many will remember as he trained many Cochrane recruits in World War II. He once landed in our field at home and picked me up. When finished at St. Mary's Dam, we were moved to the Kananaskis where there was barely a trail. I wondered where we were going, but finally we got there. I could not get help to come and work there and as there were 40 to 50 men to cook for, I said, "I'll get my own help," so I sent for Calvin to come, which he did, and he turned out to be the best helper and waiter I ever had. In the fall when work was stopped, we came home, as Chris was not well. Calvin went back to work at Hutchinsons and we did not hire out anymore. When the crew went to Castor, Alberta, Mr. Paget was killed in a car accident.

My mother passed away in 1962, at the age of 87 years, at the home of my youngest sister Anne and her husband, with whom Mother had lived since she left the old home at Brushy Ridge.

What a wonderful personality my mother had. When she was first married she weighed less than 100 pounds. She washed clothes with a tub and scrub board for all of us. She made all our wearing apparel and she did all the baking for the family. At one time she made as many as 100 pounds of butter a week. She always went around the house singing.

Calvin, as a child, and I had two lovely horses and we rode through the fields and by the streams for hours. We loved the open spaces.

One time Chris and Calvin were fixing fence and had the wheelbarrow with them. Suddenly it started to hail; they both got their heads underneath the wheelbarrow like two ostriches with their heads in the sand.

In 1971 Chris and I celebrated our 50th Wedding Anniversary. My immediate relatives made a wedding cake and came to our home, bringing all the food with them. We are the only two of all the family who lived to celebrate such an event. We had just had the power installed so we received many lovely electrical appliances for gifts, from neighbors and community organizations. My own relatives gave us a gold-trimmed tea set and various other things. The Canadian Legion in Cochrane also gave us a party and gifts.

Though I am still able to do the garden and the lawn, Chris isn't able to do much, but he still tells me some of his jokes. We have seeded the farm down to hay — so much for hail and drought — and turned the place over to Calvin to do with as he wishes.

Some folks ask Chris to what he attributes his long life and he answers, "Our happy home, contented mind, and because we are satisfied with what we have, not bothering about what others have and we have not."

I would like to live again the freedom of my wonderful childhood days regardless of the modernized today. In the early days our mail came posted North West Territories. The Police were called the Royal North West Mounted Police. It was not until just before the First World War that pennies (1¢ pieces) came into use, 'twas just even monies.

When we first came here, Chris was carrying two pails of water for the house, in the moonlight. When I opened the door in the hall and saw him standing there, with both fists I let him have full force. "Oh," I said, "I thought it was a man standing there." He replied, "What do you think I am?" From then on he told neighbors to whistle before they came in.

On another occasion Chris was driving the team on the stoneboat down to the slough to water the horses, when he hit a rock and fell off, breaking a bone in his leg. I unhitched the team and got him into the wheelbarrow and pushed him across the yard. The wheel came off the barrow, tipping him out on the ground. I looked about to see that no one was watching, then I practically carried him to the house.

Chris is now 85 and I am 76. We will keep right on to the end of the road. We hope a Senior Citizens Home will soon be built in Cochrane, so we may spend our last years there, if necessary. After 54 years it would be hard to leave the old place.

Note: Mr. Bristow was asked the other day how he was feeling. He replied, "I'm like the government. I'm not in very good shape."

MR. AND MRS. NORMAN CAIRNS — by Jo Hutchinson

Norman Cairns made a trip to Australia before coming to Cochrane, where his father, William, and brother Thomas, came to live in 1910. He filed on a homestead, the NW¼ 6-27-3-5 and received title to this land in 1914. Norman served Overseas with the Canadian Army during World War One. He sold his homestead to his brother in 1919. Following his return from the Army, he lived with his father on the latter's land, the NW¼ 32-26-3-5. His father had bought this quarter from the original owner, Emile Faubert, in 1910.

In 1921 Norman purchased the Alfke homestead, the SW¼ of Section 6 from the

William Cairns.

Soldier Settlement Board and bought his own homestead back the following year. Norman married Ruth Webster; they had one son, Russell, born in 1924. Russell attended Cochrane Lakes School.

The family operated a mixed farm. Neighbours recall that Norman always did his chores on a jog trot. He and Ruth sold their farm during the late 1940s and retired to Calgary. Always a keen gardener, Norman took pleasure in assisting many other retired people with their gardening.

Norman and Ruth were very kind people, whose generosity and willingness to help others is well remembered. Although they left the district many years ago, their farm is still known as the "Cairns Place." It is now the property of Circle J Ranches.

THE COATSWORTH FAMILY — by May Bozak

Isaac Coatsworth was born near Durham, in Yorkshire, the son of a tenant farmer. He married Emma Grievson, daughter of a Darlington salesman who travelled for a clothier firm. In 1888 shortly before the birth of their first child Emma May, Isaac left to seek his fortune in the new world. He went to Tacoma, Washington, and found work in a sawmill. He left Tacoma and went back East to Chicago and sent for his wife and daughter to join him there.

The family moved to Carberry, Manitoba, and from there to Winnipeg, where Isaac became Parks Superintendent. He also operated a skating rink on the Assiniboine River. Here, in 1892, a son, Bertram, was born and in 1897, a second daughter, Gladys.

In 1905 Isaac was attracted by the offers of homestead land in the West. He made plans to move, and loading all his furniture and household goods as well as tent, canary, cow, four horses and a Standardbred colt they called Togo onto a freight car, they started their journey to the West. The family also rode in the freight car. They arrived in Cochrane in July. Isaac set up a tent for his family on the C.P.R. right of way and he went out to locate his homestead. He was extremely disappointed when he arrived near Bottrel, to find that his land was two big hills with a small ravine between. After looking for several days, he spotted a nice level quarter section. It was fenced in, even though it was on the map as available land, it being the NE¼ 36-26-4-5. He moved his family to the homestead site and proceeded to prove up on it. On two occasions an armed rider came to the property, watched what the family were doing and left. Isaac later learned that it was a rancher who was trying to claim more land than he should. The quarter is now owned by Calvin Bristow. Isaac and his family lived in a tent all summer. As fall approached Isaac was stricken with erysipelas. A house was needed so friends of the Coatsworths put up the first shack that was to be their home. In 1906 their son, Bertram, passed away and was buried in the Cochrane Cemetery. Gladys then became her father's helper. The times were very hard; they hauled their farm produce to Calgary once a week to sell at the farmer's market that used to be by the Langevin bridge. Their daughter, May, finished her education in Winnipeg and she taught Gladys to read and write and do simple sums. May was eighteen years old and spent her summers working in the Paris Tea House in Banff, Alberta, saving her money to finance her nurse's training which she completed in 1914 at the Calgary General Hospital.

Concerned about an education for Gladys, Isaac and his family moved to Calgary in 1908. He obtained a job with the Exhibition Board, planting trees and hauling sod. A school was being built at Cochrane Lakes so the family moved

Left to right: Mr. Coatsworth, Mrs. Bruce, Mrs. Walter Jones, Mrs. Coatsworth.

back to their homestead and Gladys attended school at Cochrane Lakes in 1909. When it came time for Gladys to attend high school, the Coatsworths rented the Andison place (Bill Boothby lives there now). After completing high school in Cochrane, Gladys attended Normal School in Calgary.

In the meantime, Isaac sold his homestead and purchased the Bruce homestead (NE¼ 22-26-4-5). It was from here that Gladys drove a team or rode horseback back and forth to teach school at Cochrane Lakes, from 1917 to 1922.

In 1927 Isaac and his wife, Emma, purchased the old Bruce house in Cochrane and moved into town. Isaac was Mayor of Cochrane for several years. He was a strong Methodist. He passed away in 1934 at the age of 81 years and his wife, Emma, passed away in 1942 at the age of 83. The house they lived in, which was one of the first houses erected in Cochrane, was torn down and the Cochrane Royal Canadian Mounted Police Barracks was built on the site.

COCHRANE LAKES, S.D. No. 1947 — by Jo Hutchinson

Cochrane Lakes School was built in 1909 by Sid Chester. It was built on one and a half acres of the NE¼ 34-26-4-5, which was purchased for $26, from Samuel Cressman. He homesteaded that quarter and owned it at that time. Records show that Mr. Chester was paid in two installments for his work, $250. in March 1910, and the same amount in the following month. Mr. Cressman built the fence around the schoolyard for the sum of $29, but it is not known whether his fee included the cost of materials or not. Mr. Quigley was paid $32.65 for erecting a stable in January 1912.

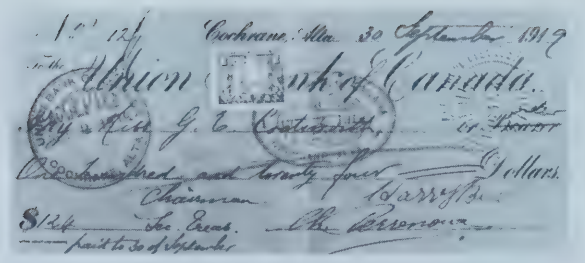
The trustees of the Cochrane Lakes S.D. borrowed $122 from the Union Bank of Canada, Cochrane branch, in January 1911, at the rate of 8%. Later that year desks were purchased from L. Christie, for the sum of $205. They were bought on time, with interest on the note listed as 5%.

Many of the pioneers of the district served as trustees during the more than thirty years of the school's operation. Charles Perrenoud served as Secretary-Treasurer for many years. The trustees served well; theirs was generally a thankless job, especially when it came time to determine the annual budget, and collect the taxes. Occasionally the trustees had to resort to threats in order to collect. One taxpayer was threatened with the garnishee of his cookstove, and another nearly had to hand over his saddlehorse when the trustees found that their tax notices were being ignored. Taxes were usually $10 per quarter in the early years.

The first teacher at Cochrane Lakes was Mrs. Drake, who came from Crossfield. She was followed by Miss Urquhart, who used to ride a small roan pony. She later married Fred Jarrett. In 1912 Miss Crawford came to teach, arriving at school each day in a buggy pulled by a balky roan. She had previously taught at Morley. Miss Crawford was paid $660 a year, and she stayed for two years. The next teacher was Joseph Jensen, who lived on the Pitter place, where the Hardys now live. There was a large enrollment at that time (1914) and to enforce discipline he had to shake some of the teen-age boys who were starting school. He was a good sport and used to take the children skating. He taught at Cochrane Lakes for three years. His salary was $90.10 per month.

It is interesting to note that in 1914, W. Trevenen paid four cents a day for 74 day's schooling; he also attended 33 days in January and February, 1915, thus his total bill came to $4.28. It was necessary for him or his parents to pay for his education, since he lived outside the district.

Following Mr. Jensen, Miss Gladys Coatsworth taught from 1917 to 1922. She had been a student at the school in earlier years and when she came to teach, some of her fellow students were now her pupils. Miss Coatsworth was a popular teacher and school days under her direction are remembered as happy times. Lots of games were introduced at that time, and music was an important part of the school curriculum. Miss Coatsworth came to school in a cart drawn by a spirited stallion. Someone else generally hooked up the last trace and teacher was off to a flying start on her trip home after school. Miss Coatsworth married Tom Baptie



One month's salary for Miss Coatsworth when she was teaching at Cochrane Lakes School.

Cochrane Lakes School pupils, around 1935. Back r.: Cora Cook, Dorothy Williamson, Miss Anderson, Russell Cairns, Roy Fenton, Kay Grisedale, Nellie and Ada Williamson. Third R. Nora Grisedale, Dorothy Wilson, Vera Grisedale, Roberta Wilson, Frances Fenton, Jean Tindal. Kneeling: Jim Houghton, Lynn Fenton, Abbie Wiens, Sonny Wilson. Front r.: Agnes Grisedale, Doug Rushfeldt, Joy Fenton, Frank Wiens, John Grisedale, DLyle Wilson, Jack Cook.

Cochrane Lakes School pupils; Miss Coatsworth, teacher.

Edmonton, Wednesday, May 5, 1909.

Notice is hereby given, in accordance with the provisions of The School Ordinance in that behalf, that the Minister of Education has authorized the Board of Trustees of The Cochrane Lake School District No. 1947 of the Province of Alberta, to borrow the sum of Eight hundred dollars, upon the security of the said District, for the purpose of building a school house.

Treasurer's address: I. Coatsworth, Cochrane.

D. S. MacKenzie,
Deputy Minister of Education.

THE ALBERTA GAZETTE

and lived a busy life on their ranch until her retirement to Calgary.

Following Miss Coatsworth, Miss Dickson taught in 1923, followed by Miss Margaret McNeill, Miss A. Atkins, Miss E. Scott, and then Miss Alberta Saigon taught from 1925 until the end of the term in 1927. Miss Catherine Zuccolo taught in 1927 and 1928; Miss P. Sandgate followed for one year and Miss Miles taught in 1929-30.

During the 1930s, Tom McRae, a cousin of Alex Beadle's, taught at Cochrane Lakes, followed by Miss Jennie Anderson, and Mrs. Blake. The next teacher was Kelly Stanley, who married Olive Loughery of Cochrane. He was followed by Miss Lorraine Bourque. Miss Eileen Brander was the last teacher before the school was closed in the early 1940s. The pupils of the district were then bussed to school in Cochrane.

Later, the school was moved to the Inglis schoolyard to be once again used as a "hall of learning." Inglis School had been moved to Cochrane prior to this, and it became necessary to again provide a school for children living in that district. The school was kept open for three or four years, before the pupils in the Inglis district were bussed to Westbrook Consolidated School. The old Cochrane Lakes School was purchased by Frank Hutchinson and moved to his place.

TED COOK AND FAMILY — by Philip Cook

My father, Ted Cook, was born in the County of Lincoln, England, in 1868. He was the youngest boy in a family of eight sisters and two brothers. His father, Daniel Cook, was a farmer and horse breeder. Dad's first seventeen years were spent growing up on the farm, working and training horses.

Just before Dad's eighteenth birthday he and his brother, Charles, decided to go to America. They spent a short time in the States then moved to Indian Head, Saskatchewan, or the North West Territories as it was then known. Dad got a job looking after a large herd of work horses and the next spring he moved on to Calgary. His brother, Charles, remained at Indian Head and later went back to England. Dad went to work for several different ranchers east and south of Calgary. He came to the Jumping Pound area

Mr. and Mrs. Ted Cook, Phillip, Donald, Jack and Cora.

Jennie Banks, taken just before her marriage to Ted Cook.

and went to work for Jaw Fraser on the XC ranch, remaining there for twelve years, helping at the ranch and on roundups. He spent four winters at a cow camp at Knee Hill Valley.

Dad had a good eye for seeing the possibilities in a horse, so taking advantage of his knowledge, he bought rough-looking horses, broke them out, fitted them up well and was able to realize a profit from selling them.

Dad spent three years in South Africa during the Boer War. He was a Farrier-Sergeant. After the war ended he went to England to visit his home then he returned to Jaw Frasers on the Jumping Pound. In 1906 he took up a homestead on the Jumping Pound. In 1908 he went guiding and packing with big game hunters for Brewsters in Banff, Alberta. He spent three years at this type of work.

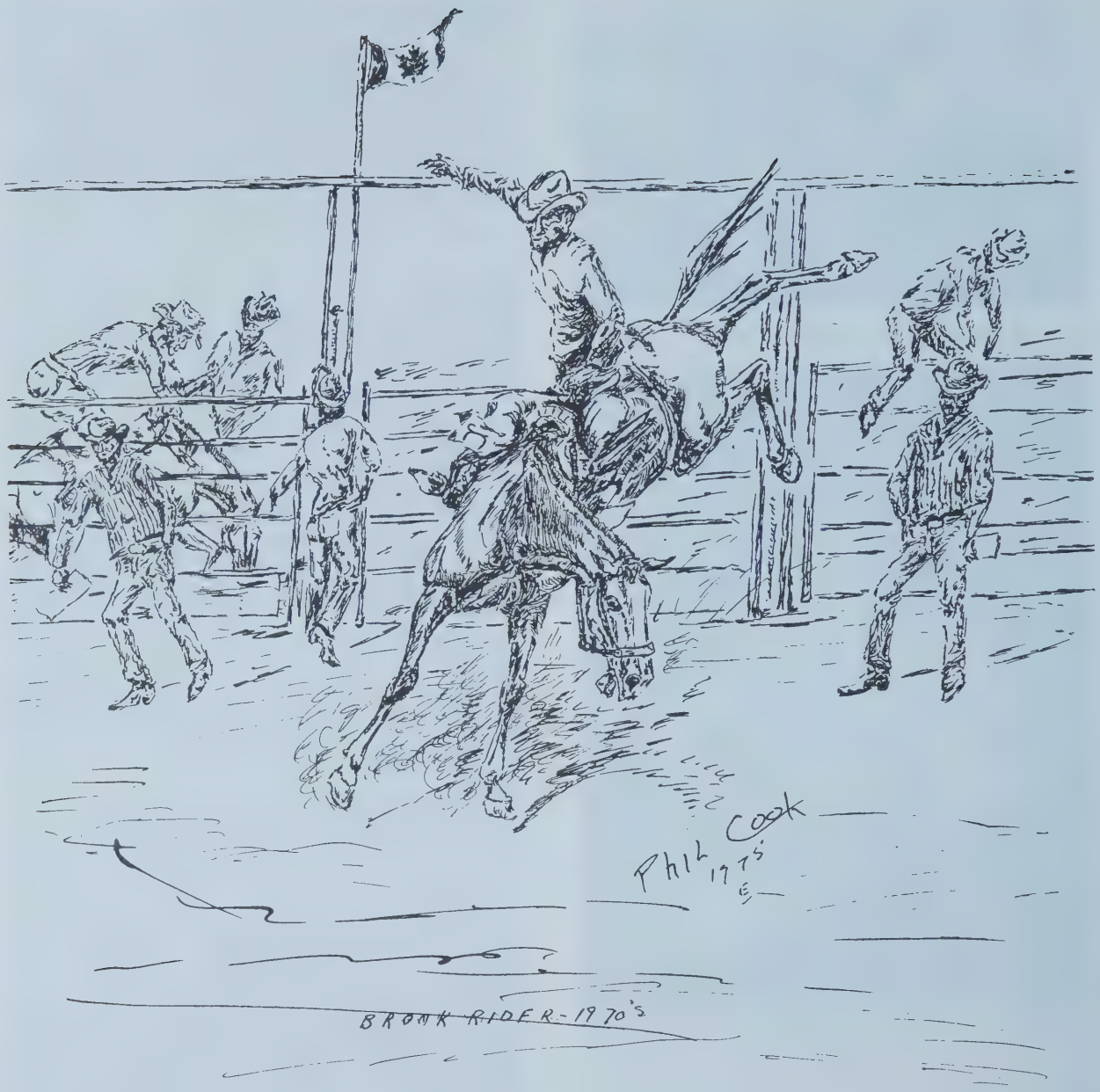
It was at Emerald Lake, north of Banff, that Dad met my mother, Janet Banks. She was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, and came to Montreal in 1907. From Montreal Mother went to Winnipeg, arriving there in 1909, and from there she came to Emerald Lake to work for the C.P.R. Dad and Mother were married at Manitou, Manitoba.

Dad was the first Ranger at the Jumping Pound Ranger Station, taking the position in 1913. He remained there for four years and then he and Mother moved back to the XC. Jack Morton was the owner of the ranch then. My brother, Donald, was born in 1915. The next spring Dad bought Pete McNabb's place and later the Bob Watts place. By this time Dad had a nice string of horses running on the SL ranch. He sold the horses to Clem Gardner about 1917. Dad then started to run cattle and we moved to the Bob Watts place.

John Bowlen at that time was bringing in horses and running them in the hills west on the Jumping Pound. He had corrals built on Alf Bryant's homestead, Alf having moved to the ranger station to take over from Dad. John's brand was the four bar so Bryant's place became known as the Four Bar. Dad rode for John and looked after the Four Bar horses. This kept Dad real busy, so that winter he hired a chap named Bert Sangster to feed and open the water holes for the cattle. John Bowlen had several other riders trailing and moving horses; some of the names I recall are, Watty Potts, Ed Rowe, Bob Baptie, Bill Loblaw and Wes Farr.

Just after Christmas of 1919, Dad had a bad accident. At that time there were dozens of bush partridge in the willows, and feeding around the stock. Bert Sangster had been shooting at them

Phil, Donald and Jack Cook.



with a six shooter, but was not having any luck, so Dad loaded up his double barrel shotgun and went hunting partridge. He got three with the first shot and when he went to pick them up one fluttered away. Reaching out he put the stock of the gun on the wounded bird, not remembering the second barrel was still cocked. The jar of the gun butt on the frozen ground released the hammer on the loaded barrel and he was shot in the hip. He was able to get back to the house using the gun for a cane. Mother phoned for Dr. Park and with the help of such neighbors as Batemans, Sibbalds, Oliver Ellis, Charlie Mickle and George Lee, the doctor was able to get through the deep snow and Dad was taken to hospital where he remained for most of that winter. Lennie Mickle came over and stayed on the place and took care of the stock; Mother spent most of that winter in Calgary. Don and I stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Jack Bateman. They were like Dad and Mother to us. We went to school with Tom and Lucy to the old Jumping Pound School. Then towards spring Don and I stayed in Cochrane with Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Mickle. We were just part of the family. Those old timers had a way with kids; you don't find it today.

When Dad got out of the hospital he was quite crippled. The neighbors got together and put up his hay for him. In 1922 my sister, Cora, was

born. That same year a stampede was held on the XC; the owner then was Dave Lawson. Dad was active on the Stampede committee. In 1924 we sold our place to Arthur Norman and we moved to land north of Cochrane at the Cochrane Lakes. In 1927 my brother, Jack, was born. Dad passed away in 1934 and Mother in 1967.

I, Philip, was born at Jumping Pound while Mother and Dad were living at the Parks place.

HARRY CRESSMAN FAMILY — by Claude Cressman

My father, Harry Cressman, was born at Baden, Ontario, in 1885. He came to the Cochrane Lakes district in 1902 and took out a homestead on the SW¼ 2-27-4-5, this location being six miles north of the town of Cochrane. Father married Jennie MacFarlane. Her parents were living on the Horse Creek. They rented the property and her Dad fed cattle for Walter Hutchinson.

Dad built a frame house, a log barn and a chicken house on the homestead; they had a few horses and some cattle. Dad's brand was H-C on the right shoulder. Our threshing machine was powered by the use of four horses going around on a turntable. It had a hand feeder and a straw carrier.

We attended school at Cochrane Lakes and our teacher was Gladys Coatsworth. She taught grade one through to grade twelve. Christmas concerts, box socials and dances were held at the Cochrane Lakes and Weedon schoolhouses.

Harry Cressman.

The mail was taken from Cochrane to Bottrel once a week by team and democrat, weather permitting. There were farmers on every half section or quarter section of land.

A wide fireguard ran north and south through our land. We could plainly see the old buffalo trails going over to the lake. I have some arrowheads I picked up in the area. The lake was a great place for duck hunting in the fall and ice skating in the winter.

In 1920 our house burned down. The neighbors all got together and tore down a two-storey house that was over near the lakes. They brought the logs back all marked and ready to put together. The roof was in sections. It was all re-assembled in a couple of days. I remember the first rainstorm after it was put up; the roof leaked like a sieve.

Our family moved to Didsbury in about 1922. A chap by the name of Kirkland took the place over.

There were eight children in our family, six born at Cochrane and the two youngest, twin girls, were born at Didsbury. Their names were: Claude, Seattle; Malcolm (deceased); Agnes, Vancouver; Gordon, Red Deer; Donald, Red Deer; Milford, Portland, Oregon; Dorothy, (deceased); Lauretta, Surrey, British Columbia. My father was killed in a grain elevator accident in Didsbury in June, 1927, and Mother passed away in December 1928.

ROBERT AND MARY DOWSON

Robert and Mary Dowson and their two children, Annie and Jack, came to Canada from Durham, England.

In 1906 or 07 they homesteaded the SE¼ 32-26-4-5, and received their Patent September 17, 1910.

Shortly after building their house they got the shock of their lives. A group of cowboys, who had just finished dipping cattle for mange, challenged each other as to who was the best roper. As there were few fences at that time, the boys could not see anything to rope but the Dowson's tin stovepipe. When they saw the cowboys riding full gallop toward their house, they thought they were being attacked.

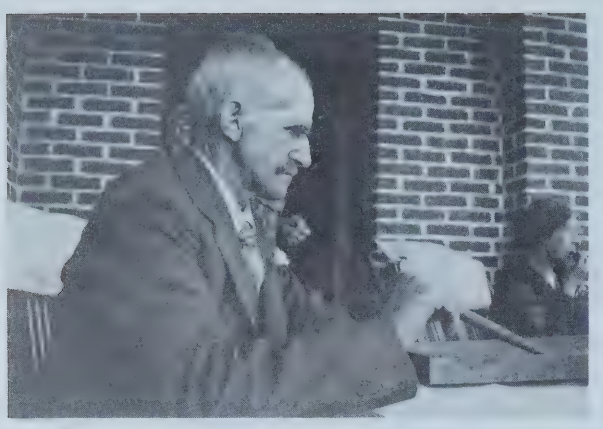
Mr. Dowson was a stonemason and did a lot of masonry work in the area including the foundation of the Cochrane Lake School.

The Dowsons lived on their homestead until late 1932. At their auction sale their branding irons were sold to Dave Bryant for 50¢. The horse brand is now one of the brands on the ceiling in the Horseman's Hall of Fame, Calgary.

Jack died of scarlet fever. Annie married William Johnson, who delivered the mail to Bottrel for many years.

THE WILLIAM EYERS FAMILY — by Philip Eyers

My father and mother, together with myself and two sisters, arrived in Calgary in the spring of 1914 from Wiltshire, England. We went to live



William Eyers.

on a farm 15 miles northeast of Calgary that my father had purchased while on a visit in 1911.

In 1919 my father bought the Floener farm located six miles north and one mile east of Cochrane, where we lived until the spring of 1930, when we moved to the George Dodds farm at the head of Big Hill Springs.

We three children, Philip, Margaret and Isabel, attended the Cochrane Lakes School when Gladys Coatsworth was teaching there. Margaret went on to become a teacher, and taught school in Cochrane for the 1927-28 season. She boarded at Mrs. Getty's along with Miss Baker, another teacher. Leaving Canada in 1931, Margaret worked for the B.B.C. in London, England, until retiring in 1967.

When we moved to the Dodds farm we had Frank Wiens working for us; later he moved his wife and family to our place. They stayed with us a few years and then moved to the sugar-beet country in southern Alberta.

William and Philip Eyers, 1938.

The George Clarks, our neighbors by the springs, lost their house by fire in 1931, and I remember we were fearful of the hot ashes setting our place on fire.

In 1935 the promise of a super crop was hailed out. However we made up for it in 1938, when I had Mrs. Little's threshing crew in for over a week to thresh the crop.

We always had a close relationship with our longtime neighbors, Jack Watkin, Norman and Ruth Cairns, Wes and Les Wilson, and Chris and Marjorie Bristow.

My mother died in 1935. In 1944 I sold the farm and moved to Vancouver. My father retired to Nanaimo where he died in 1947. Isabel also moved to Vancouver, where she still resides.

In 1952 I married Claudine Lumb and we make our home in West Vancouver. I have kept myself busy with some apartment buildings and house property.

MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE (SLIM) FENTON — by Frances Dionne

Dad came West as a child, with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Fenton, and his brothers and sisters, from the Lakehead in Ontario. The first move was to Needles, British Columbia, in 1911, then in 1912 the family moved north of Cochrane to what was called the Sprinthall place, near where Mrs. Maier lives. From there, Dad attended school at Weedon for a few years. Then the family moved to where Mr. and Mrs. Bill Boothby live now.

Robert Fenton passed away in July 1916. Dad (Slim), being sixteen years of age, and the youngest of a family of thirteen children, left home to work at different jobs. He always worked with horses. In 1919, he and a number of other cowboys moved a large herd of horses from the United States to winter pasture in the Grande Prairie district of Alberta. He later went to work for Mr. and Mrs. Pines southeast of Carstairs. While there, he broke many broncs for them and for neighbouring farmers. During threshing time he drove a four-horse team on the water tank for the steam engine. The threshing outfit was owned by Earl Brown of Crossfield, in 1920.

It was at this time that Slim met his bride-to-be. Mabel Lillian Ferguson had come West from Battersea, Ontario, in 1903, with her mother, brothers and sisters, to join her father who had homesteaded nine miles southeast of Carstairs in 1901. She and Slim were married in 1922.

Mom and Dad lived for a few years in the Cochrane area, returning to Carstairs where they lived until 1930. Then they moved to Cochrane Lakes to a half section on the Correction Line. We lived in a bunk house for two years, not settling on a location to build a house until a water supply was found. Dad, Elmer Ferguson (Mom's brother) and Ray Lovell dug a well just

over the knoll from Cochrane Lakes School. They dug for eighty feet and never hit water, so abandoned it and dug another, further north, where they were successful, obtaining good water at about the same depth.

At this location, Dad and Uncle Elmer built a two-storey house from logs that Dad hauled from Brooks' mill, where he had had them squared on three sides. Lynn recalls going with Dad as a very young boy to get a load of logs and having a runaway with some of the broncs Dad was breaking at the time. They were going down the hill past Perrenouds on to the Horse Creek road when the running gear ran up on the horses' heels and scared them. Dad called to Lynn to hang on like a puppy to a root. The horses finally slowed down going up the steep hill on the other side of the creek.

Ray Lovell also helped in the building of the house and other buildings. Ray will always hold a cherished spot in our memories as a kind and thoughtful man. I recall our parents telling of the time that he walked from where he was working east of Cochrane, to our place one very cold Christmas Eve, with candy and nuts for us all.

Dad broke horses for many people and worked the farm land as well. Particularly remembered are the team of beautiful greys that he broke for Mel Brown. Like so many other farmers at that time, he paid his taxes by working on the roads. He usually worked with the fresno putting in culverts and bridges. Roy, the eldest son, put in many long days helping Dad on the road.

Dad purchased a shingle mill and made shingles from poplar and pine lumber. Many buildings in the district were shingled for the first time, or re-shingled, and there are numerous ones in the area that still have good roofs made with the shingles from this mill.

Mom and Dad had four children, Roy, Lynn, Frances and Joy. They all attended Cochrane Lakes School. Roy, and Mr. and Mrs. Ken Elliott (Joy) and family, Ray, Rocky and Hector, reside

Mabel and Slim Fenton, 1921.

Training the chuckwagon team. Those in the picture include Roy and Slim Fenton and Phil Cook.

at Westward Ho, Alberta. Lynn and his wife, Dorothy, and their children Dan and Wendy, and Mr. and Mrs. Alf Dionne and their family, Mabelyn, Gayle, Gladstone and Joy, all live at Cochrane.

Our home was open to many as they rode through. Don and Dave Malloch used to trail cattle and horses from their parents' farm west of Airdrie to their homestead back in the bush at the head of Grand Valley. They always welcomed a warm place to stop in winter and to enjoy a cup of coffee and Mother's good homemade bread. One very cold and blizzardy night a knock came at the door. It was Don and Dave. They had put their saddle horses in the barn and fed them, and Don had to help his brother to the house. Dave was chilled through and he sat a long time near the well-stoked heater sipping hot coffee before he recovered from the near-freezing that he had experienced. Meanwhile, Dad and Don were enjoying games of cribbage, long into the night.

Herman Kober, as a young cowboy, made his home with us for a while. He was very efficient at fixing harness. He kept our undivided attention once, as he tore Dad's saddle apart and rebuilt it into a real swell saddle with a large roping horn. Dad still used this same saddle and rode right up until two weeks before he passed away.

Among the many cowboys and friends, too numerous to mention, are the Walt Thomes. Sunday afternoon visits with regular treats of peanuts and candy are so often thought of when our family is together, and thoughts turn to the fascinating hunting stories that used to be told.

Our parents moved from the Cochrane Lakes district in 1943. They purchased the Bob Hogarth farm in Horse Creek, where Lynn and his family still live.

In the 1930s Dad started entering the Calgary Stampede in the Chuckwagon races, now known as the Rangeland Derby. In the first years he was in partnership with Lane Berry, better known as "Lone Breeze." Breezie was the skinner and Dad rode as an outrider, then Dad started with his own outfit. Phil Cook painted longhorns on the wagon canvas, which was to be the trademark for the Slim Fenton outfit until the

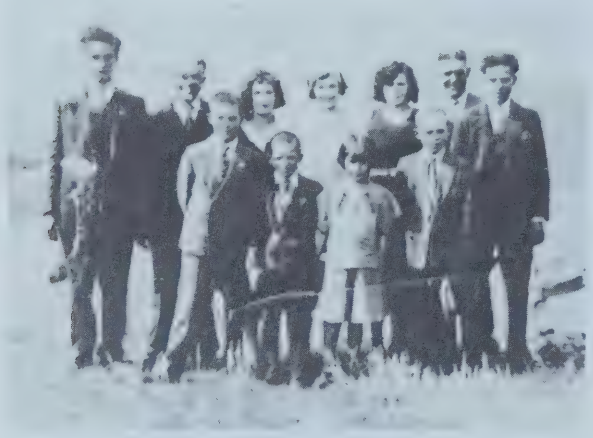
1950s. Dad drove his first outfit to Calgary and with him went three local boys as outriders, son Roy, Phil Cook and Jim Burtson. During the years of wagon races there were many others who rode, such as Alf Dionne, Chet Baldwin, Chick Coelen, Mac Leask and Bill Boothby, who always chased the wagon on a grey horse named Blue. During those years of chuckwagon racing, the drivers could use the whips, which got to be more of a hinderance than use, so Dad, along with other drivers, met with the officials and had the whip abolished.

Dad drove for many years, going to Saskatchewan in 1949, where he won the big trophy at Meadow Lake. He entered many rodeos in the United States and British Columbia. He spent his last years at his home in Princeton, British Columbia, where he worked as cow boss on a nearby ranch owned by Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Sellars.

Mom passed away April 23, 1960, and Dad on November 13, 1968.

JOHN FENTON — by Lou Beadle

John Fenton was born in Gwillumbury, Ontario, in 1880, and moved to the Thunder Bay area of Ontario in 1907. Following his wife's death, he and eight of his eleven children motored out to Alberta in 1929 to be near his mother and brothers and sisters. His two oldest daughters, Marie and Ruby, and son Bob, remained in Thunder Bay. Bob followed the family West in 1930.



The John Fenton family. One of the girls is not in the group.

John Fenton's car and trailer. He and his family moved from Ontario to Cochrane with this outfit in 1929.

Daisy and Robert Fenton.

Jack and Jenny Fenton, 1943.

John and his family stayed with his brother, Orr Fenton, for several weeks, then rented the Ernest Thompson farm east of Cochrane. In 1931, he purchased the Webster property in the Cochrane Lakes district. His family attended Cochrane Lakes School.

His two young daughters, Toots and Lou, aged twelve and fourteen years, kept house for their Dad, Bob, Earl, Elmer, Art, Jack, Jim and Eva. They were a happy family and the house was always full of neighbouring children.

John would take a load of wheat by wagon to the Hubalta Mill in Calgary and have it ground into flour and cereal. The girls baked twenty

Toots Darroch and her brother Jim Fenton at Cochrane Lake.

Earl and Mary Fenton and their son Dennis.

Archie and Sarah Fisher, Agnes and Harry.

loaves of bread a week and biscuits nearly every day to feed the family.

The long winters seemed to pass by quickly as the family would go as a group to lots of dances and house parties.

The Bristow family were very good friends; John spent many pleasant evenings in their home. Jack Watkin, a bachelor sheep farmer across the road, would visit regularly, and how the family enjoyed his tales of life in the army.

John passed away in 1937 at the age of fifty-seven years. His family left the farm and now live in Cochrane, Bottrel, Calgary, Edmonton and Thunder Bay. The farm is now the property of Bert Powlesland.

MR. AND MRS. ARCHIE FISHER — by Henry Fisher

Archibald Fisher came to Canada from Scotland in 1905, and homesteaded at Overland, Saskatchewan. In 1916 his fiancee, Sarah, came to Canada from Scotland, and they were married in 1916 at Estevan, Saskatchewan. It was while they lived there that a daughter, Agnes Annie, was born. Later the family moved to Priddis, Alberta, then to Calgary, where a son, Henry Sinclair, was born. Berry Creek, Alberta, was their next home, and then they moved to the Waverley Ranch east of Cochrane where Mr. Fisher looked after the sheep for John Clarke from 1925 to 1927. While living there, Paramount Pictures made a movie of Mr. Fisher and his dog, Spy, a Sable collie. Agnes attended Glenbow School.

In 1927, the Fisher family moved to the R. E. Webster farm in the Cochrane Lakes district. There were several moves to farms in the Westminster and Glendale districts, until the family purchased a farm northeast of Rimbey, Alberta. The move was made in May, 1932; Harvey Hogarth hauled the family belongings with his two trucks, one of which was driven by Dewey Blaney.

Mr. and Mrs. Fisher lived there until they passed away. Mrs. Fisher died in 1951, at the age of 68, and her husband in 1959, at the age of 86. Both are buried in Rimbey.

Agnes married Max Jensen and they farm near Ponoka, Alberta. They have five children and ten grandchildren. Archie is a mechanic and lives in Taber, Sadie (Mrs. Bill Noble) lives at Rimbey, Joan (Mrs. Al Snider) lives at Hinton, Tom is in Calgary and Eric is at home completing his education.

Henry has lived on the family farm except for ten years spent in Rimbey, where he had a trucking business and moved buildings. Besides farming, he still shears a few sheep and moves buildings. He also has his own orchestra and plays the violin for dances. In 1974, he won the oldtime fiddlers' contest at Rimbey. He married Jessie Noble of the Rimbey district. They have four children and one grandchild. Moira married Dave Gates of Rimbey, Myrna is in Nurses' training in the University Hospital, Edmonton, Jack is at home attending school, as is Mary.

THE FLOENER FAMILY — by Eugenie Pellerin

The Floener family came from Belgium in July 1905. Mr. Floener, (Nicholas), arrived in May of that year and filed on a homestead nine miles north of Cochrane. The first shack was built of logs brought from the bush eleven miles away.

The Floeners had four children when they arrived; Josephine, aged seven, Arsene, four, Marcel, two, and Eugenie, six months. Mrs. Floener's brother and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Postal, accompanied them from Belgium.

The Floeners put all their money into cattle when they arrived, as they were told that cattle could graze out all winter. No feed had been put up for them and that was the winter of the bad blizzards. Their entire herd was wiped out and all the family's savings were gone, so it was work out or starve. Mr. Floener got work at the Cochrane brickyard, his wife worked there as a cook, and the two eldest children went to the Cochrane school. When they had enough money saved up to buy a buggy, a horse and a cow, Mrs. Floener went back to the homestead with the children. Her husband worked at the brickyard for a few more years until there was enough money to buy horses to break up some land so that they could prove up on their place.

Farm cultivation was primitive even by the standards of that time; a plow was used for breaking, then the ground was smoothed by a log roller. The seed was broadcast by hand; in the fall the grain was cut with a scythe and flailed with sticks to thresh it. Later, as more land was cultivated, Mr. Floener was able to obtain some machinery which made the work easier and more efficient.

Gradually the cattle herd was increased and fourteen cows were milked; the cream was sold to the Cochrane Creamery. The horse herd also increased and more feed was grown for the stock. They bought the Postal homestead, and by the efforts of all the family, life was easier, but it had been a hard struggle.

The Floener children all went to Cochrane Lakes School.

Arsene joined the Armed Forces in 1916, served Overseas, and returned unharmed.

The Floeners sold their farm to Mr. Eyers in 1919, and moved to the Peace River country, to the town of Grande Prairie. All the children were married there.

Josephine married Eric Anderson in 1921, and moved to Tofield, Alberta. They had three children. Josephine died in 1938. Arsene married Ellen Andress in 1925, and they moved to Detroit; Arsene has passed away. Marcel married Elsie Fogel in 1930. He joined the Armed Forces in 1940. They had three children. Marcel and his wife moved to Spokane, where they lived until his death. Eugenie married Ray Pellerin, who had been wounded in World War One. They had three children; she is now a widow.

The Floener children.

Mrs. Floener was a midwife and brought many babies into the world. She, her husband and family are remembered for their courage and hard work in the face of great difficulties, and for their cheerful optimism.

THE WILLIAM HOUGHTON FAMILY — by Mary Houghton

William (Bill) Houghton, son of a sea captain, was born at Golden Gate, California. Bill joined the Navy in the United States and served for a time abroad. After completing his service he worked for Mr. Fish on his farm in Washington. After Mr. Fish's daughter and son-in-law, Emily and George Hamilton, came to Bottrel, Mr. Fish sent Bill to help them get settled and get a house built before winter started. They lived in a tent while building the house on the farm where Eddie Bundt lives now. When the house was completed, Bill worked for Mr. Boucher at the Bottrel store, hauling supplies from Cochrane with a team and wagon or sleigh.

I, Mary Elizabeth Price, was born in 1894 in Billingshurst, Sussex, England. I did some bookkeeping before coming to Canada. I arrived in Cochrane in the fall of 1909 and stepped off the train at four o'clock in the morning. In the pitch darkness I couldn't see anyone around, but finally someone came out of the livery stable near by. It was Bill Tempany, and he took me over to the

Mary Price and Jack Reid in 1912.

Mary Price (later Mrs. Wm. Houghton) with a group of Indian friends, about 1910.

Bill Houghton and granddaughter Betty.

Bill Houghton moving furniture from Bottrel with his Reo Truck.

Murphy Hotel to wait until he had a team available that afternoon. He arranged for one of the McNamee boys to take me in a buggy the 25 miles to Jim Myram's farm at Bottrel. Jim's wife, Lil, is my sister.

I stayed with them quite a while. I rode the range checking on Jim's cattle, also checking cattle for many other ranchers and reporting their whereabouts to the owners. I would sometimes ride with Coralee McKinnell, who would be riding out to check on her father's cattle, with her brother Rob. Coralee was a good rider; we enjoyed the outdoor life, and both of us liked horses and cattle. I helped Angus McDonald with his branding, handing him the irons, and rounding up cattle. His sister, Joanne Phipps, kept house for him at that time. I worked for E. V. Thompson, at the Virginia Ranch, and also for George Reid.

Once I was riding over the hill south of the Bill Bailey place and saw Bill plowing with a walking plough pulled by a horse and a milk cow. I brought my horse to a walk so that I could see what he was doing. He went to the side of the plough, got a small object in his hand, knelt down beside the cow and milked her, then stood up and drank it. That way he didn't have to bother packing a lunch.

Bill Houghton and I were married in 1917. We went to live at Rosebud, Alberta, where Bill broke land, then for the C.P.R. Ranch No. 23, near Gleichen, where I cooked and Bill worked as handyman. Next we went to Grainger, where we worked for a farmer.

Mr. and Mrs. Houghton, Frank, Barbara and Frances.

We answered an advertisement in the paper wanting a couple on a farm. This was by the Elbow River, south of the Drummond Corner. We worked this land for Bert Stringer who was working in Real Estate. Actually the land belonged to his brother, Arthur Stringer, who was a writer.

Our next move was to the Charlie Chouinard place, two miles north of Bottrel. We lived in a log house built by Charlie Pedeprat. Our cattle brand was U K Half Diamond and is now used by our son Jim. After this we sold our stock and equipment, keeping a team, harness, wagon and sleigh and went to Bottrel to work for Harry Pearson. Bill drove the truck, hauling supplies for the store from Calgary, while I did the chores.

The children went to Westbrook School.

When Bottrel creamery was closed, renovations were made to the building and movies were shown there. Bill ran the projector. We then lived on the Osborn Reid homestead. Bill would pick up the children along the way, the Postlethwaites, Tyrells, and others, to see the show. The children rode to Mount Hope School at this time.

I remember the house parties we went to. When I was staying with the Myrams, they were living on the Urquhart farm. Mr. and Mrs. Phipps lived on the farm later bought by Larsons, and they held dances that lasted all night. After we moved to Cochrane Lakes, the house parties around there also stand out in my memories. We took turns at everyone's houses on a Saturday night, and there was lots of music and singing. At twelve o'clock midnight, we all sang hymns (the Patterson's influence showing through). After these fine folks left, our parties seemed to taper off.

Bill and I had four children, Frank, Barbara, Frances, and Jim. I am still happiest when I have a bunch of children around.

Frank served Overseas in the Army Transport during World War Two. He and his Scottish bride, Joyce, live in Calgary and have three daughters. Marilyn married Bob Davies, and they have two boys, Terry and Robert; Beverly married Gordon Toovy, and they have a daughter, Carey, and a son, Brad; Joy married Sonny Harris.

Barbara married Tom Hardy and they have two daughters, Christina and Cheryl.

Frances married Bob Grievson and they had one daughter, Betty, and one son, Bill. Betty married David Bryant and they have two sons, Gary and Bary.

Jim married Lorraine (Sis) Loblaw and they had five children: twins, Daryll and Debbie, Charlene, Allan, and Deanna. Sis passed away in 1969. Later Jim married Margaret Graves, a Registered Nurse, from Calgary.

Bill and I celebrated our 50th Wedding Anniversary in 1967 with 145 people from all over Alberta in attendance. We received telegrams from Governor-General Vanier, Lester Pearson, and John Diefenbaker.

Bill passed away in 1969 and is buried in Calgary Memorial Gardens.

I still live on the farm overlooking the Cochrane Lakes. I take care of my flock of chickens and still do some gardening, which I enjoy.

JOSEPH JENSEN — by James Steel

Joseph Jensen was born in the Packingham district in Ontario. There he spent his early years and received his public school education. In the year 1909, he graduated from the Winnipeg Normal School. After receiving his teacher's certificate he came west to Alberta. The first place he stayed in Alberta was at the home of W. Wallace south of Cochrane. He taught at Jumping Pound and Brushy Ridge schools. He moved north of Cochrane to teach at Summit Hill, Cochrane Lakes and Chapelton. He taught at Cochrane Lakes for three years, starting in 1914.

In the meantime his mother came from Ontario to make her home with him. While Joe was teaching at Cochrane Lakes and Chapelton, he lived on the NE¼ 4-27-4-5, the farm now owned by Tom Hardy. The Perrenouds recall Joe Jensen's balky horse. After repeated urgings from his mother, Joe would start for school with only minutes to spare, then a crisis would develop as his horse refused to budge past the gate. However, after repeated administration of a willow switch, and some verbal encouragement, his stubborn steed would suddenly begin to race down the trail and Mr. Jensen seldom failed to arrive at school on time.

Some of Mr. Jensen's former pupils at Chapelton, when he taught there from September 1917, to June 1918, recall another episode involving his saddlehorse, which was rather inappropriately named "Fluke." One

Joseph Jensen.

day, the school children, while playing with his bridle, cracked the snaffle bit. As Mr. Jensen rode out of the schoolyard at the end of the day's teaching, the bit broke, and the horse bucked him off. Understandably, his dignity, as well as his person, was bruised.

Early in 1918 he went back to Ontario and was married to Mary Ellen Robertson of Halls Mills, Lanark County, Ontario. One of his senior pupils at Chapelton, Dave Bryant, stayed with Mr. Jensen's mother and did the chores. When the newly-weds came back to Alberta, they decided to try farming in the Bottrel area. The summers of 1918 and 1919 were very dry and hot, and as a result crops were light. Joe supplemented their income by teaching. After two crop failures they decided to try their luck in another part of Alberta. Joe had an offer of a teaching position in the Gadsby district.

By this time their family had increased with the arrival of twins, Norma and Donald. Joe's mother, who continued to make her home with them, was very excited at becoming the grandmother of twins. She telephoned a neighbour, and instead of acknowledging when they said "Hello", kept shouting, "It's two! It's two!", until she hung up, out of breath.

During the time that the family was in the process of moving to Gadsby, an incident happened that Mrs. Jensen has never forgotten. In all the excitement of packing and preparing to move, the twins became very upset and cranky and their mother was unable to get them to sleep. Dewey Blaney, who at that time was living with the Barnetts, happened to be at Jensens. Dewey took both babies in his arms and soon had them asleep as he crooned Negro songs to them. Mrs. Jensen was very grateful to Dewey and regrets having never seen him again.

Joe taught the same school near Gadsby, for six years. His mother continued to live with Joe and his family until her passing some twenty years after she had first come to Alberta. Another son Merrill was born at Gadsby. Joe continued farming until his eyesight began to fail. Then they moved to Stettler to make their home. Norma became a teacher and continued to make her home with her parents when not away from the district teaching. Donald served with the Canadian Armed Forces during the Second World War. When he returned he took over the family farm, where he still resides. Merrill lives in the same district and is also farming.

The last few years of Joe's life were spent in total blindness. He never was depressed, never complained, was always cheerful and enjoyed life. I visited with him in 1968, the first time that I had seen him since I attended Cochrane Lakes School. He was pleased to have one of his former pupils visit with him, and we spent a very pleasant afternoon reminiscing about the old days.

Joe passed away later in 1968, shortly after he and his wife celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary. Norma passed away suddenly at Christmas 1974. Mrs. Jensen continues to make her home in Stettler.

GEORGE AND ARTHUR KIRKLAND — by Fred Kirkland

My father, Arthur Kirkland, came to Canada from Derbyshire, England, with his adopted parents, George and Fanny Kirkland. Arthur was twelve years of age when they arrived at Forest Lawn, Alberta, in 1910. Granddad built a nice brick home and then went into a coal dealership. He was the first sanitary engineer for Forest Lawn. All the hauling of coal was done by drays and horses and the garbage maintenance was done using horses and wagons.

In 1916 Dad and Granddad homesteaded at Pine Lake, Alberta, staying there until 1919. In 1922 Granddad bought the Harry Cressman place six miles north of Cochrane. My grandmother, Fanny, passed away in 1926 and is buried in the Cochrane cemetery. In 1927 Granddad moved to a farm two miles west of the Village of Cochrane, down near the racetrack and close to the Bow River. In 1930 Granddad moved back to Forest Lawn and he married again. There was one girl, Gladys, born of this marriage. Granddad passed away in 1946.

Nellie Kirkland, my mother, came to Canada in 1921 to join her family at Forest Lawn. In 1922 she came out to Cochrane to work for the Dave

George, Fanny and Arthur Kirkland, 1919.

The Hanes family: Mrs. Hanes, Betty, Mr. Hanes, Lois and Gertie.

McDougall family and she remained there until 1925. Dad and Mother were married in July 1925 at Knox United Church in Calgary. Dad had bought a farm seven miles north of Cochrane in 1924, so he and Mother moved out to it. Dad had nine crop failures while he was there. I was born in 1927 and my sister, Doris, was born in 1935. In the fall of 1935 the family moved into Cochrane. The first winter was very hard; we lived on home-cured bacon and potatoes most of the time. In the spring of 1936 Dad helped tear down the relief camp. The men hired were allowed to share the dried apples and peaches that were left in the camp. They were a real treat. For a number of years, Dad worked at odd jobs around the Village, digging wells and on construction, then went to work for the Village. He remained working there until his retirement at the age of sixty-six years. In April of 1965, Dad passed away and Mother passed away in May 1966.

MEMORIES OF TEN YEARS AT COCHRANE LAKES — by Mrs. G. E. Hanes

In October 1934 my husband Frank, our three girls, Gertie, Lois and Betty, and I went to live on the Tom Spicer place. We had previously farmed in the Glendale district.

We didn't have much of a garden the first year, but Frank broke up a nice plot behind the house and worked it well for our second year. Although it was dry, we grew cabbages that weighed fourteen pounds each on Mr. Andison's scales; he put one on display in the store. We had beautiful flowers and all sorts of excellent vegetables.

We were only three and a half miles from Cochrane. The girls rode horseback to school. I joined the Ladies' Aid of the United Church and got acquainted with so many kind ladies who made me welcome.

Those were the "lean years." I sold eggs and cream to people who were glad to get a fresh product. Mrs. Rivers, the doctor's wife, would put cookies in a bag for me to bring home for the girls.

We only attended church on special occasions, as when horses were used all week, they needed a rest on Sunday. One night we were getting ready to go to the Cochrane School Christmas Concert, when it started to snow. Before we got away, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Patterson came along with their car. What a treat to get there without freezing! It turned into a real blizzard. When we came home the Syd Hall family came with us. Gordon Hall rode on the running board to show the driver the way. The Pattersons were very good neighbors, as were many others that we got to know.

On the day of the Brushy Ridge fire, November 19, 1936, we wouldn't let the girls ride to school; the wind would have blown them off their horses. It was a terrible day, watching the smoke, with the house rocking in the wind; we wondered if the roof would blow off. Someone looked out and saw that the horses were in the feed stacks. Frank and the girls went out to get them out and fix the fence. That was a dry year and we didn't have much feed. Frank and the girls just got back to the house, when the roof blew off the barn, landing right where they had been standing only minutes before. All the feed stored in the loft blew far and wide, but we had so much to be thankful for, as the family had escaped.

In the spring of 1939 we moved up to the Webster place. It took ages to get windows repaired and the well cleaned out. We sent water to be analyzed to see if it was fit to be used. It was good, and soft, which was a change, but as usual there was a shortage. It wasn't long before Frank had to haul water from Cochrane Lakes to water our cattle. One Christmas Day he came home with his clothes frozen to his skin, he was like a mummy. Agnes Hutchinson told Gertie that when she went to school, there was a spring not far from our buildings that had dried up over the years. Gertie came home with the idea that we witch a well where Agnes had suggested. Hans Hansen, a good friend who knew about such things, cut some forked sticks, and each of us went out to try something we had never done

before. I couldn't believe how those twigs almost took the skin off my hands as they turned at certain places where we walked. It worked for all of us but Gertie, she was so disappointed. In a day or so we missed Gertie and Betty, and found them digging a well. It was rather rough at first, but Frank put some order to the hole that they had started. At seven feet they got water. Frank dug a little deeper to make a basin, and after making a box and installing a pump, it wasn't long before we had water for our stock.

We boarded the Cochrane Lakes teachers, although our house was not very large and the teachers had no privacy; they had to sleep in the front room. We had a piano stored at our home; some of the young teachers kept our house lively with music. Our girls hadn't had the opportunity to take lessons, but they could all sing, and later when Lois worked in the bank at Strathmore, she sang in a choir there.

It was a sad time when so many of our boys went to fight for their country. During the war years, we all worked for the Red Cross and other organizations. The ladies made quilts, knitted socks and ever so many other articles. We raised money for the Red Cross in many ways. People had little, but they were generous, and co-operated in every way they could. We made a beautiful wool comforter; it was raffled, and Mrs. Holmes won it. No one deserved it better. Another time Henry Bolter won a sixteen pound turkey that was raffled. He gave it to me to cook, we invited some of his bachelor friends for dinner and had a ball. Mrs. Bill Houghton, a wonderful cook, donated a fruit cake which I won.

One summer we decided to have a tea, which was held at our home. Permission was granted from the R.C.M.P. in Cochrane to have a silver collection, since it was held on a Sunday. The tea was a huge success; pictures were taken, and many folks had a good visit. The young people had a ball game, which was fun for all. We cleared over $20.00. The only thing that marred our afternoon was a bolt of lightning that came out of a clear blue sky. It cut off our radio aerial and knocked young Pat Hutchinson out. He was picked up and carried inside, where he soon came to, much to everyone's relief.

Frank and I live in Calgary now. We often think of the good times we had, and the many friends we made around Cochrane.

MR. AND MRS. LOUIS POSTAL — by Henry Postal

Louis Postal, who was Mrs. Floener's brother, and his bride, came from Belgium in 1905 with the Floener family. The Postals homesteaded on the quarter next to Floeners, on NW¼ 36-26-4-5, and built their house just across the fence. They had a family of four: Louis, Henry, Erma and Leo. Louis and Henry went to Cochrane Lakes School for a year.

Mrs. Postal and her children.

My father worked at the brickyard for two or three years to supplement the family income. The homestead was sold to the Floeners in 1914, and we moved to Drumheller, Alberta, in July of that year. My sister and I still reside in Drumheller.

Both the Postal and the Floener homesteads are now owned by Mr. and Mrs. B. Powlesland.

JACOB AND CHRISTY REINERTSON

Jacob and Christy Reinertson came to Cochrane from Bragg Creek in 1919 and settled on the NE¼ 34-26-4-5. After the hard winter of 1919 they returned to Bragg Creek.

The Reinertsons had eight children. One daughter, Dora, married before the family came to Alberta. Eva married Stan Fullerton of Bragg Creek. Rodina married Lennie Mickle of Jumping Pound. She passed away in 1935. The other children moved to British Columbia — Jacob Jr. to Hundred Mile House; Chester and Clarence to Summerland (Clarence passed away in 1975); Reinert to Salmon Arm; and Florence to Rolla.

Jacob Sr. passed away in 1947. He was predeceased by his wife in 1942.

Mr. and Mrs. Rienertson.

JEAN BAPTISTE ROBINET

Jean Baptiste Robinet came to the Cochrane district from his native Belgium around 1900 and worked in the brickyard at Cochrane. He homesteaded the NE¼ 24-26-4-5, receiving his Patent in 1908. He lived on his land for a few years, then sold out and left the area.

EARL AND BERNICE SPEER

My husband, Earl, and I purchased a farm located on the SW¼ 2-27-4-5 and in early December, 1934, we moved to it. We came from Vulcan, Alberta. Earl and his brother, Don, drove up by team and wagon and I followed a few days later with the car. By the time the men arrived at the farm they were footsore and weary. The weather had been in our favor for moving, there was no snow on the ground and it was mild for that time of year. It did turn real cold later on in the month, and the temperature dropped to well below zero.

In the spring we purchased an eighteen month old heifer from Wes Wilson, that was our first cow. We paid eighteen dollars for her. The first year our crop was hailed out, the next year dried out, the third year we got the best crop we ever had there, and after that they were good, bad or indifferent. The year we were dried out, we were fortunate to have some feed left over from the previous year so we only had to buy a few bales. The government shipped hay into the area to help the farmers out that had no cattle feed. The hay was of very poor quality but all that was available was poor feed because of the drought. Each farmer was allowed just so many bales and if a person was late getting there for his allotment, he did not get any. It was a first come, first served arrangement. I recall that Jack Peppard was one of the farmers who was late getting in to get his hay so we shared ours with him. In the Depression, every one shared and helped each other and somehow we came through those years.

We hauled green poplar wood and piled it up a year ahead so it could dry out. No coal, we just could not afford it. If we were lucky enough to be able to get some, it was only used at night to bank up the fires. We boarded the school teacher, Miss Jennie Anderson, for fifteen dollars a month. She taught school at Cochrane Lakes. Cochrane Lakes School was the centre of entertainment at that time. A young people's group was formed, a baseball team organized and many good times were had at the lake skating and playing hockey. An orchestra consisting of Doris Hall, her brother, Gordon, Harry Webb, Pete Tindal and Earl Speer supplied toe tapping music for the dances.

On December 30, 1939, we made the following purchases from the W. Andison store.

3 lbs. baking powder	65¢
1 lb. coffee	40¢
½ lb. Dominion Tobacco	60¢
1 pkt. cigarette papers	5¢
2 loaves bread	20¢
1 Miracle yeast	10¢
5 bars Pearl soap	25¢
2 tins salmon	30¢
2 tins tomatoes	30¢
1 corn and one peas	30¢
Total	$3.15

The war started and many of the young people enlisted, the economy of the country started to escalate and conditions all over Canada changed.

We sold our farm to Happy Bandsmere and moved to Saskatchewan, farming there until 1957, then we moved back to Rimbey, Alberta, where we still reside.

THE STEEL FAMILY — by Anne Melland

In the spring of 1906, Mother, Dad, Jack and I landed in Calgary from Scotland. We stayed with the late Mr. and Mrs. Davidson and Elsie, whom we had known in Scotland. They lived on the old Dickey place in the Westminister district. During our stay there, Dad got blood poisoning in his hand and had to spend some time in the hospital. As soon as possible he filed on a homestead north of Cochrane, the SE¼ 10-27-4-5.

We started homestead life with a team of horses, two cows and a calf and some household goods. We lived in a tent until the log house was built. The logs had to be cut and hauled many miles. Our neighbours were Mr. and Mrs. Raby and their five sons, who were all most helpful. Mother, a city girl, did not know how to make bread or butter and Mrs. Raby always had time to help her.

Mosquitoes and black flies were very bad, and smudges were often lit to give the livestock some relief. Our land was not all fenced, and as a result the cattle wandered away. When located, a calf had a well-known rancher's brand on it. We did not know about brands until then, but soon obtained one for the horses and cattle.

We moved into the log house just before winter set in. It was hard to keep the house warm as we just had a cook stove. The attic was the warmest place to sleep, and many a morning we awoke to find everything frozen solid. However, we were not the only homesteaders who had to thaw the bread out for breakfast and melt the water in the kettle before we could make the coffee! Dad, who had been a tailor in Scotland, had brought along a length of heavy black woolen coating from home; this was soon cut in two, and served for years as warm blankets. I can recall my dilemma at bedtime; should I put my head under the blankets and risk smothering, or leave my nose uncovered to freeze? Generally I managed to compromise, and in the morning there would be a thick rim of frost where my nose had peeked out of the covers. I also remember Mother heating the sad irons, wrapping them in layers of newspaper and placing them in the beds. Life was chilly sometimes, but we were healthy and perhaps had fewer colds than today's children who have all the comforts of the modern house.

During the next year, we moved to White's ranch at Mitford for the winter, where Dad looked after the horses. We spent two winters there, moving back to the homestead each spring, as a certain amount of improvement had

Mrs. Steel, Anne and Jack.

Anne, Jim, Peggy and Jack Steel.

to be made on the land. While at the ranch, I was knocked down by a horse that Mother was feeding. Dr. Ritchie came out by horse and buggy to set my broken leg. He had Mother tear up a bed sheet into long strips. She was then instructed to make a pail full of starch. When this was cool enough to handle, the cotton strips were soaked in the starch and wound around my leg. I had to lie on a table until these bandages were thoroughly dry. So a pioneer plaster cast was made — crude perhaps, but none the less efficient. While I was laid up, Mother taught me to knit, crochet, tat and sew a neat hem.

One fall Dad and Al Raby started to dig a well on the homestead. A snowstorm came up so they just put some boards over it and covered it with hay. Days later, they found a dead steer in the hole, so it was quietly covered over and another well started.

My brother, Jim, was born in Cochrane, at Mrs. Baldock's home. Peggy, our sister, was born on the farm with Mrs. Coatsworth and Dr. Park in attendance. We all attended Cochrane Lakes School.

Through the years, we milked cows, taking the cream to Cochrane Creamery each week with team and buggy, or in the winter, with sleighs. Dad and Mother made cheese and sold it, for two summers.

Threshing was a busy time. All sheaves were stacked and then threshed later on in the fall. Dad had part ownership of a horse-operated separator; it took six teams to run it. One time Dad went to oil the separator and his mitt caught

in the gears. As a result, he lost three fingers of his right hand.

Entertainment was limited in those days, but we have many happy memories of our life. The Christmas Concert at the school was the highlight of the year. There were dances and get-togethers at various farm houses and people had time to visit. We had many visitors on Sunday afternoons. Matt Williams and his brother, who both loved to sing hymns and old Welsh songs, Tommy and Norman Cairns and their father, Bob Young, Mr. McLintock and his two sons, were frequent visitors at our place.

In 1919, we sold the homestead to Ernie Craig of Cochrane and moved north of Eckville, Alberta, taking four railway cars of livestock, machinery and household effects. By this time Dad had a number of registered Clydesdale horses.

After Dad passed away, Jim took over the family farm and still lives there. I married in 1926. I have one son. My husband has passed away, and I make my home in Calgary.

In 1920, Jack returned to Cochrane from Eckville. He worked for Gordon Hinde, William Tempany, Claude Copithorne and Alex Moore. For five years, during the summer months, he worked on the C.P.R.

In 1927 he drove the Rapid Transit truck to Banff, hauling freight. The next summer he hauled milk from Cochrane to Calgary and in 1929, started with his own truck, hauling milk and freight to Calgary. From 1937 to 1942, he worked at the Calgary Airport and around the district with his own truck.

Jack joined the Navy in 1942, and was stationed on the East Coast. Upon his discharge in 1946, he went back to trucking. In 1949, he bought a back-hoe and a caterpillar tractor. He worked around Cochrane and district, digging many basements. The first one excavated was for Marshall Baptie. He did many other back-hoe jobs as well. He retired in 1973, and enjoys travelling, which he has done extensively for some years.

In 1932, Mother bought a house in Cochrane from Mr. and Mrs. Webster. Peggy and Mother took in roomers and boarders over the years. Charlie Pedeprat made his home with them for over thirty years.

Mother was a faithful worker for the Cochrane United Church and was made an Honorary member. She passed away in 1959.

During the Second War Peggy worked at No. 11 Equipment Depot, Calgary, as a cook, for two years. She still takes in boarders, and makes a home for Jack.

THE TINDAL FAMILY — by Belle Hall

Frank Y. Tindal was born in Farnell, Scotland, on February 27, 1889. He came to Canada as a lad of nineteen looking for adventure. His first stop on the way out West was Winnipeg, where he looked for work. After being there a short while, he joined a large number of men coming west to Calgary on a special harvest excursion train in 1909. Some time after, he filed on a homestead at Leslieville, Alberta, but was not there long when his place was destroyed by fire, so he had little choice but to come back to Calgary to seek work. He soon had a job driving a dray for the Pacific Cartage Company.

The Tindal family. Back r.: Bill, Pete, Gordon Hall. Second r.: Frank, Jean, George McKenzie. First r.: Belle (Hall), Mrs. Tindal, holding baby Ed Hall, Mr. Tindal, Agnes (McKenzie). Front: Ron Hall and Norma McKenzie.

In 1910, Marion Wilson arrived in Calgary. She was born in Avondale, Scotland, on May 22, 1888. Marion came to Canada with other members of her family, but worked on a dairy farm at Howick, Quebec, for the Ness family, before coming to Calgary, where she worked for the late Mrs. E. D. Adams. This is where Frank and Marion met. They decided to get married on New Year's Day 1912. Just previous to this, Frank had a severe case of typhoid fever, and it took some time to recover.

Tindals decided to go farming in the DeWinton district, and were there for a number of years, raising Aberdeen Angus cattle and Clydesdale horses. While at DeWinton, they had eight children, Agnes, Bill, Frank, Pete, Belle, and three who died in infancy. They are buried in the Pine Creek Cemetery. The four oldest children attended the Pine Creek School.

After leaving the DeWinton district, they farmed on a share basis in the Bearspaw district, on the place now owned by the Hutchison family. Their youngest daughter, Jean, was born at this time. A terrific hail storm hit the district that year at the end of June.

Later, Tindals moved to Symons Valley, to what was known as the Cathro farm, and the children went to Casa Loma School. While there, they were in the dairy business.

In 1931, they bought a farm at Cochrane Lakes from Mr. Raby, the land presently owned by Mrs. L. Wilson, and her son, Don, on the Dog Pound road. By this time, Agnes had left home to make her own way in the world, but the rest of the family worked there at different times. Pete, Belle and Jean went to Cochrane Lakes School.

Tindals were known for their registered Aberdeen Angus cattle and Agnes won a silver medal for a Grand prize at the Calgary show one year. Jean won a cup in 1941, and Belle won a bronze medal donated by the Cochrane Royal Bank for the most points for livestock at the Cochrane School Fair in 1935. Mrs. Tindal raised chickens and turkeys and of course, there were always a few milk cows to bring in a steady income for groceries. Times were hard, so any outside work was always welcome, and Frank Junior worked on the roads with a team, to help work out taxes. Pete and Bill were later employed by the late Walter Hutchinson until they joined the Armed Forces during World War Two. Frank was in the Reserve, but did not go Overseas, as he was needed on the farm.

Tindals were always very active in the community, and Mr. Tindal was a member of the School Board for some time. Miss Jennie Anderson boarded with the family for one year while teaching at Cochrane Lakes School.

Mr. Tindal took great pride in having good Clydesdale horses and at one time had a stallion, Prince, that Pete travelled the district with, for breeding purposes.

In farming, there is always something that seems to make life difficult; with Tindals it was the well. Once a skunk found its way down the well. It took weeks to pump the well clean, and in the meantime barrels of water had to be hauled from the good neighbours. In all the years of farming, Tindal's crops were either hailed or dried out on an average of every fourth year, which made it very hard to raise a family and keep the wolf from the door.

Haying. Harold Spicer and Frank Tindal.

Due to ill health, they sold the farm in 1945, and moved to the Bonnybrook area in Calgary. Their home was destroyed by fire due to a careless neighbour smoking in bed and lack of good water supply for fire fighting. Later they bought a home in Southwest Calgary, and lived there until Mr. Tindal passed away on February 1, 1955. Mrs. Tindal passed away on October 31, 1966, and Bill in 1969, at Trochu, Alberta. Agnes, (Mrs. E. Wight), lives at Black Diamond, Jean, (Mrs. Wm. Davis), Pete, and Frank Jr. live in Calgary. Belle, (Mrs. Gordon Hall), resides in Cochrane.

Mr. and Mrs. Tindal had seven grandsons and three granddaughters.

THE VERDUNS

Hippolyte Verdun and his son, Henri, came to live on the south side of Cochrane Lake about the year 1900. They homesteaded the NE and SE quarters of 28-26-4-5. They had come from France a few years earlier, and neither man could speak much English. They are remembered for the somewhat unusual style of farming that they carried out, since the house doubled as a chicken coop. Hippolyte used to ride an enormous stallion and always seemed to have a pack of barking hounds with him. At that time, Cochrane Lake was a watering place for hundreds of cattle, not only at roundup time, but all summer. Thus, the ranchers living in the area were understandably annoyed when the Verdun's hounds stampeded the cattle.

The cattle owners avenged in genuine Hollywood style one night, when several cowboys roped Mr. Verdun and carried him off to their camp. After giving him a good scare, they fed him well and let him go in the morning.

At the time of the roundup for dipping all cattle in the area for mange, the foreman, D. P. McDonald, took Verdun's cattle along with the rest of the animals, to the dipping vat. Mr. Verdun thought his cattle were being stolen, and arrived at the dipping vat very angry indeed. Unable to express himself suitably in English, he asked his friend Charlie Perrenoud what he could call D. P. to really make it hurt. He was told some appropriate words, and, banging his stick on the ground, followed D. P. around calling him a "son-a-beee", to the great amusement of the cowboys.

Mr. Verdun passed away while living on the homestead; his son remained there until his death also.

JOHN AND BERTHA WEBBER — by Freda Webber

My father, John Webber, was born near Hanover, Ontario, in 1882, and came West to Cochrane in 1904. He took out a homestead on the SE¼ 2-27-4-5. My mother, the former Bertha Spicer, was born in England in 1885 and came to Chatham, Ontario, as a baby. Mother came West, in 1903, to stay with her brother, Sam Spicer.

Dad and Mother were married in Calgary in 1905. They often recalled their wedding day. The Justice of Peace refused to marry them until they could give him a paper showing Grandmother's permission for Mother to get married. At that time girls had to have their guardian's permission if they were not twenty-one years old and Mother was just twenty. Dad had to ride horseback all the way back out to Cochrane to get written permission from Grandmother. All turned out well; they were just delayed a few hours with their wedding.

Dad and Mother went to Dad's homestead and set up housekeeping in a tent, until Dad had the house finished. Mother said that was where she learned how to cook frozen foods. The advent of the deep freeze was not new to her, she kept all her vegetables outside buried under the snow. It worked out just fine until the Chinooks came and took all the snow away.

Dad worked for awhile on a ranch north of Cochrane; the ranch foreman was Jim Gibson. He also worked for a time at Pete Collins' Brick Yard. Around 1907 he started working for the Government, building bridges and culverts and doing general maintenance. His starting wage was huge, the sum of twenty-five cents an hour. Dad remained with the Government until 1912 and at that time, he, Mother and their three children moved to Glenrosa, British Columbia. Six more children were born to Mother and Dad. They had to work very hard clearing the land on their farm at Glenrosa for the successful fruit growing business they operated for many years.

Wedding Day, 1904, John and Bertha Webber.

In 1965 they celebrated sixty years of wedded life together. Mother passed away April 25, 1970, and Dad is still with us, residing with me, at Westbank, British Columbia.

THE WIENS FAMILY

The Wiens family lived in the Big Hill Springs area in the 1930s. They had four children. Kathy won the Bennett Medal while attending the Cochrane Lakes School.

The Wiens were of Russian descent. Mr. Wiens could speak two languages and he and Kathy, who could speak three, held good jobs with the Civil Service as interpreters during the Second World War. One son was in the Army during the War.

MATTHEW WILLIAMS — by Edgar Davies

Matthew Williams was born in Gower, South Wales, and came to Canada as far west as Winnipeg. While he lived in Winnipeg he worked for the C.P.R. shop. He stayed there for two years and came farther west to Strathmore, Alberta, where he found work with a telephone company. After working one season with the company, he came to Cochrane to visit the Thomas Davies family whom he had known in Wales. He arrived in Cochrane in 1912. He filed on a homestead northeast of Cochrane and did mixed farming. The land he filed on was SE¼ 12-27-4-5. Matthew was a bachelor and a very friendly man, well liked by all his neighbors. His brother, Frank, came to Cochrane in 1913 and stayed with the Davies family. He was the caretaker of the Cochrane School for some time. In 1931, Matthew became ill and passed away in the General Hospital in Calgary.

THE WESLEY T. WILSON FAMILY — by Norma MacKenzie

Our mother and father were married at the home of Mother's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sykes Taylor of Brushy Ridge, on March 4, 1925. Dad, who had been born and raised at Prattford, North Dakota, arrived in the Calgary and Cochrane area in 1911.

Soon after their marriage, Mother and Dad moved to Saskatchewan where they farmed for seven years. While there, Dorothy, Roberta and Stanley were born. The dry years were starting and after several crop failures, they decided to move back to Alberta. Dad tossed a coin to decide whether they would go to Peace River or come back to Cochrane.

They loaded their cattle and machinery into a boxcar, and with their personal possessions plus twenty-eight dollars in their pockets, the family loaded up the old car and headed back to Cochrane.

Upon arrival we moved to the Paddy Drummond place in Jumping Pound, and farmed there for awhile. While there Dlyle was born. We then moved to the SE¼ 2-27-4-5 north of Cochrane, where Norma and Donald were born.

Dorothy, Roberta and Stanley attended Cochrane Lakes School. Dlyle also attended Cochrane Lakes but when the school closed he finished his schooling in Cochrane. Norma and Donald went to school at Westbrook and Cochrane.

In 1944 our home was destroyed by fire. This was a big loss to our parents as all their personal possessions were lost.

Dad purchased the N½ 2-27-4-5 in 1945. In 1948 he went into the dairy business and for a number of years shipped milk to the Cochrane creamery, later shipping milk to a dairy in Calgary. In 1966 Dad passed away, and Donald carried on the dairy business until 1973.

We are all married except Donald. Stanley married Barbara Echlin and they have four children: Brian, Beverly, Darryl and Kenneth. Dlyle married Virginia Stone and they have five children: Martin, James, Terry, Dean and Marj. Dorothy married Steve Arndt and they have two girls, Betty and Linda. Roberta married Dennis Arndt and they have a son, Ross, and a daughter, Gail. Norma married Ian MacKenzie and they have three children: Debbie, David and Donna Louise.

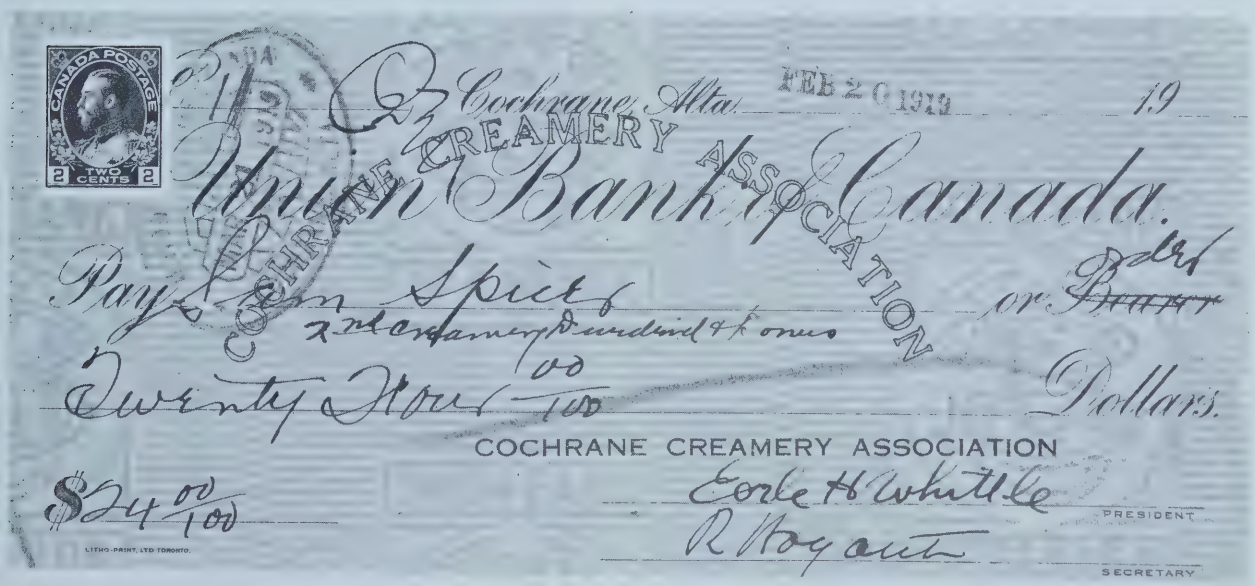
The Wilsons also have four great-grandchildren: Jim, Danny, Dale, and Darlene.

In 1974 Stanley and Barbara sold their farm at Cochrane and moved to Camrose, Alberta, where they are grain farming. Donald also moved to Camrose and Mother moved there in the spring of 1975.

List of Shareholders

COCHRANE CREAMERY ASSOCIATION

Whittle, E. H.	One Share
Raby, George	"
Loughery, J. W.	Five Shares
Goddard, G. E.	One Share
McEachen, D. C.	"
Edge, Mrs. C.	"
Chester, S. D.	"
Hogarth, R.	"
Critchley, O. A.	"
Spicer, S.	"
Willis, J.	"
Boston, J.	"
Milligan, W. J.	"
Skerritt, E.	"
Craig, J.	"
Standring, T. E.	"
Standring, R.	"
Spicer, Thomas	"
MacFarlane, C. J.	"
Hope, George	"
Phipps, John	"
Perrenoud, George	"
Campbell, J. A.	"
Spicer, Mrs. S.	"
Maggs, F. W.	Two Shares



Cochrane became a good grain-growing area as this field of stooks shows.

THE STONE INDUSTRY.

After a personal inspection of the quarry owned by Mr J. E. Malloy, of Cochrane, about two blocks from the C.P.R. siding, and four blocks from the Post Office, one can see that this already shows a fine deposit of both buff and blue stone. The buff lays in the east end, the blue in the west. Mr Malloy has already developed four places along the ledge, which show from 9 to 15 feet of good stone, with not over six inches to 2ft 6in of stripping or earth to remove. A derrick can be set up at each of the four developed Points, and quarrying can be done on a large scale. There is a considerable amount of good building stone now quarryed on the ground. Mr Malloy has been getting all the stone for his monumental work from this quarry, and the stone takes a fine finish, and speaks for itself; and as soon as the owner can get his monumental work caught up with in Calgary, and elsewhere, he will go right after the building business, and get orders for the quarry which will mean more offices for Cochrane, more hotels filled, more goods sold, and more money coming direct into the town. Everybody is invited to see the quarry. It shows for itself. It is right in town at the head of Rose Street. Derricks will be put up as soon as time permits.

I.O.O.F.

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Address the Secretary,

W. E. LOBB.

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For Sale. Little Pigs, 6 weeks old. $3 a pair. Apply W. H. Edge.

...Pigs. Apply H. Clark (school, 9), Weedale School D...

For Sale, Canaries. Singer, $5. Hens $2.50. Apply, Mrs. ... Goddard, Bow River Horse Ranch, Cochrane. 7-10

TENDERS FOR HAY.

WANTED,—Men with teams to put up 1200 tons of hay on Ranch of J. A. W. Fraser, Jumping Pound. Lots of 200 tons considered. Lowest tenders wanted at once by letter addressed Jumping Pond. Contractors to supply their own outfit complete. 7-8

WANTED,—Married Couple for Ranch. Comfortable home. Trustworthy people. Apply W. A. Mackenzie, Box 133, Cochrane; or George Pitter, Real Estate Agent, Cochrane. 8-12

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WEEDON

DAVE AND ALEX ARGO

The Argo brothers came to the district later to be known as Weedon, about 1903. Dave homesteaded the NE¼ of 16-27-4-5 and Alex took up the adjoining NW¼.

Dave built the log house which still stands today on a grassy knoll; no doubt he hauled the logs from Quigley's sawmill in the bush some 12 miles northwest. It is known that he helped his neighbours, Charlie Webb and Sam Timmins, to build their log houses about the same time.

Alex joined up at the outbreak of war in 1914. He was killed in action shortly after entering Active Service, whereupon Dave immediately left the farm and joined up. He, too, was killed in action early in the war. It is believed that Dave and Alex's parents were living on Dave's farm when the news of his death was received. It was a heartbreaking message for someone from Cochrane to deliver.

THE BEARD FAMILY — by Hilda Beard

We arrived in the Weedon district from Sedgewick, Alberta, in 1921. Our son, Walter, was a baby in arms. Through the Soldier Settlement Board, we purchased the NE¼ 10-27-4-5, this land previously owned by Archie Howard. The only buildings on the place were a log barn and the remains of a small log shack.

The first year we let our hay crop out on shares, as we did not have any machinery to do it ourselves. George Kirkland cut it for half the hay and our share was fifty tons. We had one horse, a real mean one. Walter got a chance to trade it to one of the Edge boys and they used it for a bucking horse in the stampede. I believe they called the horse "Smokey." We bought $700.00 worth of lumber and hired Bob Beynon and Bill Robertson to build a small house. The carpenters charged 75¢ an hour for their labor. Snow came before we got the house finished so we went to live with Mr. and Mrs. Ford until we could move in. The baby being only a few months old, there was no way we could stay in the unfinished house. Gathering machinery and getting animals to work with was quite a task. We purchased a team of horses from Mr. Walton, and went to auction sales around the area to buy our machinery. We got a set of discs for $5.00, breaking plow $5.00, a gang plow from C. Webb for $15.00, and on time at that. A seeder cost $15.00. The most expensive piece of machinery was a binder, which cost $125.00, and we paid for it after harvest.

We sold cattle for a cent and a half a pound. I recall one year when we had a crop of rye; Robbie Webb came in to thresh it. He charged 9¢ a bushel to thresh it, and when we hauled it to the elevator we got the grand sum of 4¢ a bushel.

There were some very difficult times, but somehow we managed to get through them. All our neighbors were having the same struggle to survive, I think that is why we could keep going on. Five children blessed our family, Walter, Sylvia, Stella, Phyllis and Sybil. The children attended Weedon School.

Walter worked on the road to help pay the taxes, receiving 30¢ an hour for his labor. He was a director on the Cochrane North Mutual Telephone line. I can remember when there were just two families on the line from Cochrane north, T. Baptie and ourselves. Our children took many a phone message for our neighbors. Harry Webb was lineman and he received 30¢ an hour for the line maintenance.

Bill Johnson was the mail carrier from Cochrane to Bottrel. He stopped at our house to change horses and have a cup of tea. We looked forward to his weekly visit. The mail went through regardless of the weather. Enough credit was never given to the mail carriers of those days. Later the mail was hauled by truck.

Otto Dawson made a radio and what enjoyment was shared from it! It was the first one around; Otto used the receiver from the phone, and earphones, so the neighbors could come in and enjoy it. Many a Sunday we had as many as twenty people in to listen to the radio, especially when William Aberhart was making a strong bid for Social Credit. One of the great joys of our lives was being able to share our home with our friends and neighbors, our door was always open to everyone.

I helped as a midwife and many of the young citizens in the area were ushered into the world with my assistance. I was always ready to help

Walter Beard binding with his mule team.

anyone in need and many a time the children and my good husband had to look after themselves at home while I sat with a person that was ill, and we were rewarded many times over in the friendship we shared with so many. Looking back on it all we wouldn't have missed a moment of the life we had while living on the farm at Weedon.

We sold our farm to Mrs. Margaret Little during World War Two and moved to Vancouver. Walter Junior, served in the Navy and our daughter Phyllis served in the Air Force during the Second World War. It is always a great joy when the friends we made in the Cochrane area take the time to come and visit with us; memories come flooding back of a wonderful life shared with so many good neighbors.

BINGAMANS — by Leah Grubrecht

In 1905, Dad, Mother and their family of eight children moved from Michigan, U.S.A. to settle on a homestead in the Weedon area. It was a hard life for Mother and Dad but a glorious one for myself and my brothers and sisters. It was a real adventure for us. The house was just a shack but later on Dad was able to add a kitchen and two more bedrooms. When we came to the homestead, I was seven years old. We children had horses to ride and I guess you would say we were "born free." The first winter the barn burned down with all the stock in it. This was a terrible blow to the folks, so Dad went to work in a logging camp. I remember when he went to get the job he had to walk thirty miles to make the application.

Dad was a carpenter by trade and he helped when the Weedon school was being built in 1910. The school was two miles from our place and we had to walk to school, summer and winter. When the weather was bad we cried because we could not go to school. Some of those that helped with the building of the school were Al. Raby Sr., Louis Blow and Corey MacFarlane. James Andison was the contractor. I was about eleven years old when the school was opened and was promptly put into my age group, so it was a hard struggle for me. Miss Ford was our first teacher. She was a lovely, kind and very patient person and we all loved her. Another teacher was Miss Florence Smith; of course there were others but those two stand out in my mind today. Some of the children attending when I started were, Percy, Augusta, Charles, and Dora MacFarlane, Louis, Leslie, Freddy and Leonard Blow, Cecil Raby, Lauren, Leah, Earl and Alvin Bingaman. One of the Webb children also attended.

When we came to the homestead the prairie was abundant with wild flowers: tiger lilies, shooting stars, buttercups and Indian paint brush. Years later we took a trip back to the homestead area, from my home in the U.S.A.; many changes had taken place and only a few people remained that I knew. The wild flowers were still there as sort of a welcome home. To me the prairies were always so beautiful.

MIKE AND CAROLINE BRYSH

Mike and Caroline were originally from Poland and were believed to have settled first in Canmore. They had a family of four boys: Joe, Johnny, Steve and Leonard, and one girl, Jennie.

When the Brysh family came to Cochrane, they bought the NE¼ 29-27-5-5, where they lived until World War II. After they sold their land to Alfred Ericksen, they returned to Canmore.

All four boys joined the Armed Forces. Steve was killed in a Canmore mine explosion after the War.

Mike Brysh in the wagon, Scotty White, Mrs. Brysh and Mrs. White.

JOHN AND HENRY BUTERMAN — by Mrs. Fred Adams (Sister)

On May 2, 1910, Mr. and Mrs. Egbert Buterman and family of five sons and two daughters, sailed from Rotterdam, Holland on board the ship Prinz Adalbert and arrived in Quebec, May 15, 1910. They came by train to Lethbridge, Alberta, where Mr. Buterman worked on the jail.

In the fall the family moved to Medicine Hat and Mr. Buterman worked for the city. In the spring he homesteaded at Box Springs, fifteen miles north of Medicine Hat. Two more sons and one daughter were born there. In 1925 they bought the Pat Smith farm three miles southeast of Crossfield.

In 1931 two sons, John and Henry, bought the SW¼ 4-28-4-5 from Charles Harbridge Sr., where they farmed until 1938, then they moved east of Calgary.

John passed away at Lethbridge and Henry passed away in Vancouver.

THE DAWSON FAMILY

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Dawson and their family came from Iowa about 1910 to the Weedon district. They homesteaded the NW¼ 14-27-4-5. There is a large slough on their quarter which is still referred to as the "Dawson slough."

The Dawsons had two daughters, Gertrude, who remained in the United States, and Mrs. Vern Lancons. Mr. and Mrs. Lancons and their son Bert came to Cochrane from Iowa about the same time as the Dawsons. Two sons, Chester and Otto, completed the Dawson family.

Anthony passed away in 1931. His wife lived with the Lancons for a number of years, and was bedridden for a long time before her death.

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Dawson.

Mr. Anthony Dawson and his favorite team of horses.

Lightning Fatality.

The terrible news reached town yesterday afternoon that Chester Dawson, a young man of 24 years of age, and the sole support of his parents, was instantly killed by a stroke of lightning while in one of the tents of R. McNamee's camp near Lochend. Mr. McNamee in an adjoining tent had a narrow escape, being knocked down by what felt like a violent blow on the head, and had hardly risen when Robert Whitfield, who had been in the same tent with Dawson and had fortunately escaped injury, rushed in to say that his companion had been struck. On examination it was found that the lightning had passed through the head, leaving a small mark, and grounded through the feet, the victim's boot being torn off and overalls slit down the leg. Mr. McNamee was naturally much upset by the double shock, and in a very nervous state when he arrived in town last night. The utmost pity and commiseration must be felt by all for the bereaved parents in the tragic circumstances. George Raby undertook the painful task of breaking the awful news to the lad's father. The funeral will take place to-morrow morning.

Chester was killed by lightning in 1911, while working on a telephone construction crew at Lochend.

Otto moved to Calgary, became a skillful mechanic and was also well known for his work in electronics. Before he moved from the Weedon district, he was much in demand as a musician at the local dances. Otto passed away in 1947. His wife, Daisy, works at the Foothills Hospital, where she brightens the day for many patients. She is well known in Calgary in the field of social work, having cared for over 1500 foster children for varying periods of time over the past 20 years. She has raised several children to adulthood, and received a government citation for her dedicated service.

JOE AND ETHEL FLEENOR

Joe was born in 1897 at Indian Springs, Tennessee. His parents moved to Washington State and Joe received his schooling there. Joe and his parents moved to Calgary in 1913. In 1916 he purchased a farm in Saskatchewan and farmed there for a few years before coming to Cochrane.

He married Ethel Webb of Cochrane and they went to live on the SW¼ 26-27-4-5. They have two children, Laura and Hubert. In 1940 Joe rented the Dr. Waite place in the Weedon area

and farmed with horses. "Tractors were no good," he said.

At one time Hubert ran the locker plant in Cochrane. Laura and her husband, Norman Kells, owned and ran the Range Grill in Cochrane for a number of years. Later they sold the Grill to Florence Graff.

One night when Ethel was in Cochrane helping at the Grill, Joe was awakened by a motorist who was returning from the Calgary Stampede and was stuck on the dirt crossroad by the Weedon School. It was pouring with rain and Joe said, "Come in and stay the night." The bewildered motorist replied, "But I have nine children in the car and four more grown ups." "Good," Joe replied, "I've lots of room, lots of food, and it's getting mighty lonesome around here."

Joe had the mothers put seven children crossways in his bed, one on the couch and one in his easy chair. The mothers slept on the floor and three of the men slept on hard backed chairs with their heads on the table. Mr. Fleenor slept on a stool in the corner with his head on the washing machine.

Joe continued to farm until 1960 when he and his wife moved into Cochrane. Ethel passed away in 1963. Joe still lives in Cochrane. Mark and Helen Warner now live on the Fleenor farmstead.

J. K. HAMMOND

John Kempson Hammond filed on a homestead on the SE¼ 28-27-4-5 and received his title in 1909. He sold the land to Joe Taylor in 1913, and as far as is known, left the Cochrane area.

Mr. Hammond, a bachelor, was a Lay Reader in the Anglican Church and conducted services in his home (a dugout) on a regular basis for some time prior to, and during, 1908.

When a school district was formed in the area, it was named "Weedon" by Mr. Hammond, after his native village in England.

THE JOHN (JACK) HENDERSON FAMILY

The Jack Henderson family were all born in Northumberland County, England. Mr. Henderson was born April 18, 1899, at Workworth. He joined the Northumberland Fusiliers in April 1917, and fought in the second Battle of Mons in Belgium. Later he was captured by the Germans and held prisoner for nine months. He served with the British Army for three years.

After the War he married Elizabeth Hogg who was born May 10, 1892, at Powburn, England. Their oldest son, James, was born at Ellingham Gardens in 1924, and John was born at East House in 1926.

In the spring of 1928, Mr. and Mrs. Henderson and their two sons, aged two and four years, came to Canada on a Settlement Scheme drawn up by the British and Canadian Governments whereby 3,000 families were allowed to immigrate to Canada with all fares paid. The Hendersons settled on a farm nine miles north of Cochrane, the N½ 16-27-4-5, where they did mixed farming. When the boys were old enough they went to Weedon School.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Henderson and sons, on board ship, 1928.

Mr. Henderson joined up in the Second World War in 1940, and spent three months training soldiers for active service Overseas. John Jr., joined the Canadian Army in the fall of 1944, at the age of 18, and served 15 months in the service. After the War he took flying lessons and received his pilot's license.

After 22 years the farm was sold in 1950, and the Henderson family moved into Cochrane. The boys bought road building equipment and contracted road work. Mr. Henderson bought a service station north of Calgary, at Wessex, but later sold it and built one in Cochrane.

John married Gladys Prosser in 1957. Gladys was born in Calgary September 13, 1938. They have seven children: Hal, Kerry, Mellissa, Richie, Ross, Scot, and Angela.

In 1962 James married Frances Hewitt in England, and brought his bride home to Cochrane. Frances was born in Amble, Northumberland, on April 21, 1936. They have one son, William. Frances loved to play the piano and James bought her a new piano as a gift shortly after they came to Canada. Frances died of cancer on June 7, 1964. After the death of his wife, James and his son went to live with James' mother, but she passed away in July 1971, at the age of 79. James and his son now live in the Bowness district of Calgary.

Mr. Henderson Sr. remarried. They sold their service station in Cochrane and now live on Vancouver Island, near Nanaimo.

The Henderson farm is now part of Glenbow Ranches owned by Neil Harvie.

CONRAD HOLSTEIN — by Eva Peppard

Conrad Holstein and his wife came from Russia to Calgary, Alberta, in 1905, where Mr. Holstein obtained work with the C.P.R. In the mid 1920s, he moved his growing family to a farm near Carstairs. His older sons were able to carry on the farm operation while he continued his work with the C.P.R. In 1929 they purchased the MacFarlane farm in the Weedon district, the S½ of 14-27-4-5.

The Holsteins had a family of six sons and one daughter. All but the oldest son, John, attended Weedon School. Harry, the youngest, recalls cold, two-mile walks north to the school in winter to start the fire before others arrived. He received two dollars a month for this service.

The family, unlike so many others in those times, boasted a brand-new Durant car when they arrived in the district and before too long they had a tractor. This no doubt resulted in all the boys being of a mechanical turn of mind. Two of the sons, Alex and Sam, served in World War Two in the R.C.A.F. and Dave and Emil saw service in the Canadian Army.

Mr. Holstein died in 1942, and shortly after, Mrs. Holstein moved from the farm to Calgary. Her son, Dave, continued to operate the farm until about 1956. The property was later owned by Henry Bolter, and at present belongs to Buckley Brothers of Springbank and Jumping Pound.

Mrs. Holstein passed away in Calgary in 1958 and she and her husband are buried in the Queen's Park Cemetery.

All the family have married with the exception of John and Emil. Alex passed away in Vancouver in 1973. John and Dave reside in Vancouver and their sister, Marie, Mrs. Art Hawkes, in Chilliwack. Emil, Sam and Harry live in Calgary.

The old two-storey house in which the family lived, and others before them, still stands as a familiar landmark on the new highway to Cremona.

THE KEENE FAMILY — by Winnie Neilsen

In 1928, Dad, Mother, and we five children, Winnie, James, Cliff, Happy and Billie arrived in the Cochrane district. We lived on the old Dawson place about two miles south of the Weedon school.

The years spent in the area are memorable ones. Times were really tough; everyone seemed to be in the same position, no money, and work was scarce. We all shared with one another, and the people in the community were like one big family. To me the Beard family had to be one of the most hospitable families around; they had only a small house but more people gathered in that house than anywhere else around. Many a time I was there and saw Sylvia bake a cake, and before it was cool it was eaten, served with tea to the folks visiting. Hilda Beard was in attendance at the birth of half the babies born in the district. My first child was born in the Beard home.

My father and mother were lovers of music, so naturally we had music in our home. All our family could play a musical instrument. Dad formed a band and it consisted of Harry, Violet and Mary Webb, Otto Dawson, my brothers Happy, Cliff and Billie, and Dad.

We had some wonderful times in the Weedon schoolhouse. Come Friday night and all the folks in the area would crowd into that little school and everyone had a real good time. We would dance till daylight; no one worried about the time, we all seemed to have lots of it in those days.

In 1931 I married Bill Neilsen. Bill was working for Margaret Little at that time. We stayed at the Lancons place where I helped to take care of Bert's grandmother, Mrs. Dawson. We left there after our first baby arrived and went to work for Billie Whitfield; he had a dairy four miles out of Cochrane. We were there until Mr. Whifield decided he was going to sell his farm, so we moved back to the Weedon area. In the fall I took a job as a cook on Robbie Webb's threshing outfit. He used to have his own cookhouse that he took to the various farms. When the job of cooking for the threshers was over, Bill and I rented the Doctor Waite place on the NW¼ 23-27-4-5, and from there we moved to Cremona. The next move took us to Vancouver. That was in 1942, and that same year my brother Cliff, who had joined the Army, was killed while stationed in Ontario.

Bill and I operated a store in North Vancouver for awhile. We are retired now. Our children are married and living in British Columbia and Alberta. As for my own family, there are just Happy and me left. Happy is still in the music business in California.

We often think of the wonderful times we enjoyed while living at Cochrane. We have returned to Cochrane and enjoy our visits, but we, like many more, find great changes in the area.

REUBEN KIRKHAM

Reuben Kirkham received the Patent to NW ¼ 32-27-4-5 in 1909.

THE LANCONS FAMILY — by M. Zang

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Lancons and their son Bert came from near Fonda, Iowa, in 1905, and settled at DeWinton, Alberta. In 1907 they came to Cochrane and filed on the SW¼ 16-27-4-5. They later purchased the SE¼ from Douglas Lee, who had homesteaded it but apparently never established a home there. Mrs. Lancons' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dawson, and their family, homesteaded a short distance east.

The Lancons raised Shorthorn cattle and had some pretty good Clydesdale horses.

Their home burned down on Christmas Day, 1923. The family had gone to Messers at Brushy Ridge for dinner, driving there in their Model T.

Bert Lancons.

Upon arrival Bert drained the radiator, which was standard practice on a winter day. When news of the fire was phoned to them, Bert left in such a hurry he forgot to put water in the radiator, so by the time they reached the Bow River, the car was as hot as the fire.

Mr. Lancons died in April 1930, and Mrs. Lancons in December 1931. Bert stayed on the place and worked out quite a bit. He suffered a severe stroke in 1962, and has been in Nursing homes since then. At present he is in the Bethany Auxilliary Hospital in Calgary.

Mr. and Mrs. Lancons.

MARGARET LITTLE

Mrs. Little, who was originally from Belgium, came to Cochrane from the Okotoks area. She owned and lived on Section 27-27-4-5, where the Bruce Barkleys now live. She ran a dairy operation, kept pigs and poultry, and grew some grain. She also owned the land locally known as the 960, north of Vineys, and ran a herd of Aberdeen Angus cattle there.

Mrs. Little's husband, from whom she was separated, was a veterinarian. Her stepmother and half sister lived with her for a while before she sold the farm and moved to Calgary.

Mrs. Little was well educated, and could speak seven languages.

THE ALONZO MacFARLANE FAMILY — as related by their daughter, Dora Zang

The Alonzo MacFarlane family came from Amherst, Nova Scotia. Mr. and Mrs. MacFarlane had a large family, 21 children having been born to them at Hillsborough, New Brunswick. Only 14 reached adulthood, and two of these died as young men, their deaths being attributed to the damp climate of the seacoast. For this reason, in 1910, Alfretta MacFarlane, accompanied by her youngest daughter Dora, came West to join her married sons Cory and Herbert and their families, in Alberta, to determine whether the drier climate of the prairies might be a healthier place to raise their family. A year later she was joined by her husband and six more of their children, Jessie, Jennie, Fanny, George, Charlie and Percy. Three other children remained in Nova Scotia.

When Mr. MacFarlane and his family were due to arrive in Cochrane, Cory drove in to meet them with a team and democrat. No one arrived, so he returned home. The family had taken a later train, and when they arrived a few hours later and found no one to meet them, they set out to walk to the farm. After an hour or so of walking they found themselves on the shore of a lake. By this time it was pouring with rain, and while making their way around the Cochrane Lakes they encountered a large herd of cattle. The curious beasts didn't know what to make of the umbrellas the women were carrying, and when the animals started following them the women were terrified. After stopping for directions and a short rest at the Coatsworth farm, they finally made the rest of the journey. Although very tired and wet they reached their destination around midnight. It was not the most pleasant welcome to their new home, yet they were happy to be reunited once again.

Cory's homesteader shack was fairly bursting at the seams with such a large family but the older children soon found work on various farms in the area. The rest of the family lived for a time at the home of Jack Peppard, a bachelor to the east of Cory's place, who was away working, and offered them the use of his house until they could

Mr. and Mrs. A. MacFarlane.

find a farm to rent. Following this the family lived for some time on the Webber homestead and later still on the Sam Cressman place before moving to the Horse Creek area in 1915. There they occupied a farm, the W½ 32-26-4-5, owned by W. Hutchinson Sr. They made their home there until Mr. MacFarlane's death in 1928. Following his passing, Mrs. MacFarlane went to live with her daughter Dora and her husband. She passed away in 1942 and is buried beside her husband in a family plot in the Cochrane Cemetery.

Dora Zang has a vivid recollection of the time in 1910 when she and her mother arrived in Calgary. They were tired and dirty after travelling for almost a week by train across Canada,

The MacFarlane house, still a familiar landmark on the Cochrane-Cremona road.

and registered at a hotel across from the C.P.R. station. The room given them proved to be above the saloon and as the evening progressed, it became quite rowdy down below. They barricaded their lock-less door with the bureau and tried to get some rest, only to find, when the light was put out, that their room was infested with bedbugs.

The MacFarlanes raised a few beef cattle and milked eight or ten good Holstein cows. Mrs. MacFarlane sewed almost all the clothes for her family on a sewing machine brought out with them from Nova Scotia. This machine, along with an old pendulum clock also brought with them, still remain as family treasures to this day.

Besides being hard working, they were also a fun-loving family and were very fond of dancing. They thought nothing of driving miles to an entertainment, be it dance, box social, or card party. Barn dances were very popular. Box socials were a very effective means of raising money for some worthwhile cause and boxes were known to be auctioned off for as much as ten or fifteen dollars, in a time when money was scarce.

The family grew up and married and all made their homes in the West. Herbert worked for W. Hutchinson for a time. He and his family moved to Cereal, Alberta, and later to Vermilion, where they lived until his death in 1967. He and his wife had one daughter.

Charlie served with the Canadian Army Overseas during the First War and was one of the few to survive the battle at Vimy Ridge. He returned with an English war bride; they made their home first in Cochrane, and later in Calgary, until his death in 1966. They had one son and three daughters.

Jessie married Jack Peppard.

Jenny married Harry Cressman and they farmed in the Cochrane Lakes district; Dora married Julius Zang, and they farmed in Horse Creek.

Percy served Overseas with the Canadian Army in the First War, and after the War he purchased the old Cory MacFarlane homestead from the Soldier Settlement Board. Later he gave up farming to become a carpenter. He went to practice his trade in Olds, Alberta, where he married and continued to live until his retirement, at which time he and his wife moved to Chilliwack, British Columbia, where they still reside. They had one daughter.

George lived at home for some years, later going to Powell River, British Columbia, where he was employed in a papermill. There, where he still resides, he married and raised a family of three sons.

Fanny only lived a short time in the Cochrane area. She married, and has spent most of her life in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan.

THE CORY MacFARLANE FAMILY

Cory and Mabel MacFarlane and their young daughter, Augusta, came out West from Amherst, Nova Scotia, in 1904. After two years spent in the Chestermere Lake area east of Calgary, they came to Cochrane. Here they homesteaded about eight miles north of the Village on the road to Bottrel. Their homestead was the SW¼ 14-27-4-5. Some years later they purchased the SE¼ of the same Section.

The Cory MacFarlanes were accompanied on their trip West by a brother, Herbert, and his wife, and they lived with them on the homestead for some time. Four or five years later they were joined by Cory and Herbert's parents and seven of their brothers and sisters.

Eventually the small house was replaced by a two-storey building which still stands as a familiar landmark on the modern highway to Cremona. This home was the scene of many happy gatherings, for Cory, as well as other members of the family, was very fond of music and dancing. The Cory MacFarlanes were one of the first families in the area to own a Model T Ford.

They continued to farm the homestead until after the First World War, when they sold their land to the Soldier Settlement Board and moved to a farm west of Airdrie, where they carried on a successful farming operation until Cory's death in 1947.

Following her husband's death, Mabel made her home in Calgary until she passed away in 1974, while visiting her only son, Roy, who is married and living in Ontario. Augusta is married and lives in Florida.

JOE MAHOOD AND THE MAHOOD FAMILY

In the spring of 1938 Joe Mahood moved from Springbank to a farm on the Bottrel road ten miles north of Cochrane; this section of land was known as the Dr. Waite place. The first trip up the Big Hill was a fearful experience. Joe drove the tractor. His sister Bertha and a friend, Frances Monkman, drove a small herd of cattle the thirty miles. They had spent the night at a farm near the bridge, on the south side of the Bow River.

In June the Mahoods met most of the neighbors at the Weedon School picnic that was held annually in a park-like setting on the southeast quarter of the farm. The nearest neighbors were Webbs to the west, Warners east, Peppards south and Mortimer Brothers in the coulee to the north. Mrs. Little lived diagonally across the road to the northwest. As newcomers, the assistance of threshing gangs at harvest time was appreciated; in the winter others helped haul logs from the bush. Two of Joe's sisters, Suzanne and Bertha, taught consecutively at Weedon School, just across the road west and about ⅛ of a mile north of their home.

In 1940 Joe enlisted as a mechanic in the R.C.A.F. A year later while stationed at Claresholm, Alberta, he trained as a pilot and graduated as a pilot instructor. The last year of the war he was Overseas with the Pathfinders.

During Joe's absence, his father operated the farm. He had been active building and improving the place. Two younger sons, Sam and Billy, attended Weedon School. They were interested in raising ducks on the sloughs. Once, a sudden storm drove the mother duck off a nest she had hidden among the shrubs, the eggs were covered with inches of hail, but she returned to her nest and hatched the ducklings in a day or two.

When Joe returned from the War, he chose to continue his aviation career. His father and mother retired to Aldergrove, British Columbia, and the farm was sold to Frank Dwelle.

In the spring of 1946 the Cochrane Flying Club was formed by Eustace Bowhay, Joe Mahood, Robbie Webb and Bill Andison, all of Cochrane. Together they purchased a two-passenger Aeronca Champion plane from Chinook Flying Service of Calgary. The airfield was one mile west and half a mile south of Cochrane in a level field near a gravel pit on Boothby's farm. Here they built a hangar.

Others from the locality that joined the club, took instruction and received their pilot's licenses were Barbara Webb, Dahl Sperry, and John Henderson. Victor Watson from Airdrie also took flying lessons.

The first winter, the club participated in coyote hunts. Eustace Bowhay excelled at this. Sheep farmers appreciated the decrease in the number of these predators.

In 1948 Joe worked with the Chinook Flying Club in Calgary. A year later he accepted a position as pilot for Canadian Superior Oils in Edmonton. Later he was transferred to Calgary where he is personnel manager for the same company.

THE McLINTOCK FAMILY — by Wm. McLintock

The McLintock family consisted of three members, my father, John, and sons John Jr. and I (William), all born at Barrhead, Renfrewshire, Scotland.

The family left Barrhead in April 1907, fully intending to take up residence in New Zealand, with stop-overs in Rhode Island, U.S.A. and Cochrane, for the purpose of visiting relatives in each area.

We arrived in Cochrane in August 1907, and visited with Alex Crawford, an uncle of my father, who had filed on his homestead, the NE¼ 10-27-4-5 at an earlier date. Canada appealed to the family, with the result that the original intention of proceeding to New Zealand was abandoned, and Cochrane became our home.

My father filed on the SW¼ 12-27-4-5 in 1908, and a year or so later I filed on the NW¼ 10-27-4-5. These quarters, and that of my uncle, are all in the Weedon district. Father lived on the

homestead until 1921, when he took up residence in Calgary, and lived there until his death in 1943.

After leaving Cochrane in 1913, I spent the next forty-four years in Alberta, first at Erskine, then Calgary and Lethbridge. My wife and I now live at White Rock, British Columbia.

My brother left Cochrane in 1915 for Overseas duty in the first War, and when he returned to Canada, resided in Calgary for two or three years before moving to Chicago and later to Buenos Aires. He and his wife make their home now at Mar del Plata, Argentina.

I married Estella White of Cochrane in 1915. We have three daughters, Claudia (Mrs. D. J. Card) of Lethbridge, Estella (Mrs. J. Barton) of South Surrey, British Columbia, and Janette (Mrs. W. Roy) of Edmonton, Alberta.

MORTIMER BROTHERS — by Jo Hutchinson

Gerald and Victor Mortimer came to Cochrane from Yorkshire, England, and filed on homesteads in what was later the Weedon district. It is not known whether or not their brother Edwin came to Cochrane at the same time, but he filed on a homestead on the NE¼ 26-27-4-5, receiving his Grant for the land in 1901. Gerald received his Grant for his homestead, the SE¼ 34-27-4-5 in 1906, and Victor received his Grant for the adjoining SW¼ in 1909. Edwin sold his quarter to Gerald in 1913 and moved to British Columbia. Gerald and Victor made their home on this land. Beaver Dam Creek flows through what is still known as Mortimer Coulee, and an exceptionally strong spring gushes out near the building site. Mr. and Mrs. Reg Munro are the present owners of this land.

Gerald generally did the business and made the trips to town. Since Victor preferred to stay home and do most of the farm work, he was not as well known as his older brother. Both were well-educated, well-read men, who enjoyed a good discussion. It would often be past midnight before Gerald turned his horse and buggy towards home following a Sunday dinner with friends, where, to quote him, he enjoyed "Good food well served, and good talk well seasoned."

Gerald was an exceptionally fine cook. He was patient, precise and thorough in everything he did and his cooking reflected these qualities.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Mortimer. Taken in England during the late 1940s.

One neighbour recalls seeing him stir the gently simmering porridge for exactly one hour before serving. He picked berries and bottled quantities of fruit. However, he bought his jam — always strawberry — by the case. Andison's store in Cochrane had a standing order for Mortimers when it came to strawberry jam.

Like many homesteaders of his day, Gerald was concerned about the lack of educational opportunities for the settlers' children. He was instrumental in the formation of the Weedon

School district and served as Secretary-Treasurer on the School Board for many years. When the Calgary School Division No. 41 was formed in 1938, he was appointed as the representative for division 5 and served in that capacity for several years.

The Mortimer Brothers carried on a mixed farming operation, but specialized in poultry. Gerald hauled eggs to Cochrane for many years, often spending the night at Perrenouds en route home. In later years he shipped eggs to Calgary. Raising chicks, keeping a flock of hens and shipping eggs in the 1920s bore little resemblance to egg production in the 1970s, but perhaps the whims of broody hens were less frustrating than those of our marketing boards!

When Gerald and Victor sold their farm about 1946, they decided to see a little of Canada prior to returning to England to retire. They drove to Banff and liked the mountain scenery so much that they took a train trip to Vancouver and thoroughly enjoyed it.

Shortly after they arrived in England, Gerald wrote to his friend Harry Viney. The letter read in part, "Six days following disembarking, I called on the lady with whom I have corresponded for forty years and visited once in that time. A fortnight later we were married." Many happy letters followed in the next several years in which Gerald wrote descriptive and amusing accounts of the extensive bus tours which he and his wife, and occasionally Victor, enjoyed throughout England and the Continent. In later years, both men suffered from severe arthritis; Gerald was so crippled as to need crutches, but this did not deter him from his travels.

Gerald passed away in the late 1950s. Victor, who lived with his sister following his return to England, continued corresponding with Cochrane friends until his death a few years later.

The people who grew up in the Cochrane area are richer for the immeasurable contributions toward education made during nearly half a century of dedicated effort by Gerald Mortimer, and, indirectly, by his brother Victor. My memories of Gerald and Victor are that they were cultured gentlemen.

CHARLES NORGATE

Charles Norgate homesteaded the NE¼ 32-27-4-5 and received the Patent to the land in 1911. He sold out to E. E. Paterson in 1919.

Note: Homesteaders were often very short of money. Several early settlers of the area borrowed money from King Edward VII in order to buy their seed grain. Dave Argo took out a Seed Grain Bond with the King from April 1908, to April 1910, to secure $21.25 at 5%. A number of other homesteaders borrowed similar amounts at that time.

MARK HENRY O'NEIL — by Jo Hutchinson

Mark O'Neil grew up on his parents' farm near Conway, Missouri. As a young man he answered the call to "Go West" and homesteaded in the State of Washington. He gradually built up a good farm, then sold out and moved to Nanton, Alberta, about the year 1900. While farming at Nanton, he purchased seven or more quarters of land north of Cochrane from the C.P.R. He received title to the NW, NE, and SE quarters of Section 23, the NW¼ 13, and the SW¼ 25, all in Township 26-4-5, and the N½ 13-27-4-5, in 1910.

Mr. O'Neil moved to the Cochrane area around 1920. He added to his holdings considerably, and lived at several places before finally establishing his home on the SW¼ 26-26-4-5, which, along with the adjoining SE¼, he purchased in 1925.

He was an extremely hard worker, a good manager and a successful farmer. He was a careful businessman, and is remembered as a very fair dealer. One of his farms, now the property of Mrs. Warner, was locally known as "The Circle." This is because he always cultivated and cropped the land in a circular pattern, partly due to the lay of the land.

Mr. O'Neil never married. He passed away in 1937 and his remains were forwarded to Conway, Missouri, for burial in the family plot.

Mrs. Woodard, Mr. O'Neil's housekeeper, and her sons, Louis and Leonard, returned to the United States following his death.

EARL E. PATERSON

Earl Paterson homesteaded the SW¼ 32-27-4-5, and later bought the NE and SE quarters of the same section. He sold his land to Robert White. J. C. Boyd was the first registered owner of the SE¼ of 32, which is Mr. and Mrs. White's home quarter.

THE JOHN PEPPARD STORY — by his son, Ernest

My father, John Peppard, was born in Great Village, Nova Scotia, in 1873. He came to the Cochrane district prior to 1910, having spent a few years in the Klondike during the Gold Rush. He worked at Murphy's Livery Stable and Quigley's Sawmill before taking up a homestead about nine miles north of Cochrane on the NE¼ 14-27-4-5. He married Jessie MacFarlane in 1914. She had come West from the Maritimes with her parents in 1911.

The farm buildings were constructed of lumber from Quigley's Sawmill and were situated at the foot of a big hill which gave shelter from the north wind. A forty foot well was dug to supply water.

My parents milked cows, raised a few hogs and a few horses, as well as chickens and turkeys. We always planted a couple of acres of potatoes and the crop was sold all over the country for seed and table use. They were of extremely fine quality. We raised other vegetables, too,

The Jack Peppard family, 1935.

The Peppard family harvesting the potato crop, 1941. First day in the patch yielded 36 sacks.

winning many prizes with them at the Cochrane and District Agricultural Fair.

Father was an expert woodsman, and hauled his firewood and fencing materials from the bush area some ten miles to the northwest.

My mother loved to dance and she passed this talent on to her eight daughters. She was a clever seamstress and put her ability to good use, clothing a large family through hard times.

Our nearest neighbours were the Cory MacFarlanes, the Anthony Dawsons on the road to the west, and the Al Rabys, who lived northeast of us.

We children all attended Weedon School, which was built in 1910; some forty years later it was moved to Heritage Park in Calgary as an example of a typical country schoolhouse. My father was a trustee on the Weedon School Board for a number of years. He was also a director of the Cochrane and District Agricultural Fair.

Father supplemented the family income from his farming operations by maintaining the Township 27 section of the Bottrel road.

Our only means of transportation was a horse-drawn wagon or democrat in fine weather, and in winter a sleigh. We did not have a telephone or a car until the Second World War. For many years we made weekly trips to Cochrane with cream and eggs to trade for groceries and to get our mail. In later years we did have mail delivery, first by Billy Johnson and later by Bob Hogarth.

We were a large family, eight girls and two boys. I was the eldest. I married Eva Whittle, we have a son and a daughter, and live in Calgary. My oldest sister, Myrtle, who was the surviving child of twins, married Harold Garriott. They have twelve children, eight daughters and four sons, six of whom are married. At present they reside in Keremeos, British Columbia. Bertha married Alex Holstein and they have two daughters. Bertha died of polio during the 1952 epidemic. Mildred married Bruce Monkman. They live in Calgary and have two married daughters. Elma and her husband Robert Brewer live in Rocky Mountain House, Alberta. Their family, of two sons and a daughter, are all married. Olive married Jim Howes and they live in Cochrane. Their family consists of a married son, two married daughters and a younger daughter at home. Russell married Sheila Van Eaton and they live at Caroline, Alberta, with their two sons and one daughter. Laura lives at Pt. Roberts, Washington. Irene and her husband, Harry Basaraba, live in Calgary with their family of two sons and two daughters. Annie, the youngest in the family, married Bruce Price and they live in Picton, Ontario, with their two daughters and two sons.

My father died in 1946 and my mother in 1966. They were laid to rest in Queen's Park Cemetery, Calgary.

THE RABY FAMILY — by Muriel Holteen

George Raby and his eldest son, William, came to Cochrane in 1905. They came to look for homestead land, and after making their homestead applications, they returned to their home in Wingham, Ontario, to get Mrs. Raby and the rest of the family. The Raby family consisted of five sons, William, Clarence, Harry, James and Alvin, and one daughter, Laura. She did not come West with the family.

Alvin and James took up homesteads two miles east of the Weedon School; Alvin's land was the NE¼ 24-27-4-5, and James filed on the NW¼ of the same section. William filed on the NE¼ 2 in the same Township, and George settled on the NW¼ 2. William took over his father's homestead when his parents moved into Cochrane. George and William operated a livery stable in Cochrane for several years. In 1919 George and his wife moved to Victoria, British Columbia, where they lived until they passed away.

William, Clarence and James joined the Army in World War I, and they all served Overseas. William married Elsie Cleaver and they moved to Exshaw, where they lived until William retired. Then they moved to Calgary. Clarence married Augusta MacFarlane. They lived in Calgary for a short time and then moved to Powell River, British Columbia. Harry

The Raby family: Clarence, Harry, Alvin, Jim and Will, Mr. and Mrs. Raby.

Mrs. Alvin Raby, Muriel, Eddy and Ken.

Alvin Raby.

married Grace Hockely and they moved to Powell River. James married Myrtle Webster and they lived in Banff.

The only one of the Raby family left in Cochrane was my dad, Alvin. He worked for a time at the Cochrane brickyard, and also delivered mail to Dog Pound from Cochrane. He married Gertrude Filman, who had come from Aldershot, Ontario, and was boarding at Cory MacFarlanes. Dad and Mother moved out to their homestead in 1916. They had three children, myself, Edgar and Kenneth. Edgar and I went to Weedon School for a few years. In 1928 we moved into Cochrane.

Those were wonderful years on the farm; the neighbors were all so friendly, and we enjoyed the country entertainments — school picnics, card parties and dances. Our neighbors included the Hellands, Milligans, Webbs, Demerts, Woodards, Peppards and Laings.

Dad went to work for the Department of Highways during the summer months, and in the winter he took care of the skating rink and the curling rink. Finally he was hired on as permanent help with the Department of Highways, and remained with them until he passed away in 1955. Mother passed away in 1973.

I finished high school in Cochrane and took nurse's training at Lamont, Alberta, graduating as a Registered Nurse in 1935. I married Ian MacDonald, and we had one daughter. Ian passed away in 1970, and I remarried. My husband, Douglas Holteen, and I reside in Calgary.

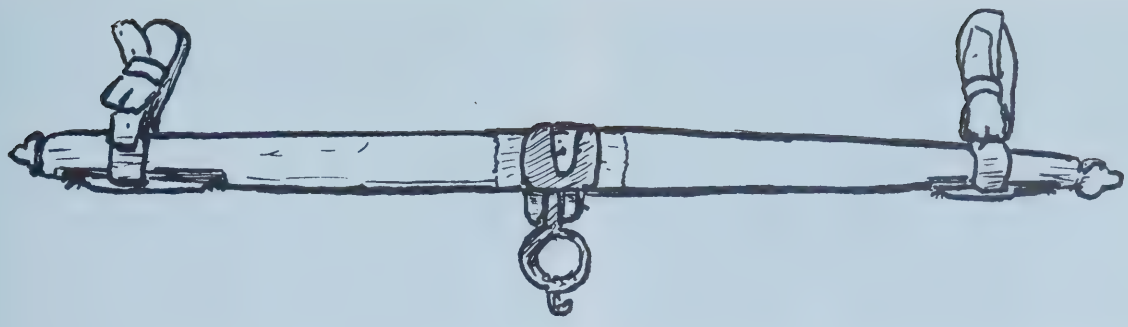
Edgar married Annie Young from Swalwell, and they had two children, Florence and Keith. After Edgar came back from Overseas service in World War II, he took over the Imperial Oil Agency in Cochrane from Charles Grayson, and operated it for several years. He is now a guard at the R.C.M.P. Barracks in Cochrane.

Kenneth also served Overseas in World War II. On his return to Cochrane, he married Ann Howes. They had two children, Mark and Roxine. Kenneth worked for Shell Oil for a number of years.

THE WARNER STORY — as told by Mrs. Warner

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Warner and their six children moved from Conway, Missouri, to Cochrane in the spring of 1938. The family moved to the farm, east of Weedon School, which had been left to Roy by his uncle, Mark O'Neil. They travelled in a car and a truck, loaded with the family's possessions. The journey took ten days, however for three days the Warners were forced to shelter in a vacant house near Lincoln, Nebraska, during a terrible blizzard. Fortunately they had bedding and groceries with them, and managed to heat the house with a brooder stove and some coal which they found there.

Mr. and Mrs. Warner were married in 1914, and lived on their farm near the Ozark Mountains until they moved to Cochrane. They raised chickens, kept a few cows, grew bedding plants for sale and sold vegetables to a nearby cannery. Once, Mrs. Warner recalls, her husband planted part of the garden area to turnips. They did so poorly that they were left in the ground come winter. The next year those turnips all went to seed. Roy had a good tight wagonbox, so he and the children carefully cut off the ripe seed heads and flailed them in the wagonbox. The seed was sold for about one hundred dollars; those turnips turned to gold!



Times were very hard, but as Mrs. Warner says, "I was never used to a lot, so I knew how to make do." Her cousin once sent her a box of old clothes to make over for the children. Included was an old suit, worn shiny but otherwise still good. Mrs. Warner turned the suit so that her son Burrel could have something to wear to a wedding. The result was a nice looking suit, except that the buttons were on the wrong side!

When the Warners moved to Cochrane their eldest son, George, was 22. Nova, Martha May, Burrel and William were also through school; Norma attended school at Weedon and Cochrane. Mark and Ronald were born after the family's move to Cochrane. After World War Two started, George returned to the United States and joined the U.S. Army. Burrel and William also returned to the land of their birth and both joined the Merchant Marines. All were in Active Service and returned safely.

George, Burrel and William live in Missouri, Norma lives in California, while Nova and Martha May both live in Alaska. Mark married Helen Begg; they have four children and farm in the Weedon area. Ronald is a partner in a trail riding business in Banff.

Roy Warner passed away in 1969. Mrs. Warner lives in her lovely new home on the farm. She has 23 grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. Her busy life through the years is summed up by her statement, "I have a lot to be thankful for."

THE CHARLES WEBB FAMILY — by Robbie Webb

My father, Charles Webb, was born in Birmingham, England. He immigrated to Ontario in the 1890s, obtained some schooling there and learned the blacksmith trade. He followed his trade, working at sawmills and railroad construction, including work on the first rail line in the Crows Nest Pass.

At some time in Father's career, he went on harvesting excursions to the Dakotas. This is where he met his future wife, Annie Clark, who with her parents had come originally from Devonshire, England. Her parents, the Henry Clarks, later moved from Crystal, North Dakota, to settle near Leduc, Alberta. After the death of his wife, my grandfather came to live with my parents. He passed away at Cochrane and is buried in the Cochrane Cemetery.

After my parents were married they came to Calgary, about the year 1902, then went to Crossfield, where my father opened a blacksmith shop. I was born in Crossfield in 1906, and a year later my parents took up a homestead on the NW¼ 22-27-4-5, in what was later the Weedon district. Sometime later my father bought the adjoining quarter to the south, which had been homesteaded by Mr. Timmins. Logs and rough lumber were bought from the Quigley sawmill in the bush about twelve miles northwest, and a house, barn, chicken house and blacksmith shop were soon built. Water supply was of course essential, and obtaining it proved to be a very arduous task. Although the land in

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Webb on the left, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Webb and Tom Quigley.

Robbie, Mary and Harry, the three oldest children of Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Webb, in 1916.

the Weedon area is generally level, with rich productive soil, it has for many years been nicknamed "The Desert" because of the depth of underground streams and lack of springs. Mr. Hammond hand dug my folks' well and obtained a good supply of water at a depth of 110 feet. Well digging was slow hard work, both for the man down the hole and his partner who had to pull up the buckets of dirt. Quite often it was the homesteader's wife who did that. Cave-ins of the hole had to be prevented with a cribbing of rough lumber or poles.

The Mounties patrolled what was in those years, miles of unfenced land, and periodically rode in to the different settlers' places to get acquainted and to obtain food and lodging. They paid about thirty-five cents for a meal and a dollar for overnight accommodation for themselves and their horses, all by government cheque.

The first few years that my parents were on the farm were very wet. There were lakes and muskegs where now there is solid ground. Grain and potatoes did not mature well, but there was ample prairie wool available to be cut for wintering the livestock. Gradually more ground was broken, the seasons became more frost-free, and good grain was grown. About 1918 my father bought a small threshing machine. It was made in Quebec, and built mostly of hardwood and driven by a ten horsepower engine which weighed about a ton. Each machine was mounted on a running gear and moved around by teams of horses. Many farmers' crops were threshed by this outfit as it was one of the first in the district. My father used it to do custom work for several years.

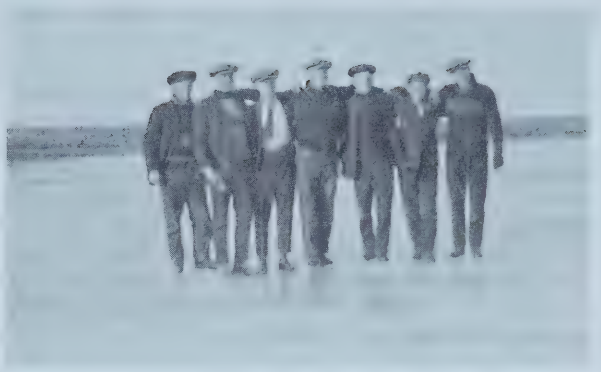
In 1918 my father bought his first automobile, a Model T. At this time many more made their appearance in the district. Tom Quigley was the Ford Agent in Cochrane. Another milestone was the purchase, in 1925, of our first tractor, a second-hand Titan, then a new John Deere and a modern threshing machine. For the first time, most of the farm work was being done with a tractor.

Weedon School was the centre of the district's social and other activities. Church services, Sunday School classes, political meetings, dances, whist drives, school meetings, ball games, box socials, the Christmas concert — all were held at the school. Of course there was the annual Weedon picnic at the end of June, usually held at Mortimer Coulee. It was the midsummer counterpart of the Christmas concert, for it was a chance for neighbours and friends from far and wide to have a visit. The children had a great time — competitions of all sorts, lots of ice cream cones, and if you were lucky, you might

Charlie Webb and Johnny Boothby.

find lost nickels in the long grass by the concession booth!

My parents had a family of four: myself, Mary, Harry and Violet. I went into the trucking business for some years after I left the farm and then went into partnership with John Milligan, operating the Webb and Milligan Garage, formerly owned by Clem Colgan. I married Barbara Waddy of Calgary and we have one daughter, Shirley (Mrs. Lorne Helmig). Mary trained as a nurse during the early 1930s, and married Alex Easton. They have a daughter and a son. Harry farmed the home place until he sold it in 1969 and retired to Creston, British Columbia. Violet married Norman Easton and they have a son and a daughter.



Bill Webb, Frank Whittle, Harry Webb, Ollie Rushfeldt, George Webb, Otto Dawson and Robbie Webb at a skating party.

W. H. WEBB FAMILY — by George Webb

Dad came to Canada from England in 1905, along with Sam Timmins and Alf Elkins. My uncle Charlie was already over here. The four of them homesteaded Section 22-27-4-5. Dad's was the NE¼ 22-27-4-5. They hauled logs from the bush north of the homestead to build their houses. The logs were hauled with team and wagon. When each one of them finished their house, they sent for their family to come over. Mother and the children arrived in 1906, the children were, Florence, Charlie, Ethel, George and Harry. At that time Harry was the baby. Billy, Dorothy and Alfred were born in Canada.

There were no roads, fences, or telephones; money was mighty scarce, but we had real good neighbors. Each family took turns going to town for supplies, which was usually once a month.

Alf Elkins thought it was too hard a life. He gave up his homestead, moved to Calgary and started a bakery. Louis Blow took over his land. When Sam Timmins got title to his land he moved to Calgary. Shortly after, Dad sold our quarter to my uncle Charlie and we moved to Calgary. Dad worked in Calgary until 1917, came back to the Weedon area, bought the Sam Timmins quarter and started farming all over again. My sister, Florence, married Tom Quigley, Charlie went Overseas with the 113th Battalion and the twins, Alfred and Dorothy, passed away. In the early twenties, Lily, who had been residing in Vancouver, passed away. Our family was getting smaller all the time. Ethel married Joe Fleenor, they lived in Calgary for a few years and then moved to a farm in the Weedon area. Harry and Bill never married and they are still on the homestead.

Harry and Jenny Webb with their sons, George, Bill and Harry, in 1916.

Our water supply came from the sloughs. We used this water until we could get a well dug. Digging of wells was all done by pick and shovel, going to a depth of 90 to 110 feet to get water.

In those days people were closer to one another, helping each other and certainly not trying to outdo each other; every one was struggling to build a good life and they found enjoyment doing it.

My first job I remember well, it was working for Lars Heland. He had Section 27-27-4-5 rented from Frank Smith, who lived at Champion, Alberta. I drove eight head of horses on a brush breaker, walking behind the plough; there was no seat on it so I had very little choice. I broke 100 acres, starting at 4:30 a.m. and stopping at 8:00 p.m. For that I received forty dollars per month. The next year I went to work for Bill McGlashing, who had opened the old Bonnie Brae mine again. We were going to get rich for sure. The mine was on the south side of the Bow River, near the Crawford place. We put a year and a half in there. Tom Zuccolo hauled the timbers for it, we went down four hundred feet and it flooded. We all had to go and find other work, planning to go back in the fall, but we never did.

I went to work for Walter Hutchinson. I stayed there for three years. He had the biggest hay rack I had ever seen; nine feet wide eighteen feet long with four foot stakes. We loaded this rack, using the four tined pitchfork. One day we would haul three loads and the next day four loads. I did this seven days a week all winter

long. Art Coburn was working at Hutchinsons too; we never thought about coffee breaks or the eight hour day, we were so glad to have a job. One incident I remember well, about 1925 Harvey Adams, a cattle buyer, came out and bought all of the calves. We had to drive the cows and calves to the stockyards in Cochrane and separate them. There being no trucks then, driving was the easiest way to handle them. We got them separated and drove the cows back to the ranch. The next morning the cows were scattered from the ranch to Cochrane. We spent a week looking for cows and I don't think we ever got them all back.

In 1928 I went to work for Sibbald Motors in Cochrane. In 1930 I married Eleanor Rushfeldt. R. B. Bennett was Prime Minister then and I think he was the only Prime Minister to keep his promise. He said if he were elected he would have Canada on its feet in sixty days; within thirty days there were thousands walking across the country looking for work.

Over the years we had four children, Arnold, Kathleen, Orvil and Sharon. Arnold married Mary Young, Kathleen married Roy Line, Orvil married Marian Bell and Sharon married Ray Lambert.

WEEDON SCHOOL

Weedon School was built on a two acre site in the northeast corner of the northeast quarter of 22-27-4-5. The land was donated by W. H. Webb. The school was erected by Mr. and Mrs. Jim Andison, who lived in a tent while working on the building. Lumber and other materials were bought from Sid Chester and hauled by team and wagon from Cochrane by district residents, who also helped in the school's construction.

The school's name was chosen by Mr. J. K. Hammond, who homesteaded across the road on the SE¼ of 28. Mr. Hammond came from the town of Weedon, in Northampton, England. The first members of the School Board are not known, but Gerald Mortimer served as secretary of the Weedon School District from its establishment in 1909 or 1910 until the formation of the Calgary School Division in 1938.

Weedon School opened in 1910. Miss Ford was the first teacher. Other teachers at Weedon during the first ten years of operation, not necessarily in order, were Mr. Chisholm, Miss Barnes, Miss James, Miss Scout, Miss Bevan, Miss Sutherland, Miss Borton, Miss Coombs, and Mrs. Stone. It is regrettable that no information about these teachers is available, so that more recognition of their contributions to the community and education could be made. Harry Webb recalls his first teacher, Miss Coombs, as being young, jolly and very English. She used to hold him by the chin and tease him about his missing front teeth!

Miss Hall taught at Weedon in 1921, followed the next year by Miss Normington; Mr. Wray completed the 1922-23 school year as teacher. Mrs. Lilian Easton taught from 1923 until June of 1925. She is recalled as being very strict, but an excellent teacher. It is not to be assumed, however, that other teachers at Weedon were lax in carrying out their duties. The enrollment was generally large, and anyone who ever attended or taught at a country school knows that the teacher faced a tremendous task each day as he or she instructed children from six to sixteen

Weedon School, north of Cochrane, January 1913, moved to Heritage Park in Calgary, 1964.

The first pupils at Weedon School, 1910. Those in the picture include Leslie and Len Blow, Alvin, Earl and Leah Bingaman, and the teacher, Miss Ford.

Edmonton, Friday, April 15, 1910.

Notice is hereby given, in accordance with the provisions of The School Ordinance in that behalf, that the Minister of Education has authorized the Board of Trustees of The Weedon School District No. 1780 of the Province of Alberta, to borrow the sum of One thousand dollars, upon the security of the said District, for the purpose of purchasing and improving a school site, building and furnishing a school house, erecting out-buildings and sinking a well.

Treasurer's address: W. J. Whitfield, Cochrane.

D. S. MacKenzie,
Deputy Minister of Education.

THE ALBERTA GAZETTE

years, in nine or more levels of school work. Discipline was often a problem, too, especially if some of the pupils were almost the same age as the instructor. This was often the case; girls of seventeen were frequently in charge of country schools, where boys and girls of sixteen were in attendance.

Miss Kathleen Lundy taught at Weedon in 1926-27 and 1927-28. She later married Frank Whittle. There were two teachers in the 1928-29 school year, Miss Dorothy Parker and Miss Gladys Ranger. Miss Ranger continued as Weedon's teacher during the next year. She was succeeded by Thomas Cadman in September 1930. He remained in the district until the end of the fall term.

Oliver Reed came to teach at Weedon in January 1931, and remained in the district as a popular teacher until June 1934. He lived on the Dawson place and drove an old Star sedan. It is doubtful that he ever drove very far, as his salary in the depths of the Depression was little enough to buy the necessities of life, let alone gasoline. Mr. Reed moved to Kelowna, B.C. and went into the insurance business. He continued to reside in Kelowna until his death. During the time that Mr. Reed taught at Weedon, some rather stormy meetings were held in the school. The plan for Alberta's economic salvation that Wm. Aberhart was promoting caused heated debates whenever a gathering took place. The Depression and Social Credit were on the minds of most Albertans at that time, whether viewed favorably or otherwise!

Melvin Carrico, from Carstairs, Alberta, taught at Weedon from September 1934 until June 1936. He boarded at Mrs. Little's for at least part of the time. He was succeeded by Mr. Inman, who also taught for two years. He is remembered for having assisted at least one promising pupil in obtaining a high school education, and becoming a teacher. Education usually stopped for rural children at Grade Nine before the advent of school buses and consolidated schools.

Miss Suzanne Mahood taught from September 1938 until June 1940, and was succeeded for one year by her sister, Miss Bertha Mahood. Miss Lorna Beales, who boarded at Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Webb's home, came to teach in September 1941. She married Stan Melling during the fall and resigned at Christmas. She is presently living in Calgary. Mrs. Gladys Winters of Langdon, Alberta, taught from January 1942 until the end of the school year. Miss Mavis Gainer of Cochrane, now Mrs. Kenneth Becker of Rocky Mountain House, Alberta, was the last teacher in 1942-43.

For thirty-three years Weedon School had been the heart of the community; when its doors were closed in June 1943 an era was ended. School buses transported the children of the district to Cochrane School until the opening of Westbrook Consolidated School in 1952.

The only records of Weedon School that remain are nine registers, presently in the Glenbow Archives. The families represented during nine of the years from 1923 to 1943 are as follows: Beard, Brysh, Clarke, Dawson, Dunningham, Easton, Fleenor, Fraser, Grisedale, Helland, Henderson, Holstein, Keene, Krowchuk, MacFarlane, Mahood, Milligan, Pabuda, Peppard, Raby, Von Stetton, Warner, Webb, White, and Woodard.

The Weedon teachers boarded at a number of homes in the district over the years. In the early years, the Bingamans generally provided a boarding place; the Charlie Webbs, the Harry Webbs and the Dawsons also made homes for the district teachers, depending upon which family had a spare room at their house. Accommodations were simple, but it was considered an honor to board the teacher, who was accepted as a member of the family. Janitor work at the school was generally done by one of the bigger boys. The Bingaman boys lit the fire and cleaned the school for the first few years of the school's operation; later janitors included the Webb boys and the Holsteins. It was a cold, miserable job in the winter, for which the pay was a pittance. Lighting the fire early in the morning after a cold ride from home, stoking during the day, hauling the ashes out, splitting kindling and wood,

sweeping the floor, were all part of the janitor's duties.

In 1964 the school and horse barn were bought by the Glenbow Foundation. The buildings were moved to Heritage Park, Calgary, in April 1964. Weedon School is now a monument to the past.

ROBERT AND FREDA WHITE

Robert (Scotty) White was born in Killiemore, in the Parish of Penninghame, Wigtownshire, Scotland, on June 21, 1889. He came to Canada in 1908 on board the S.S. Athenia and went to Margaret, Manitoba, to join his brother who had immigrated to Canada several years earlier. Later Robert came to Alberta and worked at first driving a 16 mule team transporting railway supplies, donkey engines, dump cars, and shovels, from Rocky Mountain House to Brazeau. Later he tried to join the Police Force at Red Deer but was rejected because he was one half inch short of the height requirement of six feet.

He went to Calgary in 1910 and worked with a survey crew that was surveying the Bow River in preparation for the construction of the Center Street Bridge which was built in 1916. Later he went to work for Rev. J. M. Foulton on his ranch at Indus. While there Robert bought a half section of land at Indus. In 1917 James Richards Sr., of Morley, built him a large barn which is still standing today, sturdy and in good repair.

In 1912, Freda Phyllis Bryant, who was born in the district of Westbury, Bristol, Gloucestershire, England, on March 20, 1898, came to Canada with her parents, three brothers, two sisters, and her maternal grandmother. At the age of 20, Freda went to work as a governess for the three Foulton children. Everything was new to her, even a Chinese cook. Freda often relates that if there had been a train out of Indus she would have returned home the first night. However, she stayed, and came to like it there very well. Here she met Robert White.

Freda and Robert were married January 15, 1924. A daughter, Jean Roberta, was born in the Scottish Nursing Home in Calgary, on August 25, 1925.

In 1929 the Whites sold their farm at Indus and bought the SE¼ 32-27-4-5 at Cochrane, from Earl Paterson. Later they homesteaded the SE¼ 21-28-5-5 for pasture land. They planted trees around their new home. Mr. White, an excellent landscaper and gardener, soon had their yard looking as nice as any city park.

Jean attended Weedon School and in 1954 she married Harold Grant, who had served with the Medical Corps in World War II. Harold passed away suddenly in 1962. Jean now lives with her parents and manages their farm, as well as her own.

The Whites, now retired, celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary in 1974.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. White on their 50th Wedding Anniversary, 1974.

Mrs. White's father, Sidney Herbert Bryant, who had been a coachman in England, bought the Cullings homestead in 1930. He left Cochrane in 1936. He passed away in Calgary, March 26, 1956, leaving the land to his son George.

More Ford Cars For Cochrane Roads

On Wednesday morning Thos. Quigley received a carload of Ford automobiles for delivery to customers in the Cochrane district.

A railway car contains five Ford motors, and Mr. Quigley will deliver three cars of this shipment as soon as they are unloaded to Messrs. I. Elwood, D. Morrison and F. Sibbald, while others have signfied their intention of buying that will make it necessary for Mr. Quigley to order another shipment.

The above purchasers are all well-to-do ranchers who have plenty of horses to drive, but who realize that their families and they themselves will derive much more comfort and pleasure from a car than they possibly could in the old way, besides being a great time-saver in cases of emergency and in the busy seasons.

BIG HILL CREEK — LOCHEND

GEORGE ANDISON — by Alice Moore

George Andison was born in Carlisle, England, in 1881, the second son in a family of seven brothers and one sister. He was the first of the family to come to Canada, arriving in the Cochrane area in 1901. He took up a homestead on the NE¼ 10-27-3-5, this land being north of Cochrane. He married Ethel Beam and later moved to the Village of Cochrane where their only son, Jack, was born.

After the birth of their son, George and his wife and son left Cochrane to reside in New Westminster, British Columbia, where George was employed by the Overwaitea Tea Company.

In 1929 he moved to Mayo, Yukon, where he took over the management of Burns and Company, staying with them for twelve years, and at that time the Company closed down. He worked for the T and D stores for awhile and then went to Whitehorse where he managed Tourist Services for two years. He moved back to Mayo where he spent many happy years. Several trips were made out to Alberta, and Victoria, British Columbia, but the north was home and he could not be persuaded to stay south.

As a member of Saint Mary's Anglican Church, Mayo, he worked hard to raise badly needed funds for the church. His dream to have a stained glass window installed in the church was realized just three weeks before he passed away. He was a life member of the Shriners, and a charter member of Mayo Masonic Lodge.

He lived by the motto "I shall pass through this world but once, and anything therefore, that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

George died in 1969, leaving his wife, Christina, (now living in MacAulay Lodge of Whitehorse) and a son, Jack, in Elsa, Yukon.

ERNIE BAINBRIDGE

Ernie Bainbridge was a bachelor who lived south of Lochend School. He lived the life of a hermit, and did very little farming. Mr. Bainbridge lived in a drafty little shack with a large number of cats, and for many years regularly received a cheque from his relations in England. Prime Minister Coates of Australia was his cousin. Like all farmers, he removed the canvasses from his binder after cutting his bit of crop every fall. Instead of storing the canvasses away, though, he wrapped them around the outside of his shack to break the wind. In later years he suffered from arthritis. Rather than try to make the house more comfortable, he would go to bed for days, with a lighted stable lantern between his knees for warmth.

He sold out about 1946 and moved to Calgary where he passed away. His land is now owned by the Sunset Ranch.

R. J. BALDOCK

Jack Baldock purchased the E½ 1-27-3-5 from the C.P.R. in 1903. He, his wife and three children, Lyle, May and Jack Jr. lived there for quite a few years, then moved to Cochrane, where Mr. Baldock ran a butcher shop. Mrs. Baldock looked after many mothers during their confinements, and several local people began their lives at the Baldock's house.

The family moved to Penticton, British Columbia, shortly before the First World War. Lyle was killed in action during the War.

THE BEAMS — by Jo Hutchinson

Very little is known about the Beam family, and attempts to contact their descendants have been unsuccessful.

Amandis Beam homesteaded the NW¼ 10-27-3-5, receiving title to this land, and also to the NW¼ 34-26-3-5 (one and one half miles south) in 1908. The latter quarter was sold shortly after to Walter Hutchinson. Another quarter, the SE¼ 16-27, was the property of Frederick Beam, title being granted in 1910.

The Beam family lived in the Cochrane area before 1900. At one time they had a house in Cochrane, possibly living there at least part of the time so that the children could attend school.

It is believed that Amandis Beam milked cows for the creamery at Big Hill Springs before the turn of the century.

There were at least two sons in the Beam family, one of whom disappeared from home when about 12 years old and was never heard of again. There were three daughters: Maude,

The Beam family at home.

Beam's house in Cochrane, showing St. Mary's and All Saints Churches in background.

Ernie Perrenoud and members of the Beam family, camped for the night en route to Banff.

Ethel and Iny. Maude married Mr. Room; they lived in Calgary. Ethel married George Andison, who homesteaded the NE¼ of 10, adjoining the Beam's land. The Andisons moved to the Yukon; their son Jack still lives there. Iny married Frank Butler, who homesteaded the SW¼ 16-27, receiving title in 1907. This land is now Wes and Betty Birchall's home quarter. The Butlers moved away a few years after their marriage, and it is believed that they went to live in the Vancouver area.

George and Mary Armstrong are the present owners of the Beam's homestead. The log barn which was built by Amandis Beam is a familiar landmark, but the other buildings are gone.

THE BIRCHALL STORY — by Wes Birchall

In 1935 Maude and Heywood Birchall and their three sons, Clair, Harold and I, moved to the Lochend district from Calgary. The land cost around $10 an acre.

We were really "green" but anxious to farm. However, the first year was a disaster. Hail wiped out two thirds of the crop. We were relieved that some was left, but two weeks later another storm came and took out the rest of the crop. We mowed it for greenfeed, but before we had much stacked an early winter came and buried our feed under huge snowdrifts. Before the winter was over we had to use shovels to dig down to find the cocks of greenfeed.

A searing drought across the prairies made 1936 an even more disastrous year. So far, if it hadn't been for bad luck, we wouldn't have had any luck at all. It was mighty hard for young people to get ahead, with wages at $10 a month for farm help. My brothers and I decided to get started in mink ranching. We bought a bred female mink from Frank Brooks, whom we had met when we bought lumber at his sawmill to build our barn. A couple of us would make the two-day round trip with teams of horses and return with 1000 feet of green lumber per load. The Brooks family's hospitality was wonderful. They always invited us to stay overnight. They had a pretty daughter, Eva, so we sure didn't need much persuading.

Our mink business was exciting. We had economized on wire, and "jail breaks" by our

Clair, Mrs. and Mr. Birchall reading their mail, which has just been delivered by a neighbour.

expectant mother became a habit. Fortunately for us, our furry friend always headed for George and Mary Armstrong's place, about a mile away. On her last break she had five kittens under their log house. Mary was unable to use her back door for five weeks, due to a very cranky mother mink. I rode over every evening to feed them.

By the time World War II started, our herd of mink had grown to about 72, by reproduction and wheeling and dealing. Farming was much better; there was more rain and prices were better. However it was obvious that every man who could be spared from the farm would be needed in the armed forces. Reluctantly we pelted our beloved mink and sold them for about $2.50 each on a war-depressed market.

My brother Harold and I joined the 15th Canadian Field Regiment, Royal Canadian Artillery. After 15 months training in the Maritimes, we were shipped Overseas, and continued training on our 25-pounder field guns in England. These guns threw 25 pound high explosive shells for a maximum distance of 7 or 8 miles. On one training exercise we left camp in early April and slept every night under the stars — no tents — until late November. We had inspection every morning, too. There was no hot water for washing, so most of us would save about a quarter of our morning coffee to shave with.

On June 6, 1944, the invasion of the Continent marked the long awaited opening of the Second Front. The fighting was fierce, and just after we had won the Battle of Falaise Gap I was shot by a German sniper, and spent the next three months in a hospital in France. The hospital was a series of huge tents.

Shortly after I rejoined my outfit, the invasion of Germany began. On February 26, 1945, a German King Tiger tank raked our position with high explosive shells and scored a direct hit on my brother's gun. Harold and two other men were instantly killed. We buried them in a bloody, muddy battlefield. Their bodies were later moved to cemeteries in Holland. The casualty rate in our outfit was almost one quarter killed, and slightly more than one quarter wounded.

Wesley and Harold Birchall, waiting for the train at Cochrane station at the end of their embarkation leave during World War Two.

After the War, I bought the farm from Mother and Dad, and they moved to Calgary. Clair moved to Calgary, too. He met and married Marjorie Shand, who grew up in the Bottrel area. They have since lived in Edmonton and are now in Dawson Creek, British Columbia. They have a daughter, Norma, and a son, Ron.

Three years to the day after I was shot by a sniper, Betty Hanes and I were married. Betty's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hanes, lived in the Glendale district, then north of Cochrane. Their eldest daughter, Gertie, married Tom Hawkwood; they farm at Bearspaw. Betty's twin sister Lois is married and lives east of Lacombe, Alberta.

Betty and I have four sons. Brian is presently studying Agriculture at the University of Alberta, Edmonton. Larry is enrolled in the Law Faculty at the University of Calgary. Grant plans to enter university in the fall of 1976 to study Agriculture. Kent is completing high school.

Roads at the time of our marriage were pretty grim. Our closest road was two miles away. A lot of travelling was done by team or saddle horse. Once a dance was held at Inglis School, and everyone came with horses. Fifty-two people were there, and the only one who smoked was Ed Young. He puffed contentedly on his pipe all evening.

Snowstorms blocked the roads frequently, and until we formed work crews to dig them out, no one went to town except by team. Sometimes the roads would blow in again before we would get to town, or even worse, before we could get home. Shortly after we were married we were snowed in for seven weeks straight.

We have lived in this district a long time, but time passes quickly with good friends and neighbours.

THE BOYD FAMILY — as told by William Laidlaw

Little is known about the early lives of the Boyds, but it is known that Bob and his brother, Jim, dug basements with teams and fresnos in Calgary when the building boom was on shortly after 1900. Bob homesteaded the SW¼ 14-27-3-5, and received title to the land in 1912. He bought George Andison's homestead in 1924, which became the home place. Bob's sister, Net, kept house for him. Jim had had polio in his youth, and was badly crippled. He lived in Calgary. The other member of the family, Janet, was a schoolteacher.

Bob and Net lived very quiet lives. They moved to Calgary after selling their farm in 1945, and purchased seven acres of land southeast of where the Brentwood Shopping Centre is now. Pat and Doreen Hutchinson and family live on the former Boyd farm.

None of the Boyds married, and all have passed away.

BARNEY BRADFIELD — by Jo Hutchinson

Francis Pargiter Bradfield, better known to his friends as "Barney", was a youthful homesteader on the SE¼ 18-27-3-5 in the early 1900s. His shack was located south of his land on C.P.R. property, for reasons not clear. Apparently the solitude of his life became too much for him and he took his own life by hanging. His death on November 5, 1909 was discovered several days later, in thirty below zero weather, by John Ellwood. A story is told of the young Mountie who was detailed to investigate the case and remove the body for burial, but who had some qualms about carrying out his duties. The Policeman arrived at the Hutchinsons late in the afternoon and asked for directions to Bradfields. Actually, he seemed to be seeking moral support more than directions, so someone accompanied him on his grisly task. It was windy and getting dark when they arrived at the shack; they lit their lantern and opened the door, whereupon the light blew out after affording a brief glimpse of the body. The Law re-lit his lantern and re-opened the door; the lantern again flickered out. By now it seemed much more prudent to return to Hutchinsons for the night and remove the body next morning in broad daylight.

ALFRED BENJAMIN BROWN — by Ada Beeby

My dad, Alfred Brown, came from England in 1909 with his two brothers, George and Fred. They pitched their tent by the Hudson's Bay Company Trading Post in Calgary.

My mother, Emily Jane Clifford, came out from England to Calgary a short time later. She came with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Clifford, two brothers, George and Bill, and a sister, Alice. Grandad Clifford bought a house in Hillhurst in 1910. My parents were married about that time and lived with Mother's family. Grandad traded his house for a quarter section, SE¼ 10-28-4-5, owned by Moses Adams, who had homesteaded there earlier. This land is just north of the Westbrook School. There was a shack there so Grandad added a log cabin on to it and also a log barn was built. We all moved out when the house was ready. In 1911 Uncle George drove a herd of cattle out from Northwest Calgary, chasing them on foot; he was only 12 years old. They raised chickens and milked cows. Eggs and butter were traded for groceries at the Bottrel Store.

In 1913 my dad and his brother George took up a homestead west of Dartigue Lodge. The SW¼ 28-28-5-5 was Dad's, and Uncle George's was beside it, along the black swamp. Neighbours were Critchleys, Cullings, and Hank Fricke. A shack was built there but only lived in when Dad and George were working there cutting logs, posts, rails and firewood. My sister Ethel and I were born before Grandad moved the family back to Calgary to the Forest Lawn area, before the first war broke out.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Brown, Calgary, 1911. Wedding Day.

Grandad, Dad and his two brothers joined the Infantry and were soon sent Overseas. Uncle George Clifford joined a bit later. He remembers meeting several other local boys Overseas in the 31st Battalion such as Charlie Harbidge, Charlie Boucher, Coleman and David Morgan. When Uncle Fred was killed in a blitz, my dad, right beside him in the trench, was partially buried and suffered shrapnel wounds and shell shock. When he recovered he was transferred to the Ambulance Corps and returned to the line. On October 15, 1919, he returned to Calgary and I still recall that big day, Daddy coming home at last.

Mother had already bought a farm, Sec. 28-26-3-5, through the Soldier Settlement Board. Dad built a log barn and they went into the dairy business. First they shipped cream to Cochrane, later to Calgary, by team and democrat. Grandad Clifford had a dairy farm right beside ours.

In 1923 Dad bought a truck, and Jack Beeby was hired to drive it and haul the milk to Calgary to The Producer's Dairy. The next truck Jack bought, and he trucked milk until 1974.

Jack Beeby and I were married and have one son, Arthur. He learned to drive at an early age and has been driving a school bus to Westbrook School for many years. Ethel married Peter Neilson and they had one son, Fred, who is on the home farm. Peter died in 1971.

Our only brother, Alfred, was born after the War. He married Mollie Beynon and they have eight children, Evelyn, Jean, Tom, Janice, Carol, Clifford, Donald, and Sheila.

In 1934 we bought a steam engine and sawmill. Jack, Peter and his brother Harold set it up on the homestead and sawed lumber. Chris Jenson built his barn from this lumber. When the boys went back to get the steam engine it was gone. Someone had helped himself and we never did find it. All the posts on the home farm have

Jack Beeby hauling rails with a Paige car, 1925.

A. B. Brown's sawmill with steam engine near Klondyke Valley, 1934.

come from the homestead. Jack and I did all the hauling except one time our hired man, Dave Lord, took our son Arthur to get a load of posts. One of the horses got away in the night, so Dave set out to look for it, leaving Arthur at the camp. Arthur didn't like to stay alone, so he left on the other horse to come home, but got lost. Then Dave got all excited trying to find him. Arthur finally found his way out of the bush and got home okay, followed soon by an exhausted Dave. That was quite a night.

Dad passed away in December 1936, and was buried in the Field of Honor in Burnsland Cemetery, Calgary. Also buried there are Grandad Clifford who died in July 1937, and Uncle George Brown who passed away in the 1940s. Grandmother Clifford passed away in May 1937.

Mother managed the farm for many years with the help of her family. She sold the homestead in 1955 and it is now part of Mac Leask's ranch. Mother passed away in 1967. Jack and I are still managing the dairy farm with one hired man.

ARCHIE CAMERON

Archie Cameron, a young Scotsman, homesteaded the NE¼ 10-28-3-5 in the early 1900s. He built a tiny shack; shortly after he received Patent to his land, he sold it and returned to Scotland.

GORDON CARLING

Gordon Carling was a remittance man from Eastern Canada, and was a member of the family which founded Carling Breweries. He homesteaded the SE¼ 12-27-4-5, which in later years was known as the Gallelli place and is presently owned by Circle J Ranch. He received his Patent in 1910, although he lived on the land for a number of years prior to that.

Like many other young men in the West, who had no financial worries, Gordon enjoyed a rather carefree existence. One story recalled by old-timers concerns the herd of fine brood mares sent to him by his father. The mares were gradually sold to pay debts, which were often incurred at the Cochrane hotel or at a poker game. When word came that his father was coming to pay him a visit, and see the horse ranch, Gordon hastily borrowed some wild cayuses to graze well away from the shack. He always managed to keep them at a distance, to prevent his father from seeing them close at hand; there was always some reason to make a ride over the ranch impossible that day.

F. W. Carling, Gordon's father, bought the S½ 7-27-3-5 from the C.P.R. in 1907. This land adjoined Gordon's on the east. It is interesting to note that there are two buffalo jumps on this land. In 1906, F. W. Carling purchased C.P.R. land in Horse Creek, the NE¼ and S½ of 5-27-4-5, which is presently owned by George Perrenoud.

It is believed that Gordon Carling returned to Eastern Canada before or during the First World War.

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE E. CLARK — by Audrey Dick

George and Augusta, "Gus", Clark arrived in Cochrane about 1910 from High River. George had immigrated to that area from Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1902, and married Augusta Heslip in 1907. She had moved there as a young girl with

Audrey Clark (on the white pony) and Sheila Crane, 1921.

Mrs. George Clark and Audrey, Mildred Trevenen in front. Mr. and Mrs. Trevenen on the right. Taken at a picnic at Big Hill Springs in 1916.

her family in 1900, having been born in Wolseley, Saskatchewan. Her family slowly trekked west, living for short periods in Banff, Anthracite and on the Cochrane Ranche before settling in High River.

The Clarks chose as their home a half section of land, later named Willowdale Ranch, approximately four miles north and three miles east of Cochrane. While a house was being built they lived for several months in the old Cochrane hotel.

They chose the land well to serve the purpose for which it was to be used, mainly pasture for cattle and horses, with a small field sown to oats to be cut for greenfeed. There were flat open areas, groves of willow and poplar and gentle coulees with an abundance of shelter in the winter. The water supply was in the northeast corner near the buildings, bubbling icy cold springs which are the source of the creek and water falls in the Big Hill Springs Provincial Park. The area now within the Park served as a quiet and very beautiful semi-private picnic spot long before the days of good roads and tourists, or a park was ever thought of.

Mr. Clark kept one crossbred milk cow to supply the house and raised a few Shorthorn cattle and Clydesdale horses, both registered under the Willowdale Ranch name. There were several saddle horses, also two or three light drivers. Mrs. Clark was a fine horsewoman and got great pleasure from a good mount. Mr. Clark had the good fortune of having a young Clydesdale stallion, "Baron of Willowdale", chosen as Grand Champion at the horse show in Calgary. Heifers and mares were also shown successfully from time to time.

One summer evening in 1931 the house burned to the ground with only a few of the contents saved. Mr. and Mrs. Clark, with their daughter Audrey, born in 1915, moved to Banff for two years, where Audrey had been going to boarding school. In 1933 they all moved back to Cochrane where Mr. Clark built a house in town. Audrey married in 1935, and in 1944 Mr. and Mrs. Clark moved to Victoria, where Mr. Clark died in 1950. Mrs. Clark moved back to Alberta to live with Audrey and her family and died in 1955 in Barrhead.

MRS. CLARKE AND FAMILY

The Clarkes came to the Lochend district shortly after 1900. It is believed that Mrs. Clarke, her three sons and one daughter lived on the NE¼ 21-27-3-5, although Samuel Dunlop is registered as the purchaser of this quarter from the C.P.R. in 1916. The Clarke brothers homesteaded on Section 28 and received their Patents in 1911. St. George filed on the SW¼, Clinton on the SE¼, and Graham obtained the NE¼.

The Clarkes moved to Airdrie about the time of the First World War.

CANADIAN NOTES — by Lilian Cowan-Douglas

Robert Cowan found that working in a Glasgow office had a very bad effect on his health, so his father, Professor Cowan, sent him round the world in search of a career in a better climate. Via Australia and New Zealand, he tried working on a ranch in Eastern Canada to gain experience. When the Riel Rebellion broke out, he joined the Winnipeg Cavalry. For his service he was granted half a section of land in Alberta. This land was situated on Big Hill Creek, north of Cochrane.

The C.P.R. was building its railroad out West, and Cowan bought land from them as well, so he began to build up a ranch stocked with cattle and horses. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Jones came from Manitoba and became his foreman and housekeeper.

Ten years before, when he was eighteen, he fell in love with Ella Balloch, the daughter of a well-known tea merchant in Glasgow. Mrs. Balloch had died, leaving a family of four sons and three daughters. Ella took over the housekeeping; her elder sisters married, and she picked up a little knowledge about babies from their offspring. She was a popular hostess and lived a very gay life. In the meantime, my father built a four-room frame house and the ranch prospered modestly, though the household furnishings were rather inadequate.

In 1892 he sailed for Scotland and proposed to Ella. Her friends protested at her throwing herself away, but, encouraged by her father, she accepted. With one month to prepare for her wedding, she went with Robert back to Canada and made him a happy man. It was a very different setting for his bride, but she stood up to the difficulties of lonely times, the nearest store ten miles away, and having to depend on horse transport. Mrs. Jones was her standby and loyal friend for many years.

On May 29, 1893, John Robert was born in Calgary in a house belonging to a midwife and her husband, and all went well. John Robert was christened at Mitford, a little church built by subscription from the people at Mitford,

The Cowan ranch in 1900.

Northumberland, in England. Bishop Pinkham officiated at the Christening. On the way home little John was thrown out of the democrat as they crossed the railway tracks, but owing to his Nanny's presence of mind, who opened her umbrella and broke the fall, no harm was done.

In November 1894, when Lilian was about to arrive, a friend advised taking a short cut to Calgary, but there had been a prairie fire some years earlier along the way and the trail proved very bumpy. When they arrived at the midwife's, her husband was very drunk, the weather was below zero, and Ella was very ill. The Pinkhams came to the rescue, took them in and nursed them, and popped the baby in the oven! The child weighed three pounds at birth, but thanks to Dr. Bryce, Lilian progressed and was six pounds and flourishing at six months.

In 1895, Grandfather Balloch insisted on the family coming home to him in Glasgow for the birth and christening of Hugh, who was born at Eamont Lodge, Glasgow, in November 1896. The family all returned to Canada accompanied by Nurse Alice Thompson.

When Grandfather Cowan died, Robert returned to Glasgow, leaving my mother with the family on the ranch. There was a terrific storm, and Mother spent the night pouring water on the red-hot stoves. Robert inherited enough money to expand and bought more land, eventually owning seven square miles, 3,000 head of

The Cowan family, 1899. The lady on the left is unidentified. Lil, Hugh (standing) and Jack and their parents.

A prairie fire coming down the coulee towards Cowans in 1903.

cattle and 100 horses. He also invested in property in Calgary, owning part of Chinatown, and shared with his friends, Mr. William Cochrane, Mr. Lee and Mr. Oswald Critchley in building a flour mill and brewery in Calgary.

We used to have a Chinese cook named Hong, who did the washing as well, until an aunt came to stay. When asked to wash her things he refused, saying, "One man no can do!" Hilda Johnson, the governess, and Mother kept the house and Mother made most of our clothes. She tried to make a costume for herself, which she thought superb, but when she paid a visit to Scotland her sister held up her hands in horror and marched her off to a smart tailor in Glasgow.

Of course, we never had a telephone or a car, and had to pump every drop of water and bring in buckets to fill the stove boiler. Taking two wagons, someone had to go fifteen miles to the bush for wood, and cut and haul it home. We only had letters once a week, when we fetched them from Cochrane. There were no roads, just rutted trails. There was miles of open prairie and a wonderful view of the Rocky Mountains. Converging near the house were two little creeks, full of trout. There was a little lake below the house, with wild duck and snipe, prairie chicken up on the hill, and lovely wild flowers growing everywhere. We children couldn't have had a happier life; we had ponies to ride, sledding, plenty of sun and snow, and enough education from a beloved governess.

The only thing we lacked was well-grown trees. There were small cottonwood trees; twenty years after my return to Scotland, I met the smell of them again in a garden — delicious! Books were rather scarce, especially ones which would have told me something about the birds and flowers. We did have a small library brought out from Glasgow. Presents at Christmas of "Chums" and "A Girl's Annual" were avidly read by us children. As for church, we went down to Cochrane, a two hour drive, so seldom attended in winter. Friends were few and far between, so it was a great change for Mother after her social life in Glasgow. Father, after pressure from Mrs. Jones, took Mother to a hop in Cochrane in her wedding dress, but she didn't appreciate the sensation it made! We used to go to the Cochrane races, which were great fun. The Indians riding so skillfully were a thrill, and the cowboy races. But one of my chief regrets was that no Indian ever fired a shot anywhere near the ranch, and all Henty's and Ballantyne's books were just not true and television is rubbish!

Mother's first year in Canada produced a diet very deficient in Vitamins, just beans and bacon with no vegetables. So Father made a little garden and eventually produced most of the common kinds of vegetables. He also grew raspberries and strawberries and hardy annuals. The winters were too severe for many things and there was no greenhouse. We usually killed a steer and hung it in a shed for our winter supply of meat. We had two setters for finding the prairie chicken. We drove out in the democrat with the dogs working round about, and the party shooting the birds. Father only shot for the pot and it was an excellent contribution to the fare.

When the Boer War started, we had to send some of our horses to the Cavalry Units, including Mother's favorite, "Buttons." Father used to buy a bunch of young horses now and again, and we children would each choose one for ourselves. Sometimes we were lucky. "Sugar" tossed Hugh into a bog, which didn't encourage him; "Chestnut" was a beautiful little Indian pony, but my "Bluebird" was wild and unsuitable.

Groceries were bought in bulk, and staples such as flour and sugar were poured into bins in the kitchen. We seldom had fresh fruit, though we usually had a box of apples in season. Dried fruit such as prunes, figs and apples were our stand-by.

In roundup time, a large tent was pitched near our place, where the cowboys camped while cattle and calves were gathered together from the open prairie. The ranchers claimed their own animals by their brand. They then branded the young calves, cut out those they wanted to sell, and the cows they wanted to keep near home.

Sometimes a cowpuncher came to break horses. The horses were seldom handled gently and very few cowboy steeds were properly trained. However, they made life more exciting for the cowboys and their spectators! The normal bunch of horses was turned into a pasture every night and I used to ride up to help collect them and bring them down in the morning to a corral where the men lassoed the horses they wanted for that day's work.

Our Chinese cook was so teased by some of the cowboys that he rushed into our room crying, "They kill me! They kill me!" He was brandishing a knife in the air, too terrified to go out. He left for Calgary the next day. Other Chinese cooks came and went. One fed us on endless ap-

R. W. Cowan beside his newly completed stone barn in 1898. This barn is still in use. The stone was cut from an outcropping on the hill above the barn.

The Cowan house, 1898.

ple pies. He could turn out thirty an hour but wanted to achieve the speed of sixty, like his uncle, who worked in a hotel. Another made Father rice pudding every day while we were away in Scotland, because he once said he liked it.

The old stable became too small, so Mother designed one with the aid of a book called Horse and Stable. The masons built it, in 1892, of stone quarried from the hill above. Among the rubble left behind we kids found a most interesting yellow stick and brought it in to show Mother. She said, "It's rubbish," and nearly put it in the stove. Someone came in and said, "DYNAMITE!" Panic — saved again.

The masons who came out to lay the foundations for the new addition to our house, thought the stone of the outcrop just a short distance from the house should be used instead of wood, for the addition. This was accomplished and made the house very comfortable. It also provided nice bedrooms upstairs for visitors, rather than putting them up in the shack. It was the custom that one could not refuse a lodging, if required, to anyone that rode by at dusk. One regular caller was a French Canadian, who rode in a circle calling for a night's lodging so often that one of the victims asked him to make his circle a little wider. This same man brought a treat for us children, three bottles of lemonade. Mother found us imbibing in the shack, and was horrified at this rather dissipated man teaching us poor innocents the way to ruin.

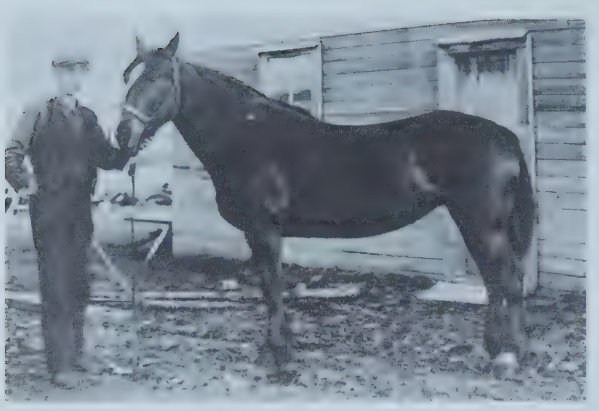
It was a wonderful life for Father, who loved his horses, though he had many hard rides, often in freezing weather. It was a marvellous cure for his chest — the cold dry air, wonderful summers, trout fishing, shooting. As long as the family was together, all was well, but when the boys had to go to school in Scotland, Mother and I joined them for the two winter holidays. The long winters alone loosened the ties with the ranch, and Father sold the place to Mr. Hutchinson and came back to Scotland. Mother was horrified, but, the separations at an end, she settled down quite happily in Cumberland. My parents lived the rest of their lives in Scotland, as did my brothers. I also remained in Scotland, and now live in Roxburghshire.

GEORGE DODDS — by Edna Copithorne

My memory of George Dodds is that of a tall, straight gentleman from the Highlands. His character was straight and fine too, and he was very reserved and quiet. He would often come to our parents' home in Cochrane, riding a sorrel horse named Paddy and followed closely by his dog, Jim.

George was born in Denholm, Roxburghshire, Scotland. He came to Cochrane early in the 1900s, or possibly sooner, since it is known that he worked on the Betsy line, and also worked for W. C. Wells at his lumber mill at Palliser, British Columbia. George homesteaded the NE¼ 36-26-5-5 in Grand Valley and received his Patent for the land in 1911. He acquired some fine work horses and helped the neighbours, hauled hay for McEachens, plowed fireguards and hauled lumber from the Quigley mill. One spring his barn burned down with three horses in it. For a

Taken at Mitford in 1890. George Dodds and Samuel Spicer are the men on the left.



George Dodds.

man who loved his animals as George did, this must have been a real tragedy.

He was a close friend of the McEachen family, and he would visit their home nearly every Sunday and almost always at Christmas, while he lived in Grand Valley. He had a fine voice, though only a few privileged friends ever heard him sing.

George wished to expand his holdings, but there was no more land for sale in Grand Valley, so he bought the Ernie Perrenoud land north of Cochrane, selling his homestead. Henry McEachen helped George move his horses, a dozen or more heavy draft teams. His new location was on a section of good farmland. He broke up a lot of land, and grew some heavy crops of grain. At this time, my parents (Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brown) were living on our farm near George; we always enjoyed having him drop in for Sunday dinner and spin yarns in his fine Scotch accent. At Christmas, we felt very favored if he would stand up and sing one or two of Harry Lauder's songs, mostly songs of a loneliness for Scotland.

He became ill with a growth on the side of his throat, and one day he rode in and asked my father to keep his saddle horse and dog and care for them. He felt he might not return from the hospital. He died of cancer in 1928 at the age of 56 years.

ISAAC ELLWOOD AND FAMILY — by Jo Hutchinson

Joseph Isaac (Ike) Ellwood was born in 1853 near Carlisle, Cumberland, England. His grandmother was a first cousin of John Peel. Ike came West in 1890, worked for W. R. Hull, and was a sheepherder for Pat Burns around 1900. He homesteaded the SE¼ 12-27-3-5 in the Lochend district, receiving his Patent in 1910. He sheared sheep around the area for years, and raised a few cattle.

A keen horseman and huntsman, Ike rode several winners at steeplechases in England before coming to Canada. He was always proud of the fact that one of his favorite mounts went on to win the Grand National in 1886. Although in a

Ike Elwood, on "John Peel."

different style, Ike continued to ride to the hounds at Lochend. He always had at least two coyote hounds, and used to chase coyotes all winter, jumping his horse over the fences as he went.

In later years Ike owned a horse that became well known as a jumper at horse shows. This horse, which was part Clydesdale, was called John Peel. Ike was proud of his ancestor, and very fond of the song, "D'ye Ken John Peel." Whenever he visited a neighbour who happened to have a piano or an organ, he always requested the song. Ike did not ride John Peel at the shows; his friend Max Bell used to have the horse trained a bit, fitted, and ridden for Ike. Around home, John Peel was ridden to get the mail, drive cattle, or, of course, to "ride to the hounds."

John Peel had quite a mind of his own, and often took the bit into his teeth as Ike got older. If he felt like a feed of greenfeed, he'd simply jump over into his master's or a neighbour's grain field. Ike would shrug his shoulders and say, "John Peel will come back when he's ready." One day Ike stopped to visit with a neighbour, while out for a gallop on the old jumper. The horse grew tired of waiting as his master relaxed in the saddle and chatted. He took off for home, clearing ditches and fences as he went. Ike, then over eighty years of age, could be heard shouting, "No, John, stop!" — and several other words.

Ike's two sons, Arthur and Joe, also came from England to homestead in the Lochend district. Joe homesteaded the SW¼ 12-27-3-5, obtaining his title in 1909. He also bought the SE¼ of 9, in 1913. He did not live in the area for long, and died as a result of an accident he suffered while working at the Prince of Wales' Ranch at Pekisko, Alberta.

Arthur homesteaded the SE¼ of 10, one mile west of his brother's place. This quarter is presently the property of Fred Kidd, M.L.A., and his wife Helen. Arthur served Overseas during the First World War; he and his wife had four children: Dick, Stanley, Jack and Kathleen. While on a trip to Armstrong, British Columbia, where he planned to purchase a farm, Arthur suffered a heart attack and passed away. His wife sold the farm at Lochend, and took her young family to Calgary to live. In later years, Stanley owned and operated the Handy Meat Market in downtown Calgary.

Ike Ellwood lived on his farm until his death at the age of 87, and is buried in the Union Cemetery, Calgary. He was survived by three daughters, all of whom remained in England.

JOHN ELLWOOD — by Jo Hutchinson

John Ellwood, who was a cousin of Isaac Ellwood, received title to the SW¼ 10-27-3-5 in 1906. He returned to England a few years later, and it is believed that his wife and son returned with him to live on his homestead. The house was situated in the southwest corner of their land, which is now owned by Frank Hutchinson. It is probable that the Ellwoods had more company than many of the homesteaders at that time, and perhaps accommodated people overnight, for they lived close beside the old Nose Creek Trail. This trail, used by travellers going to and from Calgary, or to the bush, went in a southeast-northwest direction, avoiding the deep Big Hill Creek coulee to the south. In fact, part of this trail was in use during wet years as recently as the 1950s. Several trails intersected near Ellwoods. One went northeast to join the Lochend Trail near Boyds; one angled northwest to where Birchalls live now; another trail from the southwest was the only way out of the coulee from the Cowan ranch (later Hutchinsons). To the north there was no trail from east to west for several miles, due to the swampy nature of the land, and to the southwest, there was no trail across Big Hill Creek coulee between there and Cochrane.

The Elwood shack, taken years after its first occupants had moved away. A number of people called it "home" over the years until it was moved.

Strong springs near Ellwoods, across the fence in the next quarter south of their land, made it an important stopping place. Many buffalo bones have been found nearby, and there are teepee rings on the hillside a quarter of a mile away, indicating the importance of the springs in past centuries.

There is a small deposit of low-grade coal in the hillside near the springs, which the Ellwoods used for fuel.

It is believed that the Ellwoods returned to England when they sold their homestead and the SW¼ of Section 9 (purchased from the C.P.R. in 1913), to Walter Hutchinson Sr. in 1920.

THE FISHERS

Valley Fisher and his sister homesteaded the NW¼ 22-27-3-5. They built a tall, narrow house which stood for years. They sold their land to the Scotch Kings and returned to Eastern Canada before the First War.

Miss Fisher, as she was always known to her neighbours, was a rather severe, correct lady, but extremely kind. She was known for her beautiful fancywork. Val was a very shy retiring man, a hard worker, and always ready to help his neighbours. He assisted with the building of Lochend Church.

THE WALTER HUTCHINSON STORY — by Jon Hutchinson

My father, Walter Hutchinson, was born in England but moved with his parents, while a child, to Rissington, New Zealand. As a young man he established his own sheep ranch at Puhatiki. Becoming tired of sheep raising, and being more interested in cattle, he went to the Argentine with the idea of ranching there. However, the political situation there was so unstable that he did not feel like investing capital there. After a visit to relatives in England, he came to Canada.

In June 1906 he arrived unexpectedly on a rather poor horse, at the R. W. Cowan ranch on Big Hill Creek. He spent two days looking over the place, and bought it on the third day as a going concern. In the following years he was able to purchase more land at prices never exceeding $5 per acre.

This part of the country must have been very attractive to anyone who liked the wide open spaces. Most of it was unfenced and the cattle, along with those of other ranchers, ranged from the Morley Reserve on the west, to the Calgary city limits, and from the Bow to the Beaver Dam. Following the wet years after 1900, the grass would have been lush, the sloughs full of water, the creeks flowing strongly, with plenty of trout in the clear pools. Large numbers of prairie chicken and ducks provided excellent bird shooting in the fall.

Surprisingly, though, there were no deer, and Dad had been in this country for several years before he saw one. Scattered bones, horns and

N.B.—THIS PERMIT SHOULD BE RETURNED PROMPTLY TO AGENT. No. 254002

The permittee shall cut up [illegible] be felled in such a way that there shall be no waste, and to prevent the spoiling of [illegible] on [illegible] the refuse (i. e. the chips, [illegible] together for fuels or [illegible] shall be [illegible] as they may be directed to be [illegible]

Permit to Cut Timber on Dominion Lands

I, the undersigned Crown Timber Agent for the Calgary District, by virtue of power vested in me by the Minister of the Interior, do hereby authorize Mr. W. Hutchinson of Cochrane P.O. under the Dominion Timber Regulations as provided by Order in Council to cut and take for his own use, but not for the purpose of barter or sale, from SE Section 21 Township 28 Range 5 W 5 Meridian the following timber:—

15 cords of dry wood for own use

This Permit is issued in consideration of the sum of One 100 Dollars, being Dues and office fee, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged and the fulfilment by the permittee of the following conditions:—

1st. That he shall make on the back hereof, before any person duly qualified to administer an oath, a sworn return of the timber taken by him from Dominion Lands, and forward the Permit to Crown Timber Agent at Calgary, ~~on or before~~ the first day of May next.

2nd. That he shall restrict his cutting to the quantity and limits herein set forth.

3rd. That he shall conform to the conditions, terms and requirements specified in this Permit, and also to the provisions of the Dominion Timber Regulations, any breach of which will subject the offender to all the pains and penalties in that behalf prescribed by the Domionion Lands Act.

Dated at [illegible] this [illegible] day of [illegible] 19[illegible]

DEC 31 1908

CROWN TIMBER AGENT.

THIS PERMIT EXPIRES 1ST MAY, 1910

NOTICE.—This Permit becomes inoperative in the event of the land being homesteaded, purchased, or otherwise disposed of before the expiration of the term for which it is granted.

$70.40 27th June 1906

Received from W. Hutchinson the sum of Seven Thousand & forty 100 Dollars payment in full for 215 head cattle 13 Bulls. 5 horses

No. [illegible]

antlers showed that not too many years before, this had been the range of buffalo and elk. During the early years the slough on the E½ of 34-26-3-5 was a lake stretching over a mile from north to south. It provided plenty of room for Dad to sail his small boat. He anchored it near where the road now follows the Correction Line.

Dad returned to New Zealand in the fall of 1906 to settle up his affairs there, leaving Guy Lake in charge of the ranch. In the spring of 1907 Lena Newman, accompanied by her brother, Lud, arrived from New Zealand. She and Dad were married July 16, 1907, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Meiklejon of Grand Valley. The Reverend J. A. Claxton officiated, and the witnesses to their marriage were Edward Payn Le Sueur and Mrs. Meiklejon.

Their first son, Walter, was born the following year. A couple of years later, they spent part of the winter in New Zealand. Their second son, Frank, was born there. They had one daughter, Ava, and later a third son, Jonathan, both born at Cochrane.

At one time Dad was a horse rancher with 200 broodmares. He sold nearly all the horses when

Walter Hutchinson, about 1915.

Mrs. Hutchinson, about 1915.

prices were high, and purchased Shorthorn cattle, that were low in value at that time.

As the open range disappeared, cattle had to be fed in the winter, and more and more hay was stacked, to be hauled with teams and hayracks and spread for the hungry cattle. Sometimes, when hay had to be hauled a long distance, a man would take two or even three teams and racks, the team pulling the second rack being tied behind the first one, and so on. This was called "jerknecking."

On one such occasion, George Ward, who was working for Dad, took three teams and racks in this manner. Since he wished to check some cattle which were in a field near the haystacks, he tied a saddle horse behind the third rack. He was stopped by a Jew looking for deals. The Jew asked the reason for the saddle horse being led behind the long outfit, and was left puzzling over the answer, "Oh, that's in case I lose a team and rack."

On the spot where his grandson, Walter Lewis, later built his house, Dad built a two-storey granary on the edge of the hill. Grain wagons could be pulled up on a ramp on the upper side and the grain shovelled into the top storey. Wagons could be backed up to the lower door for loading. A large windmill, with a 14 foot wheel, twice the size of that on most pump windmills, was mounted on the roof. The windmill drove the grain grinder and a feed cutter, and turned out all the chop and cut feed needed on the ranch.

The Cowan house was quite elaborate. The large two-storey part was made of sandstone quarried from a rock outcrop on the hill. The rest of the house was frame, and was heated by four or five heaters or stoves. Unfortunately it did not have an adequate foundation, and by 1917 or 1918 the house was settling into the cellar. In 1919 my parents had the Cowan house dismantled and built the brick house which still stands. Much of the stone from the Cowan house was re-used. During construction, George Soldier, an Indian from Morley, who was a friend of Dad's, watched the busy scene and finally made the solemn comment, "Hutch, I think you lose a lot of money."

During the 1920s, cattle prices were good, rising to $15 per hundredweight for prime fat steers. These steers would have been three years old or more, weighed 1,200 pounds or better, and would have had no grain except possibly a little during their first winter.

Late in the summer of 1929, Dad was offered $15 per hundredweight for his steers, but he refused, thinking he might get more in the fall. About this time a banker persuaded him to buy 100 head of purebred Hereford cows and calves at $100 per cow and calf. After the market crashed the steers fetched $3 per hundredweight or less. The next year he trailed a load of fat dry cows to Cochrane and shipped them by rail to the yards in Calgary. A couple of days later the commission agent phoned to say he could not get a bid on them and asked if he should send them back. Dad told him to try to get enough to at least pay the expenses on them. The agent finally got someone to pay an amount sufficient only to cover the cost of freight, yardage and other expenses. He received a cheque for $73 for 25 cows.

Dad generally had men working for him. They worked six days a week and usually did the chores on Sunday. Wages were about $15 to $25 per month plus board, with $30 being the very top wage for a really experienced man. Often in the summer or fall George Soldier, with his son Guy, and sometimes other Indians, would camp and work at repairing fences, haying, or stooking.

On one occasion they wished to move to another camping spot because they said there were "Too many snick, the ladies not like snick." Actually, I think the men were just as scared of the garter snakes as the ladies.

On another occasion, George Soldier stopped on his way past the buildings to tell Dad that he was on his way to get meat.

"What kind of meat?" asked Dad. "Rabbits?"

"No. Bear," George replied and drove off.

Two or three hours later he returned with his team and Bennett buggy. Dad was there to meet him and to see if he really had been after a bear. Sure enough George had a large black bear, which he had shot on our land.

Dad asked, "What did you shoot him with, George?"

"Twenty-two."

"You mean a twenty-two high power?"

"No. Just twenty-two, but I use the long cartridge."

A frame two-storey house had been erected by Cowans around 1900 as a residence for the foreman at the ranch. The first occupants were Sandy McDonald and his bride. The house was used for over 50 years as accommodation for help.

Some occupants thought the cookhouse harbored a ghost who could be heard walking about, especially during a wind. One cook, a spiritualist, was convinced that the ghost was too short to sit comfortably at the table. She sawed lengths off the table legs, and also off the chair legs. Because the table still did not suit the spirits, the length of the legs was reduced several times until the table was barely above the floor. We are not sure if this pleased the spirits, because that cook left shortly after.

Mrs. Hattie Pepper cooked for the crew for a number of years. She is remembered with affection. She always had a supply of large sugar cookies, each having a single raisin in the centre.

Dad always kept a few Cheviot sheep, and for some years raised Clydesdale horses. Although he owned a car from the early 1930s on, he steadfastly refused to have anything to do with driving it. He continued to ride his saddle horse until three days before he passed away in June, 1953, at the age of 81.

Mother always had a large garden and for years raised chickens and turkeys. In her younger days, she rode sidesaddle, and drove with a horse and buggy. She bought a Model A Ford car from Clem Colgan and learned to drive.

Mother passed away in 1967.

All four members of the family live in the Cochrane area. Walter and his wife, the former Margaret Robertson, ranch in the Inglis district. Frank married Agnes Perrenoud. They have two sons, Pat and Donald, and four grandchildren. They ranch in the Lochend district. Ava married Bill Lewis, and they have a son, Walter, and a daughter, Lena, and five grandchildren. They live in the Horse Creek district. Jon married Jo Viney. They and their two children, Hugh and Anne, ranch on the home place.

THE WALTER JONES FAMILY — by Janet Jones

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Jones came West in 1885 from Beauséjour, Manitoba, with R. W. Cowan. Mr. Jones was manager of the Cowan ranch on Big Hill Creek for several years before becoming manager of the Bottrel Horse Ranch in 1892.

Their family consisted of three sons, Harry, Gervais, and Willie, and two daughters, Frances and Elsie. It has been said that Harry was the first white child to be born in the Cochrane area, but this fact has not been completely established.

In 1902 the Bottrel Ranch was sold to D'Arcy McDaniels and Angus Sparrow. Mr. Jones

The two mounted men in the centre are Osborn Reid (left) and Walter Jones. The other men are unidentified.

Harry Jones. Taken by his father's grave in Mitford Cemetery.

Harry Jones driving steam engine for the Quigley sawmill, hauling slab wood to the brickyard. The machine is going east on the street.

prepared to move with his family to his homestead on the NE¼ 12-27-4-5, but became ill and died in October of that year. He was buried in the Mitford Cemetery beside his young son Willie, who had died previously.

Mrs. Jones, Gervais and the girls returned to Manitoba. Harry worked on ranches and at Quigley's Sawmill. He went back to Manitoba in 1912, but returned in 1934. He bought the NE¼ 34-27-3-5 from Fred McCrady for a dollar down and $1,760 in all. This land was in the Lochend district. Later, Harry also purchased Ab McCrady's land, the SW¼ 5-28-3-5. He had paid the taxes on his father's homestead through the years, so he had that land also.

Harry and his wife sold out in 1955 and moved to Cochrane. Harry passed away in 1967. Mrs. Frances Smith, the only remaining member of the family, lives in Nelson, British Columbia.

THE ISAIAH (IRISH) KINGS

Mr. and Mrs. Isaiah King came from Ireland to Philadelphia, U.S.A., and from there moved to the Cochrane district with their family of three sons and five daughters, prior to the first War. Isaiah King used to say that he was indeed lucky to be both a Prophet and a King!

Mr. and Mrs. King returned to Philadelphia after living for a number of years on their farm, the W½ 21-27-3-5. Mr. King was one of the original trustees of the Lochend School district. The younger members of the family attended Inglis School, and later, Lochend.

Several of the family were adults when they moved to Cochrane. George married Maude Lewis, a nurse from Cochrane. At one time he was a cattle dealer around Cochrane; later he and Maude moved to Australia. However, Maude did not like living "Down Under" and returned to Cochrane and the Spencer Creek area. Jack King served in World War One, lived in Calgary for many years, and is now believed to be living in British Columbia. Jim lived on the farm until his death in February, 1936. Elizabeth (Lily), married Mr. Dooling in the States; she moved to Alberta after her husband's death. Minnie married George Simmons of Airdrie, Alberta. Irene and Louise were nurses in the American Armed Forces during World War Two; Irene continued in her profession and lives in Philadelphia, but Louise's whereabouts are unknown. The youngest of the family, Isabelle, moved away from the district also.

The Irish King farm has changed hands several times since the family lived there, but is still referred to by their name. It is presently the property of the Giles family (Circle J Ranch).

THE SCOTCH KINGS — as told by William Laidlaw

William and Agnes King, their two sons, Adam and Billy, and four daughters, Jean, Maggie, Lizzie and May, came from Manitoulin Island, Ontario, in 1904. They purchased the Jim Reid place (the NE¼ 22-27-3-5), and Adam and Billy homesteaded the SW and SE quarters of 22 respectively. In later years the family added

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. King (seated), with their eldest son Jim, his wife and son.

Jean Knight, Adam King, Mrs. King, George Skinner, Elizabeth King, David Skinner, Billy King. Taken in 1930.

several more quarters of land to their holdings, which became known as the Sunset Ranch.

Another son, Jim, who was a Boer War veteran, homesteaded at Michichi, Alberta. He married and had a family of two daughters and three sons. Jean married James Briggs.

The Scotch Kings, as the family was called, were hard workers and staunch supporters of the Lochend Church. They built a large house, which still stands in a grove of tall spruces which they planted. The girls were keen gardeners, and always had a big vegetable patch and beautiful flowers.

Billy King was elected a Member of the Legislative Assembly when Social Credit was swept into power in Alberta in 1935. He was the M.L.A. for this constituency from 1935 until 1939.

Mr. and Mrs. King and Adam passed away while living at the ranch. The ranch was sold to Cleo Reilly in 1945, at which time Billy, Maggie, Lizzie and May moved to Calgary. Gardening became their hobby, and the grounds at their home on Elbow Drive have always been beautiful, as well as very productive. Billy, Maggie and Lizzie have passed away.

The King's Sunset Ranch is presently owned by the Robert Ellis and Leon Doty families.

THE JOHN KLINE AND GEORGE McLEOD FAMILIES

John Kline and his wife Abbie lived in Truro, Nova Scotia, where John worked in the brewery. They had two children, James (Jim) and Adeline. Another daughter had passed away. John passed away one February and was buried in Truro beside his daughter. Their second son, Ernest (Bus), was born that same spring after Mrs. Kline and her other two children had come to Calgary.

Abbie went to work for McLeod and Nier, who lived west of Crossfield, where John English now farms. Here Abbie met George McLeod, whom she later married. Their son Bill was born while they lived at this place.

George McLeod sold his homestead west of Crossfield to Frank Collicutt. In 1913 the McLeod-Kline family moved to the Frank King place northeast of Bottrel, and lived in the original log house on this property. George and Abbie's second son, Ben, was born here. Jim and Adeline attended West Brook School. Bus remembers being sent for the mail at the Dog Pound Post Office, although only five or six years old, and being very afraid of the coyotes he encountered. He also remembers being bucked off a horse and having to walk home at that age.

After renting the King place for three years, the family moved to Crossfield, where George ran a butcher shop. Later they farmed near Crossfield but returned to the town, where George had a draying business. George has passed away. Abbie passed away in 1924.

Jim is retired and lives in Calgary. He and his wife Annie have one son. Adeline married Jim Mitchell, and they lived in Nordegg, Alberta. Adeline has passed away. Her husband is retired and lives in Calgary. They had two boys and one girl.

Bus went out to work at the age of 14. He married Ruth Culling, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gus Culling. Ruth and Bus farmed 12 miles west of Airdrie. Bus supplemented their

income by trapping. Later they moved to the Ellwood place in the Lochend district and then bought Edith and Charlie Robinson's dairy farm at the top of the Cochrane Hill on 1A Highway.

Bus and Ruth have three children, Marie, Jim and Doris. Marie went to Abernethy and Lochend schools, and stayed with Granny Culling in Cochrane while taking high school. Marie married James Keith and they live at Athabasca, Alberta. They have two boys and two girls. Jim finished high school at Westbrook when his parents lived at Lochend. He married Jean Queen and they have three girls and one boy. They took over the dairy farm and Bus and Ruth moved to Airdrie. Doris attended school at Westbrook. She married Herbert Holstein. They have two boys, and live in Calgary.

After moving to Airdrie, Bus worked for the Municipality of Rocky View. He is now retired, and he and Ruth continue to live in Airdrie. They are both very active curlers, and Ruth is a keen gardener. Bus still enjoys a little trapping and is interested in wildlife. In his younger days he was a good athlete and played lots of hockey.

Bill McLeod served Overseas during the Second World War. He married Nettie, a Scottish girl, and they have two boys and one girl. Ben McLeod is retired and living in Calgary. He and his wife Helen have two boys and five girls.

GUY LAKE — by Hugh Lake

My father, Guy Lake, came to Alberta from Oklahoma around 1900. He worked on various ranches in the Cochrane area before accepting steady employment at R. W. Cowan's ranch.

When Mr. Cowan sold his ranch to Walter Hutchinson as a going concern in 1906, Guy stayed on as ranch manager. He was left in charge through what is generally conceded to be Alberta's worst winter in history, while the new owner returned to New Zealand to settle up his affairs there.

In 1906, the cattle bearing the Oxyoke brand normally ranged from Morley to Calgary, so it is understandable that they, along with hundreds of cattle from other ranches, drifted south and east ahead of the blizzards and prevailing winds. Guy Lake attempted to organize a roundup so that starving stock could be returned to winter ranges and thus be given some feed. However, he was the only rider to arrive at the appointed rendezvous, and, single handed, could not sort out and drive the Hutchinson cattle home. Losses that year were severe.

My father purchased the NE¼ 20-27-3-5 from James W. Westerman of Lochend, in 1909. Three years later he was granted title to the NW¼ of the same section, which he had homesteaded. These two quarters are now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Young. Guy continued working for Hutchinsons while proving up on his land. His first home was probably a sod shack; later, he built a small house which is now part of the Young's home.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Lake on their wedding day, in 1913.

My mother, Maria Bennett, came from England to live with her brothers, Hubert and Bernard Bennett, in Calgary. She became a governess for the Hutchinson children, and it was at their ranch that she met Guy. Despite the attentions of a prominent young lawyer in Calgary, the homestead life and the cowboy from Oklahoma won her heart and she and Guy were married in 1913.

Early in 1914 Guy was thrown from a bronc which even he found hard to handle, and his leg was broken. He was bedridden at home when I was born prematurely on February 19, 1914. Mother always said it was a miracle that we survived until someone rode to Cochrane and brought the doctor.

We all pulled through that major crisis in our lives and my father was soon back at work, doing what he could while driving around in his buggy, until his leg healed sufficiently for him to ride again.

On a hot summer day when I was six months old, Mr. Hutchinson and my father stopped at our house for some refreshment after a long day in the saddles. Mr. Hutchinson accepted my mother's offer of tea, but my father chose to finish the contents of an opened can of tomatoes.

He died of food poisoning before medical help could be reached.

With the help of my uncle Bernard, Mother continued to live on the farm until moving to Colorado in 1917. There she homesteaded a quarter section of land in the mountains about fifty miles from Ft. Collins.

Although I left Cochrane at the age of three, I have maintained close ties with friends in the area, and my wife and I enjoy frequent trips back to Alberta from our home in Ft. Collins.

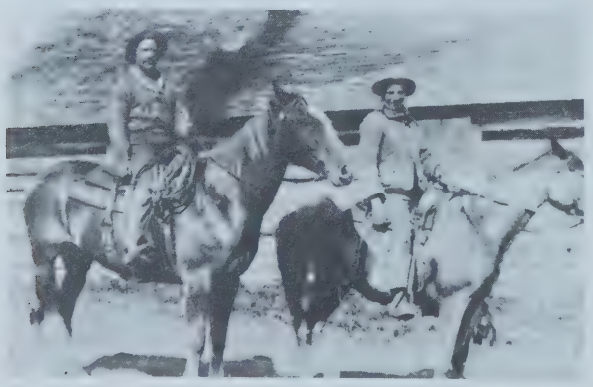
LOCHEND, AND THE LAIDLAW STORY — by William J. Laidlaw

My folks, Joseph K. and Jane Laidlaw, came from near Edinburgh, Scotland. They arrived at the Hickling ranch on the Beaver Dam Creek, west of Carstairs, in 1892. Their next move was to the Cowan ranch on Big Hill Creek. Shortly after this, about 1896, they settled at Lochend. Father named it Lochend, which means "At the end of the lake." The lake was dry at the time; the water had dried up and the lake bottom was black. The early ranchers held some of the big cattle roundups here at Lochend and at the Cochrane Lakes. The old Calgary Trail used to go right through the middle of Lochend Lake. It came through Simons Valley at Beaton's stone house, past Mayhoods and R. G. Robertsons, Baldocks, Lochend, then on to Sampsonton.

Lochend Lake filled up in the wet years just after 1900. In the early years most of the settlers' houses had sod roofs, but after the wet years started, they had to be shingled.

In the beginning my folks lived on the Skinner ranch, where Bud Hughes lives now. They built the original log house there; in 1898 it was moved down to the present site. It was all taken apart, and the logs were numbered with red paint. The reason they picked the spot was the abundance of hay. In those days people valued the slough hay in preference to the upland hay. Some of the settlers east of Lochend, nearer Airdrie, would come to hay the sloughs in Section 25.

When my folks came to this country, there was no regular train service north of Calgary, and only a section house at Carstairs. The



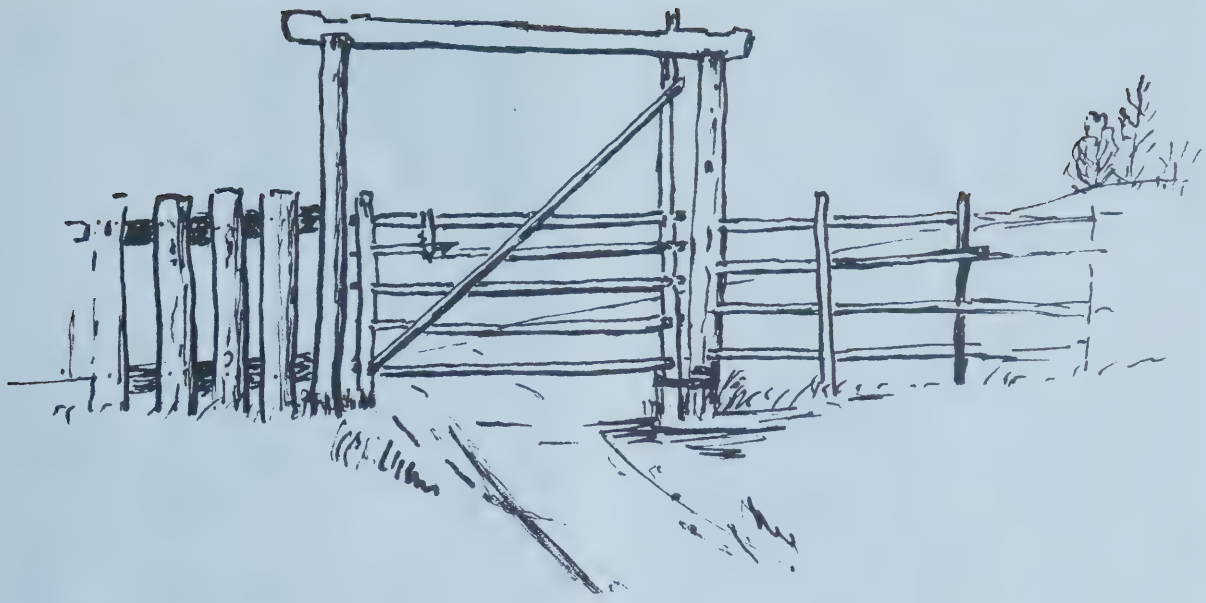
J. K. Laidlaw and George Skinner, off to the roundup in 1903.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Laidlaw and their son William.

express agent just threw the mail into the waiting room from the passing train. There were three trains a week. There was no postal service here when my folks arrived. As another rush of settlers arrived in 1904, there was a greater need for mail service. Father applied for, and got, the post office. He named it Lochend, and it was established about 1904 or 1905, and closed December 31, 1929. It was located in Township 27-3-5. The Post Office address was Lochend, via Cochrane. This post office was a 10 by 10 foot shack built on a separate knoll east of the house, (where the present home is). There were 30 or 40 people who got their mail at Lochend weekly; they came from the surrounding areas, and from the Beaver Dam district, and Sampsonton. The railroad did not come to Madden until 1931.

In addition to being Postmaster, my father was also a Justice of the Peace; this was especially useful for settlers who wished to be naturalized.

When still more settlers arrived there was a need for a church. Thus in 1908 the community got together and built a church on the south side of Lochend on two acres of land bought from the C.P.R. This was the Lochend Presbyterian Church. Later the Presbyterians and the Methodists amalgamated to form the Lochend United Church. Before the Lochend Church was built, church services were held in the Laidlaw and King homes. The minister came from Cochrane by horse and buggy. Usually he came



Saturday evening and stayed overnight. Church services were held every two weeks. Rev. Claxton and Rev. Burns were two of the ministers that I remember. Those on the original board were: William King, Sr., D. W. Skinner and J. K. Laidlaw. The last church services were held at Lochend between 1952 and 1955, sponsored by the Wes Birchalls and the Jud Pickups.

When the land was taken up by homesteaders and others, around or shortly after 1900, the S½ of Section 36, east of us, was taken by Mr. McCurdy and his son Hugh. They lived there for a number of years, until the son passed away; the land was then sold to James Robertson, who also purchased Sections 24 and 25. Dunn Brothers originally owned the W½ of 24, Earl Patterson the NE¼, and Andy Smith the SE¼. On the west side of us, the NE¼ of 22 was taken by Jim Reid, who sold to William King and family (the Scotch Kings). The NE¼ of 16 was homesteaded by Gus Peddlesden, who later moved to Calgary and owned the Bennett Glass Company.

My parents farmed at Lochend until they passed away, both at the age of 84. Mother passed away in 1945, and Dad in 1949. I continued to farm for a number of years, and am now living in Cochrane.

LOCHEND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH — by Agnes Hutchinson

Prior to 1908, church services were being held in private homes. Laidlaws had the largest living room and the services were held there at first. Later they were held alternately at their home and at Kings. The minister came out from Cochrane every two weeks. He usually came on

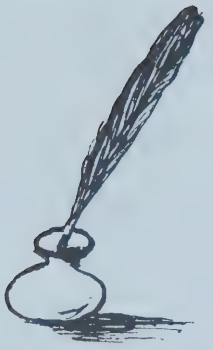
Church Dedication at Lochend.

Sunday, Jan. 17, 1909, the day selected for the opening service in the new Lochend Presbyterian church, proved to be an ideal Alberta winter day. Alberta sunshine and a brisk "chinook" at 2 p.m., the time appointed for the service, the church was crowded with a large congregation gathered from far and near proving that this portion of Alberta is being filled up with a good class of settlers. The Rev. Mr. MacWilliams, of Calgary, conducted the service and preached a sermon that will long be remembered by many who heard it. The musical part of the service was rendered by the Cochrane choir in a very efficient manner, a couple of duets were especially fine. The offering in aid of the building fund amounted to the nice little sum of $26.

Saturday, and stayed the night at Laidlaws. Rev. Claxton is well remembered, as is Rev. Burns, who was an ardent duck hunter.

The people felt the need of a church. Somehow the money was raised, and construction started. It was decided to build on a two-acre site already purchased for a cemetery, the northwest corner of the northeast quarter of 23-27-3-5. The foundation was built from rock quarried at nearby Lochend Lake by Mr. King. The rock was hauled by team and stoneboat with many willing hands and strong backs doing the handling. Nicholsons, being handy at carpentry, offered to build; the people supplied the material. Valley Fisher and the Kings did the plastering and built the chimney. The King girls cleaned and prepared the inside. Adam King went to Cochrane in fifty below zero weather and purchased chairs, which were then glued together by Mr. Johnston.

Lochend Church was dedicated on January 17, 1909, and settlers came from miles around for



the service. The Rev. MacWilliams of Calgary officiated at the opening, assisted by Rev. Claxton of Cochrane. The Cochrane choir came to sing some numbers, and the beautiful voice of Miss Mary Lamb is often mentioned by those who can still recall attending the service. The Kings loaned their new organ. Later R. F. Bevan gave an organ to the church. It was used for many concerts to raise money for the purchase of an Estey organ in about 1914. This organ was stolen from the church in 1968 and has never been recovered.

Throughout the years the church was used not only for Sunday services and school, but for community entertainment and dances. In 1972 it was sold, to be moved and used as a home some twenty miles northwest in Grand Valley. The money from the building's sale was donated to the Weedon Pioneer Centre to be used in memory of the old-timers of Lochend.

LOCHEND SCHOOL — by Jo Hutchinson

In 1912 the people of Lochend district asked for, and received, permission to use the Lochend Church for a school. The trustees of the church, J. K. Laidlaw and D. W. Skinner, agreed to lease the church building to Lochend School District No. 2732 for school purposes for a period of two years on the following conditions:

A rental of five dollars per year was to be paid.

The church premises were to be kept in repair by the School District.

Evidently the lease was renewed, as the school remained open until the population of children in the district declined. It was decided not to hire a teacher in 1920, and the school was not reopened until 1945. It then operated continuously until the Westbrook Consolidated School was opened in 1953.

Sixteen pupils came to the first classes at Lochend. They were taught for a year and a half by Miss Elizabeth Cumming, an Irish lady. She boarded at Laidlaws and later taught in Cochrane. Miss Mary Beattie, an accomplished violinist, taught for one year, then returned to Scotland. She was followed by Miss Hilda Cox, who was a lovely singer and played the piano well. She came from Calgary, and moved to Saskatchewan after her marriage.

The first pupils at Lochend School.

Miss Agnes Martinussen stayed half a term, then returned to Normal School to further her education. She boarded at Smiths and rode to school with the Smith children. She married Chris Bowhay. Miss Kathleen Thompson stayed one term and boarded with the James family, who lived on what was known as the Nicholson place. She later married Harold North and lives in Armstrong, British Columbia. Miss May McMurray was the next teacher and later married Lyle Jackson, a nephew of the Henry Brothers. She lives in Calgary. Miss Hilda Mosher was the last teacher prior to the school's closure in 1919.

When the school reopened in 1945, Miss Ellen Norris was the first teacher. She later married Henry Buckler. She was followed by Mrs. E. Lahl, Miss Tucking, Miss R. Cleveland, Mrs. Jones and Miss Sonia Kulyk, who married Bobby Turner.

WALTER McCRIMMON

Walter McCrimmon was the first teacher at Beaver Dam School. He homesteaded the SE¼ 10-28-3-5, and lived there for several years before moving to land east of Crossfield.

TOM MARLEY

Tom Marley homesteaded the NW¼ 10-28-3-5 in the early 1900s. He was a young Irishman, and full of fun. Shortly after proving up on his land, he sold it and moved to Didsbury, Alberta.

G. A. MORRIS — by Jo Hutchinson

George Allan Morris bought the NE¼ 28-26-3-5 from a Cochrane tinsmith, John Gordon McDonald, in 1913. Mr. McDonald had homesteaded the land, receiving his Grant in 1909. George Morris sold to Walter Hutchinson about the year 1918.

Mr. Morris was a hard-working man, as evidenced by the fact that he undertook to try market gardening. He obtained a contract from the Hudson's Bay Company, and grew ten acres of turnips. Unfortunately, his land, locally known as Windy Flats, was too dry for such a crop and the turnips were the size of radishes at harvest time. Had he been able to water his garden, the turnips might have grown better. It is said that Mr. Morris dug eighty feet through gravelly soil, without any cribbing, before he gave up hope of having a well of his own.

One night during World War One, Mr. Morris was sure that he saw an Unidentified Flying Object in the sky. Quite convinced that it had been launched by the enemy in Germany, he hitched a fast team to his buggy and set off for Hutchinsons. In the dark the team became entangled in a new fence, and he arrived at his destination more upset than ever. Mrs. Hutchinson, whose husband was away overnight, was so alarmed by Mr. Morris and his reports of enemy "missiles" that she woke the children and they spent most of an anxious night going from window to window, scanning the sky.

HARRY PERKINS

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Perkins and their small daughter came to live on their homestead, the SW¼ 10-28-3-5, in the early 1900s. They were there several years, later returning to England. Mrs. Perkins gave birth to twins, a boy and a girl, while they lived on the homestead. They were the first twins born in the district, and were almost a nine day's wonder!

THE JOHN POLLITT FAMILY — by Margaret McDonald

My father, mother, and I came to Walter Hutchinson's ranch shortly after our arrival in Calgary from Manchester, England, in the spring of 1907. My father was hired by Guy Lake shortly before Mr. Hutchinson's return from New Zealand, where he had spent the winter. I was ten years old at the time, and a city child, so everything was very new to me.

We lived in the "Cookhouse", as it was called, and Guy lived there too. Mr. Hutchinson's fiancee and her brother, Lud Newman, who was about nineteen, came out from New Zealand in the early summer. Lud stayed for awhile after the Hutchinson's marriage, and he and I used to roam the hills behind our house and gather mushrooms around the big cattle shed along the creek. Mother did the laundry for both houses, grew a garden, and also did some housework in the "Big House", as we called it.

One incident made quite an impression on me. When Mrs. Hutchinson saw her first snowfall, she was delighted with the novelty of it. She ran out, dressed of course, in the long skirts customary at that time, and stayed out in the snow until she was soaked to the knees. Any onlookers who, only a year before, had experienced the hardest winter on record, no doubt were wryly amused!

I remember Guy training a range cow to stand and be milked. He tied her hind legs to the gate of a stall in the barn. She kicked until she lifted the gate off its hinges, and Guy finished up lying across her back and milking her that way.

Mother was brought what seemed to me, flocks of ducks to clean when hunting season began.

We moved back to Calgary in the fall, but in spite of my short time spent at the ranch, I have many pleasant memories.

Some 40 years later, my daughter Peggy's husband, Jud Pickup, did some work for Mr. Hutchinson before purchasing a farm in the district. It's a small world!

THE JAMES ROBERTSON STORY — by Margaret Hutchinson

James Robertson was born in 1849 at Grantown-on-Spey in Scotland. He was the son of Rev. Peter Robertson, a minister in the Church of Scotland, and one of a family of eight children.

Little is known of his early life, but it is logical to conclude that, after his schooling was completed, he found work with the livestock men in his area. We assume too, that James Robertson worked and saved and dreamed of the day when he could find a future in Canada.

This dream was realized in 1880 when he was placed in charge of the first purebred Aberdeen Angus bulls to be shipped to the Cochrane Ranche. The bulls had been purchased at the Perth sale. By arrangements with the proper authorities, Robertson and the bulls came to Richmond, Quebec, where they spent the winter months. In the spring of 1881 the animals and their caretaker came up the Missouri River to Fort Benton, Montana, and on, by trail, to the Cochrane Ranche, where Robertson was employed under manager Frank White.

Some years later Mr. White and Mr. Robertson entered into partnership, and they were associated with the Merino Ranch in the sheep business. On one occasion, Robertson helped to

James Robertson.

bring five thousand sheep by trail to the Cochrane Ranche Co. from Montana.

About 1894 Robertson severed his connections with ranching interests in the Cochrane area and moved to his homestead southwest of Crossfield. He lived in a sod house until a better home could be built.

In 1901 he married Miss Margaret McDonald, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. McDonald of Cochrane. She had come to the district in 1886 with her family.

A few years after moving to the Crossfield district, Mr. Robertson bought the old Davis ranch, and some years later, he bought land northwest of Airdrie from Conn Smith.

In the days before the railway was completed between Calgary and Edmonton, and before the stockyards were established, Jim Robertson used to buy cattle from farmers living west of Carstairs and Didsbury. He would come with team and democrat to inspect and purchase the cattle, and a few days later he would come on horseback to take the cattle home.

Jim Robertson was captain of the last round-up held at Cochrane Lakes.

Mr. and Mrs. Robertson had four children: one son, Angus, and three daughters, Christine, Margaret and Anne. All received their early education at Abernethy School, which was named after Abernethy Church in Grantown-on-Spey, Scotland. Angus married Miss Margaret McLees of Crossfield, in 1928. They have three children, one son, Stuart, of Turner Valley, and two daughters, Mrs. C. J. Barr of Edmonton and Mrs. Lloyd Conn of Calgary.

Christine married C. L. Murphy in 1931. They have five children: one son, James, of Calgary, and four daughters, Mrs. Jack Foster, Mrs. De la Roche, Mrs. Paul Heaton and Mrs. James Swann, all of Edmonton.

Margaret married Walter Hutchinson Jr. of Cochrane, and Anne married Gordon Robertson

Angus Robertson's Chuckwagon outfit, 1924.

of Wellington, New Zealand. Gordon passed away in New Zealand in 1973.

After a brief illness James Robertson passed away in 1917. He was a quiet, industrious man whose only pleasures were in his family and his friends, whom he regarded with warm affection and esteem. His wife, Margaret, was killed in a bus accident in 1933.

As time passed economic conditions changed and many problems had to be solved. By 1966 the family had gone their separate ways and all the property had been sold.

The oldest daughter, Christine, passed away in 1969, and Angus passed away at Aldersyde, Alberta, in 1972.

It is interesting to note that James Robertson was among the first ranchers in the area to register his cattle and horse brands. The brands were registered in 1894 and are recorded in the brand book that is now in the Museum at Medicine Hat. At that time James Robertson got his mail at Mitford.

PLEASANT MEMORIES — by Anna Robertson

My dad, James Robertson, crossed the Atlantic several times in charge of groups of immigrants to Western Canada. Later he took up ranching. In 1898 he purchased a ranch west of Airdrie from Andy (Shorty) Smith and later, from 1901 to 1906, added many fine grazing sections. This ranch was always called the "Smith place." Dad also grazed sheep and horses on his Bow View Ranch, west of Cochrane.

Dad passed away on March 21, 1917, after a brief illness. Mom carried on with the difficult task of running the ranches. Mom was Vice-President of the Southern Alberta Pioneers and Old-Timer's Association at the time of her death in a tragic bus accident at High River in 1933.

Unfortunately, I remember very little of my father. He died when I was quite small, having contracted pneumonia after attending an auction sale. I do remember a few precious things about him that keep his memory close to my heart. Once, my parents left the four of us youngsters for a few days in the care of close neighbors, the Harringtons, while they went by team and democrat to Cochrane to attend a funeral. I was absolutely heartbroken at the separation and spent almost all the time under the stairs, crying my eyes out. I'll never forget the joyous reunion that occurred on their return. I ran pellmell down the road on my fat little legs to meet them.

I remember Daddy returning in the cutter from a trip to Crossfield in the winter. Excitement knew no bounds when he came into the warm kitchen where we sat around the friendly old coal stove. The older girls landed in his arms while all I could do was hug his knees and feel the lovely softness of his huge coonskin coat, then look up and see the frost on his eyebrows and the icicles on his moustache.

One day I was allowed to go with him in the buggy while he looked over the cattle and dropped off blocks of salt. I was delighted and felt so important sitting up there beside him on the seat, as we children were usually relegated to the floor of the buggy at the feet of the driver. I asked him if the cattle belonged to him.

"No," he said, "They belong to us."

Music was always present in our home. My father had a beautiful singing voice. Each member of the family contributed something, playing a musical instrument, singing or dancing.

I was forever asking Daddy when I would be allowed to ride a horse all by myself. One day he measured me on the side of the barn and then put a distinct mark several inches higher up.

"When you're as tall as that mark, then you may have your own pony." How I stretched and waited for the day.

Scotty and Doug McDonald and Angus Perry were cousins of mine who worked for us. Ernie Archibald was our first foreman and Jock Herron often looked after our south ranch until my brother Angus moved there. Deaf Scotty looked after the sheep at Bow View.

Mother started a library at Abernethy School and was often on the school board. She was an avid reader. She expected us to know as much about the classics and world events as she. She had a deep appreciation of the theatre, and we were fortunate in being taken to all the best shows that came to Calgary.

From time to time we had a Chinese cook; Charlie was my favorite. He was rather difficult to understand, but he cooked sumptuous meals. One day my sister and I noticed him packing a huge box of food. We asked him why he was doing this and he replied, "Oh, I send this to Bel-

jim." The Belgians were starving at that time and all were encouraged to send them food parcels. We thought it wonderful of Charlie — until we learned later that it was for Jim Ballentyne at the Smith place. Charlie was using the Chinese custom of reversing names!

I loved the early morning roundups on the ranch at branding time, the Crossfield Sports Day on July 1st, and the Dog Pound Picnic. Mom usually accompanied us to the dances at Crossfield. With moonlight sleigh rides, and skating parties and hockey on our lake in McPherson Coulee, the winters slipped by with fun for all. These are some of my memories of "Home on the Range."

WILLIAM SHEPPARD SAUNDERS — by Sonia Turner

John Saunders emigrated from Edinburgh, Scotland, early in the 1800s and settled in Woodstock, New Brunswick. His son, William Sheppard Saunders, was born in Woodstock July 29, 1854. He became mayor of Woodstock in 1895 and 96.

In 1905 William, his wife and family, came west to Calgary and Cochrane. They homesteaded the E½ 34-26-3-5, now the farm of Dennis and Maida Wearmouth, and all of Section 36, and later bought Section 35 from the C.P.R. Here they raised horses and cattle, and cut hay.

There were eight children in the William S. Saunders family, five sons and three daughters. Kate Marion, the oldest daughter, was a nurse; she married Al Baker and lived in Calgary. Dr. William E. practised medicine in Cochrane with Dr. Waite for a period of time, and later practised in Calgary. Murray Sheppard, the second son, became a traveller for Ashdown's Hardware. Harry P. was a lawyer in Calgary; he was also a well-known judge at dog shows. Fred S., a traveller in the shoe business, spent most of his time in Vancouver. His son, Fred S. Saunders, now resides in Nanaimo, British Columbia. Annie Margaret, known as Nan, married Art Neuman of Calgary. Jean E. passed away in Victoria, British Columbia, March 25, 1915. E. J. Grant, the youngest son, worked for the C.P.R. in Calgary.

Breaking broncs at the W. S. Saunders ranch. Harry roping, while his father watches.

A granddaughter, Mrs. Jean Shields of Calgary, recalls trips to the ranch. There were at least three homes on this land. Grandma Saunders lived in the big house that was eventually destroyed by fire; there was also a tin house on the premises. Mrs. Shields remembers seeing oil slicks on the sloughs; today there are several producing oil wells in this general area.

W. A. B. Saunders of Edmonton, Harry's son, continues the story:

"Yes, Dr. William Saunders did practise in Cochrane. He lived for some time in the house which was later occupied by the Bob Turner family for many years. The original Saunders family house was situated almost to the next road allowance east of the one Dr. Saunders lived in.

"My father stayed on the ranch for several winters. He alternated between the ranch and the University of New Brunswick until he obtained his Arts degree; then he attended King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia, where he received his Law degree in 1910.

"There are many stories of that ranch. Some of them concern the hardships endured, such as the times that Dad would go to Calgary in the middle of a bad storm in the winter, and walk behind the team most of the way to keep from freezing.

"The way they would break broncs was a little out of the ordinary. First they cut a bronc out in the corral, then got him in a squeeze-gate, where they put the harness on him, and then in some manner got him hitched to a large lumber wagon. They had a big old Shire stallion that they also hitched to the wagon. Then they would tie a telephone pole behind the wagon. When all was ready they would open the corral gate and the bronc would run all over the ranch, pulling the wagon, the heavy pole, and the Shire stallion. After the first bronc was completely tired out the process was repeated with a second bronc. After bronc number two was tired, but number one not completely rested, they hitched the two of them to the democrat and started for Calgary. By the time they got to the city they had two reasonably manageable horses.

"Then there's the story about their little dog, that one hot August day killed a skunk under the house in something that served as a furnace. Everyone moved out.

"To me, the way that man treated man in those days is something we should remember. Dad told me that when he first came to the country, there were no locks on doors. If you stopped at a man's shack at mealtime you were invited in to eat. If it was dark when you arrived, you were invited to spend the night. If no one was home, you were expected to make yourself a meal. All that was asked was that you didn't eat everything on the place, and that you cleaned up afterwards and left a note."

The ranch was sold to Dr. R. L. James, a surgeon from Chicago, in 1920. In 1928 his son, R. A. James, sold the land to the Bob Turner family, who are still farming it.

Note: W. A. B. Saunders is presently the Deputy Minister of Housing for Alberta.

THE SKINNER FAMILY — by Isabel Hughes

My father and mother, David and Janet Skinner, came to Canada in March of 1893, stopping first in Calgary, then going on to Carstairs and out to the Hickling place on Beaver Dam Creek. My brother George was four and sister Elizabeth one year old.

Dad worked for Mr. Hickling that summer and then went to Mitford to run the store for Lady Adela. He had been a grocer in Scotland. Dad and Uncle Joe Laidlaw, who, with his wife (my mother's sister), had come to Canada a year earlier (1892), had taken up homesteads a mile apart and been given a year to start proving up on them.

In the spring of 1894 they hauled logs and started building; Jean d'Artigue and Charlie Pedeprat did the log work for them, and both houses were built on Dad's homestead. One can still see the hollows where the cellars were. Aunt Jane Laidlaw kept house for both men, while Mother stayed at Mitford and started George to school, the first year that the school there was open, with Miss Monilaws as teacher. Mrs. Walter Jones was also there with her family, and Harry Jones and George used to lie on the railroad bed and let the trains pass over them, nearly scaring their mothers to death.

Mother and the children came out to the homestead in the fall of 1894, and Uncle Joe moved his house to his own place by the lake, which they called Lochend, after the district they lived in, in Edinburgh.

I've heard Mother tell of a scare that she got shortly after coming to the place. She and the children were alone, Dad having gone to help Uncle Joe build corrals, when in walked four Indians wrapped in their blankets. They sat on the floor; Mother said she had the children in a corner and was standing in front of them with the bread knife in her hand, wondering what was going to happen. The tense moments ended with the arrival of Shorty Nier, who spoke to the Indians, whereupon they left. Of course all they wanted was food, but how was she to know that?

George Skinner and his hunting dog, 1917.

The Skinner family in 1900.

For two or three years, Dad worked out in the summer months, at Dan McNeills, on the Dog Pound, and at Brealeys, which is known as the C.P.R. Ranch. Their buildings were in the coulee, by the spring, as most buildings were in those days, because it was very dry in this country then. Dad and Uncle cut hay in the lake and slough bottoms.

In 1899, the year I was born, it started to rain in July and forgot to stop. Dad used to tease me and say that I was the jinx. The sloughs and lakes all filled up and springs broke out on hillsides. Our buildings had to be moved up the hill to where they are now. The house, which had been built on a knoll, was moved several years later. Wet years brought mosquitoes, which drove people and stock frantic. Over their hats the settlers hung netting, which hung down to their shoulders and gave some protection as they

The Skinner ranch, 1922.

worked. The horses, when in harness, had to have netting also; smudges were lit for the cattle to stand near. Milk cows, especially, needed the relief afforded by the smoke.

Building logs and firewood were hauled from the bush some twenty miles west, mostly from what came to be known as Green Coulee, Black's Camp or Klondyke Valley. George and Uncle Joe rode with the last roundup that was held in the Cochrane area. George had a little strawberry roan mare, which he claimed, "could turn on a dime and give a nickel's change." Later some of her colts were our driving teams.

Those early years must have been very hard, for there was little money, no luxuries and lots of hard work. Mother made butter, which was traded for groceries at ten cents a pound; eggs were five cents a dozen in summer, twenty cents in winter. Understandably, they were more valuable in winter, for it not only was hard to keep the hens laying in cold weather, but transporting eggs to town without them getting frozen was quite a problem, since travel was slow by team and sleigh and distances were great. A trip to Crossfield or Cochrane took all of a long day, and going to Calgary meant three days — one to go, one to shop and one to come home. The trail went down through Uncle Joe's to the east of the lake, then across country down into Nose Creek at Jack Baldock's place, where one was hauled in for dinner, then on down the creek, entering the city at what was known as the Hays place.

When Dad planted potatoes, he was told they'd freeze before they were ready, also his oats, but his crops yielded well. Later he planted berry bushes, again against the advice of others, but they, too, did well. The black, white and red currants, gooseberries and raspberries flourished. In the spring of 1911, Dad planted trees and was laughed at, but again it was a good guess and they have been a blessing and a wonderful windbreak.

Dad's first plowing, fifteen acres, was done with oxen. Mr. Riggs did the breaking, and later another thirty acres was broken up.

There were few neighbours in the first years. McPhees were the nearest, except for the Laidlaws. Madden and Shea lived to the north, where Jack Beddoes lives now, and the Walsh brothers, Dick and Jim. Upstream on the Beaver Dam from Maddens were R. F. Bevan, then Captain Inglis, Angus McDonald and Ernie Bell. To the southwest in Big Hill Creek was the Cowan ranch, later Hutchinsons. In 1902 the Reed Brothers came in southwest of Laidlaws and in 1904, they sold to W. King and family, who came from Ontario and were later known as the "Scotch Kings." 1904 was settlers year; a lot of families moved into the Beaver Dam district, many of them coming from the U.S.; Havens, Keils, Rachs, Phillips, Walcots, Geitzens, Salisburys and many others arrived that year.

Prior to 1914, the country was settled up rapidly in every direction. Fences appeared everywhere. George Havens homesteaded the quarter north of us, the NW¼ 2-28-3-5. Section 10 was taken up by Tom Marley on the NW¼, Archie Cameron on the NE¼, Walter McCrimmon on the SE¼, and Harry Perkins on the SW¼. Near him was Jim Curtain, a young English dude, who was going to build a copy of his home in England — "Rather knock these chap's eyes out, what!" But he never got any further than a shack that was half dugout. Nick Dent, his wife and two sons, Bill and Harry,

Bundle stacks ready for threshing.

homesteaded the SE¼ of 4-28-3-5 in 1909; the SW¼ of the same section was taken up by Del Blanchett in 1908. He was a well-known rider from the U.S., and built a nice house. However, he didn't stay long. He was killed in the First World War. Southwest of us on Section 34-27-3-5 was Bud Wilson; we still refer to the steep hill there as Wilson's Hill. None of these people stayed. Next to us on the east was Mr. Aiello, an Italian, but he only stayed a few months and the place was taken by a Scottish lad, Dan Campbell. His brother, Alec, got the Curtain quarter in 1912. They both proved up, and in 1914, Dan sold his land to my father. West of Kings was Valley Fisher, whose house stood until recent years. On Section 20 of Township 27 were two English lads, Metcalfe and Lee, who proved up on their homesteads in 1907. They had had a draper's

GOVERNMENT OF THE PROVINCE OF ALBERTA

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS

Large Local Improvement District No. 601

Notice of Assessment

To Tom Steel
Foothills

Take notice that under the provisions of The Local Improvement Ordinance you have been assessed for the year 1906 in respect of the undermentioned lands. Particulars of this assessment and of all arrears of taxes are given herein.

All payments must be forwarded to the Deputy Minister of Public Works at Edmonton, Alberta. These payments to be made by accepted bank cheque, bank draft, money order or postal note, payable at par in Edmonton ; or in cash. Postage stamps cannot be accepted in any case.

Section 78 of The Local Improvement Ordinance provides that "In case any ratepayer neglects or refuses to pay his taxes in a Large District for two months after the mailing of the notice as provided by Section 75 of this Ordinance the Minister may by his agent levy the same with costs by distress of the goods and chattels of the person who ought to pay the same or of any goods or chattels in his possession wherever the same may be found in the Large District or of any goods and chattels found on the premises the property of or in possession of any other occupant of the premises and may impound the same on the premises where distrained; and no claim of property, lien or privilege shall be available to prevent the same or payment of the taxes and costs out of proceeds of the sale thereof."

Part of Sec.	Sec.	Tp.	Rge.	Mer.	Acres.	Rate of Assess't per acre.	Amount of Taxes due for current year. $ c.	Arrears of Taxes. $ c.	Years for which arrears are due.
S E	10	27	4	5	160	1/4	2 00		

Frank and Elizabeth Phillips and their children, 1915.

shop in Manchester, and had brought a trunk full of ribbons and laces with them. They used to come visiting and always brought my sister and me hair ribbons — beautiful things, one of which I still have.

In 1905 Beaver Dam School was built. Jesse Havens taught for awhile, then Walter McCrimmon came. My brother and sister went to school there. When Lochend School District was organized in 1912, I attended school there.

Dances were held in the homes, and later, in the school. One of my earliest memories is of a dance at McPhees; I must have been about four at the time and really thought I was somebody when Shorty Nier picked me up and carried me in among the dancers! And another memory is of a dance at our house; I was seven, and was watching the dancers with longing eyes. Guy Lake said to me, "Come on, kid, let's show them how." He taught me to waltz and was my hero from then on!

People travelled long distances to visit friends, often staying the night before the return journey. Mrs. Madden used to walk down to visit Mother and always carried a tin pail and a stick to scare the cattle away. Most of the range cattle were wild, curious longhorns, and would come tearing across the field towards anyone on foot, circling closer all the time. I can remember being terrified of them, but they could be scared off when you beat on the tin pail.

My sister married Frank Phillips in 1911. She died in 1924 of diphtheria, leaving Frank with young children to raise, and he made a fine job of it.

Mother passed away in February 1931, and Dad, who always said that he couldn't boil water without burning it, took over the cooking and housekeeping, even learning to can fruit and meat. He passed away in June, 1941, leaving George to carry on alone. In May of 1949, my husband, Arthur Hughes, and I, with our son and daughter, came from Jasper, Alberta, where we had lived for twenty years, to be with George and make a home for him. We built a new house and worked together until his death in July 1959, the last of the Skinner name.

Our son manages the old place, which is now known as George Skinner Ranches Ltd.

In spite of all the changes over the years, one can still find quite a few of the old trails, worn deep by the many wheels and horses' hooves that have passed over them. As long as any unbroken land remains, those trails will be there, silent reminders of the kind and courageous people who made them so long ago.

A. G. TAYLOR — by Agnes Hutchinson

Albert George Taylor left England at the age of sixteen. He travelled to New Zealand and Australia, spending some time in each country. He met Norman Cairns in Australia, and together they travelled to Canada, eventually arriving in Cochrane in 1910. Norman's father was living in the area north of the village at that time. Mr. Taylor recalled, many years later, that one of the first things they noticed upon arrival in Cochrane was an advertisement of land for sale, priced at $7.60 an acre.

Mr. Taylor was not altogether fond of country life, but since farming seemed to be the thing to do in a new country, he took out a homestead on the SW¼ 34-26-3-5 and built a log house on the south shore of the lake that lies partly in this quarter of land. During the early 1900s, this lake extended north and west across the Correction Line, more than half a mile from its present shoreline. The lake dried up during the early years of the 1930s, revealing rock piles and evidence of dead furrows, thus indicating that at some time in the past, the bottom of the lake had been cultivated. It is known that this area was very dry in the 1870s and 1880s. Obviously there were farmers in the Big Hill Creek area long before legal claim was laid to the land.

The vagaries of Alberta climate through the years are well illustrated by the fact that Walter Hutchinson sailed his small boat on this same lake around 1907. Thirty years later he grew oats on the lake bottom.

Albert Taylor grew a very good crop of oats on his breaking. He kept a few head of cattle, and some horses. The story is told that fearing mange, he once asked D. P. McDonald to come and examine a sick steer. D.P. looked at the animal for some time, stroked his chin slowly and then pronounced his verdict. "I think", he said, "The disease is serious and quite common. It is what you call starvation."

In 1917 Mr. Taylor traded his quarter of land to Walter Hutchinson for six skim milk calves, one cow, a pedigreed bull and one hundred dollars. He now had more livestock, but no land. He moved to the George Clark place for a few years, then moved to Calgary, where he has

made his home ever since. The log house which he had built on his homestead was moved to Hutchinsons.

Mr. Taylor had an eye for beauty, and was particularly fond of the Big Hill Springs area. He once won a prize in a nation-wide competition, for a snapshot which he took of what is now Big Hill Springs Provincial Park.

ERNEST TAYLOR

Ernest Taylor homesteaded NE¼ 12-27-4-5 and received his Patent in 1916. His land was immediately north of Matt Williams' place.

ROBERT JAMES AND MARYANN TODD — by Mae Todd

Robert Todd was born near Port Perry, Ontario, in 1886. He was the tenth child in a family of thirteen. Later he came with his family to the Thigh Hill district near Kirkcaldy, Alberta.

I, Maryann (Mae) Leahey, was born in Belfast, Ireland, and came to Thigh Hill in 1905. After completing my education, I taught at the Thigh Hill one-room, country school near our home.

Robert Todd and I were married in Champion in 1914. Bob liked raising cattle and in 1919, we moved to Cochrane because we needed more rangeland. We went to live on the Gordon Carling place near where the Chris Bristows now live. Billy Byers helped us with the work. We had two good neighbors, the Al Rabys to the north and the Hutchinsons to the east. Lots of cowboys, as well as other riders, came by but I was very lonely at first as no women neighbors came to visit me for six months. Many Indians came and some would ask to stay overnight. They would not sleep in a bed; they just lay on the floor. There never seemed to be any time for visiting as the cattle always had to be looked after.

I liked the old log cabin where we lived, but it was hard to keep looking nice. We had two coal heaters that kept us warm the first winter, which was a very severe one. Many of our cattle died as they were not used to the grass feed for hay.

In the summer the children, Roberta and Gregory, and I took walks daily. I thought the countryside was lovely as the grass was a richer green than on the prairies. The raspberry bushes were just loaded with fruit. I had never seen such luscious berries. I always enjoyed the lovely spring water, even though we had to carry it uphill.

Gregory (on the gate) and Bob Todd. Other children are visitors.

We went to Calgary quite often. One day while I was getting the children ready, I put Gregory's shoes by the stove to get warm. When I went to put them on him I could not find one. After much searching, I looked in the stove just in time to see the remaining one going up in smoke.

We left Cochrane in 1921 and went back to our grain farm east of Kirkcaldy, where we still live.

In 1922 I taught at the Long Coulee School near our farm home. I had 24 pupils, two of whom were Bud and Ellen Ullery. I was short one desk, but Mrs. Ullery was undaunted and proceeded to build Ellen a desk out of apple boxes, which she covered with green oilcloth. I wish I had preserved it for the archives.

I continued to teach at local schools in our area for several years. In 1948 I attended the University of Lethbridge and ended up teaching high school in Vulcan, just north of us. After forty years teaching, I retired in 1969. Robert continued to farm and raise cattle.

We had four children; all are married. Roberta lives at home and teaches in Champion, eight miles south of us. Gregory farms near Fort Macleod and teaches in that city. Ivan works in Vancouver. Brian farms our land as well as his own three sections.

We are both retired now and our sons look after our cattle. Brian built us a new modern home on the farm. Although we have only been to Ireland once, we have taken many long holidays together. Robert, at age 88, still drives his farm truck and still takes a great interest in his cattle.

Quite a contrast to present-day service stations. Bob Turner is on the right.

A. W. (Bob) and Mabel Turner and their family, Marion, Olive, Gwen and Bobby.

A. W. (BOB) AND MABEL TURNER — by Bob Turner

My father, William George Turner, and mother, Florence G. Turner, came from Margate Village, five miles from the town of Lutton, which was on the outskirts of London, England. My father owned a blacksmith shop, and a bicycle shop. His wife was engaged in the millinery business; in the late 1800s in England, most of the ladies were employed in home crafts or cottage industries, and many made Panama hats, which were in high fashion.

Father came to Calgary in 1905. My mother sailed to Canada in 1907, bringing with her her two sons, Bill and myself Alex, known as Bob. I was five years old at that time. My sister Dorothy was born in Calgary; she married Jack Reid from Bottrel.

I spent my boyhood in Calgary, and was engaged in the garage business for several years. In Calgary I met a young office girl, Mabel Robena Caldwell, formerly of Port Elgin, Ontario. She came as a child from Bruce County, Ontario, in 1911. We were married on December 24, 1924.

In the spring of 1926, Mabel and I rented a farm on shares from Dr. R. L. James. This land had originally been homesteaded by the four Saunders brothers around 1909. It consisted of E½ 34, all of 36 and 35, in Township 26-3-5, located on the Lochend Trail about fifteen miles northeast of Cochrane. Dr. James was a physician from Chicago and owned five farms and ranches in Alberta, called the Grotto Stock Farms. I was fortunate in being able to purchase our farm from his son, R. A. James, who went into the trucking business (James and Reimer), and later returned to the United States.

Our family consisted of three daughters and one son. Marion was born while we lived in Calgary. Olive, our second daughter, was only two weeks old when we moved to the farm. Gwyn and Bobby were born after we were established in the Cochrane district.

In the early days the closest neighbours were several miles away. The Mel Browns were four miles south; Bob Boyd was the nearest neighbour to the north. Many winters we would be snow-bound for weeks at a time. Mel Brown and I would often go to Cochrane and bring home some groceries by saddlehorse. Our roads then were just dirt, and only passable in good weather.

Times were poor, and during the Depression the government provided "Relief" for the unemployed. Relief corresponded to some extent to the present-day Welfare. The government also had a scheme whereby an unemployed man and

Bobby Turner and his first Rocky Mountain sheep, trophy size.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. (Bob) Turner on their 50th Wedding Anniversary, December 24, 1974.

his farmer-employer were each paid $5 per month. It was up to the farmer to provide the man with room and board, and supply him with tobacco, which was usually "Cut Plug."

I had one of the earliest threshing machines in the district, and threshed for Laidlaws, Scotch Kings, Irish Kings, Mel Browns, Tom Wearmouth, Fred McCrady, and other settlers who were friends and neighbours.

In 1927 and 1928 we had bumper crops. I got my start in raising beef cattle. Later on we went into the dairy business, and are still engaged in it. Our cattle brand was Half Diamond 7, and our horse brand was the same. We used to put up lots of prairie wool.

Our children went five and one half miles to Glendale School, at first by horse and cart, and later on, on horseback. The family was active in gymkhanas at Helen McDonald's place. Later the Cochrane Light Horse Association was formed, and it continued the gymkhanas for a number of years. We had lots of good sport with friends and neighbours. In earlier days I played baseball and hockey on the Cochrane teams.

In the fall I would enjoy Big Game hunting, for moose, Rocky Mountain sheep, goats, elk or deer, with Graeme Broatch, Frank Newsome, Frank Hutchinson and other friends. We would travel to the mountains by team and wagon, and sometimes we would use sleighs. Some years we would have trouble with the sleighs until we got to Grand Valley and Beaupré, and then there'd be lots of snow! Other times we'd go into the east country, around Tilley and Brooks, on an antelope hunt with Billy King or Mel Brown.

Sometimes we'd take the family on an outing to Banff. To get some spending money, we would slaughter a calf at home, and take it along with us to sell to the butcher in Banff for about $12.

My only brother, Bill (William H.), passed away in Ladner, British Columbia in 1949. My father passed away in July 1962, at the age of eighty-five, and Mother followed on August 13, 1964, at the age of ninety.

I am pretty well retired now, and the farm operations are carried on by our son Bobby and his sons. Marion is married to Dr. Stan Woodson of Nanaimo, British Columbia, a former Glendale schoolmate. They had four children, Ronnie, Bill, Ian and Gwyneth. Olive is married to Joe Rushfeldt; they have two sons, Dan and Joey, and a daughter, Betty. They are presently farming in the Rimbey district. Gwyn, now Mrs. Waldo, has two daughters, Carol and Lois. Bobby married Sonia S. Kulyk, a former teacher at Lochend School and originally from Buffalo, Alberta. They have five sons: Tony, who works for International Business Machines at Williams Lake, British Columbia, and Jim, Norman, Frank and Winston at home.

On Christmas Eve 1974, Mabel and I were fortunate enough to celebrate our 50th Wedding Anniversary with a friendly gathering of old friends and neighbours. I would like to add that the Cochrane district has been very good to us.

GEORGE AND ELIZABETH WARD — by Jo Hutchinson

George Ward was brought up in an orphanage in Ontario. He came West in the early 1900s as a young man. He married Elizabeth Standring, who came to the Glendale district with her parents around 1902. George worked for a number of ranchers in the Cochrane area, including D. P. McDonald, Dave McDougall, Barney Madden and Walter Hutchinson. He was foreman at Hutchinsons from about 1913 to 1917, succeeding Justin Freeman. The Ward family lived in the cookhouse, which had been built by Cowans for Sandy McDonald and his bride. Mrs. Ward cooked for the single men employed at the ranches, and helped with gardening and other jobs. She recalls that the cookhouse at Hutchinsons lacked cupboard space, and got the men to bring her the grub box from the old chuckwagon, which was no longer used. The box was well made, but very dirty, and she

spent quite a while cleaning it up for use in the house. In 1967, when the cookhouse was torn down, the grub box was donated to the Glenbow Foundation, and is now part of a display at Heritage Park.

George bought the Alfke homestead in 1917, but sold it a year later to Evan Jones. In 1919, the Wards decided to pioneer in Northern Alberta. They took some horses and cattle, and with their four children, all under the age of seven, went by train to Peace River, and from there to Fort Vermilion by barge down the Peace, a distance of about 200 miles. They took up a homestead on the south shore of the Peace, 27 miles from Fort Vermilion, which was one of the first trading posts established in the North West Territories by the North West Company.

Most of the Wards' horses died during the first year on their homestead; they did not acclimatize readily and had no resistance to diseases prevalent in Northern Alberta. The cattle, which George had purchased on a share basis from Walter Hutchinson, suffered from the flies so badly that they hardly left the smudges, day or night. They would come running when they heard the sound of an axe being used to cut more poplar for a smudge. Eventually all the cattle, even the bull, were butchered for local sale. The Wards found a ready market for their beef, as it was almost non-existent in Fort Vermilion stores at that time.

A few years after moving to Fort Vermilion, George suffered a broken jaw when he was kicked by a horse. His injury was never properly attended to and caused him a great deal of pain and discomfort for the rest of his life. He passed away in 1933.

Another child was born to the Wards after they moved to the Fort. The family has all remained in the area, where they married, and established businesses.

Mrs. Ward remarried, and she and her husband, Ernest Rivard, live in Fort Vermilion. She has always been active in community affairs, and has written at least one volume of poetry, entitled, Rhymes of a Homestead Woman.

OLD COWBOY'S LAMENT — by E. Ward Rivard

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight!
Give me a saddle horse, just for tonight;
Saddle and bridle, chaps and a quirt,
Gaudy silk hanky and old buckskin shirt.
Once in the saddle, I'm heading for those
Grass-covered hills where the Ghost River flows.

When I started to farm my friends declared, "Pete,
You're bound to get rich if you stick to the wheat,
You can see for yourself the riding is done.
The farm is the place where the dollars are won."
Many years I have farmed and now at life's close
Let me ride the hills where the Ghost River flows.

Ride through the frost with the stars shining bright;
Ride till the rising sun chases the night.
To blazes with plows and harvesting flax,
Your ninety-day oats and twenty-cent sacks.
Herd law and taxes, I knew not these woes
Back in the hills where the Ghost River flows.

When the last summons comes and I answer the call
There's a spot on the Ghost I love beyond all;
Way up in the hills stands a pine that I know
Where the sun always shines, the soft Chinooks blow.
Please bury me there with my face to the west,
And just mark the spot: "Here's a cowboy at rest."

(The Old Beaver Dam, Madden, 1918)

EDGAR AND EMMA YOUNG — by Emma Young

Edgar Young was born in Peterborough, Ontario. He came West with his aunt, Mrs. William Milligan, in 1906. Mr. and Mrs. Milligan homesteaded the NW¼ 30-27-3-5, receiving their title for the land in 1909.

Edgar worked around the Irricana, Alberta, area for several years. At one time he managed the Creighue Ranch there; he recalls that during one blizzard while he worked there, a great many cattle drifted over a bank and perished. Edgar worked in the Cochrane area south of the river for a number of years, for the Copithornes and other ranchers. He spent most of his time breaking horses, and, of course, was in the saddle all day, most days. Ranch work meant that a man worked from the top of a saddlehorse almost entirely; if a fellow couldn't ride, he wasn't much good!

During World War One, Edgar trained in the Army at Esquimalt, British Columbia, but due to a knee injury, did not go Overseas.

Edgar and I, Emma Perrenoud, were married in 1929. Before our marriage, I spent some time in Seattle, staying with my aunt, Bertha (Mrs. Ernest) Perrenoud. She was an embroidery designer, and I learned to assist with the finishing touches on some very beautiful clothing. Edgar and I farmed on the former Milligan homestead for a few years, then bought the NW¼ 20-27-3-5 from Mrs. Guy Lake and moved there in 1937. Since then we have added to our holdings, and still live on this farm.

We had two children, Mary and Charles. Mary married Henry Hildebrandt; they farm west of Didsbury. Charles is farming the home place. Both Mary and Charles had to take much of their education by Correspondence lessons, since our nearest school, Inglis, was closed for a number of years due to a lack of students in the district.

BEAVER DAM — INGLIS

ERNEST AND AMY BEDDOES — by Leslie Beddoes

Ernest Beddoes came to Canada in 1921 from England. He and his twin sister were born in Wales although his parents lived on a farm in Shropshire, close to the Welsh border near Shrewsbury. The farm was about 17 acres, on which they raised grain, feed, and kept a small dairy herd. All the work on the farm was done by hand. The crops were cut with a scythe and bound into sheaves using some of the stems twisted together to form a twine to hold the sheaves together.

His father, Benjamin Beddoes, was a tailor who made suits and coats for men in the town and the surrounding area. In 1902 at the age of 13, Ernest was sent to London to apprentice in the drapery trade. The drapery trade handled and sold all types of woven material; wool, cotton, linen, and silk. Goods were sold by the yard. The drapery merchant he worked for supplied his board and lodging, but his father had to pay for him to learn the trade, which took several years. No wages were paid until the apprenticeship was over.

By 1912 Ernest had worked his way up to buyer in yard goods for one of the larger retail stores or "Houses" as they were called in London's fashionable west end district. Here he met Amy Florence Dale who later became his wife. She was the daughter of a hardware merchant from London's Tottenham district. His hardware store was located close to the stadium where the "Hotspurs", one of London's many soccer teams, played their home games. Amy was working as a saleslady for Woolan Bros., another drapery house in that district. By this time these houses were more like our department stores, in that they sold ready made lingerie and clothing as well as bulk yard goods.

In 1914, when war broke out, Ernest joined the Army to become a soldier in the 54th Brigade, Royal Field Artillery. After six weeks training in England and Ireland, his unit was sent by troop ship to Egypt. They camped beside the Sphinx and the Pyramids and took more training under the Eastern Command. From there they were taken across the Mediterranean and Aegean Seas through the Dardanelles to the northern part of Turkey. The 54th Brigade spent most of the next four years fighting in the Balkan States pushing northward towards Germany.

On October 24, 1918, Ernest was admitted to the 49th General Hospital in Salonika, Greece, suffering from influenza, dysentery, and malaria. After spending four months in the 49th Army Hospital, he was sent back to England to convalesce. He was officially released from the Army on February 26, 1919.

In the fall of 1919 Ernest started a wholesale yard goods business. Due to the uncertainty of obtaining materials so soon after the war, he didn't do very well. By December 1920 he had decided to move to Canada.

When Ernest arrived in Canada in the spring of 1921, he came west to Crossfield, Alberta, to see his brother Leonard who had come to Canada before the war. Leonard had bought the Bevan Ranch, section 16-28-3-5, situated on the Beaver Dam Creek 17 miles west of Crossfield.

Amy Dale came to Alberta in July. Ernest and Amy were married in Knox United Church in Calgary on the 27th of July, 1921.

In 1922 Ernest bought the E½ 17-28-3-5, part of the Bevan Ranch, from his brother. The deal was made through the Soldier Settlement Board of Canada, a government body, set up to buy land and give long term financial assistance to war veterans who wished to start farming. The land was a raw half section, except for 14 acres which had been broken with oxen some years earlier. Ernest and Leonard cut logs southwest of Bottrel and hauled them home with horses. They built a 24' by 26' house. When the house was completed, Ernest and Amy moved in. Ernest started clearing brush with an axe. After the land was cleared, it was plowed and disced with horses.

In the winter of 1923 Ernest and Amy both worked on the Barney Madden Ranch, NE¼ 22-28-3-5, which was owned by Ralph Coppock.

In 1924 Ernest built a log barn to house a few milk cows and some horses. On December 5, a son, Leslie, was born. Amy was attended by Dr. Whillans from Crossfield, and Mrs. Lura Gano, a neighbor's wife, who lived 1½ miles north of the farm.

Mrs. Ernest Beddoes, 1922.

Erecting a log barn at the Ernest Beddoes farm in 1924.

The next few years were spent clearing and breaking more land. By 1928 most of the NE¼ of 17 had been broken and was in production. During this time they hauled cream and eggs seventeen miles to Cochrane with a horse and buggy to sell for a dollar or two so they could buy flour, sugar, and a few other necessities.

In 1931 at Easter, Leslie started school at Summit Hill about two miles northwest of home. That summer Ernest bought a Shetland pony for Leslie to ride to school. She was his pride and joy for several years until he outgrew her. Then she was passed to his cousins. Tango, the pony, carried quite a few different children to school for their first few years of schooling. She died at the age of 37 on the Tom Cummings farm south of Crossfield.

The early 1930s were hard years for everybody. In July, 1935, a devastating hail storm went through the district. What was left of the crops was either plowed down or put up for feed. Ernest bought a small herd of choice quality Hereford cows that fall for $16.00 per head to eat the extra feed.

Wages were low in those years. Good hired men earned $30.00 per month with board. Ernest hired a man in the spring and fall to help on the farm. Some of the men who worked for him included Clem Culling, Eddie MacArthur and Bernard Gano. Perry Gano had a wagon with a Model T Ford motor on it. It was rigged to turn a buzz saw to cut logs into blocks for firewood and also to turn a grain grinder. He used to saw wood and grind grain for many of the farmers in the district.

In the late 1930s Ernest hired his brother Leonard's tractor outfit to do the plowing, cultivating and threshing. Leonard worked on a custom basis for quite a few farmers in the area.

In 1940 Ernest was elected Councillor for the Muncipal District of Beaver Dam No. 281. The municipal road building equipment consisted of a gasoline powered Model 60 Caterpillar tractor and pull type grader. One man operated the cat and another the grader. A finished road had shallow ditches and not much of a crown but was quite an improvement over the wagon trails a lot of people had to use until that time. The culverts, mostly wood, were made on the site and dug in by hand. The roads were smoothed out with small horse drawn graders operated by farmers in their spare time.

In 1941 Ernest bought a small tractor and some equipment and put his son Leslie to work farming. Ernest was on the Municipal Council until 1942, the end of his term. Then he took a job with the Veterans Land Act, a government agency, to help establish veterans who wished to farm. Ernest was on an advisory committee that interviewed and advised veterans who applied for land and equipment under the V.L.A. He worked for the government until 1952, but only part time the last three years.

In 1950 Ernest was appointed to the Board of Directors of the Crossfield Rural Electric Association. This was a group of men who got together to try to bring electricity to the rural people. After a year of planning, getting utility right-of-way for the power lines, and collecting money for the share from each prospective consumer, their dreams were finally realized. Electric power came to the farms in 1951.

In 1953 Ernest and Amy moved to Victoria, British Columbia, where they spent several happy years in retirement. Ernest's activities included lawn bowling, playing cards, and talking politics. Amy kept busy with her flower garden and sewing, making and altering clothes so they fit "just right."

Ernest Beddoes passed away June 9, 1959, and rests in the Royal Oak Cemetery in Victoria.

Amy kept the apartment on Woodstock Ave., in Victoria. Her younger sister, Elsie, came from England and stayed with her for awhile. They did some traveling on the Island and made one trip back to the farm in Alberta. When her sister went back to England, Amy lived by herself and kept busy with her garden, sewing and the good friends they had made in Victoria.

Amy Beddoes passed away November 24, 1969 and rests beside her husband at Royal Oak.

ERNEST LEOPOLD BELL — by Jessie Sayer and William Bell

Ernest Bell was born in England, one of twelve children. He came to Canada at the age of three with his parents, Dr. and Mrs. W. R. Bell, in the early 1860s and settled in Ottawa.

At the age of nineteen, in the year 1881, he came West as a surveyor. Like many other young men, he tried his hand at many things. He worked as a freighter with Red River carts from Winnipeg to different parts of the West. As a carpenter, he built the first staircase in Regina, then known as "Pile of Bones." He broke horses for the Royal North West Mounted Police. In the mountains he worked on the C.P.R. snow sheds.

In 1885, as one of the famous Steele's Scouts, he fought in the North West Rebellion. Although he was five feet ten inches tall, he was the shortest man of the troop, and was nicknamed "Shorty." He was a supreme horseman. On one occasion he carried dispatches from the post to the destination, a distance of one hundred and ten miles. This ride was made through enemy territory on one horse in one day. Longer rides had been recorded, but more than one horse was used. The Steele's Scouts of 1885 were recruited by Major Sam Steele, later General Steele. Shorty (Ernie Bell) was rated the most expert plainsman of the famous group.

In 1898, Ernest Bell and Osborn Reid left Calgary and travelled via Edmonton and the Overland Route to the Klondike gold fields.

Early in the 1900s, during a mange epidemic, all livestock had to be treated at community dip tanks. Ernie was a Government Inspector in the Cochrane district. As the nearest veterinarian was in Calgary, he was called upon to care for the sick and injured livestock.

He took out a homestead thirteen miles north of Cochrane on the NW¼ 4-28-3-5. Beside a good spring he built his house, barns, corral, and sheds, and fenced the land. At that time there were miles of open range. Horses and cattle were

Home from a successful shoot, 1913. Angus McDonald, Ernest Bell, Osborn and George Reid, and a friend. Ernie and Bill Bell and Jack Reid are the boys.

Billy, Daisy, Ernie Jr. and Jessie Bell.

only brought home for winter pasture and to be fed when the snow was deep. Generally the snow didn't stay long before a Chinook wind would take it away.

The nearest Post Office was four miles east at Lochend. Joe Laidlaw was Postmaster and Justice of the Peace. Later a Post Office was opened at Fred and Ab McCrady's, nearer the Bell homestead. It was called Inglis Post Office, after Bob, Captain and Mrs. Inglis and their three children, Ian, Robin and Evelyn.

Mr. Bell was manager of the Inglis ranch for two years, and captain of the fall roundup for two years. He purchased the SE¼ 32-27-3-5 from Harry Taylor in 1907, and the SW¼ of the same Section from Captain Inglis in 1911. He stocked his ranch, and generally had a hundred horses, selling many to the North West Mounted Police. He also raised and trained polo ponies. Justin Freeman, a famous polo player, won the North American championship with a pony raised by Ernie Bell.

On November 30, 1906, Ernest Bell and Annie Gentles were married at Dog Pound. The family still has the little green velvet-covered box that Annie's engagement ring came in. Inside the lid of the box is printed "Watson Bros. Jewelers, Calgary, N.W.T." Dad had the ring designed, using a gold nugget he had brought from the Klondike, along with native gold from India. Grandfather Gentles had brought crude rings back from India.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Bell lived on their homestead near the Beaver Dam Creek. In 1908, their first son, William, was born. It is doubtful whether there was a doctor at Cochrane then, for Mr. Bell rode to Calgary on January 11, in forty below weather to get the doctor. When the Bell's second son, Ernest, and their daughters, Jessie and Margaret, were born, Dr. Park was in Cochrane. Mrs. Tyson, a nurse, assisted at the births.

Schooling was a problem in most districts in the early years of settlement. William Bell stayed with his grandparents and attended Mount Hope School for the first year of his schooling. The next summer he rode his pony

AUCTION SALE

Having been favored with instructions from the undersigned, who has sold his ranch and is leaving the country, I will sell by public auction on

TUES., OCT., 22nd 1918

on the premises being, S. E. quarter of Section 32, Township 27, Range 3 West of 5th Meridian, which is one mile South of Inglis, and 4 miles West of Lochend P. O. and 13 miles North of Cochrane.

SALE TO COMMENCE AT 10-30 O'CLOCK SHARP. FREE LUNCH.

95 Head of Horses, 26 Head of Cattle.

HORSES COMPRISE

Team of Geldings 7 and 8 years old, weight 2600. Well broken.
Team of Drivers 5 and 6 years old, well broken, geldings
4 well broken saddle horses, from 6 to 8 years.
3 childs saddle ponies, well broken and young.
16 mares with foals at foot, wght. from 1000 to 1300. All young, some broken. All foals are by a Percheon Horse.
22 head of 3, 4, and 5, year old geldings, some broken to saddle,
25 head of 1 and 2 year olds, fillies and geldings.
Grade Percheon Stallion, 8 years old, well broken.

CATTLE COMPRISE

4 A 1 Milch Cows, 3 milking now, one will freshen in January, 2 in February, 1 in March.
5 Cows with calves at foot.
4 two year old heifers.
4 " " " steers.
3 Calves.
1 two year old Hereford Bull. Pure bred.

POULTRY.

80 head of hens and pullets, mostly pure bred Rhode Island Reds. Some of the pullets are laying now.

IMPLEMENTS, HARNESS, Etc.

6 foot cut, Frost and Wood binder—has cut less than 100 acres.
2 Deering mowers. 1 ten foot Deering rake.
P. and O. 16 inch riding plow.
2 walking plows, stubble and breaker.
2 sets of discs. Roller.
Good farm wagon with double box.
2 seated democrat.
Quebec Jumper.
Set of team work harness, good as new, complete.
" " " Democrat harness with Yankee breechen.
Ladies pig-skin side saddle,
3 children's Stock saddles,
16 halters, 3 bridles, Lariat ropes.
Set of pulley blocks.
3 stack covers, 1 tent 8 x 10.
Slush scraper, 3 rifles.
Empire cream separator, good as new.
Creamers, Milk pails and pans.
900 square feet of sheet iron roofing in 8 foot lengths with nails and washers for laying this roofing, never been used.
Set of new barn hinges and track.
About 2000 feet of 2x4 and 2x6.
About 50 bushels of Potatoes.
A real good collection of Carpenter's tools.
3 log chains, 3 crow bars, 2 post mauls, 3 cross cut saws, quantity of grain sacks,
Forks, shovels, picks, garden tools, and a large quantity of other tools too numerous to mention.

HOUSEHOLD EFFECTS.

Doherty Piano.
2 Extension tables, Side board.
Writing desk and chair.
Library table.
Complete Oak Bedroom suite.
2 wooden beds, one three- quarter, and one double, complete with springs and mattresses.
2 Iron beds, double with springs and mattresses.
2 wash stands, chest of drawers,
Soiled linen basket,
Hand Sewing machine.
Morris chair, 4 rockers, 4 dining chairs,
4 Kitchen chairs,
Extension couch and mattress, one small couch,
Gentleman's bear skin coat, new last year,
Cradle, cott, baby's hammock,
Brass lamp, fancy lamp, 5 glass lamps,
Washing machine and wringer,
Large and small churn, Bread mixer,
Coal oil heater, Water pails.
Dinner dishes, tea plates, cups, saucers, platters, pots and pans, and a large quantity of house-hold effects far too numerous for listing.

Any one needing good Stock or furniture should attend this sale.

TERMS CASH. NO RESERVE.

E. L. BELL, Owner.
Inglis P. O.
Phone R 1107, Cochrane.

JOE Taylor, Auctioneer,
Phone 611 Cochrane.

Please hang in a conspicuous place.

Advocate Print.

five miles across the prairie to Weedon School. In 1916, Inglis School was opened and education was almost at the doorstep in comparison to the previous distances to a school.

The West was supposed to be a lonely country for women, but somehow the Cochrane district was different. It was settled mostly by Scottish, English and Irish people. It didn't make any difference whether you were rich or poor, it was what you were that counted. The settlers made their own fun. There were lots of dances, socials, card parties, poker for the bachelors, picnics, horse races, polo, and one rancher even rode to the hounds with the proper costume, the tally-ho and the whole bit. Instead of the traditional fox they chased the coyotes.

The old timers loved to play jokes on each other, especially new comers. One story was about one young fellow who came from the East. They spun tall tales of the dangerous coyotes. The first time that this young man was caught out on the prairie late in the evening he was terrified upon hearing one of the dreaded coyotes howling. He got off his horse and climbed up on the top bar of a gate. He was a very cold young man when found by a local rancher in the morning.

Billy Bell once accompanied his father and D. P. McDonald to the bar in Cochrane. They were joined by more of the old timers. The bar tender asked if the boy would have a sarsaparilla. The large glass of red liquid took some time to drink, and Billy couldn't understand why the men's drinks came in such little glasses.

The favorite spot for picnics in the area was at Hutchinson's lake. Once there was a steam engine working near the lake, pulling twelve plows. It was quite an event in the district.

About 1913, the telephone came to the district, helping to bring everyone closer together. Some of the ranchers didn't like those poles cluttering up the prairie. The war years saw the end of most of the open range and fences seemed to spring up overnight.

Guy Weadick, a famous cowboy and promoter, spent considerable time at the Bell ranch. Many of the plans pertaining to the Calgary Stampede were made in the Bell house. One of Dick Walsh's girls, Bernice, won fame at the first Stampede in 1912. Dick Walsh had also been a member of Steele's Scouts and lived north of Bells.

In 1918, Mr. Bell sold the ranch to George McElroy of Calgary. On October 22, 1918, Joe Taylor sold by public auction, 95 horses, 26 cattle, 80 hens and pullets, implements, harness and household effects. Some of the buyers and prices were as follows:

Mrs. Porteous, Saddle horse	$ 63.00
Mr. Shafer, Team of work horses	200.00
Billy Field, Two lots of horses	1,000.00
Mr. Tyson, One horse	86.00
Mr. Gentles, Binder	141.00
Bert Culling, Mower	55.00
Angus McDonald, Rake	17.00
D. Skinner, Milk cow	62.50
Mr. Hamilton, Cow and calf	84.00
C. Burnham, Cow and calf	123.00

The Bells moved to Ontario in 1918 and settled on a farm three miles east of Peterborough. Ernest Bell passed away in 1936. His wife, Annie, died in 1955. All the family made their homes in the area east of Peterborough, living close to the old farm. Bill operated it until recent years. He then sold the farm and built a new home on part of the property. He married Daisy McIlmoyle who was born in Calgary. She is the daughter of Herbert McIlmoyle who went to Calgary in 1897, took up a homestead three years later about six miles southwest of Airdrie, Alberta, and moved back to Peterborough about 1911. Bill and Daisy have one son, Donald.

Ernest Jr. married May Laughlan. He joined the Stormont, Dundas and Glengarry Highlanders in the Second World War and was killed in action in France in 1944.

Jessie married Arthur H. Sayer. They live at R.R. 7 Peterborough.

Margaret married Donald Nickle. They have three children, Barbara, Joan and Paul, and live in Peterborough.

R. F. BEVAN — by Jo Hutchinson

Ralph Bevan, a widower, came from England before 1900. He homesteaded the NE¼ 17-28-3-5, obtaining title to his land in 1899. He built a house which was supposed to be a replica of his home in the Old Country. The turret is remembered by many as being an unusual feature of his house; Mrs. Art Hughes recalls climbing up to it as a young girl and being severely scolded by Mr. Bevan when he caught her on the rickety ladder! She also remembers the beautiful grand piano in the drawing room and how well Mr. Bevan played.

Like his neighbour, Captain Inglis, Ralph Bevan raised fine Thoroughbreds. There was a race track on his land but it is not known how

R. F. Bevan's house.

much it was used. During World War One both Captain Inglis and Mr. Bevan sold horses to the Canadian Army, taking them to Cochrane for sale. Mrs. Hughes recalls a favorite horse of hers, sired by Bevan's Golden Plume.

Mr. Bevan bought and sold numerous quarters of land in the Cochrane area. The period between 1900 and 1914 was a time when a lot of land changed hands. Settlers were moving in, the C.P.R. property was beginning to be sold and some of the homesteaders were moving away. Besides dealing in land to some extent, Mr. Bevan was the original owner of at least ten quarters of land in the Beaver Dam area, in addition to his homestead.

Ralph Bevan sold his property during the 1920s and left Cochrane. It is thought that he went to South America.

P. J. CELS

Paul Jean Cels came from Belgium. He bought the NW¼ 31-27-3-5 from the C.P.R. in 1906. The land is now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Don Ramsay. Mr. Cels built a big barn near the outcrop of rocks east of the present road. Several years later Mr. Laidlaw bought the barn and moved it to his place. Mr. Cels did not live there very long; apparently he moved away from the district. While there, he would have seen passers-by on their way to and from the Olds area, as the wagon trail leading over the hill to the northeast ran near his buildings. The deep ruts of the trail are still visible.

OSCAR AND KATHLEEN CLARKE

Oscar was born in Belgium in 1890. He came to Canada around 1910 and, after spending some time in the United States, settled at Banff. Kathleen Glennon was born in Montreal and came to Banff with her parents. Oscar and Kathleen were married in Banff in 1913.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Clarke and family. Standing (left): Bertha, and Mary. Seated: Tommy, Dusty and Jimmy.

While in Banff Oscar helped rebuild the north wing of the Banff Springs Hotel, that burned down in 1925. The Clarkes moved to Cochrane in 1928 and bought the W ½ 19-27-3-5. While there Oscar farmed and worked for Mrs. Little.

The Clarkes had five children. Jimmy Cummings, Mrs. Clarke's son by a previous marriage, married Mrs. Iris Lockwood. Jimmy served Overseas in World War II. He passed away in 1971 at the age of 60, and was buried in the Field of Honor in the Cochrane cemetery. Kathleen and Oscar's first son died at birth. Albert (Dusty) married Margaret Howes. Mary married Frank Wills. Bertha married Tony Dables, who worked for Frank Wills at one time. Tom, a principal at the Henry Wise Wood School in Calgary, married Peggy Somerville from Cluny.

Kathleen passed away in 1935. Oscar sold the farm and moved to Calgary, where he bought three houses and rented them out. He passed away in 1972 at the age of 82.

CAPTAIN AND MRS. INGLIS — by Jo Hutchinson

William Mason Inglis, who was generally known as Captain Inglis, owned land north of Cochrane along Beaver Dam Creek. He received title to SW¼ 17-28-3-5 in 1907, the S½ of section 8 in the same township in 1908, and the adjoining NW¼ in 1912. This land is now the property of the Jansen family. It should be understood that he could have been living on his land, and possibly homesteading a part of it, a number of years before the title was registered. He received title to SW¼ 32-27-3-5 in 1910, and sold it to Ernie Bell the following year.

Captain Inglis was a veteran of the Boer War. His army saddle, that shows the mark of bullets, is now owned by Walter Hutchinson. It may be presumed that Captain Inglis left the Cochrane area to serve in the Boer War, since he did live here before its outbreak in 1899.

He was a prominent Thoroughbred breeder and at one time is believed to have a had a race track on his land, although it was probably only used by him, and his neighbour, R. F. Bevan. Captain Inglis took an active part in the operation of the Cochrane race track; he also entered horses in the races, and on occasion, rode in events himself.

During World War One Captain Inglis sold a number of horses to the Canadian Army for use in cavalry regiments. He and R. F. Bevan would trail the horses to Cochrane, where they were purchased by Army representatives and shipped by train to the East.

Records of All Saints Anglican Church, Cochrane, show that Captain Inglis was appointed to the Vestry in 1899, serving as People's Warden. As he lived about 25 miles from Mitford, where the church was located until later that year, attendance at church would have been dependent upon a fast team on the buggy,

or a good saddlehorse. Communication with the far-flung parishioners would have been difficult, too, without the benefit of telephones or automobiles.

Captain and Mrs. Inglis had three children, Ian, Robin and Evelyn. He sold out during the early 1920s, and it is believed that the family returned to England. Attempts at locating the family have proved unsuccessful.

The Inglis family are remembered north of Cochrane; when a Post Office was opened at McCrady's, it was officially named Inglis. The school district that was organized in that area was also named Inglis. The site shosen for Inglis School was on land originally owned by Captain Inglis.

ROBERT INGLIS — by Jo Hutchinson

Robert Chalmers Inglis received title to NW¼ 16-28-3-5 in 1891. The title was transferred to R. F. Bevan in 1898, and the land is now the property of the Leonard Beddoes family.

It is believed that Robert (Bob) Inglis was related to Captain Inglis, and that he was a bachelor. There may have been several members of the Inglis family living in the Calgary area around 1900, since there are seven people by that name listed in the 1907 Brand Registry, all of whose addresses were listed as either Okotoks or Calgary.

INGLIS SCHOOL — by D. M. McDonald

The Inglis School District was formed in 1917, after a great deal of debate between the parents of school-age children and the many local residents who had none. Ernie Bell, who had three school-age children, and the Irish Kings, also with three, were the chief advocates for the formation of a new school district, as the nearest schools to these families were Weedon, Summit Hill or Lochend. After much discussion with Alberta Government representatives, the district was formed, and was named Inglis in honor of Captain Inglis, a veteran of the Boer War, and a local resident.

In the spring of 1917, the contract to build the school was let to Dan Fenton, and by the fall of that year the school was ready to open. It was the first of the new style of schools that was built in the Cochrane area. Most of one side of the school was windows.

The first teacher was Miss Ruby Wood, from Calgary. She boarded with the Ernie Bells, who just lived down the hill below the school, which was located on the SW corner of the Bell's land, the SW¼ 32-37-3-5. The first pupils to enroll were three of the Irish King children, three of the Bells, the two Malcolm girls, John Milligan, Eric North and Douglas McDonald. The only one of these students in the Cochrane district at the

No. 304—School District Tax Receipt. F. E. Osborne, School Furnisher, Calgary. 2c-7-29-W

ORIGINAL

Inglis SCHOOL DISTRICT No. 34.22 No.

PROVINCE OF ALBERTA

Date Dec 12th 1930

Tax Receipt

RECEIVED from W. Hutchinson

the sum of Thirty five 45/100 DOLLARS

to be applied in payment of School Taxes as follows:

Plan No. Part of Sec.	Plan No. Sec.	Lot Tp.	Block Rge.	Sub-Div. Mer.	Current Taxes	Arrears and Interest	Total Due	Years Paid	Total Paid
E½	20	27	3	5	8 10	—	8 10	1	8 10
E½	17	27	3	5	2 00	—	2 00	1	2 00
		27	3	5	4 50		4 50	1	4 05
all	29	27	3	5	18 00		16 20	1	16 20
									30.45

A Penalty of 5 per cent. is added to all Taxes unpaid on December 15th, and a further 5 per cent. is added on the 1st of July each year following the year in which they are levied.

S. L. Bidwell

Secretary-Treasurer

Petition for the Formation of a Public School District

To the Minister of Education,
Edmonton, Alberta.

The humble petition of the undersigned showeth:

1. That the undersigned are actual residents within the area hereinafter proposed to be formed into a school district and that they constitute a committee for the purpose of procuring its formation.

2. That the proposed name of the said district is "The Inglis (State proposed name) School District."

3. That the following are the lands which it is desired to include within the limits of the proposed district, namely: Section 12 and the north half of Section 1 in Township 28 Range 4; Sections 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 and the west halves of Sections 3 and 10 in Township 28 Range 3; Sections 19, 20, 21, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33 and the west halves of Sections 22, 27 and 34 in Township 27 Range 3 west of the Fifth Meridian.

Describe accurately the sections, parts of sections, townships, ranges and meridians

4. That the number of acres in the said proposed district is about 12,160 and the number of acres of assessable land is 11,680

5. That the population of the proposed district is 38; the number of children between the ages of 5 and 16 years inclusive residing in the proposed district is 10; and the number of children below the age of 5 is 5

6. That the total number of actual residents within the proposed district who would be liable for taxation for school purposes in case the said district is formed is 11 and that of these 11 are Protestants and ..... Roman Catholics.

7. That the map hereto attached shows the boundaries of the proposed district; its principal legal subdivisions; the position of lakes, rivers, creeks, swamps, bridges and travelled roads; the quarter sections upon which the actual residents live; with the names of such residents and the number of children between the ages of 5 and 16 years inclusive on each quarter section.

Therefore your petitioners pray that the said proposed district may be erected as provided by The School Ordinance.

Dated at Inglis this 25 day of Sept. 1916.

W. H. Macfarlane
Ernest L. Bull
A. A. McCready
} Committee.

DECLARATION

CANADA
Province of Alberta
To Wit:

I, A. A. McCready of Inglis P.O., in the Province of Alberta, do solemnly declare:

1. That I am a member of the committee mentioned in the foregoing petition;
2. That I am a bona fide resident ratepayer of the proposed School District mentioned in the said petition;
3. That the statements contained in the said petition and the map of the proposed district hereto attached are correct to the best of my knowledge and belief.

And I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing it to be true, and knowing that it is of the same force and effect as if made under oath and by virtue of The Canada Evidence Act 1893.

Declared before me at Inglis this 25th day of Sept. 1916

A. A. McCready
(Signature of a member of committee)

Ernest L. Bull
A Commissioner, ~~Notary Public~~

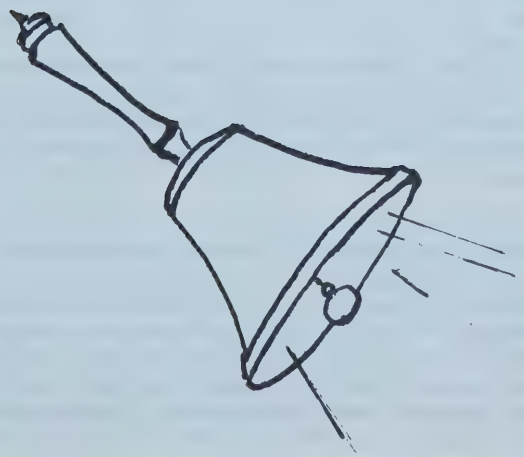
Form 1-1000-March, 1915

present time is John Milligan. The Bells moved away shortly after the school was opened. Eric North, who had been staying with the Bells, also left, so the enrollment was sharply reduced, then the Ferguson family moved into the district; they had two school-age girls who attended. There was never a large enrollment at Inglis School, and it was closed periodically owing to a lack of students. At one time it was kept open for four students.

Miss Lila Webster from Cochrane taught at Inglis for a time. She later married Tom Cairns. Miss Collier boarded with Mr. and Mrs. Angus McDonald while she taught there; Miss Janet Smith, who was related to the McCradys, boarded with them. She married Harry Jones. Miss Eva Whittle, who later married Ernie Peppard, boarded with the Edgar Youngs. As far as is known, other teachers at Inglis, not necessarily named in order, were Mr. Millar, Miss Wilson, and Miss Catherine Zuccolo.

Angus McDonald and Ab McCrady were among those who took an active part in the operation of the school, serving as trustees for many years.

The Inglis School was moved to Cochrane and used as an auxiliary classroom during the late 1940s. Later it was moved to the skating rink, to be used as a dressing room for several years.



THE HENRY JANSEN FAMILY — by Stephen Jansen

In April 1925, Hendrik (Henry) Jansen, his wife Aaltje (Alice), and five children arrived in Crossfield. They had journeyed by train from Alderson in southeastern Alberta. The land Mr. Jansen homesteaded there in 1912 is now part of the Suffield Experimental Station and was chosen because it was considered the least productive area of the Palliser Triangle.

Mr. Jansen had returned to Gelderland, Holland, in 1917 to marry Aaltje Cortus and together they had tried to make a living as wheat farmers on those sun-baked prairies. After thirteen years which yielded two good crops and eleven years of drought and sawfly infestation, they and most of their neighbors were forced to find new homes. Government aid supplied these destitute people with two railway cars per family to transport their livestock and machinery, as well as free transportation for their families.

From Crossfield they drove westward with team and buggy for about 19 miles to their new location on the SW¼ 17-28-3-5. For $50 a quarter, plus taxes, they rented the 1½ sections of the historic Beaver Dam Ranch from the widow of the late Captain Inglis. They moved into the old log house (built by Alex McLachlan about 1904) where Mrs. Williamson, her son, Ross, and daughter, Madge, had previously lived. In earlier days the ranch had been used as a place to breed race horses and polo ponies and in 1925 the overgrown half mile race track and polo field were still visible. Old-timers told of the days when, on Sundays, neighbors gathered at the log corrals for friendly rodeos and picnics. One interesting sideline of this period concerns the death and burial of a Chinese cook on this ranch. The story goes that he was challenged to ride a bronco and was thrown when he attempted to do so. In spite of diligent searching, the Jansen children have never been able to find the grave.

When Mr. and Mrs. Jansen arrived at the ranch there were only 60 acres under cultivation. Part of this had been broken with oxen by Harry Florer. Now with a few milk cows and hogs and the essential farm machinery, the new tenants began pioneering anew.

During the fall of that first year, the family was saddened by the death of its youngest member, Hendrikus Patricus (Harry) aged 11 months. Kind neighbors, including Mr. and Mrs. Jack Reeve, Mrs. Chris Larson, Mr. and Mrs. Homer Gano, Mr. and Mrs. Jess Havens and Mr. and Mrs. Dave Buckler helped to prepare the body, make and line a small coffin and took the funeral party to the Westbrook cemetery where the burial took place. A Presbyterian minister, probably from Cochrane, was present.

As more milk cows were raised, cream was taken weekly to the Cochrane Creamery and it was a treat for the children to accompany their father along the winding Big Hill trail, where the hills loomed like mountains, after the flat lands

of Alderson. Groceries and other supplies were purchased at W. Andison's General Store and even in those days, Cochrane was known for its delicious ice cream.

Four more children, all girls, were born to the Jansen family and all in turn attended the Summit Hill School, two and a half miles to the north. When Anton (Tony) Velthuys lost his young wife, he brought his eight month old daughter, Johanna, to the Jansens and she became the ninth child to bulge the walls of the old log house. She too attended Summit Hill School and later caught the school bus to the new consolidated Westbrook School.

During the Depression, Mr. Jansen and Stephen, the eldest son, worked with team and fresno on local roads to pay taxes. Some of the road foremen for the Beaver Dam Municipality were Dan McArthur, Dave Farquharson and Jack Reeve.

As the children grew and were able to help with the dairying, a contract to supply table cream to Union Milk Company in Calgary was obtained. The cream was cooled and kept sweet in a box in the hillside, through which the cold waters of a spring flowed continuously. Twice a week the cream was delivered to Calgary, taking turns with A. A. McCrady, a neighbor to the south. The purchase of a car made this possible. Hogs were fed the skimmed milk and became an important part of the farm's economy.

Sometime in the 1930s the VΛV brand was registered by the Jansens and later used on their herd of commercial Herefords which was begun with purchases of heifers, from Ernest Beddoes and George Skinner. It is still the brand used by Henry Jansen Jr. Stephen Jansen acquired the umbrella brand from Angus MacDonald when Angus retired. The original owner of that brand was C. Chouinard who had it registered as early as 1899. During work on an old barn, a branding iron, H hanging H, was found and it had been registered as the cow brand of R. C. Inglis.

About 1945 Mr. Jansen bought the SE¼ 18-28-3-5 where Lorne Buschert had been farming. Previous to Mr. Buschert's occupancy, Lee Salisbury, Perry Gano, Burr Gano, Henry Vanderberg and the Drexlers had lived there. When Henry Jansen Jr. was discharged from the Canadian Armed Forces he purchased this quarter through the Veteran's Land Act and has lived there ever since. It should be added here that along with the purchase of this particular quarter section a once very productive "Still" was included. Booze from this still enlivened many a Dog Pound Rodeo before 1945. Mr. Jansen bought the six quarters of the Inglis estate about this time as well, for $10,000.

While Mr. Jansen worked his farm and was active in school and municipal affairs, his foremost interest was always the Church. He was instrumental in building the Community Reformed Church at Bottrel and was active in its affairs all his life.

Mr. and Mrs. Jansen retired from active farming in 1950. Mr. Jansen built their last home on the ranch and they lived there as long as their health permitted. Mr. Jansen died March 10, 1972, at the age of 87, and Mrs. Jansen died at the age of 83, September 21, 1974.

Stephen Jansen married Reka Elkink in 1947 and they continue to live on the original farm. Their children are Marianne (Mrs. Carson Shultz) of Didsbury, Patricia of Calgary, Elaine (presently teaching at Kathryn), Helen and John.

Henry Jr. married Johanna Goldenbeld in 1944. Their family consists of the following: the twins, Joanne, (Mrs. John Fenton) of Cochrane and Wanda (Mrs. Allan Sammons), Cochrane, Alicia (Mrs. Robert Brooks), Cochrane, and Henrietta, Victoria, British Columbia.

Wandrina (Dina) of Calgary married Joseph Shibley in 1961 and was widowed in 1969. She continues to work in the accounting office at Mobil Oil of Canada, Ltd.

Alice worked as an accountant at radio station CKCK in Regina prior to marrying Harold Ball in 1950. Harold is now the city engineer of Regina, Saskatchewan. Their children are Randall and Patricia.

Harriette married Vernie Rau in 1950 and they presently reside in Gleichen. Vernie works for the Alberta Wheat Pool in Arrowwood, Alberta. Their family includes Eugene, Sidney, Alice, Cecil, Lois and Miriam.

Teunisje worked as a secretary before her marriage to Lawrence Harrison in 1951; later she went back to university and earned her B.Ed. Degree in 1975. Lawrence teaches in the city of Calgary. The Harrison children are as follows: Daryl, Beverly (Mrs. Mike Landry), Renny (married to Teresa Thomson), Roland and Teunisje.

Marie received her R.N. at Lamont Hospital before marrying Roy Smith in 1958. Roy teaches in Calgary. Donna, Barbara and Earl complete their family.

Jeanette worked as a stenographer prior to her marriage to Gilbert Spielman, a sales representative, in 1952. They reside in Calgary and have a son, Timothy, and a daughter, Teresa.

Johanna Velthuys was a stenographer before marrying Nick van Veen in 1960. They reside in Abbotsford, British Columbia, and have five children: Vivian, Nicholas, Mark, Wannetta and Grant.

BERNARD MADDEN AND MICHAEL SHEA — by Jo Hutchinson

Very little information is known about "Barney" Madden and his partner, Michael Shea. It is believed that Barney was in the district before 1880, and records indicate that he and Michael were partners on a ranch on the Beaver Dam early in the 1880s. They were both

Barney Madden, taken in 1905.

dyed-in-the-wool Irishmen and spoke with rich brogues.

It is not known when Madden and Shea became partners, or what their arrangement was. No proof of land ownership by Shea has been found. Madden homesteaded the NE¼ 22-28-3-5, and added several nearby quarters to his holdings. These included the SE¼ of 21 in 1903; the E½ of 15 in 1908; and the S½ of 23 in 1914. This land is all in Township 28, Range 3, and would have been bought from the C.P.R.

Although they were recognized as horse ranchers, and in later years were noted as breeders of Suffolk Punch horses, the census of livestock in the Calgary area taken by the N.W.M.P in 1890 lists Shea and Madden as owning 200 head of cattle, but no horses. This, no doubt, is not completely accurate. At this time their address was listed as Cochrane.

The following is on record at the Archives of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Calgary and is a translation of the entry recorded in French in the parish register of St. Mary's Calgary:

> On the Twelfth day of November, 1888, I the undersigned priest, received the mutual commitment to marriage of Michael Shea and Marie Tisnerat and gave them the nuptial blessing in the presence of Joseph Walsh and Mary Francis who have affixed their signatures below.
>
> H. Leduc, O.M.I.

Also translated from the entry in French in the parish register of St. Mary's, Calgary, is the following:

> On the 25th day of March, 1901, I, the undersigned priest, have buried in the cemetery of this parish the body of Michael Shea, aged forty-seven years, who died on the twentieth of the current month. Witnesses: P. Miquelon, Dr. Bouleau and many others.
>
> A. Lemarchand, O.M.I.

Local rumour persists that Shea, on his deathbed, made Madden promise to marry his wife and look after her. "For if ye don't," one old-timer quotes him as saying, "Shure an' it's meself will be after comin' back and hauntin' ye." Rumour also has it that Madden and Mrs. Shea were married on the day of Shea's funeral, but the Archives of St. Mary's disprove this:

> On the twenty-fifth day of September, 1901, marriage was celebrated between Bernard Madden, son of Patrick Madden and Elizabeth Ward, on the one part, and Mary Tisnerat, widow of Michael Shea, daughter of John Tisnerat and Mary D'Artigue, on the other part, both living in Cochrane. I, the undersigned priest, have received their mutual consent to marriage in Calgary in the presence of John Whelan and Anna McKeon.
>
> J. Seltmann, O.M.I.

Mary D'Artigue was John D'Artigue's sister.

It is believed that there were no children from either marriage.

Barney Madden was a friendly, jolly man, but reportedly a bit of a rascal who had a habit of leaving gates open and cutting wire fences. Perhaps, having known the area before it was fenced, he resented the curtailment of the open range. Mrs. Madden was a quiet, likeable little woman. When she walked over the fields to visit her neighbors, she would carry a little tin pail and beat it with a stick to scare away the curious longhorn cattle that would come running after her.

It is said that Madden would not part with any of his horses when they were in good shape, then when feed became scarce and the horses were thin, he couldn't persuade anyone to buy them.

Coppock's barn. (Barney Madden place)

Lunch time at Coppocks. L. to R.: Clifton Coppock, Bert Linblad, Raymond Vaughan, Gerald Coppock, Ralph Coppock, Pete Vaughan, Ken Coppock. (Barney Madden place)

The Maddens were evidently strong supporters of their church; the Archives of the Diocese record that when the Catholics of the Crossfield area started to build a church in 1907, Bernard Madden was among the signers of a $2,-000 bond. They are also listed in a report on parishioners which is dated in 1914. Rumour has it that they left their estate to the Church, but this has not been verified.

It is not known when the Maddens retired, but it was presumably around 1920. It is believed that they moved to San Diego, California. Ralph Coppock and his family lived on the Madden farm for several years, then the land was purchased by Mr. Christianson, and subsequently sold to Leonard Beddoes. Leonard's son Jack and his family presently live at the site of the original Madden home.

The hamlet of Madden, about three miles north and east of Barney Madden's homestead, was named after this early pioneer of the Beaver Dam area.

THE MALCOLM FAMILY — by William Malcolm

My father, William Malcolm, was in business in Winnipeg, but in 1902 he sold his business and with three of my mother's brothers, decided to come to Alberta. They located on the Beaver Dam Creek just downstream from Angus McDonald. The four of them homesteaded a section of land and bought a half section of C.P.R. land at three dollars an acre. My father's homestead was the SW¼ 7-28-3-5. My uncles, Angus, John and Robert Robertson obtained homesteads nearby. None of the Robertsons remained long and left the Cochrane area.

Both my father and the Robertsons had come to farms east of Winnipeg before the C.P.R. arrived in Manitoba, and were of Scottish ancestry. When they left Winnipeg in the spring of 1903 they shipped with them quite a few cattle. When they were driving the stock to the homesteads from Calgary, a terrific blizzard blew up as they left the city outskirts. It lasted for three days, and caused the loss of many of their weaker animals, then and later.

At first we lived in a small shack built of lumber, but a year or so later my father went to the bush about seven miles west and brought out logs with which he constructed the two-storey house, still standing on the banks of the Beaver Dam.

At that time the Beaver Dam Creek was quite large and fed by springs on the McDonald place which were sufficiently strong to keep the creek open all winter for at least a mile downstream. Mallard ducks would often winter on the open water near our buildings. There were a great many trout in the creek, and once when I was quite a small boy I landed a 24 inch one; it was too slippery and large for me to carry home, and luckily Mr. McNish came along to assist.

My parents had a family of three. I was born before the move to Alberta, Marion in 1903, and Isabel in 1907. We attended Summit Hill School for a time; my first teacher there was Joe Jensen, who later taught at Cochrane Lakes and Chapelton. I visited his place many times, and got to know several of the boys in the Weedon and Cochrane Lakes area, including the Rabys and the MacFarlanes. I played a lot of football with a team that Mr. Jensen was responsible for forming, and we used to play against Cochrane and Sprinkbank. My sisters attended Weedon School for a few years, and when Inglis School was opened they transferred to classes there. That meant a considerably shorter trip than to either Summit Hill or Weedon.

We often attended church at the home of the King family, and after church would frequently visit one of the many homes such as the Laidlaws, Skinners, or other neighbours. During the early years we received our mail at Cochrane, and later at the Inglis Post Office.

Not a great deal of machinery was necessary except for haying, as we did not grow much crop. My mother was the first one in that area to put into operation a sixty-egg incubator and we raised quite a lot of poultry. We also milked a number of cows. At first Mother made butter but in later years the cream was sent to the creamery at Cochrane.

We got our first Model T in 1916, which had to bump over the trails as best it could, as roads were non-existent once one turned off the Bottrel road.

My parents sold the ranch to the Osborne family in 1917 and moved to a place west of Crossfield.

I left the ranch in 1915 to go into the grain business. I started as second man at High River, Alberta, and later ran a grain elevator at Chancellor. I went into other businesses later, in and around Calgary, and finally started organizing groups of teachers for all-summer educational and recreational tours of North America. That was in 1933, and I continued that business until 1969, when I took groups of teachers to Europe, where we spent the summer travelling Western Europe and the British Isles. Some of the planned tours included trips to the Northwest Territories and Alaska, and others as far south as Mexico City, where I conducted two tours. The name of the organization I formed was known as Alberta Recreational Society.

Marion married Oscar Lindquist and lived in Calgary until 1953; she passed away in Vancouver a few years ago. I remember Marion riding at the Cochrane races, on a horse named "Christiana", owned by Angus McDonald. Marion and Oscar had two daughters, Mary and Shirley. Mary lives in New Westminster, British Columbia, is married and has three children. Shirley became a nurse, and later went to England. She is married and has one son.

Isabel married Jack Morrison of Calgary; they now live at White Rock, British Columbia. Isobel was an expert rider, too, and rode horses from a very early age. Mrs. Art Hughes gave Isabel a very fast horse, named Bird, that was bred from a mare that Lady Adela had brought to Cochrane. My sister rode Bird in many races around Calgary, and usually came home ahead of the pack.

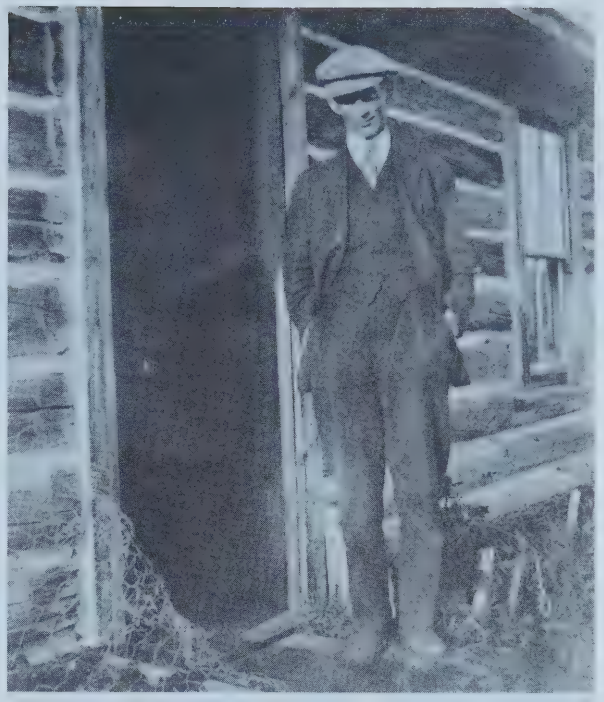
Isabel recalls that Angus McDonald's father lived for a time with Angus, as did his sister, Mrs. Joanne Phipps. Mr. McDonald Senior would often come to visit at our place. For a while my grandmother lived with us, and she and Mr. McDonald would have a great time talking Gaelic together. We three children were fascinated, and completely surprised to learn that it was a foreign language to us. Mrs. Phipps was a great horsewoman and I remember her at that time riding sidesaddle, as it was not proper for a lady to ride astride a horse. Later on, all the girls in the area used divided skirts when riding. I recall Miss Bernie Walsh, who rode D. P. McDonald's horse when he cleared the bar at six foot two in Calgary. I knew her brother well, he rode at stampedes, and eventually at Madison Square Gardens in New York.

Another recollection is that of a dance I attended at the beginning of World War I. There was a soldier there in uniform; his name was George Young, and he was one of the first Cochrane boys to be killed Overseas.

THE McCRADYS — by Mrs. J. Jones

Albert and Alfred, better known as Ab and Fred, came West from Lyn, Ontario, in 1905. Fred had gone to Guelph Agricultural College and now wanted his own land. The cry at that time was, "Go West, young man, go West." In the spring of 1906 their mother and step-father, Mr. and Mrs. George McNish joined them.

A frame two-storey house was built as well as other farm buildings of logs and lumber. The site chosen for the buildings was near a strong spring, nestled in the valley with a wide sweep of partly wooded rolling land on all sides. Soon after they got settled, Mrs. McNish's crippled widowed sister, Mrs. Emma Weed, came to live with them.



Ab McCrady, taken at Skinners.

Mr. McNish passed away a few years after their arrival in Alberta. The family moved to Victoria, British Columbia, and Ab went to the United States.

When fire destroyed their home in Victoria, they returned to their farm and went into the dairy business, selling cream. Cream was kept in five gallon cans in the spring house and taken into Calgary twice a week. As milking was done by hand, two extra men were hired.

The Inglis Post Office was located at the McCrady home for a number of years.

Miss Wood, the first teacher at Inglis School, boarded with the family for a year.

The Olerenshaw Brothers took over the farm for a few years when Fred and his mother lived in Calgary. Mrs. McNish passed away in 1937. Fred married, and he and his wife returned to the farm until she passed away in 1944. The land was then sold to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Huff, and Fred moved to New Westminster, British Columbia, where he managed a rooming house. He passed away in 1960.

The A. A. McCrady house, 1908.

A. S. McDONALD 1872-1946 — by D. M. McDonald

Angus McDonald was born in the Highlands of northwestern Scotland in May, 1872, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. MacDonald. He came to Canada in August, 1886, directly to Cochrane. His family were all met at the station in

Mr. and Mrs. Angus McDonald's house on the Beaver Dam. Angus McDonald Sr. is second from the right.

Mr. and Mrs. Angus McDonald with their nieces, Ella and Anna Perry.

Cochrane by their father whom they had not seen since he left them in Scotland five years before. I am sure it must have been a joyful reunion for the family of three girls and three boys with their father.

Angus worked at many different jobs until early in 1890, when he filed on a quarter section of land fourteen miles north of Cochrane. As was the rule of the day, it was a quarter with a good spring on it. Water was the very first thing one looked for in the early days. He built a log shack above the spring on the north bank of the coulee and, as was the custom of the time, it had a sod roof. He said that after every heavy rain storm it rained in the shack for a day. As his shack was right on the trail to Bottrel, he never lacked for visitors. A few years after he had obtained his title and had also got pre-emption on another quarter, he purchased more land directly east of his land where there was another fine spring.

In the early 1900s, he decided to build a fine brick house in the coulee above the spring. A local rancher, Ernie Bell, when he heard what Angus was about to do, told him that in the 1880s after a terrible snow storm, he had ridden right over the spot where Angus was to build his house. Never daunted, Angus built the house which is now the home of the Max Jahn family.

In 1916, Angus, who was not much of a driver, purchased a Model T Ford from Tom Quigley, the Ford dealer. One night, after returning late from curling, he left the car by the back porch directly on the little hill above the creek. When he tried to crank it the next morning, it would not start. He phoned Tom and was told to jack up the rear wheel, put the car in gear, pull the gas lever all the way down and crank it. This he did and sure enough it started. Angus, without thinking, went behind the car and, without taking it out of gear, let the jack down. The car took off like a bullet down the hill and into the trees on the other side of the creek. I will never forget Angus' father jumping up and down crying, "Whoa", at the top of his voice.

Angus was an avid race horse fan and one of the founding members of the Cochrane Race Association which had purchased land west of the town and had, at the time, the only mile grass track in the West. This race track was the scene of many famous race meets. Angus was always a strong supporter and also took part in many of the races.

In 1917, he married May Coatsworth, daughter of Isaac Coatsworth, who farmed near the Cochrane lakes. May was born in 1888. In 1921, Angus was the Liberal candidate in the provincial election. He ran against Alex Moore who had been elected in the by-election of 1919, after the death of C. W. Fisher. Alex Moore was the first U.F.A. member ever elected and was to beat Angus in 1921 when the U.F.A. took over the reins of government from the Liberals. Angus took his defeat very hard and was never again very active in politics.

He sold his ranch in 1946 and moved to Cochrane where he lived until his death in June, 1949. He had no children and May lived in Cochrane until she became ill and could no longer take care of herself. She passed away in 1965. They are both buried in the Catholic cemetery which overlooks the land that they both loved so much.

ANGUS (SCOTTIE) MacDONALD — by Emma Young

Scottie MacDonald was a cousin of D. P. and Angus MacDonald and came to Cochrane from Scotland in 1912. He had had scarlet fever when he was twelve years old, which resulted in his being totally deaf. For a number of years he lived with Alex McLachlan and kept a flock of sheep. Later he moved to Osbornes. Mrs. Osborne had taught deaf children, so could speak to Scottie with her fingers, as many of his friends and neighbors learned to do.

Scottie took a great interest in the soccer games in the Old Country, and could converse on

any subject. He could dance the Highland Fling, if someone gave him the cue to start. He kept in step by the vibration of the floor.

He went to live at a small place not far from Vancouver, where he passed away.

ALEXANDER McLACHLAN — by D. M. McDonald

Alex McLachlan was born in 1852 in Glengarry, Ontario, and came West in 1876 with his brothers, Roderick and Daniel. He was engaged as an ox-team driver hauling supplies between Calgary and other points in the West.

In 1892 he moved to the interior of British Columbia where he worked as a logger. He met with an accident and broke his leg. As it was not properly attended to, he was left with a badly deformed leg and had to stop working in the forests. He returned to the Cochrane area and filed on a homestead, the NW¼ 36-27-4-5, receiving his title in 1901. He later filed on the SW¼ of the same section as a pre-emption, as was the custom at that time.

He was an excellent axeman and built many of the log buildings on his and many of his neighbours' homesteads. Some of his own buildings are still standing, as is Jean d'Artigue's house, also built by Alex. I think it would be safe to say that one could have called the district where he lived "Bachelor's Hollow." To the west of him in the same lovely valley of the Beaver Dam Creek were the Mortimer Brothers, bachelors, and to the north Angus McDonald, also a bachelor at that time, and later on, Bert Culling to the east of him.

Alex had two sisters in the Cochrane area. One was Mrs. McPherson, who lived on the banks of the Bow River west of Cochrane, and the other was Mrs. D. P. McDonald, who lived on the Mount Royal Ranch.

Alex lived a very quiet life on his homestead until he was unable to take care of himself. He then moved to live with his niece, Helen McDonald, with whom he stayed until his death in 1941.

There were many lonely men such as Alex all over our vast country, who in some way helped to build up our country with no thought of personal gain or fame. He was a very kind man and the latch string on his cabin was always out for the hungry traveller. His land is now the property of Wilson Brothers of Brushy Ridge.

MRS. MARY OSBORNE — by Georgina Wabel

Mrs. Mary Osborne was a niece of Neville Chamberlain, Prime Minister of Britain before Winston Churchill. Her father, William Chamberlain, was a minister in England, and considered rich in his time.

Once, Mary told me, "My father had five cottages that housed families who worked the land for him. We used to exchange family visits with Uncle Neville on the Downs. One time Clementine Hoosier and I were bridesmaids when a rich couple got married on an Italian yacht, all shiny white and gold. The cruise lasted a fortnight — partying more than I cared for. Later, Clementine married Winston Churchill, and I left for Canada."

Note: Mrs. Mary Osborne bought the Malcolm's farm on the Beaver Dam Creek in about 1918. She and her brother, William Chamberlain, lived there for some time. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Osborne and family also came to live there in another small house. Their two oldest girls, Faith and Joy, attended the Inglis School. The Frank Osborne family moved to the West Coast after a few years. Two years after they left, Mrs. Osborne and her brother sold out and moved to Victoria.

STUART WALKER — by Florence Walker

Stuart Walker was born in England in 1883. He was the eldest son of William Walker of Kenley, Surrey. The Walker family were wholesale furniture manufacturers with branches in Australia and South Africa. Unfortunately they suffered severe financial reverses by the time Stuart came of age. Canadian immigration advertisements with their glowing descriptions of vast wheat fields and the availability of free land lured him to the West, as life in England had less to offer in the way of opportunity.

Stuart Walker arrived in Crossfield in March 1906. In later years he recalled that month as one long, continual blizzard. The romantic picture of the West as portrayed in English newspapers hardly prepared him for the rigours of his new life. He thought it would be a good idea to work for awhile before making his choice to take out a homestead or return home. For two years Stuart worked for Barney Madden. Then he fed cattle one winter for Shorty Nier.

It was not long before the friendliness and freedom of the West more than made up for the isolation and privations, and Stuart decided to make Canada his home. He homesteaded one quarter and bought three quarters two miles south of Barney Madden's place, on Section 10-28-3-5. He was still working out part time. During 1909 he worked for George Oldaker, one mile west of Crossfield. He already had some stock on his ranch, and in the following year established his herd of Shire horses.

He started to import and breed purebred Shire horses at his ranch at Sampsonton and continued to do so until 1928. His mailing address was Sampsonton, but on the letterhead of business stationery was the information that the train station was at Crossfield and that "motors" would be met by appointment at this hamlet. An advertisement in the Cochrane Advocate dated June 19, 1915, states that Stuart Walker was the proprietor of the Shire Horse Ranch at Sampsonton, Alberta, and that young stallions, mares and fillies were for sale, and Bardford Dray King was at stud. He entered Shire horses several

Stuart and Vickey Walker's wedding, 1912. JoAnne and George Phipps, Mr. and Mrs. John Phipps, Vickey, Stuart, Vincent Phipps, Dora Phipps, Rev. Harrison, Charles Perrenoud. Children: Jack and Agnes Phipps, Emma, George and Agnes Perrenoud.

times in the Calgary Horse Show and won many prize ribbons. One particular award that he was proud of capturing was the second prize ribbon for his brood mare Carlton Alberta. Competition was very tough that year. He raised several exceptional foals from this mare, also from another mare, Kenley Dawn. He also raised dogs, specializing in Russian Wolfhounds, as coyote hunting was a great sport at this time.

Stuart Walker and Emma Elizabeth (Vickey) Phipps were married in All Saints Anglican Church, Cochrane, on October 16, 1912. Rev. Ralph Harrison performed the ceremony, which was witnessed by the bride's brother, George, and Harry S. Sarson. Vickey, who loved the countryside and saw beauty in every season, was an ideal wife for a man who had also grown to love the country. She was very artistic and took great pleasure in sketching horses. Her scrapbook of pen and ink sketches is dearly treasured by her family.

The Walkers raised a family of four children, William Hubert, born on March 26, 1914, Marjorie Elizabeth, born on January 9, 1916, Irene May, who arrived on May 29, 1920, and Cecil John, born on March 16, 1923.

Obtaining an education for the children was a problem. Beaver Dam School was five miles away, so Billy went to live with his aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Perrenoud, and attended Cochrane Lakes School for his first two years of school. As the girls became of school age it was apparent that other arrangements would have to be made. The Walkers hired a teacher to live in their home during the winters, and the children rode to Beaver Dam for the remainder of the term. Sometimes they used a two-wheeled cart pulled by "Chubby." Billy's saddlehorse was "Two Bits." Billy received this catch colt as a present from Lou Chambers, a Simons Valley rancher. When he insisted on paying for the colt, Mr. Chambers graciously accepted a payment of 25 cents. Billy recalls stopping in on the way home from school at the Kiels or the McPhees to "get warm" and there was always something good to eat waiting for them. Sometimes they would come home via the Jim Vance home, as the big attraction there was the first radio in the district. The squeaks and squawks that came from this contraption were awe-inspiring, and there was always the chance that reception might be good and they would hear music.

In 1928 the Walkers sold the Shire Horse Ranch and moved one mile south and half a mile west of Crossfield, where they operated the Kenley Jersey Farm, until Stuart's retirement in 1945. Mr. Walker owned several prize-winning Jerseys. He held the record for the highest butterfat content for a herd on the Western Canada circuit for five years. The Walkers supplied several restaurants with cream, including the Tea Kettle Inn in Calgary. Fire destroyed the barn, which was a total loss, but fortunately no livestock was destroyed. The Walkers never forgot how their neighbors assisted at this time.

The neighborliness of the people around them was also very evident in other times of trouble, such as when Mrs. Walker and the four children all came down with scarlet fever shortly after moving to Crossfield.

In 1945 when the farm was sold, Mrs. Walker moved into town to live with her son, Bill. Stuart moved to Sidney, Vancouver Island, where he purchased a home in Deep Cove. He lived for 21 years on the Island and a few years before his death lived in the Little Paradise Rest Home at Saanichton. He died on December 8, 1969, at the age of 86 and was laid to rest in the Royal Oak Cemetery in Victoria. Vickey died on January 13, 1968, at the age of 85. Funeral services were held in All Saints Church, Cochrane. She was buried in the Cochrane Cemetery, from where her beloved mountains showed clearly in the crisp cold air.

Besides being survived by their four children, the Walkers are survived by nine grandchildren.

THE RICHARD WALSH FAMILY

Richard Walsh was born in Bradford, England, in 1863, and came to Canada with his parents, Richard and Mary, and brother James, in 1881. They first settled at Moosomin, Saskatchewan, where young Richard freighted with a team and wagon for the C.P.R. During the Riel Rebellion, he was a member of Steel's Scouts.

He and his family came to Calgary in 1886. In 1889 they took homesteads in the Beaver Dam district, about forty miles northwest of Calgary. While proving up on the homestead, Richard worked part time for Pat Burns in Calgary as a butcher, a trade he had learned in the Old Country. He also worked for Pat Burns in Banff, where he met Laura M. Wilson from New Brunswick, who was visiting her aunt. In 1891 they were married in the Methodist Church in Banff. The Richard Walshes had eight children, five girls and three boys: Bernice, Mary, Grace,

Beaver Creek on the Walsh ranch. Angus, Hiram and Harold Walsh.

Miss Bernice Walsh riding "Smokey" owned by D. P. McDonald, Calgary Horse Show, April, 1911.

Hiram, Harold, Angus, Martha and Elsie. Except for a few years when they lived in Calgary, where some of their family were born, they lived on the ranch. In 1940 they retired and lived in a home in Calgary. In 1945 Mr. Walsh died at the age of 82. Mrs. Walsh died in 1951 at the age of 81.

Before there was a schoolhouse in the community, Mr. and Mrs. Walsh often entertained the Methodist circuit riders, who came through the district on horseback, holding services in the different homes one Sunday each month.

The family received their mail first at Cochrane, then Bradbourne, Dog Pound, Lochend, Sampsonton and finally at Madden.

In 1911 Bernice Walsh rode the famous jumping horse "Smokey", owned by D. P. McDonald, making a record jump for an amateur rider, by clearing the bars at six feet two inches at one of the first Calgary Horse Shows. Bernice later married Loris McLaughlin.

Mary worked for a few years as a stenographer at P. Burns and Company's head office in Calgary. She later attended the Canadian Nazarene College at Red Deer, and served in the Peace River country as a Home Missionary for several years. She later married Rev. Ernest S. Mathews, former District Superintendent for the Church of the Nazarene in Alberta, then living in Denver, Colorado. In 1973 Rev. Mathews passed on. Mary still lives in Denver, but pays annual visits to relatives at Madden and Calgary.

Grace Walsh married William Bray of Kamloops, British Columbia. Mr. Bray has passed on, and Grace makes her home at Buchanan Sunset Lodge, New Westminster. They have two daughters, Hilda and Bernice, both of British Columbia.

Hiram Walsh served three years in World War One. On December 27, 1923, he married Florence Godlonton, and moved to his grandfather's homestead, Sec. 36-28-3-5, where he lived until his death on June 1, 1971. Florence Walsh still lives in the homestead house, near her son Loris and his family.

Harold, better known as "Harley" Walsh, won the All Around Canadian Cowboy championship at the Calgary Exhibition and Stampede in 1935, 1936 and 1940. He lived in Alberta, retired from rodeoing in 1940, and he and his wife, Enid, now live in Southern Pines, North Carolina. Harley owns a purebred Quarterhorse and still rides practically every day, though he will be 75 years old in September 1975.

Angus Walsh has retired and lives in Calgary, a widower with one son.

Martha, who married Ray Havens, one of the early settlers of the Beaver Dam community, has lived in Calgary since her husband's death in 1954. She is the mother of Dick Havens, who has won many trophies at the Calgary Stampede in recent years. Dick lives at Madden on the original Havens' ranch. He married Clara Hale, and they have three children, Reba, now Mrs. Murray Taks, Raymond and Connie.

Elsie married Erle Graham. They have recently retired at Penticton, British Columbia. They have three sons, Larry, Gordon and Allen. Larry is a rancher at Madden.

THE JAMES WRIGHTS

Mr. and Mrs. James Wright came to live on their farm, the W ½ 19-27-3-5, shortly after their marriage. They purchased the land from the C.P.R. in 1917. Little is known about Mr. and Mrs. Wright, but they are remembered by old-timers as a fun-loving couple who liked to entertain, and they had a wide circle of friends. They moved to Calgary after a few years, and later, to Vancouver. The farm is now owned by Bill and Judy Bancroft.

As time went on, horse ranching was gradually replaced by grain farming on many Big Hill Country ranches.

BRUSHY RIDGE — JUMPING POUND

THE BRUSHY RIDGE DISTRICT — by Irene Edge

This area south of Cochrane and the Bow River, received the name Brushy Ridge as a ridge of brush extended through the area, just west of the present Highway No. 22.

Some early settlers were the Edges, Towers, Mickles, Healeys, Frareys, Cowans and Peppers. After 1900 new neighbors came in and purchased some of the early settlers' land. These were the Wallaces, Rowans, Taylors, E. J. Callaways, Coates, Billy Wright, Ike Hughes, William Perry, Lancasters, Westovers, Kasters, Wilsons, J. Messer, W. Mountstevens, Billy Vowles, Rhodes, Johnsons, Arnells, Coelens and Barkleys.

In 1906 the Brushy Ridge School District No. 1454 was formed and the number of assessed acres at that time was 15,598.

There was a South Cochrane Co-op in the early years and this Co-op brought in flour, coal, lumber and fence posts by carload lots for their members. In 1909 the telephone line was erected on the south side of the Bow River and what a pleasure it was to have a phone. One could get all the news by rubbering in on the neighborhood line — about 20 families on the line. I think it was against the law to listen-in but nearly everyone did and often butted in to join the conversation or to be helpful when there was a bad connection, and relay the message.

Before the school was built, dances and parties were held in the family homes. Music was provided by anyone who could play a violin, banjo or mouthorgan; sometimes it was provided by a gramophone. Dances were held at the school once it opened and later in Mr. Callaway's barn, built in 1915. Many dances and box socials

Brushy Ridge School, 1908. Front: Norman Edge, Norman Callaway, Gordon Ryan, Bill Wallace, Tommy Ryan, Ted Callaway. Middle row: Ethel Edge, May Coates, Marjory Taylor, Mary Callaway, Lily Callaway, Dora Wright, Leslie Taylor, Laura Taylor, Minnie Lancaster, Wilbert Edge, Mabel Ryan. Back row: Gordon Ryan, Harris Wallace, Bliss Coates, May Taylor, Lizzie Callaway, Miss McCorkindale, Mabel Ryan, Wilbert Lancaster, Frank Coates, Alex Callaway.

were held there to raise money for the "Patriotic Fund" during the First World War. Each district had to raise a certain amount of money for this fund, so entertainment was had while working for the cause. Tommy Quigley's orchestra from Cochrane played for dances at that time.

Church services and Sunday School were held at the school and some of the lay ministers were Thomas Davies and Andy Chapman from Cochrane. Mr. Davies was presented with a fur coat from the district, to help combat the cold on his many cold trips by horse and buggy. An organ was purchased from Eaton's for these services at a price of $38.00.

A fire, November 19, 1936, swept through the Brushy Ridge district burning the old school, several homes, barns and haystacks. A new school was built on the same site and once more the school was a focal point for entertainment. Card parties, Christmas trees, box and shadow socials and showers were some of the events held there. Eventually the little schoolhouse was closed and moved away and now all these events are held in the Jumping Pound Community Hall.

Many changes have taken place in Brushy Ridge since those early days. The brush has yielded to the brush cutter, and a good hardtop road connects Cochrane with the Trans-Canada Highway, but concern for neighbors, warm friendships and the sense of community spirit is still the same.

THE BRUSHY RIDGE FIRE — by Bob Callaway

Where did the fire start? Some say it was started by someone who tried to burn out the Jumping Pound Forest Ranger and others say it started from embers that had smoldered in a muskeg all summer, and the 80 to 90 mile an hour winds fanned it up and away it went. Whatever its origin, it was destined to make November 19, 1936, a day to be remembered by many for years to come.

With the gale-force winds driving the fire, there was no fighting it. The year previous had been very dry and the country was dry as tinder. A haystack or field of grass would catch fire and be picked up by the wind and carried a half mile, mile or even two miles only to be set down and start another fire. In a lot of places the wind was so strong it blew the fire out. The fence posts were burned off at the ground, leaving the rest of the post swinging in mid-air. Coyotes and rabbits were caught in it and found, later, running around without a hair on their bodies. It swept down out of the foothills, burning rangeland, haystacks and farms in its path.

One of the first places to be hit was the Arthur Coelen farm, where all the buildings, including the house, were burned to the ground. It moved on through the hay valley, burning hundreds of tons of hay. As the haystacks caught fire they would be carried such a distance in the wind that some places were burned and other parts missed completely. It burned all the buildings at Harry Johnson's place except the house. There were 16 head of purebred Holstein cows and a pony in the barn that day and they all perished in the fire. They had been left in the barn that day because of the high wind, and the fire came so fast that Harry was unable to rescue them. He took his mother and father out into the middle of a summer fallow field, east of the buildings, so they would be safe from the fire. He then ran back to the house to try and save some valuables. When he came back out, all he had in his hand was a can of tobacco, but the fire had missed the house. As if the loss from the fire wasn't bad enough, people from the city, out to see what had happened, came in asking to see where the 16 head of cattle had burned to death.

From Harry Johnson's the fire raged on to Johnny Arnell's farm a quarter of a mile to the east. All the buildings, including the house, and all their personal belongings, were burned. Johnny also lost a pen full of hogs that were ready to go to market.

Next it bore down on Billy Vowel's farm, burning all the buildings to the ground, and another bunch of pigs. On it raged to Ted

This was William Vowels' home after the Brushy Ridge fire.

Cattle in a burned out pasture after the Brushy Ridge fire, 1936.

Callaway's place, where it burned the barn, two pump houses, a pigpen and a woodshed. It left the house, garage and a log granary. A sandstone building between the house and woodshed saved the house from catching fire. A fellow, called Mike, working for Ted, went into the burning barn to let the cows out, but the bull that was in the barn somehow got stuck in front of the manger. Mike couldn't get him out so left him and ran to the horse barn to let the horses out. Inside were six horses, two of which were broncs being broken to harness. The broncs were scared and had pulled back, and Mike couldn't undo their halters. He grabbed an axe and slashed the ropes; the horses fell back and ran from the barn. He got the barn door shut just in time, as they were trying to get back inside. The windmill tower collapsed with the extreme heat and was like a twisted mess of wire. After the fire, the men found the bull out with the cows, safe and sound. A group of neighbors helped take all the furniture out of the house and put it in the middle of the garden patch south of the house. Later on in the afternoon they had to rush to put it back in the house, as it started to rain.

Joe, Alf Callaway's hired man, set out across the field to walk half a mile to Ted's to fight fire, but the wind knocked him down and he ended up in the road ditch, a quarter of a mile east of where he intended walking.

About the same time as Callaway's buildings caught fire, Jergen Messer's building went up in smoke. The only thing that was left standing at Messers was a sandstone pumphouse and the windmill. He also lost all his pigs.

The Brushy Ridge School and horse barn caught fire about the same time as Messers and Callaways. Someone came to the school, situated on the corner across from Callaways, and told Miss Davis to take the children across the road to Callaway's as there was a fire coming. The wind was so strong that the older children had to hold on to the younger ones so they could walk. Small stones were blowing off the road into the children's faces. When they arrived at Callaway's, it was decided that the children should be taken to Cochrane, out of the path of the fire. Ted and Alf loaded the children into their cars and Ted drove off first. Alf, following him, missed the corner turn to Cochrane and ended up three quarters of a mile east, at Bill Edge's. When Ted pulled up in front of the Cochrane Hotel to let the children out, a newspaper reporter was watching. Fourteen people got out of the 1929 Plymouth and the reporter had to go around the other side of the car to make sure the kids weren't climbing in again on the other side. He couldn't believe so many people could come out of one car! In spite of the heavy load the car was nearly turned over on the way to Cochrane, in the strong wind.

The school and barn were burned but a horse that was in the barn managed to get out. The horse was driven by Harris Wallace's children, Eileen, Doreen and Ronnie. The harness collar caught on fire and burned the horse, so when the horse was found it had to be destroyed.

From the school the fire raged onward burning Sykes Taylor's buildings but leaving his house. It was thought afterwards that the high poplar trees around the Johnson, Callaway and Taylor homes were responsible for saving them. Down past Bill Edge's the fire went, but missed Edge's buildings. Continuing eastward to just north of Johnny Munro's, the wind changed to the south and went down in velocity. Then came a shower of rain, bringing a day of living hell to an end. Men had come from Cochrane, Jumping Pound and Springbank to help fight it. Many different methods were tried. George Callaway tried to plow a fireguard in front of it, to no avail. Lennie Blow rode on a truck tarp being dragged behind a truck to try and smother the flames but that, too, was unsuccessful. The fire continued on its course and a drop in the wind and a shower of rain were the only things that stopped it from continuing right on into Calgary.

The farmers that were burned out all had fire insurance on their buildings, or at least thought they did. They discovered on sending in their claims that they were not covered for this kind of a fire.

To their dismay the fine print stated, "The fire must originate within the boundaries of the farm in question." This fire had come for many miles, leaving such loss and destruction to so many, and not one penny of insurance was collected.

CREAM SHIPPERS ASSOCIATION OF BRUSHY RIDGE — by Ted Callaway

In 1937 a group of neighbors in the Brushy Ridge and Jumping Pound districts started shipping cream to the Model Dairies in Calgary.

The Cream Shippers Association was formed with Louis Nicoll as president, Harry Johnson as secretary and Ted Callaway as treasurer.

The members of the association were Arthur Coelen, Harry Johnson, Louie Nicoll, William Vowels, John Arnell, Ted Callaway, Alfred Callaway, George Taylor, Jergen Messer and Robert Barnes.

At the start Jim Colpitts came out in an old truck twice a week, in the evenings, picked up the cream and took it to Calgary. Mr. Colpitts had started his business up in a garage on 17th Avenue. Later he built the Model Dairies on 17th Avenue and 2nd Street West, Calgary.

The purpose of the association was to try and get a better price for their cream.

In 1931 on January 5th, a five gallon can of cream brought $1.51 and on January 12th, that same five gallon can of cream brought $3.64. There was such a wide fluctuation in the price received by the farmers shipping good quality cream that they decided to form an association.

THE CANADIAN MADE Renfrew

For awhile the district dairymen shipped their cream to a candy maker in Calgary. He was always glad to get it because of the excellent quality. The producers were able to keep their cream fresh, thus giving them an excellent product.

After the formation of the Cream Shippers Association, hearings were held in Calgary with shipping officials. The members succeeded in getting the price raised from 22¢ per pound of butterfat to 32¢ a pound.

Mr. Colpitts was too busy to keep hauling the cream into the dairy so John Arnell took over the job.

In 1940 some of the members of the Cream Shippers Association received openings in the quota for shipping milk and joined the Calgary and District Milk and Cream Shippers Association.

Johnny Arnell hauled the milk to Calgary for awhile, and then the dairymen had to haul their own milk into Cochrane, where Hogarth's Transport delivered it to the dairy in Calgary. In 1946 producers received $1.90 to $3.34 per hundred weight for milk. A fee was charged by the United Milk and Cream Association and truckage bills for a 15 day period were approximately $12.00.

Many of the cream shippers stopped dairying. Robert Barnes and Ted Callaway were the only fluid milk shippers left in Jumping Pound and Brushy Ridge until 1967, when Robert Barnes sold his herd.

In 1961 the handling, cooling and hauling of milk changed from cans to bulk handling. At this time, Bob Gathercole and Harvey Hogarth bought a bulk milk truck, in partnership. About two years later Bob Gathercole bought out Hogarth's share and continued hauling milk in the Cochrane, Brushy Ridge and Bearspaw areas.

Their first truck had a capacity of 1700 gallons of milk and in March 1967, Bob rolled the truck on an icy hill. It was a complete write off. This truck was replaced by a new one with 2000 gallons capacity.

In 1970 Bob's route had grown and he bought a bigger truck, this one being a tandem axle

truck. In 1972 he bought Norman Newsome's milk route in Bearspaw and by October 1973, his truck was too small, and a larger one, with a capacity of 3100 gallons, was bought. Les Gathercole worked with Bob during these years, but in December 1974, Les bought Les Malin's milk route south of Calgary.

At the present time Bob Gathercole has two trucks, the second one having a capacity of 2000 gallons. Both trucks are needed to service the milk route in the Cochrane area.

At the present time, Bob Callaway is the only dairyman left in the Brushy Ridge district shipping fluid milk.

The price of fluid milk to the producer has risen to about $11.80 per hundred weight in 30 years. This has hardly kept ahead of the rising cost of feed, cows, labor and machinery.

ROBERT AND MINNIE BARNES — by Sharon Barnes

Mrs. R. O. Barnes (Minnie) was born in London, England, and came to Calgary with her parents in 1913. She attended Sunalta School, Central High and Commercial Business College. Following school, she was secretary to Dr. Carpenter at the Institute of Technology, after which she worked for the Land Department of the C.P.R. typing Land and Lease Contracts. During this time Minnie played the violin in numerous orchestras including the Calgary Orchestral Society (forerunner to the Philharmonic). In 1930 she married Robert Barnes and they lived in Calgary for three years.

Robert Barnes, born in Bismark, North Dakota, came to Banff in 1905, where his father pastured Standardbred horses on the Kootenay Plains, packing in from Lake Louise. In 1911 Robert's father took a homestead in Jumping Pound, the boys riding nine miles to school. In 1917 the family moved to a dairy farm in Springbank, subsequently locating on a wheat farm at Milo, Alberta. In 1926 the family moved again, this time to Calgary where Robert was employed by the Maytag Co. In 1931 Robert and his brother Elliott went into partnership in an electrical store. During this time, Robert and Minnie took an active interest in North Hill United Church, teaching Sunday School, a Girl's group and a Boy's group.

In 1933 my father and mother decided to farm and were able to purchase the old homestead at Jumping Pound. This home was too far away and the roads too bad for Mother's parents to come and visit so they purchased the N½ 15-24-4-5, and decided to build their home there.

Mother and Dad lived in a tent on their new farm through winter and summer during the two years it took them to build their home. In winter the temperature was very often below zero and there was a lot of snow. This was quite an experience for Mom, coming as she did from the city and knowing nothing of farm life. Mom had made a sketch of her "dream home," when she was a young girl and this was the picture they built their home from.

The house on the Jumping Pound homestead was dismantled and brought down by team and wagon (33 trips) to the present location on the Bragg Creek road. Water was of major importance and they had to try thirteen times before getting a well. Finally they dug a well on a spot that Dad had dreamed there was water. It is a very good well and is still used in the house and barn. The land was cleared by hand during the winters.

The fireplace, originally built by grandfather Barnes in his homestead house, was brought down to the new location by wagon. Mom and Dad laid the fireplace on a mattress and tied it down with ropes to protect it. When they got it down to their new house it had cracked in two places. It was far too heavy for just two people to lift this huge masterpiece, so it was broken into nine pieces and put up again. The center stone is a perfect heart shape and was found in the Jumping Pound Creek by Grandpa Barnes. Minnie has inscribed on the front of the mantle, "Happiness grows at our fireside and is not picked in stranger's gardens."

Between 1941 and 1945 Mom and Dad adopted four children, Sharon, Beverley, Dale and William. At this time most farmers did not enjoy the present day conveniences and water really had to be conserved, with four babies to wash for.

Through the years Robert established a purebred Jersey herd and won many ribbons at the Exhibition for his fine dairy herd. These efforts culminated with the winning of the Grand Championship bull in 1964 and the sale of the herd in 1967.

From 1948 to 1968 my parents were houseparents for the Canadian Youth Hostel and entertained guests from many parts of the world around the stone fireplace with the "Heart in the Hearth," which is still our pride and joy. The family took an active part in the Springbank Church, Dad having served as Superintendent of the Sunday School for a number of years and Mother helping with the piano and violin. The 4-H Youth Club was a major interest of the children.

We have now taken our places in the stream of life. I work in an oil office full-time, teach piano lessons and raise Arabian horses. Beverley, after working as a secretary for some time, became an airline stewardess. She is the number one stewardess on a Wardair Jumbo Jet, flying to Europe, Hawaii, the Bahamas and the Caribbean.

The boys are both married. Dale married Lynn James of Calgary and is living on the farm, working for an automotive company as a salesman. He has two children, Colleen and Robert. William (Bill) and his wife, Barbara live in their home in Cloverdale, British Columbia, and have three children, Bonnie, Lee and Bradley.

Mother and Dad are now taking things easy, having taken a European trip in 1970. Mom spends her spare time oil painting and china painting, having painted over 2000 pictures, many of which have found homes around the world. Father gardens and milks his cow, helping Mom in every way possible. His health has not been the best lately.

THE CALLAWAY FAMILY — by A. A. "TED" CALLAWAY

Joseph P. Callaway, my grandfather, immigrated to Goderich, Ontario, from Northamptonshire, England, in 1843. He owned and operated the Dominion Salt Works in Ontario. He married and he and his wife had a family of six children, Emanuel Joseph "EJ", Albert, George, Elizabeth, Clarence, and Margaret. Joseph decided to come West, so with his wife and children, they travelled to Winnipeg, Manitoba, by wagon pulled with a team of oxen. At night they turned the wagonbox over, to use as a shelter.

In 1886 he and his family moved farther west to the Brushy Ridge district south of Cochrane. Here he homesteaded the SE ¼ 22-25-4-5, where he lived in his log cabin until his death in 1904. Grandmother had predeceased him after suffering with a severe bout of quinsy. The two youngest children also died of quinsy, Clarence, at age nine and Margaret, age five and a half.

Albert was a steam engineer and died in Calgary. George was drowned in an accident in British Columbia and Elizabeth married a doctor. Elizabeth and her husband lived in Innisfail, Alberta.

Emanual Joseph was my father. He was born in 1855 in Ontario. When he decided to come west in 1882, he had just met Miss Elizabeth Ferguson. He told her of his plan and asked her if she would like to come along. She said yes, so they were married.

They homesteaded in the area of Killarney, Manitoba, where Joseph Bertram "Bert", George, Elizabeth, Harold and Alex were born. Enthused by the stories of development further west, my dad and mother journeyed to Monte Creek near Kamloops, British Columbia, in 1894. On the journey to Monte Creek another son, Norman, was born in a railway station.

Senator Bostock owned a large ranch and a hotel in Monte Creek. Dad managed the ranch for six years. Shortly after their arrival in Kamloops, his wife Elizabeth passed away, also from quinsy.

In 1898 my father married Miss Alice Miriam Partridge, who had been the governess to the Bostock children. In 1899 a daughter, Edith Sarah, was born. The following year they moved to the Springbank district, where Dad settled on land he later sold to George Rennick. While living in Springbank, I was born and also Mary. Mrs. Young was in attendance. In 1906 my parents purchased 800 acres of land from George Wills and they moved to Brushy Ridge, this land being the S ½ and the NE ¼ 15-25-4-5 and the NW ¼ and E ½ 22-25-4-5. They were building a new house and the family lived in a lean-to on the

Alice Miriam Callaway (nee Partridge).

Emmanuel Joseph Callaway.

back of the house until it was finished. The house is still standing today and is in good condition. Mr. Benedict, who homesteaded the NW ¼ 22-25-4-5, was the builder. Lily, Nora, Nellie and Alfred were born in Brushy Ridge. Dr. Park or Mrs. Mary Hughes were in attendance at their births.

My father had a threshing outfit that was powered by horsepower. Five teams of horses, hitched to arms, walked around in a circle; a shaft from the "horsepower" led up to the threshing machine, driving it. This thresher had a hand feed, and a straw carrier, which elevated the straw up in the air to make a strawstack. The thresher had a bagger on it, and the grain was all sacked and loaded on a wagon. We also ground grain with horsepower.

In winter we baled hay with a horse baler, which was powered much the same as the thresher. A team walked around in a circle hitched to an arm, which pulled a plunger back and forth to press the hay. We took two days to bale a carload of hay, then two days to haul it to Cochrane with horses and load it on the railroad car. We shipped to Banff, Canmore and Lethbridge. In the 1920s, my father and I did custom threshing in the Cochrane area. Some years we would be threshing for 30 days or more, travelling around to the various neighbors to gather in the fall harvest.

George homesteaded the NW ¼ 15-25-4-5. He married his stepmother's sister, Mary Jane Partridge. They had three sons: George, who died of appendicitis at the age of 15 years; Bertram and Norman; and two daughters, Kathleen (Mrs. Percy Arnell), and Bess (Mrs. Roy Brooks). George passed away in February 1967. His wife predeceased him in January 1936.

In 1916 my brothers Bertram, Alex and Norman went Overseas in the First World War. Norman lost a leg, Alex and Bertram were both gassed, but all three returned home safely.

While overseas in England, Norman married Alice Partridge. They had two sons, Norman and Bert. Norman Sr. worked in Calgary in the Soldiers Civil Rehabilitation in the Colonel Belcher hospital until his retirement. He passed away four or five years ago.

Bertram was manager of Acme Fruit Company in Calgary before and after he went to war. He married Annette Grindell, a nurse from Calgary. They had one son, Joseph, now deceased, and one daughter. They retired and moved to Vancouver.

Alex farmed with Dad, then moved up to the Arnell place. He moved to the U.S.A. and worked in Detroit. He and his wife had a family.

Elizabeth married James Andison (brother of William and Ernest Andison in Cochrane). They moved to Brittania Beach, Vancouver, where Jim was the manager of the Wood Fibre Company Store. In 1922 Jim and Elizabeth and their three children perished in a disastrous flood at Brittania Beach. They were never found. It was believed their home and belongings were washed out to sea.

Harold married Amy Hughes, daughter of Ike Hughes, who lived in Brushy Ridge. They farmed at Crossfield until 1916. Harold then sold his farm and bought a farm north of Cochrane, where his son Gordon and his wife Violet (Dolly) have a dairy farm. Another son, Clarence, lives in Calgary and two daughters, Mary (Mrs. Earl Fenton), and Jean (Mrs. Frank Copithorne), both live in the Cochrane district.

Edith Sarah married Leslie Towers of Jumping Pound and moved to the Towers Ranch, where she still resides. They had one daughter Vernice.

Mary married Arthur Coelen from Jumping Pound and they had two sons, Frank and Alfred. Mary now resides in Calgary, Arthur having passed away.

Lily married John Arnell from Springbank. Johnny worked for Raymond Johnson and then rented land at Gleichen, from Raymond. He farmed there for a number of years and then purchased the SE ¼ and NW ¼ 16-25-4-5 from George Callaway. Johnny hauled milk to Calgary, and did mixed farming. Lil and Johnny had three children: Jacqueline and Neale, both in Calgary and Kenneth, living south of Cochrane. There are six grandchildren. Lil passed away in 1958 and John passed away in 1969.

Nora married William P. Wallace, son of William Wallace, an old-timer of the Springbank district. They had four daughters: Marion (Mrs. Ken Jensen of Carstairs), Kathleen (Mrs. Bob Beynon, Cochrane), Donna (Mrs. Dave Morris, formerly of Cochrane) and Nora Lee (Mrs. Ian Sinclair, Calgary). They have one son, William, who is now running their farm in Brushy Ridge.

Nellie married George E. Jones, who worked as a cook for the Imperial Oil at Jumping Pound. They live in Victoria and have one daughter, Louise.

Alfred married Miriam Johnson, a schoolteacher, whose parents and brother Harry lived in Brushy Ridge. They had two children, Fred and Lois.

In 1919 my mother suffered a stroke and passed away suddenly at the early age of 45 years.

I attended Brushy Ridge school until 1916, when my three older brothers joined the Army. I had to leave school and help my father on the farm. We had around 90 head of cattle and 50 head of horses. We broke horses and sold them to the Army.

In the 1920s my father and I did custom threshing in the Cochrane district. We moved about the country threshing for Kastors, George Kings, Coatsworth, Frank Brown, Orr Fenton, Tommy Fisher, Glenbow Horse Ranch, Bow River Horse Ranch, Arthur Crawford and Leslie Towers. It was a beautiful fall and the farmers had great crops. The pay was four dollars a day.

Mamie and Ted Callaway on their wedding day.

We farmed 800 acres. Dad was a Government Weed Inspector for many years. My mother and all the children pulled weeds from the crops and the potatoes by hand. Everyone worked as soon as they were able, because Dad could not accuse the neighbors of having weeds if he had any himself. He was a taskmaster when it came to sowing the crops. The rows of grain had to be planted perfectly straight, or we heard about it. We planted a lot of potatoes and they, too, had to be perfectly straight in all directions.

Dad was also on the Brushy Ridge School board with Sykes Taylor and William Edge.

In 1928 I married Jemima (Mamie) Balantyne, who had come from Scotland to Calgary with her parents and her brothers and sisters. I built an Aladdin ready-cut house in the corner of the main houseyard. It contained two bedrooms, living room, kitchen and a porch. This house was later moved to the NE ¼ 15-25-4-5, where Alf Callaway remodelled it, and he and his family lived in it. Part of the house is the present home of Edna Edge.

Our son Robert (Bob) Arthur was born in the General Hospital, Calgary in 1929.

My father passed away in 1932. He is buried in the Cochrane cemetery. This same year, our first daughter Barbara was born, but only lived seven short months before she died.

Bob started school in 1934 at Brushy Ridge, and some of the teachers that were there at that time were, Miss Grace Davis, Miss Irene Greer (Mrs. David Edge), Murray Carmack, Miss Marjorie Van Der Velde and Miss Mavis Gainor. It is noteworthy that even though Bob lived just across the road from the school, he held the record for being late more than any other kid in the school. He finished his schooling at Western Canada High in Calgary. He joined the Army Cadets in Calgary, and worked up to the rank of Staff-Sergeant. When he finished school, he returned to the farm to work with me.

Our second daughter, Evelyn Aileen, was born December 2, 1935. She attended Brushy Ridge School and Crescent Heights High School in Calgary. She studied piano under the direction of Alf's wife Miriam and also at Mount Royal College. After high school, she took secretarial training at the Calgary Business College and was employed by the Calgary School Board. On July 27, 1956, she married Jack Perkins from north of Cochrane. They reside in Cochrane and have four children: Roberta Ann, Linda Louise, Roy James and Randy John.

The year 1936 was very dry; the grain had to be cut with a horse mower because it was too short for the binder. I purchased a W-30 McCormick Deering tractor on rubber in 1937. This was the first rubber-tired tractor west of Calgary. The neighbors were very skeptical about its usefulness on rubber! The tractor still works today. Alf and I graded and maintained the roads for many years with this W-30 tractor.

In 1940 we started to ship milk, which we had hauled to Calgary. In 1948 we had a severe winter and all the roads were blocked with snow. Johnny Arnell was hauling the milk to Calgary by truck. No one in the country used their car for a couple of months. With four horses and a sleigh, we hauled our milk five miles to Barkley's, where Johnny had his truck. He would then take the milk to Calgary from there.

In 1951 a very severe hailstorm wiped out our crop. Some of the hailstones were as big as tennis balls.

Bob went to work for Shell Exploration in 1953 and was there 18 months. He married Yvonne Blow, daughter of Len and Mabel Blow of Cochrane, on June 18, 1954. In 1955 they returned to the farm, and we rented the old Vowels place from Arthur Coelen. Bob farmed this place until 1974.

Bob and Yvonne have four children: Debra, David, Susan and Ann Marie. They have been ac-

tive workers in the Brushy Ridge, Jumping Pound and Cochrane communities.

I served on the Brushy Ridge School board for a number of years and was president of the Cochrane South Mutual Telephone Company for eight years. I was a Charter Member of the B.P.O.E. (Elks' Lodge) in Cochrane, and I was Exalted Ruler for one year. I was on the patrol team for three years. The Elks built the present community hall in Cochrane in 1930 or 1931. I borrowed a dump wagon from Andy Garson and hauled the first load of dirt for the excavation of the basement.

In 1963 Mamie passed away suddenly. Bob then purchased Pleasant View Farm from me, and I moved to Calgary. The name Pleasant View Farm comes from the name of my father's original homestead in Killarney, Manitoba. I then worked at Canyon Meadows golf course for three years.

In 1966 I married Ellen McKay, and we reside in Calgary.

In 1971 Bob converted his dairy operation from a stanchion barn to a free-stall housing system and a milking parlor, doubling the capacity of his milking operation.

He purchased three registered Brown Swiss milk cows in 1971. They were imported from the United States, and he hopes, one day, to have a complete herd of purebred Brown Swiss dairy cows. Bob is now the only man in the Brushy Ridge, Jumping Pound area who ships fluid milk.

ARTHUR CRAWFORD — by Ethel Crawford

Mr. and Mrs. John Crawford and family came to Calgary from the U.S.A. in 1902 and settled in the Chestermere district.

Their son Arthur took up a homestead at Ghost Pine Creek, near Three Hills, in 1908, and farmed with oxen, and lived in a sod shack. After selling his land, he bought a half section in the Hand Hills in 1911. He ranched there until 1918, when he moved to Cochrane.

Arthur and his brother, Dr. T. H. Crawford who had a medical clinic in Calgary, bought the Cole place, the Ritchie farm, Mackay quarter and the Robert Brown farm, 3000 acres. Arthur lived in a log cabin built in 1896. The first owner was Ben Gray, then Alex Martin, who owned a sporting goods store in Calgary later, then Ed Cole. Ed moved to Los Angeles, California.

In 1921 Arthur had a new home built by Acton Sargent. It had ten rooms, hot and cold running water, bathroom, electric lights, two fireplaces and hardwood floors. We landscaped the grounds and planted 1000 trees.

Arthur and I, Ethel Munro, were married in Grace Church, Calgary, June 25, 1922. We were married 44 years and were very happy. We moved to our new home in December 1922, and lived there, ranching until 1948. The Government bought the land for the Stoney Indians, our 3000 acres and 7000 acres from our neighbor, Mr. Coppock; 10,000 acres at $20.00 per acre.

In 1929 we had a severe hailstorm, with hailstones as large as peaches. We had a

Arthur Crawford's ranch.

beautiful crop which was completely destroyed. It was the only time we were hailed out. The storm also did a lot of damage to the neighbor's crops around us and injured some animals.

Arthur and I once rode horseback to a dance in Cochrane, carrying our dancing shoes and clothes. The snow was very deep so we crossed the Bow River on the ice rather than go around to the bridge. It was 30 degrees below zero, rather chilly but we had a good time.

Threshing was always an exciting time with 15 men to cook for. Stanley Cope, a neighbor, was so kind; he used to help me with the dishes.

After we sold the CC Ranch, as it was called, Jake Twoyoungman and his family moved into the big house but didn't stay long as they wanted to be nearer Morley. Other Indian families moved in and out but often there was no one there and very little done to keep up the buildings and land. The house burned to the ground and David Edge leased the land, farmed it and pastured cattle there.

We moved two miles east of the ranch and bought 210 acres right on the junction of the Bow River and the Jumping Pound Creek. It was a beautiful spot and we continued to ranch in semi-retirement. In a lovely sheltered location we drilled a well and built a six-room bungalow, facing south. Friends came out to fish in the creek and river and we enjoyed a picnic area by the creek. We had a wood cookstove down in the trees and erected benches and tables. We bought the land from Sam Copithorne. It had been homesteaded by Major Butler and parts of his old house, which had fallen into the cellar, still remained.

Fred Poynter, Jack Poynter's father, cooked for us for 15 years and was a great help to us.

Arthur had 30 head of cattle, 3 horses and 100 hogs and enjoyed his semi-retirement. We had wonderful neighbors and friends, the Towers and Wearmouths, and could call on them anytime in sickness and health. We took an active part in church work, being members of Saint Andrews United Church in Cochrane. Arthur was also a member of the King Solomon Masonic Lodge No. 41 in Cochrane. I learned to drive the car at 58 years old and enjoyed it very much.

Arthur passed away in December 1966, and in 1968, I sold the farm to Bob and Peggy Baptie. I moved into Centennial House, in Calgary, where I have enjoyed my apartment and my new friends.

CHRISTOPHER AND BLANCHE DUKE — by Theodore Edward Duke

Christopher or "Long," or "Banjo" Duke came from Sussex County, England, to (Alberta), North West Territories, in 1886; "Long" because he stood over six feet four inches, and "Banjo" because he played a mean banjo for the old time step dances. He settled on the N½ 10-24-4-5, in 1889, and Paddy Drummond built him a log house. In January 1898, Christopher married Blanche Hunt. They had three children, Theodore Edward, Nora Anne and Sarah Jane.

Blanche Hunt came from Ontario in 1891, and was the first female secretary in the North West Territories. She worked for J. A. Bangs, a lawyer in Calgary and she was held in high regard for her efficiency in shorthand and typing — a phenomenon for women at that time.

Christopher and Blanche added to their ranch by buying the Johnson place in 1909. They moved onto this place in 1910 and lived there until 1916, when they moved to Calgary.

The Dukes also owned NE¼ 15-24-4-5, which was sold to Robert Barnes in 1935 and the S½ 2-24-4-5, was sold to Mr. Barker; the NW¼ 14-24-4-5, was sold to Holmgreen and then to Sam Copithorne. The original ranch was sold to Frank Taylor (140 acres south of the river) and 500 acres to A. Gauthier, north of the Elbow River.

Their brand for horses was HO on the right shoulder and VC on the left side for cattle. The ear mark was left ear cropped and the under bit of the ear out of the right ear. The ear mark was often used by ranchers because the hair on the cattle got so long in winter that the brands could not be distinguished.

Christopher died in 1952 at 85 years of age and Blanche died in 1954, age 88.

THEODORE EDWARD DUKE

Theodore Edward Duke is a tall man with a precise way of speaking. His memory is also long and clear. He remembers dates, names and places well because he often reviews them with old friends.

He was born in November 1898, on the N½ 10-24-4-5. His birth was recorded at Fort Walsh. The registry was then moved to Regina, capital of the North West Territories.

His first nursemaid was Margaret Hattam (Robinson), newly arrived from England. He went to the little West Springbank School, on Drummond's corner, with other children in the district, L. Mickle, G. Pepper, Sykes and Charlie Robinson, Charlie Rhodes and Millie Blache. Miss Willoughby was one of the teachers. She later married Tom Belway.

Ranch life is still a vivid memory, but he was not attached to it enough to stay. In 1916 he won a French lottery for $22,000, and taking advantage of his win, he travelled the world for ten years, an experience he thoroughly enjoyed.

Theodore saw service in both World Wars and was wounded twice in World War I. After travelling, he returned to Calgary and worked in the oil fields from 1929 to 1939. After World War II, he worked in Yellowknife for 15 months, shoring for underground mines. He returned to Calgary to look after his parents and was a Provincial Civil Servant with the Liquor Board. He now makes his home at the Colonel Belcher Hospital in Calgary.

THE WILLIAM EDGE FAMILY OF BRUSHY RIDGE — by the Edge family

William (Bill) Edge was born in Durham, Ontario, in 1863. When he was twelve years of age his family moved to British Columbia, travelling through the United States to California and up the West Coast by boat to Vancouver, arriving there in 1875. The family then settled at Maple Ridge near New Westminster.

When Dad grew up he worked as a cowhand on several ranches, one of them being the Douglas Lake ranch in the Nicola Valley.

Hoping to have a ranch for himself, he came to Calgary in 1877 , and that year filed on a homestead five miles south of Cochrane. When he arrived in Calgary all he owned was his saddle and ten dollars. He proved up on his homestead and worked out for other ranchers, herding cattle and putting up hay. One time he went as far as High River looking for work, and slept in the livery barn there, using his saddle for a pillow. The next morning it snowed, so he returned to Calgary.

In those days two or more bachelors would live together during the winter, for companionship and to save cutting firewood. Their entertainment was mainly card playing and dancing. Dad rode to dances from Morley to Spruce Vale near Calgary. He also attended Literary Society meetings held in the Jumping Pound School near Paddy Drummond's store. It was at one of those meetings that Dad met our mother, Sarah Ellis. They eloped and were married in Calgary, April 9, 1894.

Mother had come from Pakenham, Ontario, with her parents, and brothers and sisters to the Jumping Pound area in 1886. They were the first settlers on the east bank of the Jumping Pound Creek.

The year Dad and Mother were married, they bought ten milk cows, and the money from the sale of butter and milk was their means of livelihood. Mother said for the first few summers, Dad went to Springbank to put up hay. He helped with the milking in the mornings but she generally had the cows milked by the time he got home in the evening.

They had no cream separator, so the milk was poured into big pans and left until the cream rosé to the top and it was then skimmed off for churning. They bought their first cream separator, an Empire, about 1900. They traded butter for groceries and other supplies, first at Mitford, and later in Cochrane. Some of the milk was taken to the cheese factory at Eb. Healey's homestead east of Dad's, then later to a cheese factory in Springbank. The cheese was packed in round wooden boxes about the size of a bushel measure, and we still remember some of the big slabs of cheese that Dad would occasionally bring home from the factory. After the cheese factory closed down, the cream was shipped to Calgary by train to Carlyle and Pallesen Dairies.

We kids took many cans of cream (8 gallon) to the train with horse and buggy or cutter. F. L. Gainer, the station master, would help lift the cans off, then we'd tie our horse or team to a telephone pole on Main Street while we got the groceries from C. W. Fisher's or Jack Campbell's (later Maggs') stores. We got parts for machinery from Alec McEwan or Bobby Butler, and possibly a haircut at Irvine Brodie's barbershop. If we were lucky enough to have a five-cent piece or a dime we would buy a chocolate bar, an ice cream, or one of those delicious meat patties at Allan's bakery. In winter we sometimes stopped to have horses shod at the blacksmith shop.

By 1900 the folks had 100 head of cattle and 13 horses. We note in Dad's diary that three-year-old steers sold for $42 apiece that year. Horses sold from $125 to $200 each.

The years 1890 to 1894 were very dry and when sloughs and creeks dried up the cattle had to be driven about four miles to the Bow River for water. The dry years were followed by several very wet years. Dad bought one of the first seed drills in this district in 1899, and he rented it out to the neighbors. Seed was broadcast before that. He bought his first binder, a McCormick-Deering, in 1901, for $75. It was drawn by three horses. He did custom binding for neighbors. The first threshing machine in our area was a treadmill, owned by Bob Munro.

The folks attended the Cochrane dances or balls: the Fireman's, the American's, Scotsman's, Orangeman's, Bachelors' and the Ladies' Ball. These were held in the Orange Hall. Tom Quigley and his orchestra supplied the music for waltzes, two-steps, quadrilles, Scottish reels and the Highland fling. They only had a violin, piano and drums, but it was real good toe-tapping music that didn't require any microphone or the ear-splitting contraptions of today. The dances began at nine o'clock and continued until the early hours of the morning. The folks took in the Cochrane races and enjoyed the Cochrane Agricultural Fairs.

Dad had built a four-roomed house of logs, which was enlarged as the family grew. Our home was always open to friends and strangers. Anyone passing through was always invited for a meal and given a place to sleep. Mother must have wished at times that Dad hadn't been quite so generous, but, by adding another potato to the pot, another cup of water to the soup and warning the kids to hold back on second helpings, there was always enough to go around.

All but one of us eight children, Ethel, Wilbert, Edith, Norman, Oliver, Harry, David and Laurie were born in the old house. Neighbor ladies acted as midwives and Doc Ritchie was called on occasion. For any serious illness, Dr. A. W. Park was called.

Dad was one of the first trustees of Brushy Ridge School and was secretary-treasurer for

The Wm. Edge family, 1912. Back row: Wilbert, Norman, Ethel, Edith. Front: Sarah, holding baby David, Ollie, Bill, holding Harry.

many years, though Mother did all the bookwork.

As the family grew older, the boys formed a company and took over most of the ranch from Dad. They broke a lot of the land and raised good crops but still kept a number of cattle as well. This company was dissolved when the boys married and established homes of their own. With the exception of Wilbert, all the boys stayed near the original homestead.

Dad lived on the homestead until his death June 4, 1940, in his 77th year. Mother kept house until all the boys were married, and, then, sometimes had a housekeeper to keep her company, as she wished to remain in her own home as long as her health permitted. In her final years she spent time with her family here, and her daughter Edith at Trochu, Alberta. She died in the Trochu Hospital, May 20, 1957, in her 87th year.

Ethel, our oldest sister, was one of the first pupils in Brushy Ridge School in 1906. She took her high school in Cochrane when Mr. Laird was the principal, later attended Normal School in Calgary, then taught school for four years in Alberta. She married Dave Bryden of Delia in 1919. They lived at Delia and Atlee, finally moving to Arborfield, Saskatchewan, where Ethel taught for several years while her husband farmed. They had three children, Eileen, Mrs. Bill Norby; David; and Betty, Mrs. Frank Kapeller, who still live and farm at Arborfield. Ethel and Dave had ten grandchildren. Ethel died in 1967, and Dave in 1965.

Wilbert worked at home until his younger brothers were able to take over and then he went with his brother-in-law Dave Bryden and Sykes Robinson to Saskatchewan, building roads. He then worked, breaking horses, for Tom Owens at Jenner, Alberta, and for the Walsh Brothers at Bassano. After a short time Wilbert bought Harry Walsh's ranch on the Bow River, south of Bassano, and raised horses. His brand was 7M on the left shoulder. When many settlers were leaving the prairies because of the drought, Wilbert managed to buy up more land. Horses were losing their popularity as tractors were coming into use. He took his horses to many sales throughout the province. He also shipped horses to Manitoba, Ontario and Quebec.

In 1940 Wilbert joined the Army as a Sapper with the Royal Canadian Engineers. He went Overseas to England in 1941, and was with the Invasion Forces on D-day. On August 28, 1944, he died of wounds received while serving in France. He is buried in the Canadian Military Cemetery near Caen, France.

Norman was born June 12, 1904, in the family home in Brushy Ridge and has lived in the same district ever since. He was born the summer Dad won first place showing a Clydesdale stallion at the Territorial Spring Show in Calgary. The family are very proud of the beautiful silver tea service which was presented as first prize. Norman has always maintained that the prize was really for the best looking baby of the year.

Perhaps it was well that he was born in a time when most people depended on the horse because his life has been influenced by an interest in, and a love for horses. He can remember sitting on his Dad's horse in the backyard and loving the sound of the creaking saddle leathers as it cropped the grass.

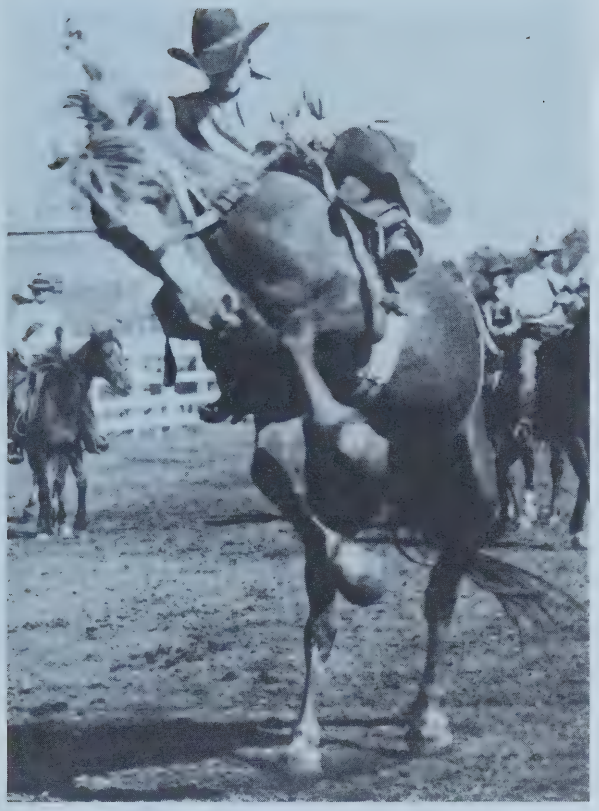
He was perhaps seven or eight years old when he first set out with the most reliable team, to rake hay. The same year he accompanied the cattle drive to the hills. These were high points of his young days.

As young teenagers, he and his brother Ollie joined other young fellows of the district to practise their riding skills on the neighbors' steers, horses or even cows. Their efforts were not appreciated by the irate owners who sometimes caught them snubbing up an otherwise docile wheel horse.

During the winters of 1926 and 1927, Norman broke polo ponies and remounts at D. P. McDonald's Mount Royal Ranch. The first morning at D.P.'s he tried out a few ponies that D.P. had sold to be shipped to Mr. Post in California. One of the horses bucked him off, saddle and all. He hit the bottom log of the corral rather forcibly. By noon, when he went in for dinner, he had quite a shiner. Mrs. McDonald came out with her favorite expression, "My God! Who is it?"

He also broke polo ponies for T. B. Jenkinson of the Virginia Ranch when he moved northeast of Medicine Hat.

In 1922 and 1923 Norman and Ollie took in the Jumping Pound Stampedes as well as some smaller shows. The "Big One" lured them to Calgary in 1924 and for many succeeding years. Since they had no money they slept in the stock barns and ate pancakes instead of steaks. In 1925 Norman got lucky and won both the Brahma Steer Riding and the Bareback Bronc Riding events. The next year a group of riders went to Winnipeg to a stampede and did not get back in



Norman Edge.

time to enter the Calgary Stampede. In 1927 Norman won the Steer Riding again and with it the right to keep the sterling silver trophy donated by P. Burns Co. In 1928 he won the Bareback Bronc Riding again, and permanent possession of another sterling trophy donated by Calgary Brewing and Malting Co. In 1929, as a team, Norman, Ollie, and Johnnie Munro won the Wild Horse Race in Calgary.

In the years from 1922 until 1937, when Norman retired from rodeo, he attended rodeos at such places as Jumping Pound, Sundre, Hand Hills, Medicine Hat, Calgary, Montreal, New Westminster, Vancouver, Ottawa, Winnipeg, Toronto; Pendleton, Oregon; White City Stadium in London, England; Columbus, Ohio; Buffalo, New York; Chicago, and many others. The cowboys travelled principally by train, never had enough money, ate very sparingly and enjoyed life to the fullest. When one of the group won money they could all eat but they certainly didn't make a fortune or even a grubstake. Between stampedes they went home to work on the ranch. Rodeo promoters of the day included Guy Weadick, Tex Austin and Peter Welsh. Norman and Ollie travelled extensively with Peter Welsh across Canada and the United States. Norman went to London's White City Stadium in England, with the Tex Austin show.

In 1940 Norman and Claudia Lynn were married by the fireplace in the new home Norman had just built for his bride. Claudia taught school at Jumping Pound and Springbank. When it was possible, they enjoyed riding together at Bassano, gymkhanas, or just with the boys at home.

From 1940 until 1955 Norman worked as a chute and chuckwagon judge at the Calgary Stampede.

Norman and Claudia have three sons, Garth, Barry and Lynn, and one grandson Marshall. Garth and Lynn now own the Bassano place and also run a soil and feed testing laboratory at Lethbridge. Lynn has a B.Sc. in Agriculture and his interests lie with the lab., while Garth's interests are in farming. Barry has taken over the Cochrane place and is most interested in cattle. He and his wife live close to Norman and Claudia. Barry and Lynn have both been ropers but Barry has carried it on as his chosen sport. For a number of years Garth was a bull rider.

Norman and Claudia are semi-retired and still enjoy the outdoors and their many friends spread across southern Alberta. They have enjoyed their life very much, especially, with their family, and now Norman gets his kicks out of visiting and probably annoying his neighbors.

Oliver (Ollie) was born June 4, 1906. He left home to help his brother Wilbert break horses, and spent some time rodeoing in Canada and the United States. He returned to Brushy Ridge to build a two-roomed home for his bride-to-be. On November 4, 1936, he married Ida Margaret Brodie at Ida's home in Cochrane.

Two weeks after moving into their home the fire of 1936 went through the area. That terrible afternoon was spent sitting in the middle of a plowed field with Bill and Mabel Bateman and their two children. The plowed field caused the fire to veer off and miss their homes.

For the first two years of their marriage, Ida and Ollie used an old horse called Brownie for transportation. They rode double everywhere. For longer trips, such as to Cochrane, the Edge family car was borrowed. In 1937 Ollie began working as road foreman in Brushy Ridge and Jumping Pound. They then bought their first vehicle, a second-hand red truck which had been used by Batemans on the mail route.

In 1939 Clem Brady drilled the water well at their home. Prior to this the water was hauled from the home place a distance of three miles.

Ollie and Ida's first child, a daughter Myrna, was born December 5, 1939. A second daughter, Gail, was born February 2, 1945.

Besides mixed farming and ranching in the Brushy Ridge district, Ollie owned land at Bassano and Horse Creek. He also ran cattle at Dorothy with Stuart Holmes for many years.

Myrna and Gail were active in the 4H Beef Club and Little Britches Rodeos.

In 1959 Myrna married Bob Lathwell and they live in Carstairs. They have three children, Murray, Russell and Andrea.

Gail married George Lauder in 1966, and they have a son Gregg and a daughter Paige. They reside at Brushy Ridge.

Ollie passed away May 4, 1965, after a lengthy illness. Ida now makes her home in Cochrane.

Edith received her high school education at Crescent Heights High school in Calgary when William Aberhart was the principal. During the last years of the First World War it was difficult to get teachers, so Cochrane had no high school. She taught school in different parts of Alberta; her first school was at Greencourt, northwest of Edmonton.

Edith married John Hanna of Trochu, Alberta, whom she met while teaching near there in 1928. They farmed near Three Hills for fifteen years, then John was a grain buyer for Alberta Pacific Grain Co. for 26 years. On his retirement in 1968, they moved to Sundre, where they reside in a mobile home on their son Norman's ranch.

Edith and John have four children, Norman, who married Elaine Bafeman of Jumping Pound; Shirley, Mrs. Bill Wilson, of Calgary; and sons Bernie and Donnie of Calgary. They have thirteen grandchildren.

Harry was born in September 1908. He farmed at home with his Dad until 1942, when he purchased the George Callaway farm. In December 1942, he married Lila Greer, who was a secretary for the City of Calgary, Lila's grandfather, Edgerton Greer, was a provincial road foreman and did quite a lot of road construction in the Cochrane area. He built the first grade from the top of the Cochrane Hill down into Cochrane, around 1915. Lila's father also helped on the road construction.

Harry raises cattle on his ranch here, and at Bassano. He uses his Dad's old brand reversed E W, which was originally owned by Ed Wayne of Springbank.

Harry and Lila have two children, Marlene and Ellis. Marlene was a computer operator and is married to Robert Carr. They have two boys, Kevin and Cody, and live on the Carr ranch near Okotoks. Ellis graduated from the Olds Agricultural College and is operating the ranch with his father.

David attended Brushy Ridge School and then went to high school in Cochrane. He rode horseback the five miles to school and was seldom on time. Once when he was, the teacher, Mr. Brown, made him stand up and had the class salute him. This has made him want to be punctual ever since. Since school days, David has ranched in the area south of Cochrane and also runs cattle at Bassano. His brand is Bar E Bar on the left ribs.

In 1940 he married Irene Greer, who taught school at Brushy Ridge. They have a son Brian and a daughter Beryl.

Brian is a veterinarian and practices in Calgary and surrounding areas. He married Pauline Willis, a Registered Nurse, from Listowel, Ontario, and they have two daughters, Laurie and Linda.

Beryl graduated as a Registered Nurse from the Calgary General Hospital. She married John Sibbald of Jumping Pound and they have a daughter Cheryl and a son Jay.

Laurie, after completing high school, worked at home with his brothers, clearing and breaking land which was formerly covered with brush.

He joined the Royal Canadian Air Force during World War Two and was sent Overseas. He flew many missions over France and Germany.

Laurie purchased Dad's homestead and Alfred Callaway's farm. In 1948 he married Edna (Eddie) Stone, a teacher at Brushy Ridge. Eddie had also been in the Air Force during the war. They ranched until Laurie's death in 1962. He is buried in the Field of Honor in the Cochrane cemetery. Eddie continued to teach at Brushy Ridge and Cochrane until her retirement in 1974.

CALGARY STAMPEDE PRINCESS 1963 — by Beryl Edge

In the spring of 1963, I was asked to run as a contestant in the Calgary Stampede Queen Contest.

At this time the contest was handled by the Associated Canadian Travellers. A preliminary ride-off was held at Paget's Two Rivers Ranch, and a certain number of girls were chosen to compete in the contest. Each contestant was assigned to a sponsoring group, mine being the Calgary Highland Boys' Pipe Band. The Bassano Youth Group and the Trochu Band also sold tickets to assist me. The sponsors purpose was to raise funds to purchase tickets for their queen contestant. The contestant, who turned in the most money to the Associated Canadian Travellers, became the Stampede Queen.

I was in my first year of nurse's training at the Calgary General Hospital, and received great support from my classmates and the staff. The Cochrane community and friends did a great deal towards helping me. A dance was held in the Jumping Pound Hall, sponsored by the community, and proceeds went toward ticket sales. On July 1st, I was asked to be a guest of honor at the Morley Stampede, a gesture I greatly appreciated. On the evening of July 2nd, a miniature rodeo was held in the arena of the Two Rivers Ranch to help raise funds.

My parents, David and Irene Edge, my brother Brian and many friends did a tremendous amount for me. Dad put up a two-year-old filly, and tickets were sold on the horse. Mom did hours of bookwork, keeping records straight. All in all, when proceeds were turned in the final night and tabulated, I became the first lady-in-waiting.

Beryl Edge, Calgary Stampede Princess, 1963.

To be in the midst of so much activity for Stampede week was fun. During the week, we met many interesting people, attended breakfasts, parties and many other functions. It was especially nice to visit the Calgary General, the Holy Cross, and the Crippled Children's Hospitals. Some of the highlights of the week for me were meeting Prime Minister Lester B. Pearson, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Hope, and dancing, at a breakfast, with Slim Pickens.

The other Princess and I may have been the only "queenly" ones ever to slip out by the Palliser Hotel's fire escape at midnight, and enter by the front door much later, all of course, without the knowledge of the chaperone.

1963 was the last year for the Stampede Queen Contest to be held according to ticket sales. The Stampede Board decided to change the format and have the Queens judged according to riding ability, personality, poise and public speaking, this being a much better, fairer and just way of deciding on the girl to represent the Calgary Stampede.

The week I spent as the Calgary Stampede Princess was a good experience for me, but when all is said and done, I would really much rather spend my days chasing cattle on the ranch.

I finished my training to receive my R.N., and later married John Sibbald. We ranch at Jumping Pound and have two children, Cheryl and Jay.

ISAAC AND MARY HUGHES

Isaac Hughes was born in Bristol, England, December 16, 1867. Mary Jane Trollope was born in June 1869, in Ponty Pool, Monmouthshire, South Wales. Isaac and Mary were married in the Baptist Church, Norfield, Bristol, on July 30, 1898. Three children were born in England: Amy Elizabeth on April 20, 1899; William Isaac on September 11, 1901; and Dorothy Nora on November 15, 1903.

Isaac and Mary, with their family, came to Canada in 1904. They landed in Halifax in April, then travelled to Cochrane by train. They arrived in Cochrane on May 8, and stayed with the Bill Cook family, then later with the John Cooks.

The Hughes homesteaded in the Brushy Ridge district. When a new house was being built for them on their homestead, a tornado came up and blew the roof and second storey of the house away. After this incident, it was decided to have a bungalow-type home. The family moved into their new house in the spring of 1906.

Isaac worked as a watchman on the railway during their first winter in the district. After that he worked for Dan White, mainly building bridges.

Mary boarded some of the teachers at Brushy Ridge School, some of whom were Miss Sullivan, Miss Lee, and Miss Alice Howlett. Mary was also a midwife. She said, "From the time the doctor gave me my first lesson, I was called out a good many times to deliver babies and nurse the sick. The calls came at all hours, until finally my husband voiced his objection to being left alone with the children."

The Hughes sold out in 1924 and moved into Cochrane. Isaac passed away on December 20, 1928. Mrs. Hughes operated a boarding house for students attending Cochrane School for a number of years. Her house is now the home of Mrs. Jack Craig. "Granny" Hughes kept very active in her later years, knitting socks and mitts for her grandchildren. She also knitted hundreds of pairs of socks for the Red Cross and the Ladies' Auxiliary of St. Stephen's Anglican Church in Calgary.

Mrs. Hughes passed away on February 10, 1969, at the age of 99 years.

Amy married Harold Callaway on June 18, 1917. Dorothy married Joseph Williamson of Carstairs on September 15, 1924, and William married Florence Bailey in July 1929.

WILLIAM LANCASTER — by Harry Edge

William Lancaster homesteaded the SE¼ of 10-25-4-5 in 1906 and lived there until 1918. He was married and had four children, Edward, Maggie, Wilbur and Minnie, all born before he took up his homestead in Brushy Ridge.

Mr. Lancaster hauled milk from the district to the cheese factory in Springbank. Edward married and lived in Calgary, Maggie married Rollie Coates, Wilbur married and now lives at Priddis. Minnie lived in Calgary and worked for the Hudson's Bay.

THE MICKLE FAMILY

Wheeler Mickle was born in Ontario in 1840 and came West in the spring of 1862, via St. Paul and the Red River. At Fort Garry he joined a party of men, and travelled the hazardous overland trail to the Cariboo gold fields in British Columbia. Some were disappointed in their search for gold. Wheeler Mickle decided to do packing on the Cariboo Road.

At first mule trains and horses were used; later camels were brought in. The camels rustled their own food and were capable of carrying heavy loads, but they terrified the horses and mules that were being used.

After packing on the Cariboo Road, Wheeler drove stage for Barnard, a stage line company. The stage travelled the Cariboo Road. This was a rugged road and has been called the eighth wonder of the world. In places the road was supported on pilings or great masonry constructions, and in many places it was cut through solid rock. The level of the road varied from the edge of the Fraser River to dizzying heights, and the curves were so sharp that the lead horses were often out of the driver's sight.

Wheeler married Lucinda Julia Thomson of Colchester, British Columbia, in October 1870. He took up land in the Nicola Valley of British Columbia. There, their four children, Lennox, Charles, Eddy and Tina were born. In 1881 he came back to what is now Alberta, where he freighted between Fort Walsh and Calgary for the North West Mounted Police. He settled in Calgary and built one of the first dwelling houses there. About the time that the town began to grow, he built a stable and entered into the feed and dray business. When the Mission property

Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler Mickle.

This certifies that, Wheeler A. Mickle of British Columbia, and Lucinda Julia Thomson Sp. of Colchester, were united in Holy Wedlock in the presence of Charles and Luisa L. Thomson. at Colchester on the twelfth day of October, A.D 1870. By me

I Downie cl.
officiating Colchester
Kingsville
Kent Ridge

facing Seventeenth Avenue was put on the market, he purchased a site and built there.

At the outbreak of the Riel Rebellion in the spring of 1885, Wheeler Mickle, who was known to be an excellent teamster, was hired by General Strange. The Force of General Strange was made up of the 65th Battalion of the Mount Royal Rifles of Montreal, the Winnipeg Light Infantry, a detachment of Mounted Police under Major Steele, cowboy scouts and teamsters.

Edmonton, May 4, 1885

"Dear Jue,

We have been here since Friday waiting for the rest of the soldiers but will leave for the front in a day or two. The General is going to arm us (the teamsters) with rifles. I think I will be Captain Mickle when I get back if all goes well."

Fort Pitt, May 26, 1885

"Dear Jue,

We arrived here last night and thought I would write you again to let you know that I am well but cannot get up with the Indians. We have found and buried 8 bodies at Frog Lake. There the troops are searching the ruins for more bodies while I am writing. If we come up to the Indians we will not leave one to tell the tale, or there will be none of us left. The most horrible thing is, the four McLeans are in their hands and a lot of white people besides. The General is afraid that we will have to surround them or else shoot the whites that they have got and he don't want to do that. We will cross the river tomorrow and give chase to them. The Rev. McDougall is with us. He just got back from the south side of the river and says the main body of Indians left several days ago but some left here on Sunday last, with carts, so we think we will catch them in a few days. I hope we may. Don't blame me but I will be in the front when we catch the brutes. There is no telling when I will be back. The General says he needs us all and that we should go back if we want to but there is none of us that wants to go without killing some Indians after what they have done to the whites. Tell Lenny and Charlie to help you all they can and they shall both have a good horse and saddle when I get back if they are good boys. Kiss Eddy and Tina for me. I send you lots too.

Wheeler."

At Frenchman's Butte they fought Big Bear's forces and scattered them so that the prisoners were able to escape. On July 2nd, a small detachment of Mounted Police captured Chief Big Bear, thus ending the war.

In the fall of 1885 Wheeler went to Manitoba, and the following spring he shipped a carload of cows West. He took up land on the Cochrane lease where, later, the Springbank Post Office was established.

Wheeler and his wife operated the Post Office and a store for a number of years. The Mickles sold out their business at Springbank and took up homestead land in what is known as Mission Valley, north of the Elbow River. His homestead was NW¼ 4-24-4-5.

Wheeler Mickle gave Springbank its name. He was a very strong person and his day used to start about four a.m. It has been told that he used to go up to the bush for firewood when he lived in Springbank, and the ranchers living along the trail would hear the noise of the wagon or sleighs going by at four a.m. In the winter he would cut his load of wood and load it up and be back home before dark.

He retired to Cochrane in 1913 and it was not unusual to see Wheeler walking home from the river at six a.m. with a catch of fish.

Wheeler passed away in 1918. Tina married Watt Potts. Lennox was killed in a shooting accident at Springbank. Eddy was crippled and lived with his parents at Springbank. In later years he moved up north. Charlie Mickle spent most of his life in the Cochrane area.

JERGEN MESSER

Jergen Messer was born in Germany. He went to the United States, and worked in Montana, before coming to Canada. He bought Billy Wright's farm in 1908 or 1909. Jergen lived on his farm alone until his sister came out from Germany to join him about 1914 or 1915.

The Messers were very sociable people and liked to have young people visit them. They had many dances and gatherings at their house. Jergen was a very good dancer and the old-fashioned waltz was one of his favorites. He loved the singsongs at the annual Christmas concert and joined in with enthusiasm.

Jergen's sister married Jake Christensen, a well driller, and they continued to live with Jergen until their first baby was born, then they moved east of Edmonton.

In 1918 Lancasters moved away and Jergen Messer bought their place from them. He then moved over to their house and buildings to live.

About 1923 Jergen married and he and his wife had two children, a son, Seaforth, and a daughter, Greta.

In 1936 when the big fire went through the Jumping Pound and Brushy Ridge districts the Messers lost their home and all their buildings. After Jergen's death, his wife and daughter moved to the West Coast.

The Wilson Brothers, Carl and Murray, now own the Jergen Messer place.

THE MUNRO HISTORY — by Ethel Crawford

My father, William J. Munro, was born in Ontario, the eldest of three boys, William, John and Robert. Father's grandparents had come from the Highlands in Scotland and spoke Gaelic. The three boys and their mother arrived in Calgary in 1885 by train and homesteaded on a section of land 16 miles west of Calgary in 1900. Father's homestead was the SE¼ 6-25-3-5, the present home of my youngest brother, Johnnie, and his wife Grace. Father met Martha Hamilton, from Hemmingford, Quebec, at the Fish Creek Stopping House in 1886 and they were married in

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Munro.

Calgary, January 17, 1893, by Rev. J. C. Herdman.

In 1900 Father, Mother, Mother's sister Mary, myself, aged six years, Jennie, aged four, and Charlie aged nine months journeyed to our home over a crooked prairie trail made by the Indians. My parents built a six-roomed house and had a lovely view of the mountains. My brother Johnnie was born in 1901.

Father was a stonemason and contractor by trade and built the Alberta Corner, and the Central and Knox United Churches in Calgary. I remember sailing down Stephen Avenue in a boat when the Bow River was in flood.

At the homestead our barns and sheds had sod roofs and we milked cows in the corral. We went to school in a two-wheeled cart pulled by a pony, Ginger. There were 40 pupils. We milked 40 cows by hand and fed 25 calves. For a pastime we children snared gophers. Dad had a milk route and delivered 100 gallons of milk a day to the Rochons Candy Factory.

In winter we drove in a sleigh to dances at the neighbors, using hot bricks at our feet and robes on our laps to keep warm. Music was supplied by Ike Pepper on the violin, and Aunt Emily, Robert's wife, played the piano. The box social was a gala affair of the day. The ladies brought lunch in a box all decorated up, and it was auctioned and sold to the highest bidder. The gents would find out whose box they had purchased and then they ate lunch together. Often a change of ribbon on a box would lead you to your best girl. The Rev. Jarrett was our minister and services were held in the homes until the South Church in Springbank was built.

The first post office was at Wheeler Mickle's who lived south of us, then William Young bought the combination post office, home and store, where we often shopped on Saturdays.

On Saturday evenings the Edges, Robinsons and others met at our corrals to rope calves and ride bucking horses. We had a chuckwagon race and it was so exciting. Jennie rode a calf and Mother joined us, and laughed at our antics.

Johnnie rode in the Calgary Stampede finals and Charlie was a top calf roper. On Friday evenings we went to Cochrane to dances. The Bachelor's Ball, and the Ladies' Ball were the highlights. We had dance programs and wore long evening gowns and long kid gloves. We danced until four a.m., had a hot turkey supper at midnight and were home by six a.m.

We shipped milk to the Ebenezer Healy Cheese Factory, one mile north of William Wallace's in Brushy Ridge. We shipped the milk in 8 gallon cans and brought whey home to feed the hogs. The cheese was excellent.

In later years the mail was delivered to the Spring Bank Post Office by Jack Bateman of Jumping Pound. Clem Gardner's sisters delivered the mail on horseback to Pirmez Creek in waterproof bags to keep it dry as they had to ford the creek. Rev. Harrison, an Anglican minister from Cochrane, held a church service once a month in our area.

In the early days, threshing was done by a treadmill. Two horses supplied the power and the grain was run into bags and unloaded in a granary. Threshing was really a social event. We were glad to see them come and glad to see them go! We made pies by the dozen, loaves of homemade bread, green tomato pickle, and cooked pork, which had been cured in brine. The women used to do the cooking for the gangs of men and do the outside chores as well.

The honor of staging the first dog trials in North America was at Brushy Ridge and

Johnny Munro riding at the Calgary Stampede.

Springbank in 1891. English Setters worked on prairie chicken. The winning dog was owned by R. G. Robinson, a horse rancher. Robinson was known as the best shot in the West. He lived south of the Elbow and was the grandfather of Vincent Robinson. Ranger, a dog trained by Jack Stewart and later owned by Bumpy Rhodes of Grand Valley did well also. Another dog fancier was Wheeler Mickle, who named Spring Bank, two words, not one, because of the numerous springs in the area.

Our home was the stopping house for friends travelling by horse and buggy; Frank Ricks, Hugh Robinson, Teddy Harrison and many others often stayed the night. A welcome was given to everyone and we enjoyed their visits very much. My mother has never been forgotten for her kindness and hospitality. She was a wonderful woman, and my dad, too, will be remembered for his acts of kindness.

My father's brother, John Alex Munro, was one of the first importers of purebred dairy cattle and Clydesdale horses in the district. He sold his property and opened a creamery in East Calgary. He was also in real estate. He married Margaret Tedley, who passed away in 1933. A daughter and a son survive. Their eldest son passed away in 1931. Later John married Bertha Atkinson, who passed away in 1950. John passed away in Calgary September 27, 1944, at the age of 78.

My father passed away in 1931 at the Methodist Hosptal in Los Angeles, California. He is buried in the family plot in the Union Cemetery in Calgary.

Charlie married Lewella Robinson and they had four children: Bill, Nora, Eileen and Roy. Charlie passed away in October 1974.

Jennie married Oscar Parlier and they had a son Bill and a daughter Jennie. My sister Jennie passed away in 1975 in Los Angeles, where she made her home.

My brother Johnnie married Grace Henning of Springbank and they had five children: Reg, Garry, Milo, Joan and Charlotte.

I married Arthur Crawford of Cochrane and am presently living in Calgary.

DR. THOMAS GEORGE GORDON RITCHIE — by Robin Harvie

Dr. Thomas George Gordon Ritchie bought the Bonnie Brae Ranch in the spring of 1904. He was able to purchase the mineral rights, with the happy hope that some day there would be some income from an oil deposit.

Dr. Ritchie was born and educated in Edinburgh, Scotland. He graduated from the University of Edinburgh as a Medical Doctor, and served as a ship's surgeon in round-the-world cruises. He settled, finally, in Virginia, U.S.A., where he practiced medicine and married Margaret Eva Upshaw. They had five daughters and three sons: Mellis, Rena, Margaret Eve, Mary Virginia (Daisy), Gordon, Bob, Mary (Dumpy) and Kathleen. The family followed Dr. Ritchie to the Cochrane district in the fall of 1904.

Dr. Ritchie may have practiced medicine in a small way. As a farmer, he was never very successful. A coal mine was assayed but it didn't seem to be a profitable venture. Anyway, they got along somehow until Dr. Ritchie's death by an automobile accident. On October 6, 1919, when returning from Cochrane, his car overturned into a ditch during a snowstorm. He was found seriously injured, and died three days later in hospital.

Mellis and Bob played violin and banjo and entertained at many country dances. Mary Virginia married John H. Williams, a chartered accountant from Calgary. He came out from England in 1902, and served as a lay reader in All Saints Anglican Church in Cochrane during 1903-1904. Rena married Archie Howard, who was an electrical service man in Cochrane. Kathleen married Harry Wheeler, a jeweller in Calgary. Mellis and Bob moved to the West Coast and were supposed to have been involved in rum-running activities during the prohibition period in the U.S. Dumpy married Mr. McPherson of the Merino Ranch and they moved to the Argentine.

The ranch was sold, following Dr. Ritchie's death, to Arthur Crawford. Later it was sold to the Department of Indian Affairs and became part of the Morley Reserve.

The land description was SW¼ 5-26-4-5, portion NW¼ 5-26-4-5, portion NE¼ 5-26-4-5.

WILLIAM VOWELS AND WALLY MOUNTSTEVENS — by Harry Edge

William (Billy) Vowels came to the Brushy Ridge district in 1909. He worked for William Edge and in the Glenbow Quarry. Around 1910 he sent for his mother and father to come to Canada from England.

Wally Mountstevens had come from England in 1906, and in 1907 he sent for Billy's sister, Beatrice, to come to Canada. They were married here and Wally purchased the SW¼ 10-25-4-5. Wally had previously lived with Billy Wright, worked for William Edge and at the Quigley sawmill. He built a house and they had two children, Olive and Phyllis. Beatrice Mountstevens died in 1913, and her parents, who had been living in Cochrane, moved out to be with Wally and the children. Mrs. Vowels died soon after and Billy purchased the land from his brother-in-law, Wally. Wally took the children and returned to England.

Billy later purchased the NW¼ 10-25-4-5, from W. Perry. He remained a bachelor and operated a dairy farm. He was a good neighbor to all and was known as "Littly Billy." He was refused acceptance in the First World War as he only weighed 99 pounds. In 1936 when the big fire went through, Billy lost a lot to it. He was the "Best

William "Billy" Vowels.

Man" at the wedding of Laura Taylor and Charles Rhodes in September 1930.

He died in 1943 and his place was sold to Arthur Coelen.

GEORGE AND MABEL WILSON — by Murray Wilson

My grandfather, James A. Wilson, married Patricia Pettipiece at Owen Sound, Ontario. They moved to North Dakota by oxcart, and my father, George, was born at Prattford, North Dakota, December 12, 1886.

My grandparents and their family of four daughters and two sons, moved to the Cochrane area in 1913. Another son, Wesley, came to Cochrane two years earlier. The family settled on land purchased from the Coates family, the NE¼ 2-25-4-5, and the adjoining SE¼ 11. The purchase price was $25 an acre.

George Wilson married Mabel Taylor, the daughter of Annie and Sykes Taylor, on November 8, 1917. Mabel was born in the Springbank district April 20, 1895. She attended school in Calgary for the first few years, as there was no school in the area at that time. When Brushy Ridge School was opened, she attended there.

In the early years of my parents' married life, they had a mixed farming operation, with very little land under cultivation. All the buildings were of log construction, including their three-room house.

During the winter George hauled hay to the dairies and bakeries in Calgary; such businesses kept a large number of horses for use on their delivery wagons. All the hay was loose prairie wool. He hauled with four-horse teams on either sleighs or a wagon.

George and Mabel raised a family of five. Muriel was born in 1918. She married M. Brassard and now resides at Mossleigh, Alberta. Myrtle was born in 1920; she married Earl Cohoe and lives in New Westminster, British Columbia. Jean was born in 1921. She married Murray Smith and has lived in Los Angeles for the past 35 years. Carl, born in 1923, and Murray, born in 1925, still live on the same land south of Cochrane, and have added to their holdings with the purchase of land north of town, including the Alex McLachlan and McRobbie places.

All of the family attended Brushy Ridge School. The school burned down in the fire of November 19, 1936, and was replaced with a more modern building in the following year. The new school was closed and moved away in 1963 and the land it was on now belongs to the Wilson family.

Mabel Wilson passed away August 30, 1929. George passed away, after an accident with a team of horses and a hay mower, July 30, 1948.

"WILLOW SMOKE" — KATE AND WILLIAM C. WRIGHT — by Reg Wright

A picnic in the foothills, with the smell of willow burning in the campfire, brings back memories of my young days in the Brushy Ridge and Cochrane area.

My mother and father, Kate and William Wright, and my sister, Dora, came to Brushy Ridge in 1903, and after a short stay with the Cook brothers (Will and Jack), settled on a homestead four miles south of the Callaways and close to the Edge family.

Like most "green" English people, they knew nothing about ranching or farming, particularly as my dad had worked for W. D. and H. O. Wills Tobacco Company in Bristol, England. I can remember my mother telling me about carrying water in pails about half a mile, then graduating to a horse and stoneboat with a barrel, and eventually getting our own well.

One of the highlights of their early days was the building of Brushy Ridge School on the corner of their homestead. I believe the first young schoolmarm stayed at our small log house during the school term. The school also provided a social gathering place for the community and many good old fashioned dances and school Christmas parties were held there. Many years later our old home and the school house were completely demolished by a disastrous fire that swept through the Jumping Pound, Brushy Ridge and Springbank areas. Church services were occasionally held in the school and a wonderful old man that I only knew as Reverend Davies took some of the services.

I also remember my dad, "Billy," telling me about making a regular cream collection from various neighbours to take to the cheese factory in Springbank.

About a year after my parents got their homestead, Mr. and Mrs. Ike Hughes came out from Bristol and got a homestead about two miles west of us. Mrs. Hughes always called me her boy, as she was with my mother and helped at my birth in 1907. Although we moved to Cochrane when I was very young, where my brother, Sidney, was born, we still enjoyed summer holidays at the Hughes'. Our family picked many quarts of wild raspberries on the Hughes place, and I remember well the canning operation of raspberries, also the marvelous taste of sun-ripened berries with thick cream. When we were really ambitious, we picked enough strawberries to have strawberry pie. No commercial berries ever tasted so delicious as the wild ones!

In 1917 we moved to Calgary where my dad worked for the Western Tent and Awning Co. until the age of 72 years. Mother died in 1960, and Dad in 1961. My sister, Dora Good, lived in North Vancouver many years and died there.

My brother, Sid, is a happy Grandpa, still working in Victoria. I am now retired but keep busy with my hobby of Lapidary; also a happy Grandfather of eight.

JUMPING POUND — by Margaret Buckley

In the foothills of the Rockies and south of the Bow River, lies the district of Jumping Pound. This picturesque area of stone-capped hills and valleys of grass, lends itself to the raising of excellent beef cattle.

The district receives its name from the many buffalo jumps found along the high cliffs of the Jumping Pound Creek that runs through the area. In the days before the white settler, the Indians chased the herds of buffalo over these cliffs and slaughtered them on the banks of the creek. By the time the first settlers arrived, there were no more buffalo in this area.

In the early years the Post Office was located in John Bateman's store. Now, with the advent of the Trans-Canada Highway being built through the area, the district is serviced by a tri-weekly delivery of mail from Calgary to route mailboxes.

A limited amount of food supplies were sold at Bateman's. Church services were also held in Bateman's home for many years.

In 1927 John Copithorne donated land to the community, and the neighbors got together and built the Jumping Pound Community Hall. The hall, completed on March 13, 1927, is still standing and is presently the focal point of community life. During the early years, some of the members of the community, who could play an instrument, joined together and formed an orchestra. Many great times are remembered due to the lively tunes brought forth by these people.

Time has brought many changes to the Jumping Pound area, since the coming of the white man, but it is nice to see, once again, a herd of buffalo, owned by Clarence Copithorne, roaming on the banks of Jumping Pound Creek.

THE ELLIOTT C. BARNES FAMILY — by Elliott M. Barnes

In April 1905, Elliott C. Barnes came by train to Red Deer, Alberta, from North Dakota, U.S.A. He brought his horses and equipment with him. He travelled west up the Red Deer River and on

up the North Saskatchewan River as far as Kootenay Plains. Here he became a friend of the Indians, and a young Indian helped him get out some logs with which he built himself a log cabin. Here he lived, using the Plains for pasture for the horses. This cabin stood for many years.

Mr. Barnes went over the pass and down the Pipestone River to Lake Louise and Banff. In Banff, he got a home, "Windermere Cottage", on Muskrat Street. On July 7, 1905, Mr. Barnes' wife, Janet, and two boys, Elliott Jr. and Robert arrived in Calgary by train from Bismark, North Dakota. He met them in Calgary and took them to Banff. Mr. Barnes was a guide and packer, and a fine photographer. He took the Alpine Club of Canada out for the years 1906, 1907 and 1908. A son, Findlay, was born in Banff.

Mr. Barnes and his family then moved to the Scott and Leeson Ranch at Morley, where Mr. Barnes was the manager.

In 1910 Elliott C. Barnes took a homestead on the Little Jumping Pound Creek, just west of Frank Sibbald's place. He built a large log home. There a daughter, Muriel, was born. The family bought Silvancrest Farm in Springbank and moved there. In the fall of 1918 they sold this farm and left Springbank. The last years the family lived in Calgary.

Elliott Jr. is married to Bessie Brayne. They live in Calgary and have two daughters, Betty and Marilyn. Robert is married to Minnie Matthews. They live on the Bragg Creek road, south of Drummond's Corner. They have two daughters, Sharon and Beverley, and two sons, Dale and Bill. Findlay is married to Nancy James and they live in Orangeville, Ontario. They have two daughters, Kathy and Margie, and one son, John. Muriel is married to Clarence Deines and lives in Calgary. They have one daughter, Janet, and one son, Murray.

Elliott C. Barnes died in Calgary in 1938, and Mrs. Barnes died in 1942.

JOHN BROWN — by Ruth Davies (Niece)

John Brown was born near Pembroke, Ontario, in 1864 and came to Alberta in the early 1900s. He filed on a homestead in the Jumping Pound area on the NW¼ 14-25-5-5. Later on he owned land north of Cochrane, which had been the Bruckshaw homestead, the NE¼ 14-26-4-5.

As a child, I can remember him as being a very quiet man, especially good to his two small nieces, Edna (Copithorne) and me. He was a bachelor and the late Joe Clemens was his neighbour. They both lived not far from the present Shell Oil Scrubbing Plant.

Uncle John kept a number of horses and did road work and ploughed fireguards, as did a number of the early settlers at that time.

Our family was living in Cochrane at this time. Uncle John became very ill, and stayed at our home, hoping to regain his health. He became steadily worse and had to be moved to a small hospital in Cochrane, run by Mrs. Thomas Davies. Later on, he was moved to the Banff Hospital for treatment. It was there he passed away at the age of 47, in the year 1911. Uncle John was an Anglican. The funeral service was conducted by Rev. Harrison in All Saints Anglican Church, and he was buried in the Cochrane cemetery.

John Brown with nieces Edna and Ruth Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. Herb Rhodes now own the Brown homestead in Jumping Pound.

ALFRED HAROLD BRYANT — by Harold Bryant

Alfred Bryant was born in Benenden, Kent, England, on June 20, 1882. He enlisted in the Boer War in 1899 and spent two years in Africa. He worked as a gamekeeper in England until April 1905, when he came to Canada. Dad worked as a well digger in Manitoba all summer and then came to Exshaw, Alberta, to the cement plant which was then under construction. As the plant was only running six months of the year, most of the men were laid off and what they had saved while working was spent during the next six months, as there was no work to be had anywhere.

On October 16, 1907, Dad married Miss Alice Wooster from Amesbury, England, at St. George's Church in Banff. They lived in Exshaw, and in August, 1908, they became the proud parents of a daughter Alice (Betty), and two years later son Harold was born.

After two years at the cement plant, Dad and a friend, Tom Staples, decided to take up a homestead, and looking at the maps found some available land in the Jumping Pound district. Just as they were getting ready to go, Tom was offered the job of game warden for the Banff district, so Dad took his family and went alone.

Alf was offered the house called "the Hermitage" to live in while he built a house for himself. The Hermitage was owned by Richard Copithorne and adjoined Dad's homestead,

which was the NW¼ 16-24-4-5. Dad and Harry Bacon, who also owned a homestead in Jumping Pound, built a house and fenced the place. That year there was no hay or feed to be bought and the cattle were turned out early. Quite a number died. Harry hired Dad to help cut hay in the summer. In the spring, Duncan Robinson died and Mrs. Robinson sold all their sheep. Sam Copithorne bought some of them and rented her place. It was lambing time and no one knew anything about sheep. Someone told Sam about Dad, so Sam came over to ask if he would move his family and take charge of the place. The family packed up and went. We were there nine months, then Mrs. Robinson sold her place. Sam had to leave and we went back to our homestead, later known as the Four Bar. Here a daughter, Muriel, was born, November 1911.

With a family of three, Dad and Mother struggled through the war years 1914-1916. Dad hayed one summer for Jack Copithorne and for six months in 1914-1915 he was made Assistant Forest Ranger to Ted Cook, who was the Ranger at the Jumping Pound Ranger Station. During this time when Dad was away, Mother was left with the small children and the animals to care for alone. She had never done any work with animals so she had to learn to milk the cow, and feed and care for the stock and horses. This must have been very frightening at times, as she was deaf and unable to find us or the animals if we strayed. If we were frightened because we heard a noise, she wouldn't have known where the trouble was. One day, we heard a noise and Mother looked up to see a horse looking through the window. Mother lost her hearing after a bout with measles and bronchitis when a girl of 18.

In 1916 when Ted Cook left, Dad was given the job of ranger. He held this position until his death in December 1934.

After becoming Forest Ranger, things were better and in 1920, Dad moved the family into Cochrane to go to school. During the time we lived in Cochrane, Mother played the organ in All Saints Anglican Church for eight years. In 1929 she moved back to the Ranger Station, as the children had grown up and were branching out on their own, trying to make their way in the world. This was slow progress until later years. My two sisters went home as there was very little to do, but I managed to keep working at different jobs until times got better. As I was always interested in sports, I played hockey for Cochrane the winter of 1930-1931. In the spring of 1931 I went to work for Richard Copithorne of the CL Ranch in Jumping Pound and worked there nearly four years.

In July 1934, Dad took ill, and I took over as Patrolman for the Forest Service, then in the following months helped him with the job of Forest Ranger. Following my father's passing in 1934, I was appointed Assistant Forest Ranger and worked for four years in the Jumping Pound district, one year in the Elbow district and one year in the Big Horn district. Mother and Betty stayed at the ranger station with me for two years, then Mother stayed with either of the two girls or with one of her many friends. In the 1940s she went to stay with "Auntie Annie" Staples, a very dear friend. Mother helped her with the work to be done at the Banff Park Gates for three years. After that she went to Vancouver and stayed with her sister for one year, and then they both moved to Nelson. They had lived there six years when Mother left to go to Betty's in Leaburg, Oregon. She has stayed with Muriel and her husband in Calgary the past few years and is well and healthy, having celebrated her 92nd birthday December 30, 1975.

On October 12, 1937, I married Isabel Tucker, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Tucker of Jumping Pound. In August 1938, a son, James Edward, was born, and in July 1940, a daughter, Doreen Isabel, was born. Both children were born in Calgary, then in January 1942, a second son, Albert Harold, was born at Lethbridge. My wife stayed in Lethbridge while I was Overseas. I enlisted in February 1941, in the Canadian Provost Corps and remained in the Army for five years, seeing service in Canada and Overseas.

In the fall of 1947, I left Diamond City, Alberta, and bought a farm at Bingley, where we lived for ten years. While at Bingley in October 1952, a son Percy was born. In the spring of 1955, I started work for the Department of Highways, Bridge Branch, and stayed on the farm until 1957 when we moved to Sylvan Lake. In March 1960, we had another baby girl, Irene Elizabeth. In April 1964, I transferred to the Attorney General's Department and worked at the Bowden Institute as a Correction Officer, then transferred to Nordegg. I am now retired, and my wife and I are living in Rocky Mountain House. Our oldest son, having served in the Air Force Overseas, met and married a girl from France. They reside in Victoria and have two boys and a girl. Doreen is married to Bill Emrich and they farm at Innisfail. They have two children, a girl and a boy. Albert is married and lives in Red Deer. He and his wife have two boys and a girl. Percy and Irene are at home with us.

My sister Betty married Philson Cooley of Leaburg, Oregon. He was a stonemason and they had no family. Betty passed away May 4, 1975.

Muriel married Carl Kimmel and they lived in British Columbia for awhile. They then moved to Cochrane, where Carl was working for Shell Oil. Muriel and Carl have two children, a daughter Donna McGill, married with two girls, Donita and Naomi. She and her husband reside in Calgary. A son Terence is an instructor in Chemistry at SAIT in Calgary. He and his wife Mieke have one daughter, Vanessa.

CORNELIUS AND BERTHA BUCKLEY (KOBER)

Cornelius and Bertha Buckley came from the United States to live in the Jumping Pound-

Morley district. They kept a few cattle and horses and Bertha kept very busy with her fancywork.

George and Gertie Copithorne were close neighbors of Buckleys, and Gertie writes the following:

"I first met Bertha in the fall of 1939 when she and her husband Cornelius came to visit George and me. She was a jolly person and a fine neighbor.

"Her home, she said, was built by Zane Grey as his summer home. It was a most interesting cabin set among the trees, facing a small lake. As you neared the house, most often the tantalizing aroma of freshly baked bread assailed your nostrils. On entering the kitchen, gay with brilliant hues of red, blue and yellow, you were amazed at the efficient way cupboards hid all necessary facilities. Every inch of wall space was utilized with beautifully inlaid cupboards and drawers.

"The old wood stove gave friendly warmth and the large loaves of bread on the table made one's mouth water. Bertha's kind hospitality soon had one enjoying that same fresh bread with jam and tea.

"The living room had windows facing the lake. A homemade couch, covered with bright-colored cretonne, made into a bed at night. All about were signs of her many handicrafts. She had beautiful handmade tables and furniture made by Mr. Martin, who worked in Calgary.

"Bertha's fingers were always busy. She hooked many saddle blankets from carded and dyed wool. She knit and sewed, and made leather chaps, which she sold. In the summer, Bertha helped her husband farm. She picked wild strawberries and made delicious jams. She canned meat and vegetables for the winter ahead.

"During the winter, dances were often held at the Ricks' ranch house. At such times she brought her organ in a wagon, to play for the dances. Other people brought violins and mouth organs and the merry tunes could be heard far into the night.

"After Cornelius' death in the United States, Bertha married Art Kober. The marriage was a happy one. They purchased lumber to buy a new home but Bertha didn't live to see it completed. She died in Calgary after a lengthy illness. Her last three months were spent at my home and she never lost her sense of humor. She had infinite patience and love of life."

MR. AND MRS. RICKARD BURKE

Mr. Burke was born in Ireland and joined "Robert's Horse" in South Africa before getting married and coming to Canada.

He, his wife, and their daughter Lulu came to Canada in 1903 and first lived on the Merino Ranch. They bought Ted Harrison's homestead, NE¼ 24-25-5-5. Later on they bought the Roper homestead, SW¼ 24-25-5-5 adjoining their property.

They lived in Jumping Pound for many years, worked very hard and had many friends. They moved to Vancouver, British Columbia, and bought a home in Kitsilano Beach. Mr. Burke worked in the shipyards and their daughter Lulu married Mr. Cross.

Mr. and Mrs. Burke are no longer living but Mrs. Lulu Cross still lives in Vancouver and keeps in good health.

Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Barrows now own the Harrison homestead and Robinsons own the Roper homestead.

MR. AND MRS. CECIL E. BYRON

Mr. and Mrs. Byron came, originally, from England, having spent some time in Tenerife, Spain, where Mr. Byron, who was tubercular, had gone in search of the "Cure."

They came to Alberta in 1902, hoping the dry climate and high altitude might benefit him further and for some years he enjoyed fairly good health.

Their first Jumping Pound home was the old Andrew Sibbald place, across the creek from Frank Sibbald's, a two-storey log house that had lost some of its chinking. It was cold as a barn! They remained there for about a year, moving to the old Bill Stewart place (west of Oliver Ellis), where they ran a few cows and horses, raised chickens and grew a good garden.

Mr. Byron was in great demand as a Justice of the Peace. He was appointed to this position for the Jumping Pound district, June 4, 1908, and held this position until his death in Calgary, May 12, 1911.

Each week found them at Bateman's P.O., the meeting place of the countryside, where mail and small supplies were picked up.

They had many friends and did all their visiting on horseback. Mrs. Byron loved children and it was a red-letter day in the life of any child if invited to stay overnight or longer. An old white pony, called "Snowball," was kept for the children's use and on one occasion when Snowball dumped his small charge, instead of bread and milk for supper (the usual child's fare) the child was given toast and cream with brown sugar. Nothing ever tasted so good!

In 1906 a son, Arthur, was born. A buggy replaced the saddle horse as transportation, but Mr. Byron still rode his roan horse, occasionally, with its long tail (his pride and joy), waving in the breeze. One Hallowe'en night the tail was shortened by several feet. Sparks flew, but the culprits were never apprehended.

In 1911 after a lengthy illness, Mr. Byron died. Mrs. Byron and her small son returned to England, where she died in 1913.

JOE CLEMENS — by Margaret Buckley

Joe and Sam Clemens, two bachelor brothers, came to the Jumping Pound district around 1900.

Joe Clemens and his horses.

They each took out a homestead. Joe's homestead was the NE¼ 12-25-5-5 and Sam homesteaded the NW¼ 12-25-5-5.

Not a great deal is known about Sam, but he worked for Richard Copithorne for awhile, and was an excellent photographer. He took many pictures of the early pioneers' homes and buildings and photographed many children in the area. According to photographers today, the quality of his work was extremely good for the early 1900s. He had a big box-like camera set up on legs, and he ducked under a big black sheet to take the picture. A bit of a terrifying experience for some of his small subjects. Sam and his brother didn't get along very well and it is believed that he never built on his land. The Clemens brothers were cousins of Mark Twain, the author.

Joe lived in the district for many years, raising Thoroughbred horses. He built a home on the west side of the Jumping Pound Creek and on the flat beside the creek, he built a half-mile race track.

Joe Clemens was one of the first people in the district to have natural gas in his house. The gas was supplied by the Dome Company's well across the creek and was piped into the house through a line suspended in the air above the creek. Lenny Blow recalls a time when the gas froze up in the line coming across the creek, so they went out with a torch and held it under the pipe to thaw it out. They never once thought of the danger of being blown to bits! The gas had no pressure regulator on it and often when Joe lit the stove to make a cup of tea for his guests, they were very startled when the lids blew off the stove. The Clemens home was a very popular stopping place for the neighbors going to, and coming from, Cochrane.

Joe trained his horses on the half-mile track below his house. Two of the best horses in the country at the time, "Sharp Shooter" and "Missing Little Missing", were raised and trained there. His horse brand was Flying U on the left shoulder.

Joe Murphy of Cochrane was a partner of Joe's in the race horse business. At the time of the bad flu epidemic, 1917 and 1918, Joe Clemens was living in the hotel in Cochrane. His jockey and trainer, Les Robertson and wife, and two boys, were living in Joe's house on the homestead. Lenny Blow worked for Joe and lived in the house with the Robertsons. They were milking 20 cows, when the Robertson family all

Joe Clemens' ranch on the Jumping Pound.

came down with the flu. They were all very ill and Lenny looked after them. At times he thought he was going to catch it too, but never did.

In 1915 Joe purchased land north of Cochrane, the N½ 33-27-3-5. In 1920 he sold his land in Jumping Pound to Richard Copithorne. The Clemens Hill School was erected on Joe's land in Jumping Pound. Clarence Copithorne presently owns the Clemens homestead and traces of the race track are still visible.

ARTHUR AND MARY COELEN — by Mary Coelen

Born in 1892, in London, England, Arthur came to Canada all alone at the age of 17 years, in 1909. He worked on a farm at Shepard, Alberta, for a short while, then went to the Jumping Pound area where he worked for Mr. Watts. From there he went to work for J. A. W. Fraser where he stayed for three years. At this time he decided he would like to go back to England again but after arriving there stayed six months because he was so homesick for Canada. Due to a last minute change in plans he just missed being on the "Titanic" but was on the ocean in another ship when the Titanic went down.

Back in Canada he went to work for Jack Bateman, working with him for three years. At that time Mr. Bateman had the contract to haul the mail to and from Calgary twice a week. Arthur drove a team of horses in to Calgary with the mail and in the winter stayed overnight, stabling his horses in the Grand Union Stables on Ninth Avenue. In the summer he would make the trip in one day.

During this time, he had acquired a homestead in the Jumping Pound area. In 1915

Front: Bill Edge, Arthur Coelen. Rear: Bill Ellis, Archie Aris. Standing: O. Ward.

he joined the Army and spent three years Overseas. He was a veteran of Vimy Ridge and was wounded at the Battle of Braas. He spent the rest of the war as a gas instructor in England.

Back in Canada, he went to work for Oliver Ellis on the Jumping Pound and during this time he bought a quarter section of land from Ernie Bacon. Ernie's brother, Harry, had been killed in the war and left his land to Ernie.

In 1922 Arthur married Mary Callaway. Later he bought another quarter section of land and started dairying. Arthur hauled the cream once a week to Cochrane to the Creamery with a team and democrat. We did all our shopping in Cochrane.

In 1924 twin sons were born to us, Alfred and Frank.

The "Big Fire" in 1936, which started in the Forest Reserve and travelled almost to Bowness, burned our house and three others, nine barns and all the haystacks in the country. It also burned the telephone poles, bridges and culverts.

In 1943 we bought a half section of land in Brushy Ridge, W½ 10-25-4-5, known as the Vowels place, where we continued in the dairy business, shipping milk to Model Dairies in Calgary.

We moved to Calgary in 1948, where Arthur worked for ten years in the Model Dairies. He passed away in December 1971, at the age of 79.

I still live in Calgary. Our son, Frank, is a carpenter in Calgary and Alfred owns and operates a sawmill at Grande Cache, Alberta. At present I have three grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

THOMAS COPE — by Frank Cope

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Cope came to the Dakotas from Huntingdonshire, England, in 1881. They were both schoolteachers.

Dad's health was poor and he was advised to go north for his health. They travelled many miles by ox team to get to their destination and after a few years in the United States, they moved north to Oxbow, Saskatchewan, in 1891. Here Dad taught school as well as farmed. He trailed several large herds of horses to Saskatchewan from Montana, and sold them to the farmers of the district. He also bought and sold land.

About 1904 Dad made a trip to Vancouver and on his return, he became ill and was taken off the train in Calgary. While there he met Jim Shaw and became interested in land that Jim talked about in the Jumping Pound area. After his recovery he went out to see the place, and purchased it from Arthur Shaw. This was the north half of section 22-25-5-5.

Early the next year the family, Annie, William (Bill), Bert, Stanley, Arthur, Margaret, George, Elsie, Lillian and I moved to Calgary. The four oldest boys moved out to the ranch and started a new life. They had a few animals and a little machinery.

My first recollections of the ranch was the building of a hay sweep by Dad and the boys. They used this for a couple of years prior to the buck pole coming into use. This was used along with the stacker and was still around the last time I saw the ranch.

As time went on, four of the boys homesteaded land of their own around Dad's place and later their homesteads became part of the ranch property. Other land was purchased from the C.P.R. and the Hudson's Bay Company and was part of the ranch for years. Some of the property, I believe, was purchased for one dollar per acre.

Dad's horse brand was Lazy P Six and the cattle brand Quarter Circle 90.

Dad and Mother, my sisters and I, moved to the Coast during the real-estate boom of 1912.

The only neighbors I recall at Jumping Pound besides the Burkes and Harrisons, were the Bennetts, who lived about two miles due south of the ranch, and Tom Lusk, who had a shack about a mile and a half northwest of Stanley's.

Dad passed away in January 1938, and Mother in July 1939.

Annie lived in Victoria and is now deceased. She never married. Bill married and lived at Portage La Prairie. He had one daughter, Norval. Bill has passed away. Bert stayed on the ranch for awhile and then moved to Kerrobert, Saskatchewan. He remained a bachelor and worked for the PFRA in charge of a government lease. Stanley stayed on the ranch. Arthur was a bachelor, stayed on the ranch and then went to Smithers, British Columbia, prospecting. Margaret married Wilfred Reed and they had two daughters, Moryfyd and Beryl, and one son, David. Margaret passed away in 1974. George married Gladys Couey from Cayley, Alberta. He passed away in 1974 and his wife lives in Calgary. George was in the wholesale fruit business and lived in Winnipeg, Manitoba, for sometime before returning to Calgary. They had no family. Lillian married Archdeacon Greig in Vancouver. She passed away in 1975. They had no children. Elsie married George Wylie. They lived in Vancouver and had two sons: Milton, a lawyer in Vancouver, and Raymond, now deceased. Elsie resides in Vancouver. I have one daughter, Beth. My wife and I live in Vancouver.

T. STANLEY COPE — by Margaret Buckley

Probably one of the most colorful old-timers of the Jumping Pound and Cochrane districts was Thomas "Stanley" Cope.

Having arrived in Jumping Pound from Oxbow, Saskatchewan, in 1905, he settled with four of his brothers on a ranch purchased by his father. The boys later took out homesteads of their own; Stanley's was the SW¼ 22-25-5-5. Two of the boys did not stay in the district long and their land was purchased and added to the main ranch holdings. Arthur remained on the ranch

Stanley Cope and William Andison admiring a wolf that Stanley had shot.

with Stanley until May 1927, when he left to go prospecting in British Columbia.

After Stanley's father, mother, one brother and sisters, who lived in Calgary, moved to the West Coast, Stanley managed his father's ranch as well as his own.

George Cope recalled an amusing incident that happened about this time. It was spring and George and his brother Bert came out from Calgary with a team and wagon, loaded with supplies for Stanley at the ranch. They also had some chickens on board but when they got to the Jumping Pound Creek, it was in flood. There was no way to cross it, so they unhitched the wagon and let all the chickens loose, then rode the team back to Calgary. A week later they returned, harnessed the team to the wagon, rounded up what chickens they could find, and proceeded on to Stanley's. It would be very interesting to have been a spectator at the chicken roundup!

Stanley raised Shorthorn cattle and heavy horses. His brand was Quarter Circle Reverse DO for cattle and horses. During hard times he milked cows and shipped cream to Cochrane. He built and maintained roads, plowed fireguards and did almost everything most ranchers of the time had to do to keep alive, but there were a few things very unique about Stanley Cope.

He was probably the only one in the area, at age 75, that was still doing all his own work by himself and without the aid of modern machinery. He used a walking plow to break up his land and hayed and fenced with horses. One luxury he afforded himself was natural gas in his house. This luxury came into a converted wood and coal stove and was his only source of heat. A sign was posted on his front door, "Beware of natural gas used in this house. Enter at your own risk." The main gas line from the Shell Plant went through just a short mile from his house. Another story which comes to mind is when the gas plant was newly built and the roads were being put through to the different wells. Stanley was going out to feed his cattle with his team and wagon, when he came upon some fellows from the plant, stuck in the mud. They asked if he could give them a hand to get out of the mud and Stanley's answer was, "Power got you in there and power will get you out." He drove on unconcerned.

For the first years on the ranch, the Cope brothers lived in a two storey house probably built by Arthur Shaw. Later Stanley moved Ted Cook's house up from its location on the SW¼ 14-25-5-5. It was a comfortable home with two bedrooms, a kitchen and two storage rooms on the back. It had a large veranda on the front overlooking the beautiful valley. Stanley kept his thermometer on the house under the shelter of the veranda and daily he would phone up one of the neighbors and argue with them as to the temperature. It was usually warmer at Stanley's! Water was obtained from a dug well just in front of his home.

As time went on, Stanley bought more land to add to his own and hired the neighbors to help with the haying and harvest. He was a very hard worker and put up a lot of feed for himself, as well as for the neighbors. His father retained ownership of part of the land and horses and Stanley managed the operation. Stanley traded horses to Ted Cook for Ted's land, when the latter decided to sell.

Sundays were always set aside for attending church. In the early years, Stanley attended church in Cochrane, but later attended regularly at Batemans in Jumping Pound. He missed only a very few Sundays in many years, but every Thanksgiving and Easter he drove to Cochrane to All Saints Anglican Church.

Stanley was a very brusque man, but very shy in nature. This often showed in acts of belligerence toward other people. Underneath this ornery surface was a person people seldom saw. He was extremely fond of children and could never pass up a child selling tickets or anything else on the streets. He bought tickets from everyone selling but never put his own name on the stub. I have often wondered how many people, through the years, won prizes on tickets that Stanley had purchased and put their name on.

Friday was Stanley's day to go to Cochrane for the mail and "grub." He travelled by way of Towers, stopping in on the way by for a cup of tea. He drove a team and buggy until about 1965, when he had trouble with the little children at the railway tracks throwing stones at the horses. He was always afraid that because of his older years the horses might act up and a child might get hurt. He then travelled with us in the car.

Once in Cochrane, he tied his team up at the hitching post behind Andison's store, fed them and went about his business. Everything he purchased went into a big brown duffle bag and was slung over his shoulder. As he proceeded from the Post Office to the grocery store, the bank, and the hardware, everything in succession went into the brown bag, which was thrown

Mowing prairie wool.

Sweeping the hay up the slide.

Raking hay.

Putting the hay over the slide to form the stack.

Using the sweep.

Building the butt of the stack.

over his shoulder. I often wondered what the bread looked like coming out of the bag, but was never allowed to see.

Yearly contributions were made to the Anglican and United Churches, the Boy Scouts, Red Cross, Cancer Society and any other organization that was soliciting for funds. If anyone was in need of anything and Stanley heard about it, he often came through with the goods.

This brings me to auction sales, for which Stanley had an affinity. He bought more stuff at auction sales for two bits than one could imagine. I am told that many sales didn't start until Stanley was in his spot, at the front, under the eye of the auctioneer. He bought many things he needed and many which were just catalogued, along with their price. You never know, someone might want that very thing and Stanley had it. To the person who needed it, the price was usually double what he paid for it. Many of his purchases caused great speculation among other buyers. One such article was a wicker baby buggy, which so many people have asked about. I haven't been able to find out what happened to it but it isn't there now. One of the funniest loads my husband hauled home for Stanley was a horse, an oil painting (7 x 9 feet), an enamel bathtub (he had no plumbing), an old bedstead and numerous buckets of junk, which sold for two bits.

One could write a whole chapter on Stanley Cope alone, and still never cover all aspects of his character. He had a very strong loyalty to his community, country and Queen. He gave of himself to his community in his younger years, helping and supporting it when he could. He was most disappointed, when he was rejected, for health reasons, from joining the forces during the World Wars, and not allowed to serve his country. He exercised his franchise at the polls at every election regardless of the level of government or reason for the poll. Stanley courted many of the schoolteachers and eligible ladies of the district but never married.

Many people thought Stanley was all alone in the world but he came from a large family, who kept in touch with him. His nephew, David Reed, spent some summers with him haying and helping on the ranch. David has shared his uncle's love of horses and animals and is now a veterinarian in Duncan, British Columbia.

In the 1960s Stanley was still plowing the fireguards that he maintained for so many years. The telephone was his lifeline and if anyone started a fire, he was on the phone to find out what was going on. He lived in constant fear of fire, probably stemming from his experiences of the big fire of 1936. At that time some of his land was burned, and the fire came within a mile and a half of his buildings.

One cannot write of Stanley Cope without mentioning the telephone in some detail. Much to the disdain of his neighbors, Stanley rubbered on the phone constantly. He listened to every call, if he was in the house, and if the party was not relating the story to the other party the way he had heard it, he wouldn't hesitate to butt right in and correct you. Also if you had occasion to call the vet about a sick animal, just before you were ready to hang up, Stanley would butt in and start telling of his problems. All this went on as you stood by, helpless, and paying the bill! He had a chair sitting under the phone, and after the telephones were changed so that the receiver and mouthpiece were one, he sat during an evening with his feet on the open oven door and the receiver resting on his shoulder. This was fine until he fell asleep and his snoring disturbed your conversation. All the calling in the world wouldn't wake him; one had to give one long ring of the bells to wake him up so you could finish your conversation. It was very confusing for the party on the other end of the line.

Short and stocky in build, Stanley was a very healthy person. He could fork a load of hay that would challenge a man half his age to keep up with him. He seldom saw a doctor, and only occasionally the dentist. On one occasion he had his upper teeth removed, and the dentist gave him some 222s in case of pain. We stocked up on soup which was to be his diet for the next few days. Later that evening, when we went over to check how he was getting along, he was eating his supper. Cold roast beef and fried potatoes! When asked if his mouth was sore he said no, only he couldn't chew the meat, so he had to put it through the mincer, which was attached to the table beside him. No soup for him!

During Stanley's later years, my husband was able to spend many evenings with him and during these times he would tell Harvey about the early people and life in this country. He kept diaries and newspaper clippings from the early 1900s and they were put to good use in the compiling of this history book.

Stanley suffered a stroke in 1968, and after his recovery resided at the Mayfair Nursing Home in Calgary. While a resident there, he kept the sidewalks clean during winter, and every spring he picked bouquets of crocuses to brighten the tables of the home. His brother George brought him out to the ranch and to Cochrane every Sunday.

Stanley passed away January 11, 1970, at the age of 83. He was laid to rest in the Cochrane cemetery. His land was sold and his estate divided up among his many nephews and nieces.

JOHN AND SUSAN COPITHORNE — by Harry Copithorne

Much of the credit for this narration about John Copithorne must go to the publication, "The Cattlemen", and to Lawrence Copithorne, who spent years of time and effort tracking down the family history.

By all accounts John was no saint, nor did he ever pretend to be. Born in 1862, he was one of fifteen children. Infant mortality rate was high in those days, but it would appear that Protestants were no more anxious to practice birth control than were the Catholics.

He was brought up on a dairy farm in County Cork, Ireland. Whether it was the cows or the call of adventure that drove him from the "Owld sod," or the fact that there were six sons in the family each having to make his own way in the world, is hard to say. Anyway, after being caught cheating in an examination paper he was expelled from school and his outraged father put him to work digging drainage ditches.

After a couple of days of the backbreaking labor, he stuck the shovel in the ground and announced at the supper table he was going to Canada.

His father, a religious man, was probably happy to see the last of this rebellious son and provided him with several letters of introduction to people in Montreal. (These he later threw away.) In high spirits John shook the soil of Erin from his boots and boarded a ship for Canada. Landing in Montreal, he was not impressed; the language was foreign and they all appeared to be Catholics.

He purchased a ticket to Winnipeg. Scouting around for work (his funds were mighty low about that time) he met a man who needed a husky young man to help around the farm. "Can you drive mules?" the man asked. "Sure thing,"

John and Susan Copithorne with family, reading left to right, back row: James, Jack, Claude, Ernest. Middle row: Ethel, John and Susan, Albert. Front Row: Harry, Georgina May, Charles.

John and Susan Copithorne outside their first home. Children Jim and Jack.

replied John, not batting an eye, although he had never had anything to do with mules in his life. "Lead me to 'em."

So his first job in Canada was driving an eight mule team. He was paid ten dollars a month, but this good fortune didn't last. The farmer sold the mules to a man from Brandon, Manitoba, and John was part of the deal. Thus, he gradually inched his way West.

It was the time of the rebellion. To get away from mule skinning he decided to join the army as a potential peacemaker and emissary of goodwill. He lived with the Indians for a while, learning the Cree language and taking part in their powwows and hunting expeditions. He found teepee living with the Redskins exciting. Fortunately, he had his own blankets, but the food was something else again. The meat was cut into chunks and cooked in a big iron pot. If a piece of dog meat came out, they'd remember that "White man no like eatum dog" and fish around for a rabbit leg. Perhaps this is why they called him "Wapooshwian" meaning Rabbit Robe.

Throughout his lifetime he never lost respect for the Indians. If one of them showed up at meal time, he would get up and give him his seat at the table.

Describing the Sundance; it was much the same as now except for a certain amount of savagery which I don't believe an Indian would go for nowadays. The braves slit holes in their shoulders, drew rawhide thongs through the muscles and dragged poles and sometime ponies around the encampment, ki-yi-ing at the top of their voices. This was to prove their bravery and endurance of pain, but at times even the most courageous would faint at the ordeal.

It was certainly a different life to what his folks had planned for him back in Ireland. They had hoped he would enter the civil service, but John knew a sedentary job was not for him and he could scarcely have gotten farther away from an office.

One of his favorite stories about life among the Indians — perhaps because the taste lingered in his mouth to the end of his days — was the time he was riding through the woods and looking up, spotted a bundle wrapped in a blanket tucked securely in the crotch of a tree. Curious, he broke off the branch of a tree and poked at the bundle which burst open showering him in a mixture of dust, bones and whatever else remained of an ancient corpse. This was the Red Man's method of burying their dead, wrapped in a blanket and placed high in a tree away from predators.

Later he got a job with the Indian Department as farm instructor at Crooked Lake, Saskatchewan. After that he freighted government rations between the reserves, driving a bull team. It took a lot of time and patience to move from one place to another and more than once he thought about the mules he had left behind in Manitoba.

1886 — Indian tree burial. Credit R.C.M.P. Museum, Regina.

Passing from the Sarcee to the Stoney reservation, he crossed the Jumping Pound creek. One particular area caught his fancy and about 1888 he squatted on a piece of land on the banks of the Jumping Pound creek. With the assistance of his brother, Richard, who had now joined him in Canada, they built a log cabin with a sod roof. This was John's first home and now Susan Toole enters the picture. Born at Castle Bellingham, in County Lough, March 23, 1861, it is not clear when she immigrated to this country. She was employed as a child's maid by Lady Ballaen's sister whose name we are unable to obtain. Also, Susan had a sister, Kate, she spent some time with.

This is about the time John and Susan met. It's doubtful if it was love at first sight, for Susan had a somewhat poor impression of the wild and wooly West and had her bags packed ready for a return to Ireland when John caught her. Not about to allow this young Irish colleen to escape him, he persuaded her of the dire need for women to settle the West. Having a way with the ladies, he persuaded her to remain and soon after, they were married. That is how Susan Toole happened to become one of the first white women west of Calgary.

There were no luxuries here in those days, but plenty of hard work. Money was almost nonexistent and the only visitors were cowboys and Indians. It was no place for the faint-hearted. Undoubtedly there were regrets and buckets of tears shed for friends and loved ones left behind in the old country. But, Susan saw no sense in wallowing in self-pity and was determined to make the best of it. She learned to milk cows and churn butter. She raised chickens and traded butter and eggs at the I. G. Baker store in Calgary. Where else would the groceries come from, the bolts of calico and denim?

One wonders about the freshness of the butter and eggs before they reached the consumer. It is interesting to note that in order to test the quality of a tub of butter, the storekeeper thrust a broom handle into the center of the tub, withdrew it and sniffed. If it was rancid there was nothing to be done except carry it back home and use it up in making of soap, or grease the wagon wheels. Often the family was forced to eat it.

Susan Copithorne raised her nine children with a firm but loving hand. Regular as clockwork they came; James, Jack, Claude, Ernest, Ethel, Albert, Charles, Harry and Georgina May.

John was known as a kind man, generous to a fault, but as a child I can't remember him ever reaching into his pocket and handing me a nickel. It was always Mother who dipped into her purse.

Susan's life revolved around home and family. When the day's work was done there was no relaxing for there were socks to be knitted, sewing and mending to be done. Certainly there was no time to brood about oneself and if temper occasionally got the upper hand, a sure way to work it off was punching a pan of bread dough.

To supplement such luxuries as dried apples and prunes, she trudged miles to the berry bush on hot summer afternoons to pick gooseberries, raspberries and saskatoons. As the area sprouted with settlers, there was often bitter rivalry in the berry patch.

As the years passed, John purchased land from other homesteaders who called it quits and the mixed farm turned into straight ranching. The family prospered and it became almost a fetish with the Copithornes that Herefords were the only breed of cattle worth raising. Holstein was a dirty word and Angus not a great deal better. If the old gent could see the multicolored herd on the family acres now, he'd turn in his grave.

As the family increased, a larger house was built. It still remains, with additions and modern renovations.

They retired in 1912 and moved to Victoria, British Columbia. John died in 1933, leaving the bulk of his estate, including the Lazy J ranch to his second son, Jack, and daughter-in-law, Margaret Anne, who was also his niece.

Jack and Nan's daughter and son-in-law, Winnifred and Lennart Kumlin, now reside on the old home place, but in turn will retire to Calgary and their son, Alvin, continue the ranching operation. The charmingly landscaped grounds and attractive buildings make it something of a show place, a far cry from the sod roofed cabin of 1888.

Susan spent her declining years with her daughter, May, in Victoria. She never went back to the ranch to live, but those who visited her and talked about old times, knew that her thoughts were back in the log shack on the banks of the Jumping Pound; cooking for the family and hired men, handing out food to a wandering hungry Indian, or rocking a baby to sleep beside the kitchen stove.

JOHN WILLIAM (JACK) COPITHORNE — by Winnie Kumlin

Jack, the second son of John and Susan Copithorne, was born March 25, 1890, in their log cabin on the banks of the Jumping Pound Creek. He received his education at the Little Jumping Pound School. Being capable of doing a lot of chores around the homestead, he wasn't that regular a pupil, but certainly made the most of the time he could spend at school.

Jack spent his younger days breaking horses, riding, and working in the hayfield. After the fall roundups, the cattle were sorted. The steers that were to be marketed had to be trailed to Calgary. Jack often went on this trip. The steers were herded on the Bow River flats overnight, west of where the Mewata Stadium now stands. They were loaded into cattle cars the next day for shipment east.

On March 1, 1913, he married Nan Young in Victoria. She had come out from Ireland the

spring before. After the wedding, they returned to Cochrane on the train and went directly to the Lone Star Ranch, located on the Jimping Pound Creek, bordering the Forest Reserve.

Nan and Jack lived there for five years. Their first daughter, Winnie, was born in the Cochrane Hospital the following year, with Dr. Park in attendance. Life wasn't easy for them while they lived at the Lone Star. Jack rode every day to the home ranch, ten miles east, to work in the hayfield. When he got home in the evening, he had to finish milking the cows, and do any other heavy chores that Nan wasn't able to accomplish during the day.

During the fall months, Jack rode for cattle in the foothills to gather in the strays that were left behind after the roundup. On weekends during the summer months, he was the Fish Guardian on the Jumping Pound and Little Jumping Pound Creeks. In the spring he helped to re-stock the streams with fish.

After five years of this hard life, his father moved them to a log cabin one mile west of the home ranch. Harry and Agnes Copithorne live there at the present time. Jack built two rooms on to the house to make more room for his growing family. Jean, their second daughter, was born while they were living there.

Changes were taking place in the family again, which also involved Jack. Jim, the oldest son of John and Susan, and his wife Eva, were living on a dairy farm on the Cochrane hill. They decided that Sidney, British Columbia, would be a better place to live so they moved there to a dairy farm. Claude then decided that he didn't care for ranching and wanted to try his hand at dairying, so he moved to Jim's dairy farm at Cochrane. This move left the home ranch without a manager, so Jack and Nan moved there in 1920.

By now the C.P.R. was giving good service to the rural areas. Every fall cattle cars were sidetracked in Cochrane. A pusher engine was available by appointment to spot cars for loading cattle that were ready for market. Jack took advantage of this service and for years all the cattle sold were shipped out by this method. The train was also a convenient way to go to Calgary for shopping. Jack and Nan usually went twice a year to Calgary this way. They left in the morning, caught the noon train, stayed overnight at the hotel and took the train back to Cochrane the next evening. Their main supply of clothing for spring and fall was ordered from Eaton's catalogue and shipped to Cochrane by express, where it was picked up on arrival. Most of the groceries were bought at the local stores in Cochrane.

Jack lived a very active life on the ranch. Besides the usual ranch work, he was a school trustee from 1925 to 1931. In spite of a lack of musical education, he played the mouth organ and the bones or drums in the local orchestra with Margy Buckley, Percy Copithorne and David Lawson. When there was a local stampede, he helped Norman Edge and Clem Gardner as a judge.

When the B.P.O.E. (Elks) Lodge was started in Cochrane, Jack became a very active member. He also was a member of the Cochrane Curling Club, and was a very avid curler.

On November 19, 1936, a tragic fire swept through the entire north half of the ranch. Early in the morning Jack rode west towards black clouds of smoke on a scouting mission, to find out if there was any way to stop the fire. He rode west toward the Lone Star Ranch but could soon see that the fire was heading towards the farming and ranching areas of the district. A violent gale was blowing by this time, so he turned his horse toward home in the hope of being able to organize some fighters, and perhaps do some ploughing of fire guards. The fire travelled faster than he could on his horse and by the time he had reached home the fire had gone north of the buildings, leaving charred pastures and smoldering haystacks in its wake. This disaster affected the whole community. Jack had little hay and pasture left for the cattle for the rest of the winter. With government help, hay was trucked in to feed the younger animals and the cows were shipped to Olds, to winter in the strawstacks.

In April 1942, Winnie married Len Kumlin of Blackie, Alberta. Len had been working in the Royal Bank in Cochrane. After four years of practical experience and guidance in ranching, Len and Winnie were capable of taking over the ranch. Nan and Jack decided it was time to retire, so moved to Calgary to live in the Rosedale district in June 1946.

Jack adjusted very well to his new life. He came out to the ranch every day or so for a time, to help wherever he could. He soon became involved in the social life of the Rosedale community. He joined the North Hill Curling Club and was soon busy helping other retired folk in the district to build the Rosedale Community Hall. Jack and Nan became members of the North Hill United Church.

They drove to Phoenix, Arizona, for a couple of months every winter for many years, until Jack could no longer drive such a distance. They then spent their winter vacation in Hawaii for several years. In January 1969, Jack passed away in Calgary after a lengthy illness. Nan continued to live alone in their bungalow enjoying fairly good health until her passing in June 1975.

Len and Winnie had two children, Lorraine and Alvin. Lorraine married Jim Hill from Lethbridge, where they reside.

Alvin married Barbara Mooney from High River and they now reside on the ranch. Len and Winnie have moved into Calgary to their new home in Silver Springs.

Harry and Agnes Copithorne — "When hearts were young and gay." 1928.

HARRY D. AND AGNES COPITHORNE — by James D. Copithorne

If this is to be an accurate history about individuals, let's tell it the way it was.

Harry Copithorne was born in the year 1902 in Jumping Pound. The attending midwife who, incidently, is now in her 93rd year, held him up by the heels and gave him a resounding whack, with the result he gave out a bellow easily heard down at the barnyard.

"God, it must be another boy," groaned his father.

Harry Copithorne starting out for the hay field.

"There was no silver spoon in my mouth when I came into this world," Harry will be quick to tell you. "I was just another mouth to feed and there were already six boys ahead of me. Another girl had been hoped for — a sister for Ethel, and here I came along. One more boy, big and fat and bellowing like a young bull."

According to law, all newborn babies had to be registered. It was August; haying time. But no problem; a neighboring bachelor happened to be making a trip to Calgary and he offered to do the job.

It wasn't too complicated except when it came to supplying the child's name. Duncan had forgotten it. Thinking, what the Hell's in a name anyway, he gave his own and his brother's to boot, with the result "Harry" was registered "Duncan Hugh."

Some twenty-odd years later when taking out a life insurance policy, a birth certificate was required. Of course Harry had none. The eager salesman offered to track it down and when he returned a couple of weeks later, he was stumped. Among the slew of Copithornes listed, there was no Harry. However, there did happen to be Duncan Hugh . . . was there a possibility . . . ? Yes, there was a definite possibility. So, after a series of sworn affidavits it was established that Harry and Duncan Hugh was one and the same person.

And that's how it is.

One of the fondest memories of his childhood is the apple he received going to bed on a winter's night. This apple was fondled, polished and gloated over and more than once he awoke the next morning with it still clutched tightly in his hand, uneaten.

One of the things he recalls with no fondness whatever, is the lunch pail he carried to school, always containing the same kind of sandwiches — gooseberry or rhubarb jam.

When he was about ten years old his parents retired to Victoria, British Columbia, taking the younger children along. In order to keep the boys busy, for idle hands are the devil's tools as everyone knows, his father, in partnership with another man, purchased a dairy farm on the outskirts of the city.

Harry peddled milk before and after school, receiving a monthly wage of twenty dollars. This he placed in his mother's hands. He was allowed to keep twenty-five cents and this assured him of a movie every Saturday and a bag of hard candy. A kid got into the Pantages theatre for a nickel in those days.

World War I was under way at that time and at the age of fourteen he was sent back to the ranch to work in the hayfield. Big and strong and doing a man's work, no more school for him. And I don't imagine he was missed in any of the classrooms, for by all accounts, he contributed his share and more to the unruliness in the halls of learning he attended.

Transportation, Jim Copithorne 1933.

It is a well-known fact that in the old country families, younger sons aren't up to much. Usually they were shipped off to some God-forsaken country to make something of themselves or starve. However on a western ranch, a younger son was too valuable as a work horse to be let go of, so Harry's dreams of being an engineer on the C.P.R. and steering a locomotive through the mountains, remained just a dream.

So he grew to manhood on the ranch. But what sticks in his craw to this very day is this: In order to keep him busy in slack periods, he was obliged to walk behind the drag-harrows from dawn to dusk, day after day. Up and down, crisscross and over again. Finally he got the bright idea of making a cart out of old buggy wheels, hitching it on behind the harrows and summer fallowing in style.

He was condemned immediately for laziness and adding extra burden on the horses. Nevertheless, he continued to ride on the cart and for some reason or other, harrowing became less important on the Lazy J after that.

Naturally there are good times to remember. Uncle Richard and his family lived nearby and many happy evenings were spent with the cousins, playing cards, dancing and singsongs around the piano.

Quite a number of horses were raised on the ranch in those days. Harry remembers every horse he broke to harness. But it was always a sore point when the best horses and often those he had developed a real affection for, were sold and he was left the old jug-heads to drive on the hay wagons and machinery. Just once did he raise an objection. He was immediately shot down and told to mind his own business. (Breaking more horses.) Being the youngest and always under somebody's thumb or heel as the case might be, it never occured to him to stand his ground. He expected nothing and that's about what he got; food and clothing and a once-a-year treat — a trip to the Cochrane races.

When he was eighteen, his dad told him he would give him one thousand dollars if he didn't smoke until he was twenty-one. And you can bet your life he didn't. But he never got the cash. Instead, he got a few old cows one of his brothers wanted to get rid of and they were conveniently bought for him. That was the beginning of his beef herd.

Harry and Agnes Rollefstad were married in 1927. They moved into what had once been his Uncle Sam's homestead shack. Over the years it had been added onto and was a pretty fair house for those days.

Agnes was a shy, strictly brought up Lutheran and to this day Harry wonders how she ever had the nerve to marry him. Finding herself catapulted into the obstreperous Copithorne family must have been something of a shock. The youngest in a large family, she had been petted and spoiled. But also, she was raised in the Medicine Hat area among the antelope, rattlesnakes and tumbleweed and knew what was expected of a farm wife.

Unless she knew how to milk cows, churn butter, raise chickens and sell the produce to keep food on the table, she wasn't worth her salt. She learned how to accomplish all this, but she never lost her fear of a clucking hen.

After several years, Harry's father said to him, "Well, looks like you two are going to make a go of it. I guess it's time you had some land of your own. After all, I suppose you've earned it over the years." He purchased 320 acres from one of the other sons and now Harry and Agnes were the proud owners of a half section of land. It was a great day in their lives. Now they had something to call their own. The future looked bright.

Their son, James Donovan, was born in 1931. The depression years were under way and life was pretty grim. Harry worked on the road with team and scraper ten hours a day in order to pay his taxes. The smart ones let them slide and when the Social Credit Government came into power, they wiped the tax slate clean so farmers wouldn't lose their land. This was hard to take for those who had slaved at road work to pay their taxes. Especially when they remembered the hard-driving road foreman who never allowed a fellow time off to roll a cigarette.

There is no truer saying than "Necessity is the mother of invention." Harry will tell you in

Harry Copithorne hauling logs to build his barn, 1928.

all honesty he can't recall ever having a new piece of machinery to work with. It was all second-hand junk bought at auction sales, in constant need of repairs. So he learned the hard way, but he learned how to do all his own repair work, how to construct buildings using logs cut down and hauled from the bush eight or ten miles away. All the buildings were made with logs. They cost nothing but blood, sweat and tears. Blood when the axe glanced off a frozen log and bit through an overshoe, boot, and into the big toe.

"I've cut my foot!" he yelled to Archie McLean who was with him at the time.

"Never mind your foot," Archie replied. "It will heal, but look at your overshoe!"

Sweat when it came to loading the logs onto the running gear of wagon or sleigh, and tears of frustration when it was discovered that somewhere along the trail to the woods he had lost his lunch.

He enjoyed bush work. Often on a winter's morning he would be half way to the logging area and the stars still shining, chores and breakfast long behind him. He likes to remember toasting frozen sandwiches over a small fire and melting snow in a tin pail to make tea, a few spruce twigs and rabbit buns adding to the flavor.

Harry always did have the knack of working with wood. In those early lean years, Agnes yearned for a chesterfield. There was never any thought of buying one. So between the two of them, they manufactured some kind of a monstrosity. It looked positively beautiful to them and they were very proud of it until one day a relative came riding along and stopped in for coffee. He took one look at the thing and laughed his head off. "Well, I guess it's better than none at all," he mocked. And that hurt.

In those days few men made a go of it without a reliable helpmate. The pair of them worked shoulder to shoulder and whether it was putting up a building, a fence, digging a well, sawing wood, or butchering, Agnes did her share of it all. Harry rewarded her by enlarging the house, making it as attractive as possible with no money but lots of imagination.

A gleam comes into Harry's eye when he talks about their first automobile. Robert Barnes, who was more knowledgeable about autos, helped choose it. "This dark green Chrysler looks like a good buy," he said, and it was. It was probably the best car in the country at the time. And don't think there weren't many envious, even baleful glances thrown their way as they drove around in that shiny new automobile.

Oh, it wasn't new; second-hand for sure, but a beauty and reliable enough to buck snowdrifts four feet deep. Harry added an upturned extension to the exhaust pipe, thus fording the creek was no problem. There were no roads into their place, just wagon trails and cow paths. In the winter and rainy season, only dire necessity brought the car out of the garage at those times.

A trip to town was a major event, not undertaken without a great deal of forethought and preparation. One had to be careful, even sneaky, for Big Brother was always watching. Unless it was a matter of life or death, there was no excuse for wasting a day's work. A visit to the doctor, perhaps. But one didn't dare get sick. The dentist then? After all, people did suffer considerably with toothache and everyone understood the agony of an aching tooth. So, having a tooth extracted was a first-rate excuse for a trip to town. "But," wondered Agnes wistfully, "What will we do when the teeth run out?"

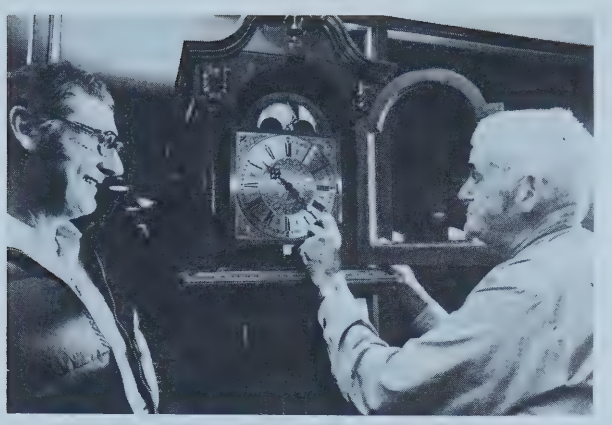
Not long ago, reminiscing about hardships shared in those early days, sister-in-law, Louise, said, "Agnes, do you remember the time I asked you what would be the first thing you would do should you inherit a million dollars, and after some serious thought you replied very seriously, I guess I would open that can of peas I've been saving for emergency."

As the years went by a number of gas wells were being drilled in the Jumping Pound area. The drillers and roughnecks were desperate for a place to eat and sleep, so the Harry Copithornes squeezed beds and cots into every available space and turned the place into a boarding house. That proved a bonanza. Every dollar profit was carefully hoarded and when the kitty was full, a down payment was made on a brand new truck. That was another great day in their lives.

Everyone who owned a radio set in those days rated pretty high on the social scale and eventually Harry and Agnes got there. When a few steers were sold one fall, they recklessly purchased a second hand Atwater Kent radio from Bob Chapman who at that time operated the hardware store in Cochrane. Architectually it was a replica of Notre Dame Cathedral, lacking the gargoyles. But it worked, and evenings were spent twirling the knobs searching out K.S.L., Salt Lake City and K.O.A., Denver. Those were the stations that carried Amos and Andy, Fibber Magee and Molly and a few other comedy programs. It was important to laugh in the dirty thirties.

When Harry's father, John, died in 1933, he left Harry a half section of land. A small beef herd was built up and despite gloomy predictions that starvation was inevitable if you didn't milk cows, the dairy herd was disposed of, also the hogs. Harry was never fond of hogs. He always said if there was one thing that stank worse than pig manure it was more pig manure, although anyone that knows him will be well aware it was not described in quite such delicate words.

But they didn't starve, having prudently saved up for old age. Son Jim took over the reins and through trial and error, good times and bad, they survived. Not that it has been easy. To supplement the income, Jim drives a school bus.



Harry Copithorne, (at right), with one of his clocks at Old Thyme Auction in Springbank. Louis Copithorne on left.

And raising three sons, Daniel, Darryl and Dale in these modern times hasn't been a cinch either. However, they are now grown up, industrious and making their own living. Life is less harrassing, but one thing that haunts a lot of us is fear of another Depression.

Like most of the older generation of Copithornes, Harry was somewhat of a rough and ready individual. He would never win a prize for tact. Often (quite unintentionally) he grievously offended persons who didn't understand his particular brand of humor. Agnes, a gentle soul, tried her best to smooth away some of the rough edges of his personality but finally gave up, realizing it was his way of covering up heartache and disappointments.

It was his pleasure to assist the Stampede Board in various projects pertaining to Flare Square. The year of the theme "A Salute to Pioneers," he constructed the log replicas of the Hudson's Bay Trading Post, settler's cabin(s), corrals and did any necessary log work, all of which proved to be of great interest to many people. Building with logs, of course, is fast becoming a lost art. The logs were felled by prisoners at a camp in the Forest Reserve and hauled to the Stampede grounds. Logs for building purposes are not easily obtainable nowadays, especially for an individual, but he still has hopes of building a log cabin for himself in a corner of the yard to house curios and artifacts.

Although now retired, he is never idle. Always interested in working with wood, he has a well-equipped workshop and has made something of a name for himself handcrafting Grandfather clocks.

Totally absorbed in their home and hobbies, travelling to the far corners of the world holds little fascination for Harry and Agnes Copithorne. A couple of years ago he added a conservatory at one end of the kitchen, and there, Agnes indulges her passion for flowers and plants of all kinds, from the lowly geranium to a coconut palm. This coconut, about the size of a football, she carried in a shopping bag from the island of Kauai. Whether by threat or kindly encouragement, it thrives, having sent up fronds two feet high.

When not involved with plants, she retires to her studio at the opposite end of the house. Here, free from interruption, she loses herself in a world of fantasy, painting weird and wonderful pictures, of what, nobody knows.

And being a Gemini, she reverts periodically to realism, writing poetry, short stories and plays, mostly about her childhood on the old homestead and the unusual characters and events that have colored what she considers a prosaic and lack-luster existence.

Meanwhile, the dinner burns to a crisp in the kitchen. Many a time Harry, busy in his workshop, sniffs the air and detects that unmistakable odor of scorching food. If Jim is about, he also becomes aware that something is on fire. Both of them race to the disaster area, hoping that the fumes billowing through the screen door is nothing more than burnt meat and vegetables, not the kitchen itself.

Fully aware that when she's absorbed in her art, she's oblivious to everything else including meals; Agnes keeps her cupboard well stocked with canned goods.

So in their years now as senior citizens, Harry and Agnes Copithorne are busy and happy. Which goes to show, money and material possessions aren't everything. Life is what you make it.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Copithorne on their wedding day, June 12, 1895.

RICHARD AND SOPHIA COPITHORNE — by R. P. Copithorne

Richard Copithorne arrived in the North West Territories and Calgary in 1887 following his brother, John, who came four years earlier from Cork, Ireland.

Upon arrival Richard took a job making a grade on the Mission Hill in Calgary. After working there for several months he had earned enough money to buy a team of horses, wagon and other homesteader's supplies to file on a homestead.

John, who had been freighting supplies to the Morley Indians, liked the Jumping Pound area and remarked that it looked more like Ireland than anywhere else he had been, so Jumping Pound was the district decided on for their homesteads.

Richard filed on the NW¼ 32-24-4-5 and built a log cabin which had a sod roof and cellar under the floor, a place to keep groceries and vegetables. The cellar is still discernible to this day.

John filed on the SE¼ 6-25-4-5 which was close by and they decided to go into partnership and enter the dairy business which consisted of making butter and hauling it 25 miles to Calgary. Eventually a range herd was built up and Lazy J on the left hip was the registered brand.

Money in those days was hard to come by. The grocers could not pay cash for the butter so everything was taken out in trade and a good many times the round trip was made over the prairie trail because there was no cash to stay overnight in Calgary.

This partnership lasted till about the turn of the century when Richard applied for his own brand which was CL Right-hip and CL Right-ribs for cattle and CL Left-hip for horses.

During the early years the fences were made of poles or rails nailed onto A frames. I remember seeing some of these fences still in use and also some snake fences which consisted of logs notched into one another in zigzag fashion. I have since marveled at the amount of work it took to erect these fences.

Both Richard and John were great sportsmen. There were apparently lots of ducks and pin-tailed grouse in the country. Some years there was water in every little slough and ducks in every puddle. They used muzzle loading shot guns. If a long shot was required, more powder was used or as much as a man could stand up behind.

Richard kept hounds and loved to organize coyote hunts. People from as far as twenty miles would attend to prove they had the best horse. Whoever was first to the kill received the brush (tail) which was the trophy. No barb wire fences in those days to worry about, but sometimes a kit fox or rabbit would distract the dogs from the main objective.

Richard married Sophia Wills in 1895, a daughter of Geo. Wills of Springbank. He built a new house for his bride on the NE¼ 31-24-4-5 which he bought from the C.P.R. This house was also built of logs with a sod roof, but boards were put on top of the sods to drain the water off. This also kept it from raining inside for days after the storm was over.

A family of five boys and two girls was born to them in the following order: Robert Percy, Margaret Jane (Mrs. J. C. Buckley of Springbank), George William (deceased), Francis Richard and Annie Winnifred (Mrs. Idwal Jones) who were twins, Arthur James, who was killed by a horse in 1915 at the age of five years, and Clarence, who has been a Minister in the Alberta Legislature.

Around 1900 a sawmill was started about six miles from home and a new house was built in 1902. Bill Pepper was the carpenter who built the two-storey frame building which is still being used and in good repair.

Richard Copithorne ranch site showing three homes: small cabin on left, first homestead cabin, building with leanto, home built for Richard's bride in 1894, larger frame house on hill built in 1902 by William Pepper and is still in use.

Richard Copithorne sharpening mower knives for the day's work in the hay field.

In 1895 a plan was proposed for an irrigation canal to serve the district from Jumping Pound through Springbank to Calgary. Almost every resident signed the petition, but Richard and John Copithorne's names were not on the list. I surmise they thought that a country which was too cold to grow a pratie (potato) did not warrant the expense of an irrigation canal. This project did get started and about ten miles of ditch was completed when it was abandoned on account of excessive rainfall about 1900.

The South African Boer War had now started and several of the local boys joined a regiment named the C.M.R., (Canadian Mounted Rifles).

A story told by Napoleon Blache, a close neighbor of Richard's, was of how Napoleon and his brother, Arthur Blache, attempted to raise hogs by letting them run all over the range during the summer months. In the late fall the hogs were rounded up for slaughter. Not being very well acquainted with the method of dressing hogs, they tried scalding which did not work so well. They also tried shaving which did not work either, so they ended up skinning them. The weather was quite frosty and the hogs froze solid overnight. They looked such a horrible mess a decision was made to store them up in the barn loft and cover them with hay before anybody else would see them. The following Sunday evening a neighbor, Mr. Tesky, called in for a visit. Of course he was invited to put his horse in the barn and stay for supper. After putting his horse in the barn Mr. Tesky decided he should give the animal some hay, so he went up in the loft, took the fork and pulled the hay off one of those frozen hogs. The light being not very good at that time of day he was quite startled, took two or three steps backward and fell down through a hole into the manger.

In 1911 the Jumping Pound Stock Association was formed. A lease comprising of 12,800 acres was acquired and being situated along the full length of the Forest Reserve between the Morley Indian Reserve and Bragg Creek, it appeared to be quite attractive. This lease was drawn up for a term of twenty-one years at the annual rental of $256.00 and a capacity rate of one head per 20 acres. It was termed as doing business under the name and firm of The Jumping Pound Stock Association Ranch No. 3972 with the Honourable Minister of the Interior, representative of His Majesty King George the Fifth. The names of the members of this lease are as follows:

W. Ellis	E. C. Barnes
H. Ricks	Oliver Ellis
Frank Sibbald	Leo J. F. Ward
Louis D. Nicoll	R. Copithorne
Eugene E. Nicoll	S. Copithorne
C. Gardner	John Park
W. H. Edge	Thomas Cope
C. E. Sibbald	J. Copithorne
W. A. Mickle	W. R. Duncan
W. R. Potts	Robinson
J. D. Potts	D. V. Saunders
Robert Logan	Oswald Ward
J. A. W. Fraser	C. W. Mickle

This lease is still in operation and intact although many changes have been made in the Constitution. It is still used by a third generation of some of the above mentioned members including Richard Copithorne.

During the winter of 1907 and 08 Richard and John went back to Ireland to visit their kinfolk. They sailed from New York on the Lusitania, a ship which was the latest thing for speed and style. However, they admitted they were darn poor sailors but did have a marvelous time at the old home where their parents still lived.

The winter of 1906 and 07 made history for being one of the worst winters on record, a heavy loss of cattle across the prairies being the prime tragedy.

The fall of 1914 Richard decided to retire to a small farm consisting of eight acres bought in Gordon Head, a district a few miles out of Victoria, British Columbia. His brother Sam was to operate and be the general manager of the Jumping Pound ranch, so in November the whole family moved to Gordon Head. Livestock consisted of one horse and one tough old milk cow; the new farm was quite a let-down in the family's point of view. Some chickens were ordered from the home ranch and when they arrived the rooster's comb looked black and wizened, while some of the hens' toes were missing. Then we realized we were missing an Alberta winter.

While the family did make some nice friends at the different schools everybody was homesick. By September 1, the beginning of the next school year, everybody was back home in good old Jumping Pound.

Richard was a man who liked horses and when the First World War broke out there were about three hundred Clydesdale horses on the ranch. A horse in those days never had a rope on him until he was four years old. A hurry up call for horses for the cavalry made a considerable lot of work. It was often marveled at how these wild horses tamed down, when taken off their home range and put in a military camp.

During the war years suitable help for haying was quite a problem and every morning one would wonder what was going to happen next. Luckily, they never quit making new mowers and hay rakes.

Somewhere about 1915, the first car, a Model T, was bought from Tom Quigley of Cochrane. Those cars could tell of some experiences if cars could talk. Although nothing very serious happened to Richard, some of the other neighbors had their trials. In one case, a rancher bought a brand new Model T and that night when taking it home across the prairies it stopped miles from nowhere. He cranked and cranked and finally being so exasperated, he said, "You S.O.B. if you won't run, you won't see either", and kicked out all the lights.

On another occasion, this particular rancher had a large round corral where he thought was a good place to learn how to drive the new car. He had a boy holding the gate shut and after several rounds in the corral he yelled at the boy to open the gate and let her go. But the boy did not get the gate open fast enough. Luckily the gate was made out of light rails and there seemed to be plenty of them at the time of impact.

In 1922 Richard's wife, Sophia, took ill in the late autumn and passed away the following March 1923, at the age of 43. This was a hard blow as she loved to ride over the ranch with him. She loved to ride a good horse and in the earlier days would ride on the coyote hunts. She always used a side saddle which is still kept on the ranch and is in good repair.

One time in the early days while Richard was away riding a man walked to the cabin door and wanted to borrow a horse so that he could catch his own horse which got away from him. Luckily a man who was working for Richard on a new shed said that he would have to go to Glen Healy's about one mile away to get a horse. After he left, the hired man told Sophia he would stay around close because he did not like his looks. That night some policemen slept on the kitchen floor as they were looking for Ernest Cashel, a man wanted for murder.

In 1927 Richard bought his first tractor, a Model D John Deere all fitted with extension rims and lugs. This spelled the end of the horse era and the beginning of the farming for his boys who stayed with him through all the good and grim years.

Richard passed away on April 27, 1936, at the age of 75 years and was buried in the Springbank Cemetery along with his wife and deceased son, Arthur.

During almost 50 years of ranching, from the time he first took out a homestead until his death, Richard built up a ranch comprised of about fifteen thousand acres of deeded land well stocked with Hereford cattle. The ranch still remains in the family but has been divided into three equal units.

PERCY AND EDNA COPITHORNE — by P. Copithorne

Robert Percy Copithorne, eldest son of Richard Copithorne and Georgina Sophia Copithorne (nee Wills), was born July 10, 1899. Richard was born of a family in Cork, Ireland, and immigrated to Calgary, Alberta, then the North West Territories, in 1887. Sophia was born in Kingston, Ontario, and is of English origin. Her father moved to Calgary in 1891 and took up land in the Springbank area. Richard and Sophia were married in June 1895 and resided in the Jumping Pound area which the third generation still call home.

I was born in a log cabin with a sod roof on the banks of the Jumping Pound Creek and am told that Mrs. Oliver Mickle attended at my birth as midwife.

Of my earliest memories, my first mission in life was a failure. There was a small spring of water just below and behind the house, in plain view of the door. I attempted to get a large jug of water for my mother and almost made it to the doorway when disaster struck spilling all the water. I was probably three years old at this time.

I had learned to ride a horse by the name of Whiskers, when about five years old. My first chore was to bring in every evening the milch cows which ranged about a mile or so from home. One evening I brought the cows in on the

Margaret and Percy Copithorne returning from a fishing trip to Jumping Pound Creek in 1906.

gallop and I can remember my dad explaining to me never to drive a cow faster than a walk. A collie by the name of Troy, which was my constant companion from the time I was able to walk, perhaps did not help the situation.

I started riding to school, a distance of three miles, when five years old. It was of the old Little Red School House type only this one was made of logs which were whitewashed, with a red shingled roof. There were the remains of a snake fence running past the school which some of the boys would practise jumping their horses over. A snake fence is made of logs notched into one another in a zigzag fashion and built high enough to control livestock. I was accompanied by my older cousins, who lived close by, until my sister, Margy, and brother, George, started. My first teacher's name was Miss Evans and I liked her very much.

Dad would sometimes take me to Calgary by train from Cochrane and the first time the engine thundered by I was well on my way back home before he could catch me. I was just terrified.

One Saturday when there was no school and everybody was in the hayfield I tried out the pipe of a Scotchman who was working for us. We had a bunk house for the extra hired help. I could not find any tobacco to fill this pipe but there were some sulphur matches. These matches came in little cartons about twice the size of a cigarette lighter and were used I suppose before Eddy's matches got into business. However, I kept lighting this old pipe with sulphur matches until I could not see straight. All day Sunday I was quite sick but did not let anybody know because I knew I had done wrong. On Monday morning when my mother was seeing me off to school, I lost my breakfast in front of her. She was all for keeping me home, and much as I would have liked to, I assured her I felt just fine.

Salt for the stock was bought in barrels made of light wooden staves but of very tough wood, very similar in size to a wine barrel. Sometimes a barrel would be sawn in half and the salt fed to the cattle in this manner. Very often there would be a whole empty barrel around and one day arriving home from school, I found the milch cow wandering around with an empty salt barrel stuck fast on her head. I remember how comical she looked, but the pony I was riding didn't think much of the situation.

The first binder I remember seeing was a No. 4 Massey Harris and was operated by Glen Healy, a neighbour who did custom work. I was quite small at the time and marvelled at such a machine. This reminds me of the time Dad decided to have his own binder several years later. It was delivered to us in half a dozen packages all tied up in haywire. It looked like a bunch of glorified scrap iron all painted up and about one thousand pieces of it. After two or three days of trying to assemble it, there still would be two or three pieces left over which did not seem to fit anywhere.

After coming home from school there were always eight or ten cows to milk by hand. They were put in a small corral and these cows would stand in their favorite spot and could be milked without being tied up. One cow always stood by an old wash tub in a shady corner. My brother

Edna and Percy Copithorne, all set for a ride on a brisk morning in 1932.

George was of preschool age but was old enough to tie the cow's tail to the handle of the washtub, get in and start her off. The cow took fright and around the corral she went with the tub swinging on her tail. Those of us quietly milking our cows were either knocked over or left sitting with no cow as all hell broke loose with a bang.

One day my dad decided to buy some sheep and these sheep were the worst nuisance, I thought, that ever happened. They were always someplace where they shouldn't be; in the crop or stooks or trespassing in the neighbour's fields. It seemed as though every evening when I came home from school I had to herd the sheep home and put them in the corral for the night. One hot June day Dad was shearing and as he was bent over the sheep, the ram hit him from behind and sent him sprawling. My dad's Irish temper flared up, which never happened too often, and I thought for sure we would be in the market for another ram. In those days we would have to haul our drinking water from the creek up a hill of almost one hundred feet elevation and quite steep. It was our hired man's job every morning to get two pails of water, and very often, when he was more than half way up, this same ram would meet him. The water would be set down, the man would take to the nearest fence, the ram would have a good drink of water, and then would go about his business while the man went back down to the creek for more water. The sheep business did not last many years. I remember the big sacks of wool my dad would take to Calgary in a wagon. It would be piled high and worth eleven cents per pound.

At eleven or twelve years old I was a regular man in the hayfield driving a team on one end of the sweep. A little later I drove both teams until I was nineteen years old, then I was promoted to the stack. My dad was a good horseman and raised about sixty or seventy Clydesdale colts every year. These colts would be kept on the range until they were three and four years old, sometimes five, before they were caught up and broken to lead and drive on the wagon. For two weeks before haying started, a dozen of these horses were handled so that a man could use them on the mower with another gentle horse. It would be hard to get a man these days that could harness and drive these horses. Several horses were broke to lead and drive in the winter. The market for horses dwindled after the end of the First World War and the farmers turned to combines and tractors and it was many a good horse ended up at the fox farm during the late 1920s and 1930s. Today there is not a single draft horse on our ranch.

For many years it was my job to wrangle in the horses before breakfast. This was also the opportunity to break in the saddle horses. Some of these horses did not give too much trouble, but others with a little Indian cayuse in their blood were a different matter, especially before breakfast. On one occasion, after I had all the

Margi, Marshall, Sheila, Edna and Percy Copithorne on Edna and Percy's 40th Wedding Anniversary.

horses gathered in the field, I was bringing them home when my horse decided to run away with the others I was herding. Running along a boundary barbwire fence, he fell into a badger hole. I was thrown through the fence, my trousers half torn off and when the horse got up the top wire of the fence was over top of the horn of the saddle. He ran along the fence for two hundred yards or so with the staples flying out into the field until a post with the wire stapled on the opposite side stopped him and the rigging on my saddle broke. Sure was a sorry looking saddle.

Every fall we would ship our steers from Cochrane to wherever their destination was. These were usually three-year-olds. Everything would be nice and quiet until we came to the bridge that crosses the Bow River. There was always trouble as they refused and swam across below the bridge. The buyer was a tight-fisted character and when we corralled them at the stockyards he accused me of watering them before they were weighed.

During the thirties when prices were low, we sold to a feeder in Calgary and to save freight charges we trailed the steers to Calgary. W. Mackie had a feedlot in East Calgary close by the Government elevators. He sent a drover, Bert Bishop, out to meet us on the outskirts of the city and steer us through to the feedlot. The cattle were getting more excited as we neared the residential districts, and I remember Bert Bishop saying that all that needs to happen now is some lady to come out and shake her tablecloth. We crossed the cattle on the bridge at Elbow Park and when turning the corner to approach the bridge there was a new house with a newly made lawn and nice rope fence around it. We got the first few head around all right, but those following up cut across the corner and what a mess they made of that lawn and fence. The Macleod Trail was the next hurdle but we eventually got to the feedlot in good time. Upon arriving, Mr. Mackie was waiting for us and also a policeman. Mr. Mackie said the police were

waiting for me and I said that I was not a bit surprised. However, he was just a personal friend and wanted to see how cattle were weighed. The owners of the nice lawn must have been away at the time, because I never did hear from them.

During the winter of 1921 and '22 we decided to get out a set of logs to build a new barn. George and I camped at the Lone Star where my cousin Ernie and his wife lived. This place was about ten miles or so from home and a little over a mile from where the logs were available. There was a wonderful lot of timber along the creek. We cut the logs forty-eight feet long and they measured about sixteen inches at the butt to about twelve inches at the top. We just took the front bobs of the sleigh every morning and snaked these logs out as we cut them, to a place where they could be loaded on a sleigh or wagon and taken home.

One evening when we were coming home and driving down a kind of backwater on the ice which we had previously been using for several days, the team broke through the ice into about five feet of water. We managed to get them unhooked from the sleigh and the reins separated so that we could get the horses out individually. Luckily the creek bottom sloped up towards the farther shore. We started chopping ice and one horse kept rearing up and getting his front feet on the ice and breaking it while we worked. I still marvel at the way this horse fought to get out. His name was Max. The other horse acted the very opposite. In fact, I thought he would drown before we got him out. His name was Chub. Eventually Max was able to jump up on the ice and walk out and Chub took a new lease on life and followed him. We were pretty careful where we drove on the ice after that. We did lose our neck yoke, but recovered it next morning when the muddy water cleared up.

We built the barn the following year and it is still in good condition and will last for many more years. It could tell some real stories, if barns could talk, on how we would try to coax a green broke colt through the door or try to put the shoes on a bronc for the first time. All that is changed now and instead we use it as a calving barn where very often we have an animal that is ready to charge anything that moves — as some people would say, she is starry-eyed and bushy-tailed. I might add that the rafters and any dimensional lumber used in the roof of this barn was from an oil derrick used by the Dome Oil Co. who drilled a well in 1914 on 12-25-5-W5. The derrick was pulled down a few years later and my dad bought the lumber which was of the best quality. We ripped some of the wider planks in half and they still would make six-inch rafters.

As a small boy I was an ardent fisherman. I caught many fish with a willow or spruce pole and about ten or twelve feet of line. In those days there seemed to be lots of fish in the creek and they were hungry. When I was about nine years old my dad told he would give me two dollars for every cow hide I could get from cows that died from accidents or natural causes around the ranch. This was a lot of money to me and I managed to save enough money to buy a steel fishing rod, fully equipped, for seven dollars and fifty cents, out of Eaton's Catalogue, so the following summer I was really in business. Fishing remained good in the Jumping Pound until the Ford cars started prowling over the prairie roads from the city of Calgary. During the years after the First World War the fishing dwindled off pretty fast.

Once when I was gathering our horses off the range in the middle of January, I stayed with my cousin Ernie and his wife at the Lone Star. One evening when there still was some daylight left, we went to a land-locked backwater where Ernie said he knew there were some fish. We chopped a couple of holes in the ice and had about a dozen fish in less than an hour. It was 10 degrees below zero and the fish froze solid in no time. That evening we put them in a dishpan full of water to thaw out for breakfast next morning. The fish thawed out all right and became very much alive, splashing most of the water out of the pan.

Today I have a pet spot or two which may last for a week or so every summer, but very often I come home empty-handed. We have a few dugouts on the ranch which we stock but it is a different kind of fishing which I don't get the same satisfaction from. Very often a party of my family connections and myself will fly to Campbell River, British Columbia, during the salmon run and I enjoy this very much.

I was also very fond of hunting. I owned a twenty-two calibre rifle when fourteen years old, but with several restrictions laid down by my parents. However, I did learn to become a good shot. A little later, at about eighteen years, I bought a second-hand 30-30 rifle which was luckily in very good shape, and still is. I used to bag a deer most years which were not all that plentiful. About 1920 Frank Sibbald, an old veteran at hunting, inviting my cousin Jack and myself to go hunting with him on the Fallen Timber Creek area. He supplied all the pack horses and equipment for camping. I shot my first moose on this trip and he was a big old fellow and quite tough to chew. However, I had his head mounted and will never forget the experience. One morning on this trip we woke up to find all our horses gone except one we kept tied up for safety's sake. I jumped on this horse bareback thinking I would not have to go far to find them, but they must have started quite a few hours before and I caught up to them about five miles from our last camp which was about fifteen miles away; I could not get them to turn around until they came to the last camp. Some of them were hobbled and had bells on but this did not slow them up too much. However, I got them started back to camp where a couple of anxious men were waiting for us.

On another occasion I went with my brother George, who was an ardent packer, up in the

same country. This time with a little more experience I enjoyed it thoroughly and found lots of game.

Since then, I have slowed up on the hunting as there seemed to be so many hunters; I have taken sides with the game and with the coyotes as long as they leave our stock alone.

In the earlier years of my life there were thousands of prairie chicken or pintailed grouse in the country. I have seen our greenfeed stacks just covered with prairie chicken in the winter time. On a frosty morning there would be a chicken or two on every tree. In the very severe weather they would bury themselves in a snowbank and stay there for days. Very often when riding across the fields we would come upon a snowbank where several chickens were staying and they would fly up, startling you and your horse. Today you can ride for days and not see a chicken or partridge although there are still a few around. Something I can't understand is why there is still open season on these birds in this area. Just this last summer a man came in to see if he could get permission to shoot one chicken he saw in our field. He had already shot one from the road. I expect probably these could be the only birds in the country for miles around. I think the Fish and Game Organization should be reorganized and staffed with men who know the problems confronting our game situation.

The year my dad took us all to the West Coast was 1914. He owned an eight-acre farm in Gordon Head, a suburb of Victoria. It was a real exciting event at the time, but the excitement did not last long. I was enrolled at the Mt. Tolmie University where I did meet some interesting people. It was a strictly boys' school where they had a dorm but also took in day students. I was in the latter class and had to walk two and one-half miles every morning and evening. I did enhance my education during the year I spent there, especially in bookkeeping. I also joined their cadet corps and once a week would try out my skill on the rifle range.

During our stay in Gordon Head, we learned how to dig clams as there was a good beach about a mile from home. We also learned how to fell a big fir tree that was sitting in the middle of the vegetable garden. This was done by digging around the roots and cutting off each root which spread away from the trunk and eventually the tree would topple over pulling stump and all with it. There would be enough firewood in this tree to last a year or more. There were no chain saws in those days.

In the early days ranchers were at a disadvantage regarding diseases of cattle, especially black-leg. I remember vaccinating the calves, when an outbreak occurred, with a piece of string which was treated with certain chemicals. The string would be about two or three inches long and inserted under the skin with an instrument similar to a crochet hook. To this day I don't think anybody knows for sure if it was effective or not. Maybe a slight deterrent.

Poison weed was another killer that plagued the cattleman. There would be areas on the range where the cattle would be restricted from grazing for two months in the spring. I believe that poison weed takes a heavy toll of our game to this day in the Forest Reserves and Crown lands. Poison weed can be controlled by spraying with the proper chemicals.

We had serious droughts which created feed shortages, but the worst situation I experienced was in the fall of 1936, when a disastrous fire burned all our feed and most of the pasture. The evening after the fire, when everything was burned and things looked hopeless, Ken Coppock, Secretary-Manager of the Western Stock Growers, paid me a visit and told me to come and see him as he would help to figure a way out of this predicament. At this time there were lots of straw stacks, some three and four years old, up in the Olds district. Ken contacted a man up there for me who acquired enough straw to winter what cows I had to get through the winter. The government was shipping cattle at the time free of charge from southern Alberta which was dried out, so Ken got me on the band wagon as well. There were some losses; a lot depended on what kind of farmer was looking after the cattle. There were about five hundred or more head of cattle and these had to be placed in small lots around the country at the different farms. At one place in particular the cattle did not do well because they were not getting enough water. Roads were blocked for a couple of weeks and I was unable to check this particular herd until several cows died and were then hauled up to the pigs. Instead of the cows living high on the hog, the hogs were living high on the cows. It was a happy day the following spring when I trailed the cows home from Cochrane. It took some of them longer than others to make the trip, but they sure knew their way home.

Haying time was always trying for me. I took over the responsibilities when I was nineteen years old. A full crew consisted of three mowers, three rakes and two teams on the sweep. We would hay about a thousand acres of prairie land every year and would cover an average of a quarter section a week, providing the weather co-operated. A full crew consisted of nine men. So with our regular crew we always had to hire five or six extra men. Some of these men would come back every year for several years which was a great help as they seemed to like the life, but there were other characters I will never forget. Like the one who had to throw his arms around a gate post so he could steady himself to light his pipe. Another fell off the top of a ten-foot hayslide, luckily onto a pile of hay that was on the ground, and jumping up, said if it wasn't for those ten beers he had that morning he would have killed himself.

I have seen some dandy runaways in the hayfield and there was always a saddle horse tied to the wagon ready for the occasion. One such runaway happened in my neighbour's field across the fence from where we were working. Apparently the rake boy hooked the wheel of his rake in a fencepost, broke the tongue in half which jabbed in the ground; the double-trees broke and the team ran away with just the neck-yoke. They ran straight for a small foreign car that was sitting in the field and I kept wondering which side of the car they were going to pass. I guess they could not decide themselves, so one went on each side with the neck-yoke zooming over the top.

During the forties haying prairie hay started to slacken up. The trend towards tame hay and fertilizer and self-propelled machinery eliminated the horses and also the men.

During my elementary schooldays I loved to play the mouth organ. This was a gift, I guess, which I received from my mother's side of the family as she was considered a pretty good piano player. When about eleven years old I found an old violin which I had repaired and tuned up. I never had a music lesson in my life, but I worked on this old violin every spare moment until one day my mother, whether through dispair at the squeaks and squawks that issued forth or the thought that maybe I deserved a better instrument, bought me a new one when I was about nineteen years old. During all this time my sister Margy was taking piano lessons, so we used to accompany one another and play at a few house parties where dancing was the main entertainment. A dance hall was built in the district in 1927 and there card parties and dances were held. We played at several of these events with the help of drums which were played by Jack Copithorne, Bill Coates and a few others. Len Kumlin was a great help a few years later with his saxophone. However, during the fifties, I was bothered a lot with arthritis in my arm which cramped my style quite a bit and I had to give up, but I must say that I spent many an hour in my younger days with the fiddle when otherwise I would have been bored to death or getting into some other mischief.

I have had many experiences down through the years such as having cows lie down in the snow on a bitterly cold day when I was bringing them home to feed, simply just perished; cattle falling through the ice and drowning or piling up on a bitterly cold night and freezing to death, one would lie down on the inside and the others from the outside would push over top; putting out a chimney fire on our two-storey home at eleven o'clock on a below-zero night; helping police find the body of a man who was accidently drowned in the flooding waters of the Jumping Pound. Arguing with a Department of Highways engineer over the right-of-way which was cutting the ranch in half was another experience. After getting nowhere with him and much to his surprise I hired a land assessor to settle the argument and actually got more concessions than I was asking for.

One night on the dance floor in Cochrane I was dancing with a girl whom I had known for some time, Edna Brown. Something came over me at that time and as the saying goes, I was never the same again. We were married two years later on the 11th of November 1931 and took a short honeymoon to the Coast. I had already built a cottage, with a full basement, consisting of two bedrooms and bath plus a kitchen and living room close by my dad's home. Frank Fletcher from Cochrane helped to build it. We raised a family of three, Sheila, Marshall and Margi, of whom we are very proud and they in turn all have families. They had to ride to school just like I did, which I think made them rather resourceful people as they had to look after their own welfare from the time they left home in the morning until they returned in the evening. No bus driver to do this.

Edna has been a very patient and loving wife and has stood by in several trials, such as the time Margi got polio and we were almost beat for two years before there was any sure course to take. Margie was eleven years old at that time and through sheer determination she kept up with her studies and became a mobile person again.

Edna is called Grandma now and is sure a big wheel in the Grandma world. I consider myself very fortunate to have married such a girl as she contributed so much to my happiness as well as success in my ranching career. We are living alone once more, a little lonely perhaps sometimes, but still have good health and many happy thoughts of bygone days. Our grandchildren do visit us quite often and this certainly does liven things up. Grandma is good at reading teacups and how she thinks of the big whoppers to tell is more than I can say.

GEORGE COPITHORNE — by Gertrude Copithorne

George William Copithorne, second son of Richard Copithorne, was born in Cochrane January 7, 1904. He died May 20, 1960.

At the age of 16 he left home and worked for Clem Gardner. Later he became a forest ranger near Sundre, Alberta. He helped build several fire lookouts including the one on Moose Mountain. While a ranger he purchased land where his future home and ranch was established. The site of the original ranch was bought sight unseen.

In 1939 he married Gertrude Louise Flumerfelt, a former Jumping Pound school teacher, and settled down to ranching in earnest. Mervyn Wallace built their home. They had two sons, Lawrence and David, and two daughters, Mary and Patricia.

Education of the children proved a difficult problem as there was no school nearby.

Lawrence, David and Mary Copithorne return from school. Their parents, George and Gertrude, and sister Pat, have come out to greet them.

Fortunately, Harry and Agnes Copithorne came to the rescue. They boarded the four children for seven years until a school bus route was provided.

The children used to leave on their ponies each Monday morning and return each Friday night. On cold mornings, that seven mile ride was quite an ordeal, especially, for the six year old children.

In 1951 Queen Elizabeth, who was then a princess, and Prince Philip stopped at Cochrane on their cross-Canada train tour. With them came a reporter and a photographer who were given the task of writing stories with accompanying pictures relating to each industry in Canada. A friend suggested they contact George to get a report on ranching. He agreed to help them. They mounted horses and rode with George, taking many pictures of him chasing and roping cattle. They also took indoor pictures of him reading to the children, and of his wife and hired man playing the piano and singing. Their visit was a memorable one, and as a happy reminder of their visit they sent him large photos they had taken. An article was printed in the English Picture Post Magazine, and as a result, George received several letters from men wanting jobs on the ranch.

In 1953 Hector (Irish) McDowell built a fine new barn on the ranch. As is usual in most country places, a new barn calls for a good old-fashioned barn dance and this one was no exception. Neighbors from all around the country and friends from Cochrane and Calgary came to celebrate. At one time during the dance, Hector and George stood below the barn loft, heads upraised, eyeing the weaving floor. Said Hector, with a twinkle in his eye, "George, she's steady as a rock!"

In 1958 after the new Trans-Canada highway to Banff was built, George and Sam Blood formed a partnership and built a Texaco service station and garage at Scott Lake. It proved to be a most successful venture.

George was always fond of horses and was never happier than when riding the range overseeing his cattle.

George Copithorne.

Gertrude Copithorne and Walter Lyons entertain the family with music and song.

He enjoyed big game hunting. Each fall he took his pack horses and a couple of his friends in search of mountain sheep, deer or moose to add to the winter's supply of meat. He always returned relaxed and happy, ready to regale the family with exciting stories of his adventure on the trail.

He was skilful, too, at shooting wily magpies that came close to the kitchen door. When he spied one, he quietly grabbed his gun, crept to the door, which he opened quickly — and shot! He rarely missed his target. One moonlight winter's night he was looking out the living room window when he spotted two coyotes on the icy lake in front of the house. He dressed in a white sheet, and gun in hand he crept stealthily towards the edge of the lake. He shot — and much to his delight, one of the coyotes dropped dead.

Ranching has many hazards for cattle. In the fall of 1948, a grizzly bear was taking a heavy toll of neighboring cattle. A reward for its capture was posted and many ranchers tried to catch the bear. One day, while riding in heavily wooded foothills, George found the bear's fresh kill. Later he returned and built a triangular corral around the carcass. He then secured a large steel trap behind the low front log, where the bear had to step over it to get the meat. Next day George returned to find the grizzly, roaring in anger and frustration, securely caught in the trap. One shot from a .300 Savage rifle ended the animal's misery. The cattle killings ceased and George was granted the six hundred dollar reward.

One winter day a sudden Chinook caused a real tragedy. The wind blew snow into the watering hole on the lake and the cattle couldn't get a drink. The Chinook had melted the ice towards the center of the lake and the cattle headed for the open water. Their combined weights broke the thin ice and sixty head drowned.

George had a fine sense of humor and was a natural storyteller. One day on a dare, he rode his horse into the Cochrane Bar, much to the consternation of the bar attendant and the chuckles of his many friends.

George was a great friend of the Morley Indians. Many worked for him and he helped them when they were in need. He enjoyed taking them on his hunting trips as they were happy, resourceful companions. Friends and even strangers were always welcome in his home. The doors were never locked.

George and Gertrude had four children. Lawrence William, born June 5, 1940, attended Jumping Pound School and Mount Royal College. He attended both the University of Alberta, Edmonton, and the University of Minnesota, and graduated with a Ph.D. in Economics. He was Professor of Economics for eight years at the University of Manitoba. During his sabbatical year he did research in the nickel industry at Canberra, Australia. On his return he taught one more year at the University of Manitoba. He is now with Canada Council, Ottawa, Ontario. He married Gail Henker on August 17, 1963. They have three sons, Bruce, Kevin and Peter.

David Bruce, born May 27, 1943, attended Jumping Pound and Cochrane Schools as well as Mount Royal College. He is a graduate of Olds Agricultural College. Dave took over the ranch after his father's death and has built it into a thoroughly modern and efficient enterprise. He married Miriam Bulman on July 2, 1966, and they have two children, Deborah, and Neil.

Mary Elizabeth, born July 5, 1945, attended Jumping Pound and Cochrane Schools and Mount Royal College. She graduated from the University of Alberta with a Bachelor of Education degree and is presently living in Calgary. She married John Donnelly on September 11, 1965, and they have two daughters, Sandra, and Karen.

Patricia Georgina, born October 14, 1948, attended Jumping Pound and Cochrane Schools and Mount Royal College. She graduated from the University of Alberta, Edmonton, with a Bachelor of Science degree. She is a Laboratory Technician with the Red Cross in Edmonton. She married Marvin Bedry, a Civil Engineer, June 24, 1972, and they have one daughter, Christa Nadine.

FRANK COPITHORNE — by Joan Westerson

Dad is the fourth child of Richard and Sophia Copithorne, who were ranchers in the Jumping Pound district.

Dad spent his childhood enjoying the many mischievous adventures that children will engage in. He remembers setting the sheep pen on fire one day. He was always fond of horses and spent many hours riding and breaking them. While attending the Jumping Pound School, one of the favorite pastimes was to swim the horses across the creek. This was a rather dangerous sport and came to an abrupt stop as soon as the children's parents found out. Another of their pastimes was catching gophers during the noon hour at school. This was a harmless sport until they decided to have fun with the teacher, Miss Lila Webster. When she rang the bell for them to return to the classroom, they would not come; she would go looking for them, they would double back and be sitting in their desks when she returned.

Dad spent the year 1914 in Victoria with his Dad and Mother and the rest of the family. He did not enjoy city life and was glad to return to the ranch. When Dad finished school, he worked on his father's ranch until his marriage to Georgia McDougall in 1934. They moved to the XC Bar Ranch which was formerly the XC Ranch. Dad's father had purchased the XC Ranch in 1931 from Dave Lawson and at that time the Bar was added to the brand. From the time of Dad and Mother's marriage there were

Problems: breaking horses, Frank Copithorne holding the reins.

many years of hard work and many pleasurable times as well. The haying and threshing crews consisted of eight to twelve men and Mother used to take hot lunches out to the field; this was done with the use of a horse. Dad never seemed to mind the chore of taking thirty-two horses out to the field each day.

When the war broke out in 1939, it was difficult to get hired help so the work load became very heavy on the ranch. Before the war ended Richard, Anne and Ken were able to help.

Before Mother passed away, January 29, 1973, she and Dad travelled a great deal to such places as Hawaii, the British Isles, Europe, the Caribbean and the U.S.A. Dad and Mother had five children, Richard, Anne, Kenneth, myself, and Thomas.

Dad is still on the ranch actively ranching, and as an old-timer has seen a great many changes from the horse and buggy days to the space age with its jet travel.

Richard and his wife Shirley, with their two children, Roger and Karen, live in their own home on the ranch.

Anne married David Campbell and they have two sons, Ross and Scott. They reside in Calgary.

Ken and his wife Freda have two children, Mark and Julie. They also reside on the ranch in their own home.

I married Ted Westerson and we live north of Cochrane. We have two sons, Philip and Brady.

Tom and his wife Patty also have their own home on the ranch.

CLARENCE COPITHORNE

I am the youngest son of Richard and Sophia Copithorne and was born on November 12, 1920, in the little brick hospital in Cochrane, where Ed and Ruth Davies now make their home. I started my education in a log school called the Little Jumping Pond; it was about a four mile ride. Upon arrival, you tied your horse to a bush and went into the school. Weather played a very big factor in our house; if it was twenty below zero you didn't have to go to school. To a young person attending school, the degrees on the thermometer were very important to a boy who was not academically inclined. The school was later moved to within a half mile of my home, and then I walked to school. I believe the ride to school gave one of the most important educations in a young person's life.

I do not remember my mother since she died when I was three years old. I was raised by my sisters Margaret (Margy) and Annie. My father died April 27, 1936, and to me it was a very grave loss indeed.

In the settlement of family affairs, because I am the youngest of the family of six, I was given Father's cattle brand, CL on the right hip; the other members of the family already had their own brands. This brand was registered prior to 1900. My horse brand is also CL on the right hip, registered at a later date, as well as the Hook Lazy H, which members of my family currently use.

There were some things in my early youth which stood out, but made me no different from any other boy in that period of time. The Depression of the 1930s did not affect me to the same extent as the elders, because I didn't know any difference between an affluent society and one that was hard up.

I trapped gophers and sold them at Colpitts Fox Farm for one cent per pound. The number of gophers that existed in the 1930s made it very profitable. Rabbits were also bountiful and they, too, found their way to the fox farm, at one cent a

pound. Another activity which I took part in in the late 1930s, was chasing wild horses and clearing them from the forest reserve. This was done by contract. They were taken to Colpitts, and also to Bill McKendrick Sr's. fox farm. The best horses were shipped to Prince Albert and sold to settlers there. I suppose that the two or three winters I spent chasing those broomtails were the most unproductive days of my life, but I wouldn't have exchanged them for anything.

When I was a boy, we milked 15 to 20 cows. One time when I had finished my milking, I tied a cow's tail to a washtub and climbed in for a ride. However, the ride did not last long, but the stampede which occurred certainly cut short the amount of milk to be separated that night. I was in the black books of "the management" for a short while after that particular episode.

In the summer the raking boys would practice riding the milk cows. This again was frowned upon by "the management", so was not generally done on an open basis. I remember when the hay crew was camped near our neighbour John Park, some of us boys, in the late evening, rode his steers in the pasture. We cornered them up, roped one, and rode him in. I don't know whether the challenge was for riding the steer, or for doing something we shouldn't!

I competed in some of the local rodeos. One, which was most exciting, was in Morley, when I rode my first bronc in competition. On a horse named "Dillinger", I made a good ride, and from then on was sure I was a true bronc rider! I continued to ride broncs and steers, and also enjoyed the Wild Horse Race and the Wild Cow Milking. At the Calgary Stampede in 1971, I entered a milking contest; the winner was the milker who could get the most milk from a cow in two minutes. Much to the surprise of many of the dairymen and certainly all my fellow politicians, I was the winner.

During 1937-1938-1939, I attended Olds Agricultural School, and graduated with a diploma in Agriculture. For a country boy attending such a large school, it was a phenomenal experience, and I enjoyed it very much. Later on all of my children, with the exception of Sue, attended the Agricultural School.

The first public office I ever held was that of secretary-treasurer of the Jumping Pound Forestry Grazing Association, in 1945. This organization served several ranches in the district and their combined allotments on the Jumping Pound Forest Reserve. I held this position until 1971.

I joined the Masonic Lodge of King Solomon and later became Master of the Lodge. I also belonged to the Odd Fellows Lodge in Cochrane.

In 1948 I was elected as a director of the Western Stock Growers Association, Alberta's oldest farm organization. I held several positions in this organization, the last of which was president. After my turn as president, I joined the other past presidents as a governor of the association.

In 1946 I married Irene Robertson, eldest daughter of Don and Yvonne Robertson, who were the proprietors of the English Shop in Calgary. At that time I set up a homestead and ranch headquarters on the Joe Clemens place, on the Jumping Pound Creek. I started to build our first home, 14 feet by 18 feet, on September 14, 1945. It was a poor fall, and I hauled a load of lumber to the site of our new residence in about 14 inches of snow. The little two-room house was not completed until the spring of 1946.

We built a barn and proceeded with plans for the house we now live in. Our first home was turned into a bunkhouse and later built on to for a family that would be working here.

My wife had a tough indoctrination into ranch life that first summer, with two hay crews and a crew of carpenters to cook for. She cooked for 27 men all summer, and I often wonder why she did not leave at that point. Either it was because 25 miles to Calgary was a longer distance in those days, or mobility in the way of vehicles was a scarce commodity. Not being a great horseback enthusiast, she did not care to walk, or, perhaps, love was blind!

Along with the busy life of setting up a home, planting trees and building all the things that go

Clarence Copithorne breaking a horse.

The Clarence Copithorne family. Back row: Clarence, Roy, Don, Wendy, Irene. Front: Margery, Jo-Anne, Sue.

Clarence and Irene Copithorne's children on "Chubby."

with constructing a ranch, there seemed to be a regular occurrence of children being born. Each year for the first three years one appeared, Don, Roy, and Margery. Then there was a two year gap before Wendy was born, then Jo-Anne and finally Sue. They were all normal healthy children and enjoyed horses as much as I did. I was fortunate in being able to purchase, from the Stoney Indians, a reliable horse named "Chubby", on which the younger ones all learned to ride. We were interested in competing in the gymkhanas, and all won prizes in the contests. Mom would pack a lunch, I would load the horses and kids; we were nearly a gymkhana of competitors ourselves!

During this period I was active in the Cochrane Light Horse Association. I was president for two years. During my term of office, Edith Edge was sponsored by the association and became Calgary Stampede Queen. I suppose that the influence and personal interest we, as a family, had in Edith, prompted our daughter Wendy to say that when she grew up, she was going to become Stampede Queen. Her wish was not fulfilled, but in 1970 she became a Stampede Princess.

Onward from 1946, I became very active and involved in Rural Electrification. I suppose the greatest inventor of anything is need, and the need around our place was electricity! I had a monstrosity in my garage called a Delco, a 32 volt system providing electricity. It consisted of 16 glass batteries, and an engine that was balky most of the time.

The neighbours and I formed the Springbank Rural Electrification Association of which I was president. I held this position for 25 years. Calgary Power notified us that they would consider a scheme whereby the community members would put up one third of the money and they would put up two thirds. Later Calgary Power stated this could not be done. I suggested that perhaps the community should form a co-op and supply all the cost of building the line. This time one of the company's high officials informed me that "I was a young man and had a tremendous amount to learn about finances, particularly from farmers." The committee again canvassed their areas, and it was found that the farmers would put up all the money. Within 48 hours, I returned to Calgary Power's office with $50,000.00 in cheques, to say that the farmers in the Springbank, Brushy Ridge and Jumping Pound areas were ready to put up the money for Rural Electrification. This was based on a distance of ¾ of a mile between farms, at a cost of $750. each. This literally amazed the company and hence we formed a co-operative.

It was a great day in our community in March 1948, when the lights were turned on! The co-operation of Fred Gale, as Calgary Power's representative, was much appreciated; the workmen had to ride horseback to some of the services to see that they were properly turned on. We had a turkey supper at Bob and Minnie Barnes' to celebrate the occasion. It was the first time in six weeks that we were able to get out, because of the deep snow. It took most of the day to go the six miles from our place to the Barnes' for the occasion, having to be pulled most of the way by a team of horses in front of the car. We stayed overnight, and the next day journeyed to town for supplies.

I resigned as president of the association when I became a Cabinet Minister, and was presented with a silver tray by the members of the association.

While president I got into a hassle with Calgary Power over rights of land ownership. It started out as a dispute whether Calgary Power could expropriate the property without negotiation and take possession without notification. A most lengthy quarrel developed, which ended up in the Supreme Court of Canada. I was the loser. One small bit of satisfaction I had, was the fact that it is a compulsory case for all law students in Canada to study, because of its extraordinary nature. When it was all over, I was poorer but wiser.

In 1967 forty of my neighbours and friends came to my home and asked me to run in the forthcoming Provincial election. I agreed to run. In a whirlwind election campaign of 19 days, in which I never made a speech or held a public meeting, I was elected with a small majority to represent the constituency of Banff-Cochrane, as an Independent. In April 1970, I joined the Conservatives to run in my second election under the leadership of Peter Lougheed. I was elected and then appointed Minister of Highways and Transport.

My boyhood days had a great influence on my philosophy towards my community. I remember when, at the age of 13 or 14, a neighbour, Tom Bateman Sr., allowed me to drive his Model A Ford in the field. Little did he know the risk he provided, and that some day I would be the Minister of Highways.

I remember driving with Father in his Model T up the Cochrane Hill, south, backwards, in order to have enough gas run into the motor to

generate the required power to haul the inept iron horse to the top. In 1929 Father bought a Chandler. I used to go to the west end of the garage to get an eye-witness view of him going through the end of the garage, while "docking" the iron monster after a spin in the field, where he practised getting used to the controls and gearshift.

Sunday evenings the family gathered around the piano to sing, often with the Edge boys, Tom Bateman, Dave Lawson, and my brother Percy playing the fiddle, and Jack Copithorne playing the drums. We also had a highlight, which made me a life long Toronto Maple Leaf fan, the radio hockey broadcasts of Foster Hewitt! Most stirring on Saturday nights, with Charlie Conacher winding up behind his goal, shooting and scoring. We often went down to Jack Copithorne's to listen on their radio and were treated to cake, cookies and cocoa, with hospitality nobody but Nan could provide. Part of the "good old days" that were really good!

Trapping in the winter was an enterprise I enjoyed, caring for my traplines going to and from school and in the evenings. I caught mink, weasel, and coyotes. I used to take my father's hounds. Later I had hounds of my own. Coyote hunting was a great sport as well as profitable, especially in the 1930s. I always have admired the coyote, even though I've killed a lot of them. Although his principles are few, you have to admire his cleverness and his ability for having the wits to survive. I have always said that "When the last man on earth is dead, there will still be one coyote left to roam."

One year when our children were young, there was a flash flood in the Jumping Pound. The children were in the yard, where we were feeding a number of steers, checking to see that the cattle had enough to eat. In the yard they found five baby goslings that had been washed away from their mother. They brought the "young ducks" as they thought, home and we spent part of that day trying to find the mother goose. It was a rarity for geese to hatch in this area. The mother could not be located, so we elected to raise the young geese under the heat lamp. When they were about three quarters grown, stray dogs killed three, leaving us with two. These became family pets. One goose, at the age of three years, decided to get a mate, but the other goose, being more responsible, had duties to attend to. He walked the children to the school bus, guarded the house in the daytime, kept the dogs out of the yard, as well as everything else, and kept the strangers away from the door. He was called "Fella" and delighted many of the neighbours by visiting them. In the spring of the year, particularly when Wendy would take a horse and go riding, he flew at eye level beside her horse, honking and creating a great fuss. When we went away from home he waited at the gate, puddling in a slough, and when we drove from the gate to the house he would fly back honking and racing us to the back door. He used to spend the winter on the front step, which certainly showed his untidiness as a housekeeper! "Fella" enjoyed porridge with cream and sugar on it! Indeed he was a very large goose and thoroughly spoiled, but thoroughly enjoyed by all of the family. One fall, on December 3rd, he decided to migrate with a beautiful wife, now just paying us a call every spring with his mate, when they return to nest in the valley.

"Fella," the Clarence Copithorne's pet wild goose.

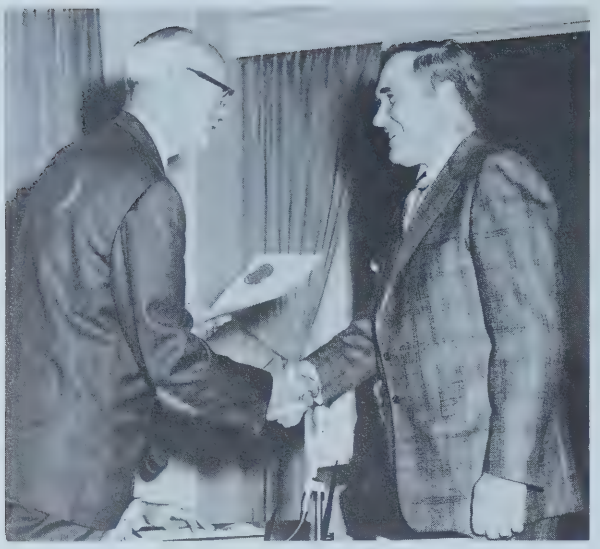
Another enterprise that I was involved in was the operation of our rural telephone system. It was a defunct government operation, that was turned over to the farmers if they wanted to continue having telephone services; all the lines had to be rebuilt.

In the early 1960s, I became an associate director of the Calgary Exhibition and Stampede. I was appointed to look after the Horse Sale, which was billed as "The Largest Horse Sale in the World", with a horse for everyone's needs. Indeed it was exactly that. It had a great deal to do with Calgary being established as the "Horse Capital of the World."

As our children grew up and reached the age of twelve, they became involved in the 4-H Club. I had six children involved in the club at one time. I served as an assistant leader and enjoyed working with the neighbours' children as well as my own. One year Margery won the Reserve Champion Beef Steer at the Calgary Show and Don won the best of three Championship. Both Don and Roy won Club championships with their Hereford heifers. During my political career, I had the honor of addressing the National 4-H Convention at Banff with Don Matthews as chairman.

When I became involved in politics, my involvement in community affairs came to an end. I missed this, but I had to have a neutrality with which I could successfully represent the people of my constituency.

After becoming Minister of Highways times changed. At the swearing-in ceremonies I was extremely nervous, as was every other minister who was being sworn in for the first time. The



Clarence Copithorne and Lt. Governor Grant McEwan at the swearing-in ceremony for new Cabinet Ministers.

responsibilities seemed enormous! After I had taken the Oath of Office, a reporter asked me what qualified me to be Minister of Highways. At that moment I, too, was wondering the same thing and replied, "I have graded thousands of miles of road in Alberta with the bottom of my car and the face of my windshield, and that is what qualifies me to be the Minister of Highways." It brought a great laugh, and the interview with the press was over for that day!

The first months as Minister were hectic ones. On my first appearance at the office that I was to occupy in the Highways Building, I arrived to a waiting room completely jammed with people. I had been in the Minister's office on one other occasion, so had an idea where I was to go. I went into my office, which seemed very large and lonely, to find a very large file of unsettled expropriations left on the desk. I sat there awhile looking at some of them, then went out and proceeded to wade my way to what appeared to be a receptionist. I introduced myself and asked her to come into my office. I asked her (Mrs. Moore) who all the people were outside. She informed me that they were waiting to see me! I told her to tell them to go home for awhile as the little knowledge I had about highways was not going to do them much good today. In the next three to five months, I met all the people who had lost their case in interviews in the past 37 years, and all the people who had lost the election on the 30th of August. I went through a very heavy learning period in that first year. It was a time of great immersion in people and the problems in the highways and transportation system in Alberta.

Many amusing incidents happened. One day a very persistent native person called me. It seemed he had lost his driver's license and after talking to him for some time, I discovered I had gone to quite an effort to get him a license in the first place, qualifying him to drive a school bus for his native people. He had forgotten his responsibilities one Saturday night, and had his license suspended. He was pretty upset, but he simply admitted " 'Clarance', I don't understand this suspension business." It was difficult to explain that kind of a situation.

Building the Fort Vermilion Bridge was probably one of the greatest thrills and satisfactions I had while in office. This is the largest most northerly bridge built in North America. It crosses the mighty Peace River, is nearly 2000 feet long, and is linked by a road from Slave Lake, which, except for 20 miles, I was also able to complete. Other projects I was pleased with were: building the David Thompson Highway, and the paving of the Fort McMurray road, which enabled the Syncrude Extraction of the Oil Sands to proceed the following year. In those four years, the Department was successful in paving 14,065 miles of new road in Alberta. Twelve new major bridges were built in the Province, and we had an extensive safety program. The weight for truck hauls in Alberta was raised to 110,000 pounds, and we successfully negotiated a pro-rata agreement between Alberta, British Columbia, Saskatchewan and 19 Western States. We started the Edmonton Rapid Transit System, graded 2,000 miles of new road in Alberta, oiled 4,000 miles and gravelled 2,400 miles.

The development of the Wild Rose as Alberta's symbol, and its application in our highway signing and licensing program, made our systems distinctive in Canada.

The four years as Minister was a time in my life never to be equalled. Upon my retirement from politics, the office staff gave me a party. I treasure the many gifts presented to me. One was a cube with pictures representing all the tough projects that we accomplished. A special set of personalized license plates with the word "Cowboy" were presented to me by the department. Rosi Cameron permitted the department to reproduce Stu Cameron's famous cartoon "Mounting The Dudes" with personal pictures of my office and department staffs' heads in place of Stu's characters. The Mayor of Lethbridge, Andy Anderson, presented me with the bronze Coat of Arms of the City of Lethbridge.

Since I retired from politics I have returned to my ranch at Jumping Pound. I am enjoying ranching full-time once again. Our children are now grown up. Margery is married to Bob Richmond and they reside at Hinton, Alberta. They have a daughter, Carla Jean, and a son, Clinton Robert. Wendy and her husband, Dave Hawes, live in Salmon Arm, British Columbia, and Sue and her husband, John Simkin, reside at Consort, Alberta. Jo-Anne is still at home. Roy is married to Judy Lewis from Eastend, Saskatchewan, and they live on the ranch. Donald is not married and lives in Calgary.

Through the years, Irene and I have enjoyed our lives together working in the community, on the ranch and for Alberta.

A DREAM COME TRUE — by Wendy Hawes (nee Copithorne)

This may not be the "National Dream," but it is a dream a little girl had for many years, that finally came true.

It all began rolling for me on March 4, 1971. I had to attend a very special meeting that was being held in the Brand Room of the Agricultural Building, on the Calgary Exhibition and Stampede grounds. It was the meeting of twenty-five girls, all hoping to hold the 1971 Stampede Queen title. This was just an introduction for us, outlining what was to follow in the very near future. The contest really got underway on March 13, when we were all invited to a semi-formal buffet supper. Here we were being secretly judged on poise, personality, etc. The following day, Sunday, was the nerve breaker! Only ten of us would be in the running after the impromptu questions and public speaking. We drew numbers for the order in which we were to speak. Having had experience with public speaking in 4-H was a great asset to me here. The impromptu questions were something you couldn't prepare for, but only do your best and come out smiling. Well, I made it, and now on to the next phase, with my nine rivals. This took place at the D'Arcy Ranch on April 25, where we had to display our riding ability. We were mounted on strange horses and asked to perform a figure eight, as well as ride the rail at a walk, trot and jog. Here we were narrowed from ten to five, and now the fun begins!

Wendy Copithorne, Calgary Stampede Princess. Photo courtesy Laurendeau Photographies, Calgary.

The Calgary International Horse Show was the next and final phase. This would determine the Queen and her two Princesses. It was the week or five days that we, the finalists, really got to know each other a little better. We were being judged at all times that week, so had to watch our Ps and Qs. Each evening of the Horse Show, one of us acted as master of ceremonies, introducing the others as they rode their horses through the reining pattern for the benefit of the judges.

The last evening of the contest, Mr. Bailey, president of the Stampede Queen Committee, hosted a banquet for us and our parents. This was a great way to try to relax before the great moment arrived. There were no judges present, just a room full of new and dear friends. Mr. Bailey presented us with lovely orchid corsages, which made us all look and feel like queens, win or lose! We went over to the Corral to await the final decision. The next thing I knew, my name was being announced over the loud speaker, and only then did I realize that my dream had finally come to life. It was true, I had been chosen as a princess to reign alongside Queen Leslie MacDonald and Princess Shirley Inkster.

This was the beginning of one of the most memorable years of my life. The next few weeks, before Stampede arrived, were filled with fittings for our outfits, schooling on people we should recognize by name, grooming ourselves for the public and many other dos and don'ts.

The big ten day show finally arrived and July 7, 1971, I had a chauffeur pick me up at work and take me to the Palliser Hotel. This was to be my home for the next few days. We no sooner got moved in, when we had to change into our new outfits and dash off to our first official appearance. This was a football game at McMahon Stadium. We had a very busy schedule ahead of us, for in the next week there were at least 90 functions we were booked for. Our days started at 6 a.m. and went until midnight every day. Some days we had to attend two breakfasts and three luncheons. Each evening, we were the guests of different restaurants throughout Calgary. We had the greatest chaperone, Sibyl Butler, who had been this route many times. She knew exactly how long we had at each party, before we had to rush off. She also had the chore of getting us up in the morning and unwinding us at night. Sibyl truly made our week run smoothly.

One of the highlights of the Stampede was having the whole grandstand full of people sing Happy Birthday to me. We had a lovely supper at the Calgary Inn that night, where Mom had left one of her delicious birthday cakes for me.

It was truly a great experience being a Stampede Princess. We were showered with many great and treasured gifts throughout the whole year. We met celebrities such as Premier Lougheed, Prime Minister and Mrs. Pierre Trudeau, Charlie Pride, Johnny Cash, June Carter, Bobby Orr, Rich Little and Bobby Curtola, just to name a few.

Although Stampede days were the highlight of our reign, we were on the road a lot, attending rodeos, parades and club parties. Some of the bigger functions were travelling to Cheyenne, Wyoming, to their rodeo, appearing at the Kelowna Regatta and last but not least, the Grey Cup game, which was held in Vancouver that year. What a way to wind up the year with the Calgary Stampeders winning the Grey Cup!

It was a year that I shall always remember. We worked as a trio, made the best of our ever-so-short twelve months and I'd do it all again if given the chance. The three of us, Leslie, Shirley and I are married now. Leslie has taken over the chaperoning of the Queen and Princesses, as well as working for Air Canada; Shirley is a schoolteacher and my husband Dave and I live on a small acreage just outside Salmon Arm, British Columbia. I'm working for the Shuswap Veterinary Clinic and Dave is an employee at Holdings Lumber Co. Ltd.

This is just a brief outline of my reign as Stampede Princess. I have a hundred pictures that hold some of the many memories that I'd love to share with you, but you'll have to come to "Beautiful British Columbia" for a visit!

JOHN ARTHUR WILLIAM FRASER, 1868-1930

J. A. W. Fraser, affectionately known to his friends as "Jaw", came to Alberta from Scotland around 1890. He homesteaded the Merino Ranch near Cochrane, later moving to the Jumping Pound, where he purchased between seven and eight sections of land. About that time (1892 or 1893), he dropped his original "JAW" brand in favour of XC. From then on, the Fraser Ranch was known as the XC.

In 1895 Jaw Fraser married Dolly McCreight, and a daughter, Dorothy, was born the following year. Dolly died in 1897, and he married Muriel Winter, (daughter of Judge and Mrs. Winter of Calgary) in 1903. There were two daughters of the second marriage, Daphne and Diana.

Early in his ranching career, Mr. Fraser imported Highland cattle, which however, proved to be unsatisfactory as beef. Later he settled for the more conventional breeds of Angus, Shorthorn and Hereford, always buying the best available breeding stock. Eventually a fine herd of roughly a thousand head was built up. He was a pioneer in the field of vaccination against blackleg.

In 1902 Mr. Fraser imported his first Suffolk Punch stallion, "Lord Nelson", which he bred to lightweight mares, resulting in a heavyweight hunter type, perfect for driving and a good saddle horse too. Many of these horses were sold to the Royal North West Mounted Police and when World War I broke out, they were in great demand as remounts.

Those were the days when men fought at the drop of a hat, and no saga of the old ranch would be complete without some mention of Ted Cook, an ex-farrier Sergeant of the Boer War, and for many years, foreman of the XC. A big kindly man and a great favorite with all the children, with whom he was patience personified, but if a man angered him, all hell broke loose. On a certain occasion, one of the men was sweet on the current hired girl; it was dinner time and Cook teasingly made some derogatory remark about the girl's cooking — a heavy cup flew across the table and broke just above Cook's right eye, — there was a sound of overturning chairs and in seconds a terrified girl was screaming, "Mr. Fraser, Mr. Fraser, come quick, he's killing my Billy!" With a few well chosen words, the boss quashed Cook, at the same time telling the cup-wielding Billy to get his horse and get out fast. Later that day the girl was seen, pitchfork in hand, searching for Cook. She left the next day.

"The Boss", as he was generally known on the ranch, was Game Warden and Fire Guardian for many years. Fires started by lightning were the most spectacular, turning the forest to the west of the ranch into a raging inferno. In those early days, there were of course no telephones, but somehow every man in the country turned up with wet sacks and salt. A fireguard was promptly ploughed, and eventually the fire was put out. Only then, did weary, red-eyed men and horses (smelling of smoke, with singed hair and eyebrows) head for home. The patient horses stood a short distance from the fire, lines trailing; they too should be remembered.

Fire in the hay meadows was an ever present threat, due to sparks from passing trains and careless humans, endangering the essential winter feed for the stock.

In 1908 Mr. Fraser bought his first car, a McLaughlin Buick. Its weight was tremendous and it had an affinity for mudholes; once stuck, only a very strong team could pull it out, but it was a joy in the dry season to whip into Calgary and back (at 20 mph); a gallon whiskey jar filled with water was carried at all times for the thirsty radiator. If one came home in the dark, the acetylene lamps were lighted with a match. As this was the only car on the Jumping Pound, several optimistic mothers-to-be made use of it to reach Cochrane and Doctor Park, in the nick of time. On one occasion the family drove to Banff. The roads, though dry, were appallingly rough — they had eleven punctures! When even-

tually they reached Banff, it was 8 p.m. and the gates were closed. In those days no cars were allowed into the town after dark. Their lights would frighten the horses!

Feeding the haying gang posed quite a problem in those non-refrigerator days and to augment the eternal corned beef, which was kept in a barrel of brine in the corner of the cook tent, one sheep a week was killed. Mr. Fraser ran 100 head of Suffolk sheep for this special purpose; he did all the butchering himself and buyers were on hand every fall for the hides.

By 1913 the motor car was becoming increasingly popular, and horses for the family chariot, the democrat, were definitely on the way out, while heavy horses were still in demand. In consequence of this change, the Suffolk Punch stallions were replaced by an imported Clydesdale, "Bog Davey."

The year 1912 saw the beginning of the now famous Calgary Stampede, and it was decided to import Texas Longhorns as a crowd chiller. Wintering these animals posed a problem and eventually they turned up at the XC, where they added a spectacular feature to the landscape.

Many distinguished visitors stayed at the XC, in those early days when game and fish were plentiful and there were coyote hunts and pigeon shoots.

In the months preceding the first World War, a new type of visitor appeared; the place was alive with geologists, the most noteworthy of whom was Cunningham-Craig, a wily Scot. At that time there was an oil boom in Calgary, to out-boom all oil booms, and according to Cunningham-Craig, the Jumping Pound, and especially the XC, was sitting on top of a sea of oil. We were all going to be millionaires! Mr. Fraser, Mr. Pirmez the Belgian Consul, George Rolls and one or two others formed a company called Petrol Limited, with head office in Belgium. This was July 1914. In August the bubble burst, Belgium was invaded by Germany. We were at war.

In 1916 the XC was sold through a transaction effected by Finney-Wade. The family moved to Vancouver Island, but finding himself unable to settle down there, Mr. Fraser returned to Alberta, where he bought the U bar C at Pirmez Creek, (now Highland Stock Farm, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Donald Matthews, their son, Rob, his wife and their family). By 1920 he found himself really ready for retirement and, after a trip to Scotland, the family once again headed for Vancouver Island, where they purchased "Culraven," near Sidney. Here they kept a cow and a couple of horses. Tennis and golf pleasured his leisure time, especially tennis, as he had been an outstanding player in his youth.

Mr. Fraser died in 1930, aged 62 years; his wife followed him in 1963. The XC Ranch is now owned and operated by Frank Copithorne and his three sons, Richard, Ken, and Tom and their families.

EDWARD AND JAMES HARRISON

"Teddy" Harrison came from England to the Jumping Pound district around 1890, and worked at various places in the district before taking up a homestead on the NW½ 24-25-5-5, the present home of Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Barrows.

At one time he herded sheep for the Merino Ranch. He also worked for J. A. W. Fraser with Ted Cook and John Park, at the Belgian Horse Ranch and for John Copithorne. While working at Copithornes, Teddy learned, from Mrs. Copithorne, to cook very well, and worked hard to help her feed the hungry crews at roundup time.

After taking up a homestead, he sold it to Rickard Burke in 1929 and bought Mrs. Hut's homestead, SE¼ 22-25-5-5. He lived the rest of his life in a log house which is still standing on SE¼ 22-25-5-5, and raised purebred Shorthorn cattle. Teddy was also involved in the Thoroughbred horse business and travelled a stallion around the country for a number of years.

He always welcomed visitors to his house for fresh homemade bread, pie and tea. After Burkes moved to Vancouver, he looked after their place for them until it was sold. Every year he joined Stanley Cope and his crew and worked with them putting up hay, and harvesting for the neighbors. During this time, he was chief cook as well as doing field work.

Teddy's brother, Jimmy, came from Liverpool, England, where he had worked as a policeman, thus earning the nickname "Flannel

Edward "Teddy" Harrison.

Foot the Cop." Jimmy first came to Ontario and then came out to join Teddy around 1928. He worked with Teddy and Stanley haying and harvesting. On September 20, 1929, he bought Andrew Park's land, SW¼ 28-25-5-5, where he lived and ranched until he died in Calgary, July 15, 1951.

Neither Teddy nor Jimmy married. They had a sister in Canada, who married Mr. Lineham and they lived at Turner Valley for a number of years.

Teddy passed away May 3, 1952, in Calgary. Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Buckley now reside on his place. Mr. and Mrs. David Copithorne own Jimmy Harrison's place and his house is still standing.

MRS. NANCY HUT — by Margaret Buckley

Mrs. Nancy Hut and her son Leonard came to Jumping Pound around 1906 or 1907 and homesteaded the SE¼ 22-25-5-5.

They built a house of logs on the west side of the hill overlooking a beautiful valley and a lovely view of Moose Mountain. The foundation of the house was layered rock taken from the ridge on the hill above her house. The house had one large room on the main floor and an upstairs. The barn and chicken house were also made from logs but had sod roofs.

Mrs. Hut and Leonard milked cows, and sold cream at Batemans. Before the War broke out in 1914, Leonard, Stanley and Arthur Cope, the Bacon brothers, Tom Lusk and a few other fellows planned to build a community hall for the district on the SW¼ 14-25-5-5. This land, at that time, was a government water reserve. Later Ted Cook homesteaded it. The men cut the logs in the bush and hauled them down to the location ready to start, but many of the men, including Leonard, joined the forces and plans for the hall were never completed. Harry Bacon was killed in the War and Leonard was wounded. The logs sat down on 14 until Stanley Cope, who had purchased the land from Ted Cook, hauled them up to his place and built a sturdy set of corrals with them. These corrals were used until 1972 when they were replaced with new ones.

Stanley rented Mrs. Hut's land for pasture for many years and his rent from July 1924, to April 1925, was $75.00.

It appears that Mrs. Hut did not get out too much, but she shopped in Cochrane and occasionally went to Calgary. When going to Calgary, she stopped at Munros and one time purchased a pig from Mrs. Munro. As Mr. Munro was away at the time, his wife told Mrs. Hut to go and pick one out. She did just that, the biggest in the bunch, much to the disdain of Mrs. Munro when her husband came home and found out.

Teddy Harrison purchased Mrs. Hut's land and she and Leonard moved to the Burnt Ground, in the Glendale district. They lived there awhile and then moved to the Peace River country, where Leonard married.

Mrs. Hut's homestead house is still standing and her homestead site is now the home of the Harvey Buckley family.

THE LONE STAR RANCH

The Lone Star Ranch received its name from John Copithorne in the early 1900s. Near the creek on the NE¼ 7-24-5-5, John, with his eldest son, Jim, and brother, Sam, built a log house on the top of the hill from the present location of the Lone Star Ranch house. The only access to the ranch was up from the flat of the Jumping Pound creek and one winter night as John and a friend were returning to the ranch house in the dark, he spotted the light shining brightly in the window. Jim was living there at the time and John turned to his companion and exclaimed, "Look at the Lone Star."

The original ranch house was burned down when cleaning up after a roundup. A match was accidently thrown into the many papers gathered up from the men's lunches.

Claude Copithorne rebuilt the present "Lone Star" ranch house below the hill. He lived there for a time as did Ernie and his wife.

This house is still used by a range rider and the neighbors at roundup time. It is presently owned by Mr. and Mrs. Len Kumlin.

The Lone Star Ranch.

THE NICOLL STORY — by Harry Nicoll

Louis D. Nicoll, a lad of 18 years, came to Canada from England in 1903. On arriving in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, he took a job on a railroad. At the end of his first week, he dropped a hammer on the foreman's toe, thus ending his railroad career. He then went to work for a farmer who taught him to drive oxen, and plough. Louis stayed with the farmer until the spring of 1904, when he and his friend, Luther Beck, headed for Vancouver. Luther had come to Canada with Louis and it was their intention upon arrival in Vancouver to go to the Klondyke.

There was no work to be had in Vancouver, Seattle or Victoria, although Louis did manage to get a month's work in a sawmill in Victoria at 12¢ an hour. They gave up the idea of the Klondyke

Founders of the Lone Star Ranch, Jumping Pound, John Copithorne with his brother Sam and John's son Jim.

after seeing a ship from Alaska, covered with about three feet of ice, dock in Victoria.

Louis returned to England in December 1904. In June of 1905, he came to Calgary with his brother Eugene (Jimmy). Here they met Luther and they decided to take up homesteads. Louis and Jimmy homesteaded the SW¼ and SE¼ 36-25-4-5, and bought the W½ 31-24-4-5 from Mr. Murray on August 5, 1905. This purchase started Nicoll Bros & Co. Luther left after a year and went homesteading in northern Alberta. The ranch was now Nicoll Bros.

Louis and Jimmy purchased a half section from Glen Healy in November 1905. They moved Healy's log house down to the ranch and many dances and school concerts were held in this building. From here on they purchased land from time to time until they had a good sized ranch.

Jimmy married Ada Wills from Springbank on January 19, 1911. She was a good wife and as most women of those days, helped with the milking and looked after the chickens, turkeys, ducks and geese. She always had a big pot of soup on the stove in winter and I can still see her waving at the kitchen window to come in for soup whenever we came in from a cold ride. She passed away in August 1942. Ada and Jimmy had no children.

On December 31, 1912, Louis married Margaret Ethel Copithorne, daughter of John and Susan Copithorne. They had four children: Violet, Claudine, myself and Louis Jr.

Violet married John Richardson of Calgary. They lived in Calgary until 1973 when Jack retired from Imperial Oil and they moved to Sidney, British Columbia. They have no children.

Claudine married Howard Mitchell of Calgary, who worked in an official capacity for 4X Bakeries, which eventually became McGavin Toastmaster. They have three children, Peggy, Violet and Jack, and 3 grandchildren. Howard died in 1975 and Claudine is now moving to the Coast from Winnipeg.

Louis Jr. married Phyllis Hall from Cochrane and they were on the ranch until 1948, when they started a dairy farm in the Brushy Ridge district. In 1952 they sold out and moved to Calgary, Louis working for Model Dairies and then T. Eaton Company. They have two children, David and Barbara, and six grandchildren.

I joined the R.C.A.F. in May 1941, and in 1942 married Maria Douma of Calgary. When I returned from Newfoundland and got my discharge in October 1945, we returned to the ranch where I worked with my father and uncle. We have one son Raymond. I still operate the ranch, assisted by Raymond.

Raymond married Shannon Estby and they have two children, a daughter Holly Leanne and a son Mason Eugene.

Uncle Jim kept a daily diary of the events that took place on the ranch and in the community from 1905 until 1963, when he went to the hospital and then to a Nursing Home. Here he

spent his last years, passing away in June 1969, at the age of 86.

I have gained much information from these volumes, and many interesting stories, which have been passed on to those concerned. My father predeceased his brother in February 1960.

In the early years of the ranch, most of the Nicoll Bros. business was done in Cochrane, or at least through the town. All their provisions were purchased there, such as ten 98 pound sacks of flour for $27.00 in 1912. My father was a very prominent Mason in King Solomon Lodge in Cochrane and at one time, was D.D.G.M. My mother was a charter member of the Eastern Star in Cochrane.

Besides raising four children, Mother helped with the milking and cared for the poultry. She fed the work crews and still found time to go fishing or berry picking with Ada. She still is in good health although her eyesight is failing. Mother divides her time between the Coast and the ranch at Jumping Pound.

MR. AND MRS. JOHN PARK — by Bessie MacEwan

In 1898 my father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. John Park, came to Canada, to Calgary and on to Cochrane. With them came my brother Andrew, aged three and a half. My sister Peggie and I remained at school in Scotland for seven years.

Mother and Father, and of course Andrew, stayed at the Queen's Hotel in Calgary for six weeks. Calgary then consisted of Eighth Avenue (Stephen Ave.), it being from Second Street East to First Street West, with wooden sidewalks and mud.

Father had come to Canada after his business in Scotland went into liquidation because he and "Johnny Walker" were much too friendly. No, he was not a remittance man but did have a bi-yearly allowance from his father's estate. He could have had a homestead within the (then) city of Calgary limits but as "Johnny Walker" seemed to have relations here, he preferred to go further west. They proceeded to the XC Ranch and I believe were there two or three years. Finally Father took up a homestead on NW¼ 16-25-5-5; later he bought two other quarters, one homesteaded by Herb (Soapy) Smith, and the other by Uncle Bob, who came to Canada in 1903. Soapy Smith was a guide in the mountains and only lived on his place part of the time. My father bought another half section of land in the same area later. The fourth quarter of sixteen was reserved by the Government for water reserve. My father's brand was Bar reversed LR.

Father built a log house on his quarter; it was lined with fir and in one of Mother's letters we read incorrectly and thought it was lined with

Mr. and Mrs. John Park's home with Soapy Smith's house in the foreground, under construction.

fur. When we were prepared to come out, we had with us a hugh packing case of the very warmest clothing, for which we never had a use. We cut and braided them for the beautiful rugs my mother fashioned. Father still hob-nobbed with "Johnny's" relations but Mother was a wonderful woman. While they were at the XC, Clem Gardner, then a boy, and his two sisters used to all get on one horse and jump over barrels, hence Clem's great horsemanship.

For months on end Mother never saw a white woman. The Indians came, and Mother fed them; always they wrapped up the food they couldn't consume and said, "Squaw, papoose."

Water was carried from the spring and wood cut in the bush and chopped for firewood. Mother made furniture from apple and orange boxes or whatever was around; made drapes from bleached flour sacks and embroidered them. Later she advanced in her carpenter work and made the most beautiful and durable furniture from lumber, painted it with a green heart stain, and varnished it. She made a buffet, china cabinet and even a table with extension leaves. Mother also made upholstered chairs from apple barrels. The windows were draped with the embroidered flour sacks. There were lots of flour sacks around, because Mother did all her own baking, including bread.

My brother had no little playmates but he did have his little dog, "Curly." She pulled his sleigh in winter and a play hayrack with his favorite rag doll in summer. When he later went to school, he had to ride nine miles, regardless of the weather, and Curly used to meet him one mile from home at the exact time of his return.

My sister and I came to Canada in 1906. The ocean trip on board the Corinthian was exciting to us because it took fourteen days. We ran into icebergs and fog and the Captain lost control of the ship; for three days we were on our homeward journey, as the ship had about turned. We ran out of food, were given ship's biscuits, life jackets, and we were shut off the decks. Upon arriving at Quebec, we were free to go ashore for the day as the ship had to have repairs. There were billboards telling of the loss of the Corinthian, with so many lives lost.

We arrived in Calgary, May 23, 1906, where Mother and Father met us. They boarded the train and travelled to Cochrane with us and that was to be our first shock. What a transformation! We had made our home in Scotland with our grandmother Park in all luxury. We had to stay overnight at the Murphy Hotel. Next day the ground was white with snow, a great experience to us. We drove to Joe Clemens' ranch for lunch. He was a bachelor and had tin plates and enamelled mugs, more fun to us. Finally we arrived at the little log house which was to be our home for a few years. It was a picture, I would say a "dream house" from a story book and so sweet and spotless. Father and Mother had almost been burned out by a prairie fire on May 4th.

We could ride horseback, having had our own stables and ponies in Scotland. Then came the fun of learning to milk. Mother used to read from the "Home Preacher" (which I now possess) because there was no way of going to church other than driving to Cochrane 14 miles.

The roundup used to be held on the water reserve of section 16. My brother and I used to ride the range, too, in search of our lost animals.

Frank Ricks' ranch adjoined Father's and Frank was a wonderful neighbor. He built a lovely house and a covered passage to a new hayloft. We had many wonderful dances up there. The Masonic Ball and that of the Old-Timers were the social events of the winter, held in Cochrane of course, and believe it or not there was a band with drums, otherwise we danced to a mouth organ and fiddle. We really had a good time and arrived home usually in time for the a.m. milking, then off to bed until lunchtime. We always drove in a democrat as there were no cars. I remember the first car to come out there, and how the horses in the field stampeded and snorted when it was visible on a hill four or five miles away.

Of course we all rode horseback, and at first I used Mother's sidesaddle, but one day Father weakened and brought home a lovely Australian saddle for me. Previously he had said it was unlady-like for a girl to ride astride. I also rode a little racing saddle. I learned to break the odd horse and one day my brother dared me to break a cow to ride. The cow was a stray and simply wouldn't stay away. She was unbranded and we named her Emily Jane. One day down at the water hole Andrew dared me to spring from my horse onto her back and that's how it all started.

At one time we milked 31 cows by hand and I have milked all 31 by myself. We drove about 12 miles to Batemans with milk and cream. When we made butter in hot weather, I arose at four a.m. to get the churning done and butter made into pounds before the heat of the day. Yes, I also made bread, and Mr. Bateman sold it at his store. I was really making money. I think I realized about two dollars after making up 100 pounds of flour. I made bread for Stanley Cope and then I could really study Eaton's Catalogue, known as the "Prairie Bible." What fun! It was a very valuable book.

In winter we used to fill ticking with hay and put these under our mattresses because the wood stoves usually burned out by morning and the temperature in the a.m. was just about that of outdoors, sometimes 30 degrees below. We also put flat stones in the oven before going on any trip, then wrapped them in old blankets to keep our feet from freezing. We needed the warmth in spite of wearing felt boots and overshoes. The good old flat irons were heated at night and again wrapped in old pieces of blanket to keep our beds warm during the cold nights.

Frank Sibbald was one of the first neighbors we were introduced to upon our arrival in Cochrane and what a wonderful person he was. He and Mrs. Sibbald and their three children became our dear friends, a friendship which has lasted these many years.

I was driving home from Cochrane alone one day and got caught in a blizzard. I thought I was driving along a wire fence and would soon come to the gate. After some time I decided to tie my team up and walk to the gate, only to find I had been driving around a haystack.

Willy Robb, later a bit of a horse thief, was around our country for a few years and I remember him arriving at our ranch one day with a horse that was fully grown. He had tried to make it into a hackney by cutting off its tail and it had become infected. I was to ride the horse but I didn't take time to change into my divided skirt (which incidently I had bought with my bread earnings) and my skirt worked its way over the horse's sore tail. What a ride it was! Full speed up hill and down dale for miles and miles. The poor horse was more afraid than I was and how ever we came home I just don't know. I never did accept the invitation to ride it in the Cochrane Races.

I always wanted to become a nurse but my father objected, so one fine day when Andrew was going to Cochrane, I threw my saddle into the democrat, tied my horse behind, and off I went. I put my horse in the Cochrane stable and went to Calgary, made my arrangements and returned to Cochrane, then rode home. The fat was in the fire! My mind was made up and I went to the Columbia Hospital on, I think, Fourth Avenue West. It was a private hospital where all the elite went as patients. While there I had the honor of nursing the famous Bob Edwards and that was a barrel of fun. One evening Bob and his great friend went out and visited the "Holy Rollers" then returned to demonstrate to us what took place. Bob had a player piano in his office-home in the old Commercial Block and we young hopefuls used to enjoy playing it. I went to the newly opened Typhoid Hospital on 16th Avenue North East.

The First World War broke out and my boyfriend, later my husband, went Overseas for what we thought would only be a short time. He was there four years. I went in training at the Calgary General Hospital and became the first Gold Medalist of the Calgary General. I was night supervisor for 16 months until I resigned to be married. My fiancé had then returned from the war and was discharge officer at Calgary Military District No. 13. We had two daughters Margaret (Peggie) Struthers MacEwan of Long Beach, California, and Vera Elizabeth, now Mrs. Luyendyk of Ottawa. Vera and her husband have two daughters, Karen and Jill. Karen has just entered University to take her B.Sc. in Nursing, thus carrying on a family tradition.

My sister Peggie only stayed on the ranch about two years, went in training at the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal and then went Overseas with the McGill Unit. After three years of war service in No. 2 Canadian General Hospital, she married and had three children, a son Cyril, a daughter Ann and a second son who was killed in action in World War II.

My brother Andrew, now deceased, ranched around Vega, Alberta, having moved there about 40 years ago with his wife and six children, now all grown up, married and all over Canada.

I can remember when Andrew and I chopped blocks of snow and hauled piles of them to the house for Mother to melt as the spring was low. What a lot of snow it took for a washing!

Mother and Father moved to Cochrane and Mother's lovely handmade furniture and rugs that had graced the ranch home were taken to their little white house in town. It was there that my dear mother passed away on November 24, 1922, age 51. I nursed my mother until the end. Father remarried. Later I also nursed him, as I did my stepmother, until they too passed on.

There is a ridge out at the old ranch named Park Ridge from which one day I hope my grandchildren may see oil flowing. Alberta's Centennial film "West to the Mountains" was filmed on the Park Ridge. The opening scenes and the closing scenes with Burl Ives singing the title song, West to the Mountains, shows this very beautiful country where we lived with our wonderful neighbors, the Sibbalds, Copithornes, Watts, Robinsons and many more.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brooks later purchased the Park's house in Cochrane. It is now owned by Edgar Pears.

ROBERT PARK — by Andrew Park

My father, Robert Park, born in Glasgow, Scotland, August 17, 1875, arrived in Calgary, with his wife, the former Mary Hay Thompson and son Andrew, who was two and a half years old, in the spring of 1903.

He went out to the Jumping Pound and worked for John Copithorne as ranch foreman, a far cry from his former employment as a Glasgow businessman. Two years later he moved to the XC Ranch, owned by JAW Fraser and was foreman there. His wife, a young woman who had "scarcely soiled her hands," did the cooking for the hired help.

At this time, I started school. The school was located a short distance from the XC and Clarence and Wilfred Sibbald picked me up. The teacher at that time was Miss Walsh.

During this time my father was also homesteading a quarter section of land across the valley from his brother John, who emigrated from Scotland in 1898. This quarter was SW¼ 16-25-5-5.

My father had built a log cabin on his quarter and we moved there around 1907. The following year we moved to the Francis Towers ranch

where my father worked and I attended Brushy Ridge School, riding horseback four miles.

In the fall of 1908 my mother and I returned to Scotland where we stayed for three years. Mother attended a Medical College in Edinburgh graduating as a midwife. She felt such a skill was badly needed by the homesteaders.

My father sold his quarter section in 1912 to his brother John and sometime later the cabin Father had built was moved over to John's property and added on to his home.

Shortly afterwards my father gave up ranching and moved to Calgary where he was employed by the City of Calgary. He eventually became City Paymaster. My mother died at the early age of 42.

Even though we had left the Jumping Pound, I still loved it and returned to spend all my vacation times at my uncle John's.

In 1923 my father married Miss Gladys Lee of Brandon, Manitoba, and they had two children, Lee and Vivian. They settled in the Peace River country where Father passed away in 1946 at the age of 71. He was a wonderful organist and singer and played the organ in church in Scotland, at the age of eleven years.

I took up the electrical trade. I married M. Hilda Jones. We will celebrate our Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary in 1976. We have three children: Shirley Patricia, Robert Wynn and Andrea Marjorie. They are all married and we have eight grandchildren.

I am now retired and return often to the Jumping Pound to fish, and enjoy the beauty of the foothills I roamed as a boy.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Buckley now own my father's homestead quarter.

JOHN POTTS — by Mrs. Ethel Hilton

Grandfather (James) Potts, with his son John (Jack) and daughter Isabella (Bella) came West from Ontario to the Morley district in 1884. They had brought cattle from the east for John Graham of Morleyville. Jack's friend, Alec Jamieson, also accompanied them. Grandmother Potts and the other children, Lucy, Jessie and Walter (Watt), came out around 1886 or 1887 to join the others. William, the eldest son, lived in Montreal.

Jack Potts and Alec Jamieson, before either of them were married, joined the Klondike Gold Rush in the "Trail of 1898." After that Jack made two trips to Alaska and the Yukon as chainman with two Government surveyors. He finally settled down as foreman for a Calgary cattleman on the Red Deer River. He stayed there 15 years.

I still have Jack's cooking vessel from the Klondike, interesting because of being made out of a whole sheet of copper, there being no possibility of a seam, for which there was no means of any repair.

In 1912 I sailed for Canada (on a ship called "The Canada"), a few days after the Titanic had sunk. We were almost a week going through the

Jack Potts.

ice field. It was very cold and many icebergs were visible north of us. Our destination was Quebec, but, finally, we were landed at Halifax, Nova Scotia.

I arrived in Calgary looking for a job, and in a few days went to the Potts brothers' ranch in Jumping Pound to teach three children. I had trained as a teacher and spent five years in a boys' school in South Wales. My reason for coming to Cochrane was the incentive to see my sister and brother. Anyone wanting to teach in a Government School, at that time, was required to go to Normal School. This I refused to do. My sister Alice (Howlett) had been appointed teacher at the new Glendale School and had been teaching there a year or so when I arrived. She married (Prigge), and was later given the Brushy Ridge School. My sister is now 85 and living in Victoria.

As I was a very poor sailor and was ill from my trip, Dr. Park, the local doctor, introduced me to C. W. Fisher, the Speaker in the Legislature, and I was given a permit for a year, the result was, a little later, being given a job at the Jumping Pound School.

The Potts brothers had their ranch in full swing with horses and some purebred cattle. Jack Potts' brand was the Double Egg Bar (locally known as "The Dumb Bells") on the right hip for cattle. Watt Potts' brand was the Running or Flying W on the left shoulder for horses. When Watt drove me out to the ranch, I was very pleased to see a large lake. I couldn't understand why they had no boat, so I advanced

Mrs. Wat Potts and her children, Julia, James, Gwendolyn and John.

Ethel Potts on Potts Lake, 1914.

my feelings. Frank Fletcher, a boat builder from Eastern Canada, was working for the Potts brothers and it was only a few days before a lovely boat arrived on that lake, and we all enjoyed it. The cattle and horses used to go into the water when the weather got very hot.

My pupils, for the six months I was at the Potts Ranch, were the children of Mr. and Mrs. Watt Potts, Johnnie, Jewel and Jimmie. Their youngest child, Gwen, was born while I was there. Mrs. Watt Potts' brother was Charlie Mickle, who ran the livery barn in Cochrane. I used to visit the Mickles often and stay the night, because I was giving their daughter, Nellie, piano lessons and their elder daughter, Elva, arithmetic. They also had a son Lennie, and a daughter Violet. Another girl Belle died while I was there.

After I became teacher at the Jumping Pound School, I boarded at Batemans. Mrs. Bateman was Jack's younger sister, Jessie, and John Bateman drove in and out of Calgary with the mail, weekly. They also had a Post Office for the Jumping Pound district, until John Bateman's cousin Geoff arrived from Cork in Ireland and took over the weekly drive. John Bateman also had land and stock and was one of the school directors. Another director was Mr. Copithorne, who had several children. He had also come from Ireland and had land and cattle. I bought a saddle horse while I was teaching, and went visiting, getting to know the neighbors. Some of my pupils were Margaret and Percy Copithorne and a younger sister; Dolly Bateman, 16; Jim Bateman about 14; and Bill Bateman. Dolly and her sister Lucy were drowned in the Jumping Pound.

On inquiring as to the source of the funny name, Jumping Pound, I was informed that it came from the Indians, who were supposed to have "jumped over it," others said it was thus named because fish were easily seen skipping about therein.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ricks had a ranch next to the Potts brothers, and Mrs. Ricks, (Belle), Mrs. Jessie Bateman (Jumping Pound), and Mrs. Lucy Jamieson (Morley), were all sisters of Jack's. Mrs. Rick's husband shot himself the year I arrived in Canada. Their son Walter carried on, but he became blind and moved to Calgary.

Jack Potts and I (Ethel Howlett) were married in August 1914, and our daughter Jean was born in 1916. When she was four she had

Mrs. Jack Potts and Johnny Left Hand's mother, aged 90.

diphtheria. Jack had been in bed for a year with a stroke, from which he slowly improved, but we knew we would have to leave the ranch. It was then rented to Brewsters from Banff, who ran their horses there until it was sold to the Indian Department of the Federal Government. It is now part of the Stoney Indian Reserve.

When we were first married, the Potts brothers ranched together and Jack built our ranch house. Before that, Jack lived in a shack, but a log house had been built for Watt and his wife. Jack had his shack close to Watt's house and had his meals with them. After my six months from school, I became engaged to Jack and he built our house.

In 1912 Potts' close neighbors were Arthur and Stanley Cope. Arthur Cope drove me into Calgary and took me to the first Stampede. On the other side of Potts was the Merino Ranch. The owner sold it to an English lady, the Countess Bubna. She was married to a Count. They had two daughters, who were also Countesses; the younger one was often at our place. She and I used to ride together. The next neighbor to them was Dr. Ritchie, who was retired, with one or two grownup children. We used to pass these two places every time we went to Cochrane. It was about ten miles I think. Dr. Ritchie had purchased the Butler homestead at the mouth of the Jumping Pound, and on this land he grew the first wheat to be ripened in the Cochrane district. It was shipped from Cochrane in the fall of 1908, and was the first carload of wheat ever sent from a point west of Calgary.

My memory recalls "Happy Davis," the local policeman for Cochrane and district. He was very much liked and talked about at the time that I arrived. He was shot walking down the village street with his dog. After his funeral there were many discussions as to who was to look after his dog. Everyone wanted the job, he had been so popular and much liked.

Another man in Cochrane was Mr. Johnson, who ran the butcher shop.

Watt Potts, in town to buy a sack of grain, discovered, as he carried a sack out to his wagon, that there was a hole in the sack and the grain was running out. So of course he pointed this out, and the serious answer he received from the owner was, "Well, we are not charging you for the hole."

My husband's older brother Bill's wife died in Montreal in the early days, and Watt Potts was sent down to bring Bill's three children up to the old home on the Ghost River to live with Grandfather Potts and his family. Their names were Bill, born in 1885; Walter (Watty), born in 1889, and Edith, born in 1887. Edith married Frank Wellman, who managed the shop for the Indians at Morley Station. The Wellmans had three children: Edith, 1914; Lorna, 1908 and William, 1918. Wellman died of flu, the winter of 1920, when it was so bad.

Young Walter (Watty) worked for Brewsters, who had a contract from the C.P.R., transporting American millionaires and guests from Banff station to the magnificent Banff Springs C.P.R. Hotel, 60 miles west of Cochrane.

Neighbors over near Grandad were Mr. and Mrs. Coleman. They had a few head of stock but were not in the ranching business. I think he was an official, perhaps a magistrate, because he was legally able to marry Jack and me, but we had arranged to go to Calgary. Their daughter Frances was at school down East and was home for holidays, when I met her. When she left school she became secretary to an important man who discovered something — was it chloroform? I have forgotten.

Some pleasures on the ranches consisted of, sometimes, a visit of Chautauqua, a small entertaining society. In winter the ranches had dances, and on a summer evening folks came from round about and enjoyed what was called a "weaney roast." Mrs. Ricks often played the mouth organ for the dances.

Another neighbor was Ernie Bacon, who came out from Norfolk, England, followed a few years later by his brother Fred, and he lived at Batemans. For some time he drove the mail in and out of Calgary until he took up a homestead which adjoined the Potts' ranch. There being only a barbed wire fence between him and us, we saw a great deal of him.

Doctor Saunders, living north of Cochrane, sometimes assisted Dr. Park, and I bought my

Jean Potts on her pony.

Ethel and Jean Potts, 1920.

black mare "Queenie" from him for $125.00. She had been raced.

Jean's pony, called Bluey, was very quiet. Jean, being about three, used to bring him into the kitchen sometimes, and I was terrified he might get burned in passing round the kitchen range, and throw her off. So this had to be stopped! She took great pleasure driving three or four cows into the milking shed alone. We only milked about three or four cows, being sufficient for the two houses and for making butter. We also kept a pig who relished buttermilk.

Cattle buyers used to arrive in the fall. One fellow was having a meal with us when he lifted up his leg to show a very large foot, saying this was the cheapest boot he could buy and it cost him $14.00. I was not surprised when I saw the size of it. The cattle buyers always amused me when they had decided to buy some of the cattle. They would go to the telephone and say to the agent of the C.P.R., "Will the C.P.R. or God Almighty provide me with a coach to take this bundle of cattle to Chicago?"

When we finally had to leave the ranch, I took my husband and daughter to Vancouver. My husband could not walk and in fact was an invalid; I nursed him for eight years. We lived in various places in British Columbia. We had a little farm near the United States border at a place called Cloverdale, which I thought would be good for Jack, as he was not a town man, but he died in 1928. Several years later I remarried.

The first time Jean and I came to England was in 1935, when we sailed on the "Europa", a German ship with over 2000 passengers. Being a German ship, it did not berth in England, and in mid-ocean we were transferred to a launch for Southampton.

The second trip was in 1938, when we sailed from Vancouver and came by the Panama Canal, on a lovely new cargo ship. It took a month, and over the Azores, we had a bad storm of eight strength. We were not allowed on deck as the decks were loaded six feet high with lumber from Vancouver Island. We spent the time below, as we were the only passengers except for an elderly man, who preferred to be below with the crew.

Having had a year in business college, Jean very soon got a job as secretary to the manager of an advertising agency in London. Later on she became a director of the firm and has been so for over 40 years. She and her husband, George Begley, were married on May 17, 1948. They have a house in Greece, where they go for holidays. I am very proud of her. She was named Jean after her Scottish grandmother.

On the ranch I took pictures and developed them myself.

I am now 91 years old, and I reside in London, England.

ANDREW SIBBALD — by John and Beryl Sibbald

Andrew Sibbald, whose life spanned a century, was born in Ontario, November 19, 1833. Andrew's father, John Sibbald, along with his wife and three children of Edinburgh, Scotland, immigrated to Canada in 1832, and settled in Ontario. Andrew was the first of their five children born in Canada.

In June 1875, Andrew Sibbald with his wife, Elizabeth Ann Robins, and their three small children left Stroud, Ontario, to seek a new life in the West. Andrew and his family left Bramley Station on the Northern Rail. They took passage on the Steamer "Frances Smith" and proceeded to Owen Sound, where the Sibbalds joined Rev. and Mrs. George McDougall, their son George; two nephews, George and Moses McDougall; Mrs. Hardisty and her two children, Clara and Richard; Miss Young, who was bound for Edmonton to visit a brother; Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Sinclair; and Rev. and Mrs. H. M. Manning. At Prince Arthur's Landing, now Port Arthur, the party changed onto the "Quebec" of the Sarnia Line, bound for Duluth, Minnesota. They then left by the Northern Pacific Junction to Moorhead and from there proceeded down the crooked and muddy Red River to Fort Garry, a distance of five hundred miles. At this point they were joined by David McDougall, who was to act as guide for the journey of nearly nine hundred miles across the plains.

Provisions, horses and oxen, wagons and Hudson Bay carts were purchased at Fort Garry. After all was ready, the caravan set out, travelling ten to fifteen miles a day, and always resting on Sundays. "We forded all streams in our path," Andrew Sibbald recalls, "except the South Saskatchewan, which we crossed in a scow." David McDougall and Andrew kept the travellers supplied with fresh meat. Ducks, geese and prairie chicken were plentiful, but as the hunters had no dog, they were forced to wade the sloughs and streams to retrieve any game

they shot. In this way they walked more than two-thirds of the distance from Fort Garry to Morley. They were caught in an early blizzard east of Buffalo Lake on October 3, and forced to make camp. Lacking dry wood they had to collect buffalo chips for a fire and dine on pemmican and dried meat. After three days the journey was resumed in two and a half feet of snow. After passing Fort Ellis there was no sign of civilization until on October 21, they arrived at Morleyville. The course laid well to the north, as they wanted to keep away from the Blackfoot country along the Bow River. By the time they reached Morleyville, having taken 104 days from Barrie, Ontario, the trail was like a half circle, with the bend to the north.

Andrew had trained as a master carpenter in Ontario. After an accident in which he lost his left hand, he trained as a teacher. It was in this capacity that he accepted a position as instructor to the Blood Indian Tribe. He was, however, still skillful as a carpenter and had brought west the all-important parts for a sawmill. Andrew, with the help of willing hands, soon had the sawmill assembled and in operation. The school, church and other necessary dwellings and buildings were erected. A village, with a population of approximately five hundred Indians, seemed to appear from nowhere. Sibbald's sawmill was the first in the district and he supplied lumber for the first church to be built in Calgary. The lumber was floated down the Bow River from Morley to its destination.

The women who came west in the early days faced many hardships. Often in history books their role is underplayed. On the journey west, Mrs. Sibbald had in her care their three young children, Howard, nine years old, Frank, six and Elsie, three years. Their youngest son, Clarence (Bert), was born after they came to Morley. In 1882 Mrs. Sibbald became ill during a typhoid epidemic in the settlement. Young Albert Boyd made an epic horseback ride to Fort Macleod for a doctor. Despite the round trip made in eighteen hours, using relays of horses, Mrs. Sibbald died of typhoid. Her youngest child was still only a baby.

For a number of years, until retiring from teaching in 1896, Andrew taught the Indian children. He taught the subjects which would help them most, the three Rs — "reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic." He stressed manliness, honesty, trust in God and respect for one's fellow man. His own children attended the school and they learned to speak Stoney fluently. Andrew Sibbald was the first schoolteacher in Alberta. As a tribute to Andrew, two schools, one in Cochrane and the other in Calgary, have been named in his honor. Andrew was also Superintendent of the Sunday School at Morleyville. He was a loved and trusted friend of the Indians.

Andrew homesteaded on the hill north of Morleyville, on the W½ 30-26-6-5. Ripley Creek rose from a spring on his north quarter. On the home quarter he built a large log house. His brand was the Triangle on the left thigh for horses and 2VT on the right rib for cattle.

In 1892 his daughter Elsie married a young Englishman, Bertram Alford. He took her to live on his homestead on the Little Jumping Pound Creek, the present site of the Sibbald home place, but the young couple stayed only a short time before moving to Pine Lake, Alberta. The homestead was taken over by his brothers-in-law, Frank and Howard Sibbald, to add to their adjoining homesteads.

Upon retiring, Andrew moved to the ranch in 1896, and built a cabin which is still there, and in livable condition. He later moved to Banff, but spent the winter months with his son Bert in Cochrane. Andrew was honored on his 100th birthday, which he reached, well in mind and body. The Old-timers Association presented this address to Andrew Sibbald:

"You are today priviledged to enjoy the unique distinction and honour of celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of your birth. Such an honour is rare in human life, and your legion of devoted friends throughout the province join in extending to you their heartiest congratulations and good wishes.

"Your long life of unselfish service, devoted to the upbuilding of the Province of Alberta, in which you have resided since 1875, the trials and hardships borne by yourself and family during pioneer days cannot fail to be an inspiration to other generations, as they have been to the present.

"For the contribution you have made in laying the foundations of Christian civilization in Alberta, we express our sincerest gratitude coupled with earnest prayer, that the Great Giver of all Goodness, who has watched over and guided you during the past century, may be your constant future guide."

Andrew died at Banff on July 13, 1934, and was buried at the Millward Cemetery at Morleyville. Andrew Sibbald, during the fifty-nine years spent in Alberta, left large footsteps for future generations to follow.

ANDREW FRANKLIN SIBBALD — by John and Beryl Sibbald

Andrew Franklin (Frank) Sibbald, born in 1869, came west with his parents in 1875, at the age of six years. His early education was obtained on the Stoney Indian Reservation at Morley, where his father, Andrew, was the teacher.

Having practically grown up with the Indians, Frank learned to speak their language and became a very true and trusted friend. In recognition of his hunting skills, the Indians gave him the name "Tokun" meaning "The Fox."

Knowing the country and mountain trails well, Frank was guide and packer for the survey crews of the C.P.R. in 1882-1883. Frank and his

Frank Sibbald.

brother Howard were with Steele's Scouts in the 1885 Rebellion.

In 1893 Professor A. P. Coleman, author of "The Canadian Rockies," made his third trip toward Mt. Brown, taking with him young Frank Sibbald as a packer and handyman. In that book he wrote, "Sibbald was hardy and resourceful, as Western ranchers are apt to be, was thoroughly familiar with horses, and a fair camp cook, so he served our purpose admirably, though he had seen little of the mountains and did not profess to be a climber.

"Living in Morley as a boy, he had learned the Cree and Stoney languages from Indian playmates, so he could talk to the Indians we met or travelled with, and pick up useful information from them."

Professor Coleman also wrote that, "Frank Sibbald was worth as much as two other packers put together. He was not only an excellent horseman but was as skillful in tracking a strayed pony as an Indian; and his uniform readiness and good humour added much to the comfort of the journey in which every side of a man's character and physique is often sorely tried." Professor Coleman was happy to learn that Frank Sibbald became a prosperous rancher.

In 1893 he married Janet Emily Johnstone, "Jennie," daughter of a pioneer family. Jennie was born in California and came to the Cochrane area in 1884 with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Johnstone. Frank and Jennie were married in the Anglican Church at Mitford. After a wedding breakfast served at the home of Lady Cochrane, they went to live on Frank's homestead on the Little Jumping Pound Creek. When Frank was away from home, Jennie would keep the table supplied with fresh game and fish. Frank's cattle brand was The Compass, on the right side for cattle and Jennie's cattle brand was JS on the right rib.

In 1915 they enjoyed a trip to California, where some of Jennie's family lived, and while there learned to play tennis. They so enjoyed the game that upon returning home, they built a tennis court which was enclosed by high wire and had a packed base of fine gravel. This court was

Mrs. Frank Sibbald, Clarence and Aileen Sibbald, Mrs. Waite, Edith Sibbald, Mrs. and Mr. Eddy Bowlen, Clem Gardner, Frank Sibbald. Taken at the C.P.R. Station in Banff.

Branding at Frank Sibbalds. Helpers include Aileen, Clarence and Wilfred Sibbald and Johnnie Logan.

enjoyed by the family and neighbors and was the setting for many lively matches.

Frank helped at the Calgary Stampede, particularly with the Indian Village. He was also one of the principals in the organization of the Lord Strathcona Horse and was instrumental in the building of the Jumping Pound Community Hall.

The Sibbalds were also active in the Banff area. Frank helped with Indian Days. They owned the Hussey bungalow, corner of Moose and Banff Avenue, where they always had open house during the Banff carnivals.

The collecting of Indian curios and handicraft work was one of Frank's hobbies. Many of his most valuable pieces were presented to him by members of the Stoney Indian Tribe in appreciation for acts of kindness on their behalf.

An 1895 account book is interesting for the prices listed. The wolf bounty was $3.12; horseshoeing was 50¢; overalls $1.00 a pair and boots $1.75. While a bobsleigh was $30.00, you could buy a load of oat hay for $6.00. In the food market, beef was six to eight cents a pound; bacon 12¢; butter 20¢ and a barrel of apples $6.25. During the depression years, Jennie sold a small cow and with the money bought a dishpan and teakettle. Cows were selling for a cent a pound!

Frank and Jennie had three children: Clarence born in 1896, Wilfred in 1897 and Aileen in 1902. The three children carried on the ranching operations which Frank and Jennie started. Frank passed away in 1941, and Jennie in 1949.

Frank Sibbald's love for his ranchland passed from him to his children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. His descendants continue to enjoy, and be a part of, the good life along the Little Jumping Pound Creek.

HOWARD EMBURY SIBBALD 1865-1938

A personal narrative by Howard Sibbald, written for the Alberta Old-Timer's Association in January 1923. The article is printed with the permission of the Archives of the Canadian Rockies, Banff, Alberta.

* * *

In the early part of the year 1875, my father, Andrew Sibbald, had been offered a position as teacher to the Blood Indian tribe in the far west. This offer he accepted and so, at the age of nine years, I, in company with the other members of our family, left Stroud, Ontario, on the 10th of June 1875. The party consisted of my father and mother, a brother Frank aged 6 and a sister Elsie aged 3.

Travelling by way of Duluth and Moorehead and from there descending the Red River we presently completed the initial stage of our journey by reaching historic Fort Garry. Here we met David MacDougall with his cart train with whom we were to travel into the interior. My father purchased a horse and a light wagon for us to ride in and also secured a cart together with an ox to haul it. In this ox cart were loaded all our personal goods and chattels together with a sewing machine and an organ. This instrument was, I think, the first of its kind brought into the North-West, although some years previously the MacDougall family had imported a folding melodeon.

Leaving Fort Garry we set out across the prairie, our faces toward the setting sun. To me, a nine year old boy, it was a journey of adventure and withal an experience never to be forgotten. Father walked most of the way and with his gun kept the party supplied with meat and game. There being no dog in the outfit I was frequently obliged to act as retriever, wading into the sloughs for ducks which had fallen to the gun. Game was plentiful at that time and we never lacked fresh meat.

Travelling on the Old Edmonton Trail we saw no white man until at a point near to Bird Tail Creek (now Birtle) we encounted a survey party in which was Mr. Alan Patrick, now of Calgary. This meeting happened on a Sunday and both outfits observing a day of rest, we had an opportunity to learn much about the country through which these men had recently come.

Long before we reached Fort Ellis our freight ox had become exceedingly footsore and weary so my father traded him off for a partly broken steer. The part which had been broken must have consisted of a very small fraction of the animal because he proved to be an unruly fractious beast upsetting the cart several times. After a few days my father paid MacDougall to bring our freight along in his train. My mother drove the horse and looked after us children who, sheltered from sun and rain beneath the cover of our wagon, looked out in wide eyed wonder at the various forms of wildlife then so abundant on the open prairie. Father was quite unfortunate in his choice of draught animals as this horse of ours turned out to be a restless nervous brute. If left standing too long it would become impatient and on several occasions caused considerable alarm by bolting across the prairie, bouncing us youngsters around in the wagon and giving Mother an anxious time until she was able to get it under control and back into the line of teams and carts again.

The first Indian we saw came into one of our wayside camps at evening. Mother was busy preparing pancakes for supper. The Indian, being somewhat of a curiosity to us, was invited to partake of the hot cakes. This he did, bolting them as fast as the astonished cook could turn them out of the pan; the while we hungry youngsters watched with awe and wonder the rapacious Redskin devouring what was to have been our evening meal. This incident was indelibily etched on my memory and I can still recollect that after dark on that evening I lay watching the stars and speculating on just how many pancakes an Indian could eat were he presented with an unlimited supply of the toothsome edibles.

After a long and somewhat tiresome journey we finally reached the foothills and made preparations to spend the winter in the little settlement at Morley. The untimely death of Rev. George McDougall which happened during the winter was an irreparable loss to our small community, and had the effect of delaying for several years the establishment of a mission school amongst the Blood Indians. So my father stayed on at Morley, where for some years he taught school and at intervals engaged his time at such seasonable occupations as were to be had in a small rural district far removed from civilization. In later years, when the family had grown up and could be of real assistance, we engaged in ranching near Morley.

At the early period all our supplies had to be brought in from Fort Benton. As only one trip was made each year, a considerable train of carts were needed to export hides and furs and to import the necessary food and supplies upon which the settlement depended. So in the spring of 1876, I was quite excited over the prospect of going with the annual supply train to Benton. Our caravan was composed of some forty vehicles. In addition to the animals necessary for hauling the carts, we had a number of unbroken steers, which were to be initiated into the art of hauling in harness as we proceeded on our outward journey. These would then be of service in bringing home our bulkier and heavier imports. These steers were, to say the least, ornery brutes and could only be handled to any purpose when coupled with a steady ox accustomed to the collar. On this trip I was appointed tutor to a steer hailing from Texas. His horns were long and his list of good qualities was short. My first attempt to lead him nearly proved my last. I was very much afraid of the big hulking brute, so, climbing into a cart to which an old ox was harnessed, I tied the steer to the back end, the other end of the rope being attached to his horns. When the cart ox started ahead Mr. Longhorn reared up on his hind end and brought his fore end crashing down into and through the bottom of the cart in which I cowered. After recovering from this scare, I persevered with him and soon he was as docile as any animal in the outfit. An ox team depended a great deal on a steady reliable lead animal. A team consisted of six oxen, each one harnessed to a cart. The teamster in charge either rode in the first cart or led the ox at the head of the string. The other animals being tied to the back of the preceding cart were kept in line on the trail.

Crossing rivers which were too deep to ford, proved to be a tedious undertaking on such a trip and with such a large outfit. A large raft was constructed from four cart wheels which, being entirely of wood, were light and buoyant. Four buffalo hides sewn together were spread over this framework of wheels, the whole forming an ingenious and trustworthy craft. Upon it the carts and their contents were ferried, the raft being pulled from one side to the other by means of a stout rawhide rope.

We turned our oxen loose upon an island in Sun River; the while the most of the men proceeded to Helena in order to procure material necessary for the construction of the additional carts which would be needed to freight our goods home to Morley. I was left with two of the teamsters to look after the oxen. This island was the home of a very large colony of skunks which I, to pass the time and to impress the others of the party with my prowess as a hunter, proceeded to exterminate. The other members were impressed, and said so plainly every time I came near them.

When the party returned from Helena, they brought a number of old cannon wheels upon which they made the mounted cart bodies. With our augmented caravan we then proceeded to Fort Benton. At that time the Fort was a busy bustling place. It stood on the Missouri River which was navigable up to that point. It also formed a base for prospectors going into the Black Hills country in search of gold.

While at Benton we heard of the Custer massacre and in consequence, when about to start for Morley we were all armed, my particular weapon of defense being an old rim fire thing, which was liable to be as deadly at one end as at the other. However, our fears were groundless, as we saw no hostile tribesmen on our long journey back to the Valley of the Bow.

An experience which stays fresh in my memory had the Sweetgrass Hills for a setting. There, one morning at dawn, I rubbed my eyes awake and went out with one other man to round up the oxen. On locating the animals we were surprised to discover an old bull bison quietly grazing amongst the oxen. I ran breathlessly back to camp and got an Indian of our party to come and shoot the great shaggy beast. One of our cart wheels had broken down and so the hide of this bison was made use of at once in repairing the damage. This was accomplished by sewing part of the green hide over the fracture and when it had shrunk and dried it made the wheel as serviceable as ever again. We took the best of the buffalo meat but the weather being hot and sul-

try, it soon spoiled and we were obliged to throw it away.

One night instead of sleeping as usual under a cart I crept in under a cover and found a most comfortable sleeping place amongst some sacks of flour. In fact so snug was I, that it was ten o'clock next morning when I awoke to discover the whole camp in despair of ever seeing me again. They had been out searching for me all morning, and I sure did get a calling down for delaying the outfit a whole five hours. We usually broke camp at five a.m.

On another occasion I went to Benton to meet my mother and returning had a disagreeable mishap. I had purchased ten gallons of coal oil, and the jarring of my cart caused the cans to leak, so that when I reached Morley the precious oil had entirely disappeared. We had to revert to candles as a means of illumination during that winter. Every time I read of an oil strike in Southern Alberta it reminds me of that incident.

When I. G. Baker established stores at Macleod and later at Calgary, it relieved us of that long trip south to Benton.

In the fall of 1877, I was permitted to accompany the men of Morley on a hunting trip. They proposed to go after a supply of buffalo meat. These animals were becoming somewhat scarce over the plains. After being out scouting for them for a few days, we finally sighted a small group near the Bow River and at a point some distance west of the present town of Gleichen. It was almost dark then so we decided to camp. A half-breed Indian and I went towards the river's edge to cut some poplar for the campfire. As soon as my companion laid axe to a stout tree there was a most unearthly clatter and a shower of bones came rattling about our ears. Unwittingly, we had desecrated the last resting, or roosting place of a long departed Blackfoot brave.

Some time previous to the coming of the railway to Calgary, I rode a horse in a race against a number of half-breed jockeys. This race was run on the open prairie almost where Eighth Avenue in Calgary now stands.

During 1882-1883, I freighted goods from Calgary to Kananaskis for the surveyors who were working on the line of the Canadian Pacific through the Rockies. I also hauled and skidded the first saw logs for Col. Walker's mill in Calgary. In 1885 I was out with Steele's Scouts in the capacity of a teamster. From 1886 to 1892 I was employed as foreman on the cattle ranch of George Leeson. At that time he held the Indian meat contract. For the next seven years I acted as Indian Agent, spending five of them at Morley with the Stonies, and the remaining two at Gleichen with the Blackfeet. During the construction of the great cement plant at Exshaw, I operated a store in that village. Since then I have been with the Parks Branch of the Dept. of the Interior and at the present time (1923) have supervision of the Game and Fire Protection staffs in all Western Parks.

Banff, Canada. Jan. 1923

Howard married Rettie Grier, daughter of William Grier, one of the first Indian agents at Morley. Howard and Rettie had seven children, six girls and one boy — Alma, Mary, Dell, Georgina, Hugh, Kina, and a seventh little girl who died very young. Hugh, Mary, Georgina and Kina moved to Los Angeles. Dell married James I. Brewster of Banff, and Alma married G. E. Hunter, also of Banff.

In 1923 Howard was appointed Superintendent of the Kootenay National Park, a position he held until his retirement in 1928. After retiring, Howard spent his summers in Banff and his winters in California.

Rettie Sibbald died in 1938, and Howard died two months later in Banff at 73 years of age.

HERBERT ALONZO SMITH

Herbert "Soapy" Smith was born in Vermont, U.S.A., and came to Canada in 1904. He homesteaded the NE ¼ 16-25-5-5. He worked at various ranches in the Jumping Pound and then moved to Banff. Here he was employed as a harnessmaker by Bill and Jim Brewster. He was anxious to get out on the trail and went out as a camp cook for Bill Brewster for about four years. He then started as a guide for Brewsters and worked for them for twenty years.

He built a log house on his homestead but didn't live there very much. He and John Park were great pals and Soapy's house was close to Park's. His homestead was a ridge of rock and not suitable for anything except grazing, so he sold it to John Park and bought Section 9-25-6-5. He lived there during the winters and returned to guide pack parties for Brewsters in the summer.

Soapy settled at Seebe in 1922, raising horses and taking out parties on his own. He became well known to tourists from all parts of the world. He and his wife Eva had one son Michael. They acted as camp cooks on the rides of the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies until about 1946. Soapy was looked upon as a very necessary part of any trail ride.

He passed away April 7, 1948, at the age of 70, after an illness of six months.

He had a brother, Fred Scott, who ranched in Jumping Pound and now resides in British Columbia.

JOHN AND MARY SPILLER

John and Mary Spiller lived on the Roper place (SW¼ 24-25-5-5). They operated a mixed farm for two years, from 1908 to 1910. They had five children, Linley (deceased), Jack (deceased), Emily (Welsh), Mary (Weir), and Connie (O'Neil), who lives at White Rock, British Columbia.

Mr. and Mrs. John Robinson and family now own the Spiller farm.

THE TOWERS FAMILY — by Mrs. Leslie Towers

Francis Towers, born in 1848 in Birmingham, England, left home at the age of 18 years. Having heard so much of Canada, he decided he would manage to get there some way. The captain of a cattle boat took him on as a helper and he worked his way across to Canada. Upon his arrival he found work on a dairy farm at Kingston, Ontario, where they milked 120 cows. Four men were employed for the job. Needless to say, there were very seldom four, as it was a continuous job, milking by hand. He stayed there two years. Hearing of work on the C.P.R., he left the dairy and headed for Toronto.

Upon reaching Toronto, Frank, as he was called, met and married Elizabeth Glover, who had come to Canada from the Guernsey Islands, just off the coast of France. The doctors had only given her six months to live, but she was determined to come to Canada, and lived to a ripe old age of 88 years. Her first child died of tuberculosis.

Frank continued working for the C.P.R. and was promoted to foreman. He was given the job of laying rails to Calgary from Winnipeg, which at that time was the end of the line. He had 40 men working for him. Anxious about his job, as jobs were hard to get, he had been working westward two weeks, when he suddenly remembered that he had left his bride in the immigration shed in Winnipeg. He rushed back to find she had searched the town, going from door to door asking for work. Luckily a Mrs. Miller, who had a large family, took her in to sew for them and kept her until Frank came back. From Calgary the family went back to Winnipeg. Wanting to get to Vancouver, there being no passage through the mountains at that time, he and his family travelled via San Francisco and on to Vancouver where he worked on the Waterfront Hotel until it was completed. He then went back to the C.P.R., which at that time had reached Mission, British Columbia. Their son Walter was born at Yale, British Columbia, in 1879.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Towers, taken in Vancouver, 1932.

At that time the C.P.R. had brought over 1000 Chinese to work on the track. One day someone hollered "Fire!" Every worker dropped his tools and headed for Vancouver. They had to come back or be deported. At Yale, the mosquitoes were so bad that despite lining their tents with netting and paper, the family found it impossible to put up with them, so left the C.P.R. again and journeyed back to Alberta where he rejoined the company. Frank was promoted to foreman and stationed at Cheadle at the time of the Riel Rebellion.

Elizabeth Towers and her children, along with the telegraph operator, were alone when word came that the Indians planned to attack Calgary that night. The operator immediately crawled up into the attic. Fortunately Frank arrived back and waylaid two Indian scouts. He locked them up for the night and by getting word to the Police, he was able to stop the Indian attack.

Many were the stories they told of their experiences with the Indians stealing cows and chickens. Mrs. Towers had many close calls. An Indian appeared at the door one day and asked her if her man was at home. She said he was. The Indian didn't believe her, after knowing he was up the track. She kept backing up to the stairway, the Indian following. Suddenly there was the sound of boots scuffing over the upstairs floor. The boys had been asleep and on wakening had slipped into their dad's big boots. The Indian tore off as if shot!

Leslie was born in a log house at the junction of the Bow and Elbow rivers at Calgary in 1884. At that time Calgary was mostly tents. Leaving Calgary, Frank began to accumulate some cattle and by the time the C.P.R. reached Mitford, he had approximately 90 head. The railway inspector came along one day and told him he could not hold two jobs and advised him to take up land and look after his cattle.

Frank and Elizabeth finally settled on their homestead on the NW¼ 20-25-4-5. By this time, seven children had been born to them. Three died in early childhood, leaving Walter, Leslie, Harold and Vera. The Towers built their log house near the Jumping Pound Creek. William Edge and Charlie Pedeprat dovetailed the logs and helped complete the house, which was comfortable and quite spacious for the times. The

Towers and Wearmouth cattle being run in for branding.

Copithornes were their closest neighbors, and the families were always ready to help one another. They shared the beef whenever butchering time came around and helped each other in various ways. The Copithornes had come to the district and settled two years after Frank and Elizabeth. It was a friendship which lasted all their lives.

Time came for the children to go to school and Leslie and Harold stayed with the John Copithornes so that there would be enough pupils to open a school at Jumping Pound. Later the three boys rode to Mitford to school where Miss Monilaws taught. They also boarded at the James Quigleys where, according to reports, there was more mischief than learning. One Hallowe'en the young fellows locked all the Chinese in Cochrane in the outhouses and loaded them on to a boxcar. They landed in Calgary next morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Towers drove by wagon to Calgary for a six months supply of groceries in the spring and fall, always stopping at the Bob Wallaces or the Frayns in Springbank. Mrs. Towers said when they first settled she was two years without seeing a white woman. She made all her soap and candles, all the boys' overalls, smocks, etc. Like all pioneer women her life was very hard — bearing most of her children without a doctor and sometimes only an Indian woman as midwife. While Frank was working for the C.P.R. she cooked for as many as 50 men, mixing bread every morning in a big round washtub. She was a very small person but had a wonderful stamina and was known as a very hospitable, gracious person. She said that often she would come downstairs in the morning and have to step over ten or twelve cowboys sleeping in the dining room, in order to get breakfast for them. As an old lady, she talked of the large herds of cattle scattered over the hillsides where the different ranchers claimed their own, following roundup.

Half a mile down the creek there was a buffalo jump where the Indians, years before, had run the animals down the coulee and over the bank. Many a load of buffalo bones were taken out of there for years after.

Mr. and Mrs. Towers left the ranch in 1914 to live at Kitsilano Beach, Vancouver, but would come back to Alberta in the summer. In 1928, Francis Towers divided his ranch between two sons Leslie and Harold. He was a very hard worker and a good friend to everyone. He died in 1936, at the age of 85, pushing a wheelbarrow of wood for his fireplace on the beach at Kitsilano. After his death, Mrs. Towers lived alternately with her sons and daughter and died in 1939, at the age of 88 years.

Of their children: Walter married Miriam Edge, and they had three children, two girls and one boy. Walter tried various ways of making a living. He went into the butcher shop business with Ernie Andison in Cochrane for a time but his wife's health was not too good. They went to Vancouver where he worked for the British Columbia Electric for 25 years. He died there and Miriam lived in their home for quite some time before moving to a Senior Citizen's home, where she died.

Vera Towers married a Scotsman, Robert Shaw. They lived at Penhold, Alberta, for four years then moved to Carstairs, where Mr. Towers had bought the Sam Scarlett ranch for his son Walter and his son-in-law Robert. This ranch was the only place between Calgary and Edmonton where travellers were sure of getting water for their stock. Mr. Scarlett charged twenty-five cents a pail for the water. Robert and Walter farmed this place for a short while. Walter did not care for ranching and left Robert to continue with the farm. Robert and Vera had three sons, Alex, Frank and George and one daughter, Bessie (Mrs. Ivan Pointen). Vera passed away November, 1963, at the age of 79.

Harold Towers was born in the section house at Radnor. He married Dorothy Fitch in 1915, and they had three daughters: Kathleen, now liv-

Leslie Towers on "Old Red". Horse broke by Laurie Johnson in 1934.

...ng hay on the Towers ranch

ing in Winnipeg, Betty in Victoria, and Shirley in Vancouver. Harold sold his part of the ranch about 1946 and moved to Calgary, where he bought two large apartment houses, with which he has been very successful. He is now 83 years old and a very prominent member of the Calgary Gun Club, winning a prize for the best shot at 83.

Leslie Towers homesteaded SE¼ 28-25-4-5, and continued ranching, which he loved. He was known for the quality of his cattle. At one time, he and Harold kept 60 head of horses but as the cattle increased, most of the horses went.

In 1917, Leslie married Edith Callaway, and they had one daughter Alice Vernice.

Ranching was never too profitable a way to make a living. Every fall when the steers were sold, the bills were all paid and in the spring we were back to the bank again for money to buy bulls. If there was any profit, it went back into buildings and fences. In April, 1938, Mr. Coppock of the Merino Ranch and Leslie decided to ship ten carloads of cattle to Chicago, the price was so low here. The cattle were trailed to Cochrane Stockyards by way of the old steel bridge, by Rattrays. At times they had great difficulty crossing the bridge and the cattle would break through the fences, into the swift Bow River. The riders would have to follow through the water, which was very risky. Finally, they hit upon a plan. They roped an old milk cow and dragged her across the bridge, and the rest of the cattle followed. This procedure would take five or six hours and the buyers would still insist on the three percent shrinkage. One carload of Leslie's cattle topped the market at $8.75 per hundred weight in Chicago. We sold fat cows that same year at 1¼ cents per pound, $15.00 for 1200 pound cows. Harold Callaway sold oats for eight cents a bushel. We finally decided to milk a few cows to pay our grocery bills and other small expenses. I made 75 pounds of butter a week and found a ready market. Between milking and raising hogs we managed to get through the 1930s. In 1936, we lost all our hay in the big fire and shipped the cattle to Olds, to winter at huge straw stacks.

During this time the government was paying men $5.00 per month to work on the farms and ranches and paid the employer $5.00 for board and room. Looking back and comparing circumstances today, the comparison is hard to realize, if one had not been through it. We all had to work very hard but took it for granted. It was the life we had chosen and there never seemed to be the resentment that came with the more affluent times. I feel the Depression was a good lesson for all who went through it. We were never hungry, depending on our gardens, milk and eggs. Our pleasures were simple, skating, playing cards and games around the kitchen table by the coal oil lamp in winter.

There were also the special occasions: The Fireman's Ball, Ladies' Ball, Bachelor's Ball, and many others. Everyone went dressed for the occasion, in lovely evening gowns, belonging to the better-off folk, or the shorter dresses, to the ankle, never above! Two bachelor brothers never came without their white gloves — a protection for the ladies' dresses. There were popular card parties at the different homes during the winter. We rode horseback or drove by buggy. There were the picnics in the summer. The mothers were never too busy to bake all the day before, loading everyone into the democrat and driving five to six miles and getting back in time to do three hour's chores in the evening. On cold nights in the winter, we would put hot bricks, for warmth, in the bottom of the sleigh and drive to the neighbors or to the dances. It was a wonderful thing when the little heaters with charcoal were invented.

Our daughter Vernice married Hugh Wearmouth, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Wearmouth of the Glendale district. Leslie took Hugh into partnership with him and after Leslie's death, September 16, 1963, Hugh managed the ranch. Hugh and Vernice had four children; the first boy died at birth. A second son Douglas, is now with the Royal Canadian Mounted Police after spending two years on the City of Calgary Police Force. Irene graduated as a Registered Nurse from the Holy Cross Hospital in Calgary and is presently working at the Calgary General Hospital. Edith trained as a Certified Nursing

Leslie Towers hay gang 1938.

Aide in Calgary and is working for the City of Calgary Health Department. On August 18, 1973, she married Lindsay Ecklund, a Saskatchewan boy, who is working with Hugh on the ranch. They reside in Cochrane.

I still live in the house we built in 1917 on our ranch, NW¼ 20-25-4-5. This is the quarter that Francis and Elizabeth Towers homesteaded so long ago. Their original log home is still standing directly across the Jumping Pound Creek from my home.

The Towers brand is the original brand of Francis Towers, the "Wineglass" on the left shoulder for horses and on the right hip for cattle. Hugh Wearmouth's cattle brand is Double S Bar on the right rib.

EDWARD AND BERTHA TUCKER — by Gladys Nicholls

From a farm north of Rockyford, Alberta, my parents, who were born and raised in the U.S., moved to the Morley district in the spring of 1931. Dad had rented the SE¼ 10-24-5-5 from George McDougall and moved his wife Bertha and their family of eight, Blanche, Isabel, myself, Thelma, Betty, Elmer, Harold and Allan. Some of the family's possessions were moved to the new location with a Dodge truck. One trip was made with wagons and hayracks pulled by a Hart-Parr tractor. The horses were led behind. Some machinery was also moved. This was not an easy job as the roads were not the best in our new location.

During the move from Rockyford, an accident happened which saddened the whole family. The hired man was bringing a load with the wagons and was to bring the family's pet horse "Teddy." They had great difficulty getting him to lead behind the wagons and he kept throwing himself to the ground. As the load was being driven down a hill, Teddy threw himself and was dragged down the hill, breaking his neck. We were all heartbroken, for Teddy was a beloved and trusted friend.

Tucker family on "Teddy". Left to right: Isabel, Betty, Thelma, Blanche, and Elmer.

Ed Tucker with Dolly and Daisy on binder.

The house was log with four rooms, two of them very large. There was a nice lake in front of the house which was a great temptation to us children. Dad, Isabel and myself pulled many cows and horses out of this lake. They always seemed to be falling in the water. They weren't the only things pulled from the water. Once when we were crossing the lake on the ice, Isabel broke through but was lucky enough to come up the same hole. I pulled her out but it was a very wet, cold trip home.

Doris was born in August 1931 and Douglas in 1933. Mrs. Darnell, a nearby neighbor, was the nurse. Donald was born in Calgary in 1935. We had many good times and dances in the house even though the floors were not level. The older boys made toys for the younger boys because there was no money to buy any. They made lovely little trucks for the children out of a piece of 4x4 board using jar lids for the wheels and roofing nails for headlights.

My father plowed some of our land and planted and harvested grain. He also did custom plowing for the neighbors with his Hart-Parr tractor. We milked cows, sold cream, butter, chickens and eggs. Mother had an incubator and raised her own chickens and turkeys, keeping well over a hundred at times. We hauled our produce to Morley by horse and buggy and sometimes by horseback. We also picked wild berries and took them in to pay for groceries. Water was used from a running spring, which stayed open all winter.

There was no school near enough to go to. Morley was the closest, seven or eight miles. There were only wagon trails to follow and seven gates to open. To go east to Jumping Pound it was the same problem, with fifteen gates to contend with. We tried correspondence lessons but they were not successful as it was difficult to get the lessons back and forth to the mail on time. We rode to Jumping Pound to the dances and went to the neighbors to play cards and games.

In 1939 the family moved west of Calgary on 17th Avenue and Thelma stayed on the farm to

look after the cattle and horses for two years. She used to trap squirrels and sell hides for 17 cents apiece. She made enough money to buy a pair of four-buckle overshoes, two dollars and ninety-eight cents.

In the early 1940s Dad and Mother moved to Irricana, Dad managing a farm and raising sheep. In 1947 they separated and were divorced. Mother moved back to Calgary where she lived until she passed away in 1974 at the age of 78.

Father married Margaret Silbernagel, and they had three sons, Harry, in Calgary, married and has two daughters, Tammy and Marlene. Ronald and Tom live in Calgary.

Blanche married Jack Stewart and they lived on the old Soapy Smith place for five years before moving to Black Diamond in 1938. They now reside in Turner Valley and have raised a family of twelve, Robert, Ruth, Joyce, Ross, Roy, Wayne, John, Bill, Harry, Allan, Lorne and Dale.

Isabel married Harold Bryant and they live in Rocky Mountain House. They have a family of five, Jim, Doreen, Albert, Percy and Irene.

I married Bob Norman and we had a family of four, Shirley, Hazel, Donna and Bruce. I am now married to Forest Nicholls and we live in Calgary.

Thelma married Ole Gunderson and they live at West Rose, Alberta. They have a family of five, Betty, Ronald, Linda, John and Leonard.

Betty married Jack Mickle and they live at Chetwynd, British Columbia. They have a family of three, Charlie, Marlene and Laurie.

Elmer and his wife Della live at Alix, Alberta and have a family of five, Myrna, Glen, Kelley, Tracy and Cheryl.

Harold and his wife Pat live in Salmon Arm, British Columbia, and have a family of two, Kelly and Shannon.

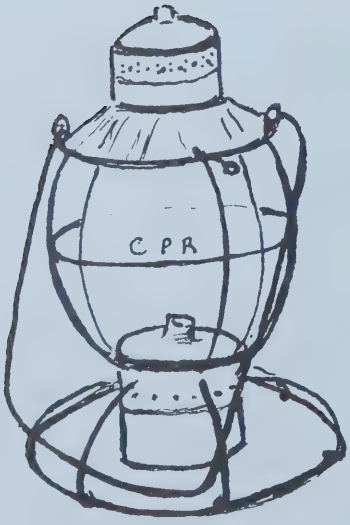
Doug and his wife Janice live in Salmon Arm also and have a family of three, Fern, Steve and Patti.

Don and his wife Shirley live at Carstairs and have four children, Darrell, Randall, Michael and Shelley.

Billy, born in 1924, passed away at the age of two and Allan, born in 1929, passed away at the age of three.

Dad passed away in 1966. There are now 47 grandchildren, 67 great-grandchildren and one great-great-granddaughter.

David Copithorne now owns the land and the house is still standing.



GLOSSARY OF PIONEER TERMS AND EXPRESSIONS

A-fence — any fence using A-frames instead of posts driven into the ground.

Aladdin lamp — a large lamp with a mantle and a tall glass chimney, giving a clear white light. Kerosene was used for fuel.

Anti-I-Over — a favorite team game at country schools, which involved catching a ball that was thrown over the schoolhouse.

Backfire — a fire set as a defence against an oncoming prairie fire by burning the area in front of it.

Bannock — unleavened bread made quickly from flour or oatmeal and water, and baked in an iron frying pan or griddle.

Barbecue — to cook an entire animal in a pit filled with hot coals.

Barn dance — a dance held in the loft of a new barn.

Barn raising — a "Bee" to carry out the rapid construction of a barn.

Bee — a co-operative effort by the neighbours to get a job done quickly, such as seeding or harvesting the crop of a settler who was ill, or constructing a barn or community building.

Bennett buggy — an old auto converted into a horse-drawn vehicle during the Depression. So named because R. B. Bennett was Prime Minister of Canada during part of that era.

Bennett Medal — a medal, later a ten dollar cash prize, given annually to the student having the highest marks in each country school in R. B. Bennett's constituency.

Blackstrap — black molasses.

Blaze — to mark a trail through the bush by chipping the bark off the trees so as to identify a trail. Also a white stripe down a horse's face.

Box stove — a cast iron stove shaped like a box.

Breeching — the part of the harness which passes around the horse's rump to aid the animal in holding a load back when going down hill.

Broadaxe — an axe with a broad blade used to square and smooth logs.

Broadcast — to throw seed from the hand for dispersion in sowing. Many settlers seeded their first crops in this manner.

Bronc — an untamed horse.

Broody hen — one that sits on and hatches eggs. Essential to the poultry producer before the days of incubators and hatcheries.

Buck rake — a machine with long wooden teeth in front to collect hay and sweep it onto the fork of an overshot stacker and usually pulled by two horses.

Buckskin — a soft, strong leather made by tanning deerskin. Also the color of a horse.

Buffalo chips — dried buffalo manure used for fuel when firewood was unavailable.

Buffalo wallow — a depression in the ground made by buffalos flinging up earth as a defence against flies.

Buggy — a light four-wheeled vehicle with springs, pulled by a single horse between shafts, or by a light driving team.

Bull Durham — a very fine cigarette tobacco sold in a small red and yellow sack with a draw string. Cowboys usually carried the sack in a shirt pocket.

Bunkhouse — a house for ranch hands. Often mounted on a running gear and pulled from farm to farm by a team driven by the cook, as part of the threshing outfit.

Bush whacker — a person who lives or works in the bush.

Butter paddles — short wooden paddles with a wide grooved blade at one end, used to beat and shape butter following churning.

Buzz saw — a power-driven circular saw.

Cayuse — an Indian pony.

Cellar — dugout under a house, usually with earth walls, used to store vegetables in winter and as a cool place for storing other perishables.

Chaps — from the Spanish Chaparajos. A pair of strong leather trousers without a seat, often with the hair left on the outer side. Worn by cowboys for protection and warmth. The belt was laced in front; the lacing would break easily if caught on the saddle horn.

Chinking — material placed between the logs of a house or other building to fill open spaces. Any available material was used, such as moss, or a mixture of mud, straw and cow dung.

Chuckwagon — a wagon equipped as a kitchen for feeding cowboys, particularly during roundups.

Churn — a container in which cream is stirred and shaken to make butter.

Cinders — coarse ashes left after a coal fire has died out.

Clinkers — large chunks of coarse residue left after coal is burned.

Clutch of eggs — a nest of eggs being brooded by a hen.

Coal oil — kerosene; a thin oil distilled from petroleum, used for burning in lamps and lanterns.

Corduroy — a road made of logs laid crosswise across low, wet land.

Coulee — a ravine or deep valley.

C.P.R. strawberries — dried prunes.

Curling tongs — an instrument for curling or waving hair, usually heated in a lamp chimney or in the kitchen stove.

Cutter — a small light sleigh usually pulled by one horse or a light driving team.

Cutting out — separating animals into groups.

Democrat — a light springed wagon usually pulled by a driving team.

Dogies — stocker cattle from out of the area; also a slang term for any range cattle.

Doubletree — the bar of a vehicle or piece of machinery drawn by a two-horse team, with singletrees attached.

Dovetail — a method of fitting logs together at the corners of log buildings.

Draw knife — a blade with a handle at each end, used to shave off wood surfaces.

Drift fence — a fence across a natural livestock travel route to prevent them from drifting from one range to another.

Dump rake — a two-wheeled machine with semi-circular tines, which is used for gathering hay. The tines are raised mechanically to dump the hay, by the pressure of the operator's foot on a trip pedal. The rake is pulled by a team of horses.

Evener — a doubletree, that equalizes the load of each horse of a team.

Fireguard — a narrow strip of plowed land to protect a farmstead or stacks from prairie fire. Occasionally a fireguard was plowed around an entire pasture field.

Flapjack — a pancake.

Flypaper — sticky paper for catching houseflies.

Foot warmer — a metal box covered with carpeting, with a drawer at the side, into which hot coals were placed; used to keep a traveller's feet warm during winter drives. A small version was often a copper or earthenware container for hot water, which was placed in the bed.

Forge — a type of coal fired furnace, with forced air, in which iron or other metal is heated to be hammered into forms, or welded; used by blacksmiths.

Fresno — a large horse-drawn scoop or slip for moving earth.

Gang plow — a plow with two or more bottoms.

Gear — a rider's equipment, such as bedroll, chaps, spurs.

Gramophone — the forerunner of the modern phonograph.

Greenhorn — a person inexperienced in the ways of the West.

Grindstone — a flat round sandstone set in a frame and turned by a crank or treadle, used to sharpen tools and mower knives.

Gymkhana — a celebration of sports or games; usually associated with sports involving horses.

Hackamore — a special halter made from rawhide or smooth rope, used in place of a bridle.

Hames — curved bars of metal or wood to which the traces of harness are attached, and which is strapped on the collar of a horse.

Hobo — a tramp; generally associated with unemployed men who wandered from place to place seeking work or handouts during the Depression.

Hobbles — a loop of rope or other material to prevent an animal from taking a long step; generally used to keep horses from straying from a camp.

Hogsback — a narrow ridge of land with steep sides.

Hole up — to stay put during a storm, often in very makeshift accommodation.

Homestead — 160 acres of land granted by the government to a pioneer settler upon fulfilling certain conditions.

Irons — "sad" or "flat" irons heated on the top of the kitchen range and used for ironing clothes. Also an abbreviation for branding irons.

Jerknecking — the leading of a team or wagon, tied to the rear of the first or driven wagon. This enabled one man to handle two or more teams and wagons.

Lariat — a long rope with a running noose at one end and used for roping animals.

Lines — a common name for guiding reins attached to the bit in a horse's mouth.

Livery barn — a large barn in which riding and driving horses are kept for hire. Also used to accommodate people's horses when they rode or drove to town.

Loco — insane; derived from the poisonous loco-weed.

Mantle — an asbestos bag on a coal oil or gasoline lamp, that sheds a white light.

Marcel — curling a lady's hair into waves with a hot iron.

Maverick — so-called from Samuel Maverick, a Texan cattle owner who did not brand his cattle. His herd stampeded and mixed with the neighbor's cattle; he rounded them up and claimed all the unbranded stock as his. The term maverick was

henceforth applied to an unbranded stray.

Muley — a cow that is naturally polled.

Neckyoke — a short pole of hardwood with iron rings at each end to fasten to the breast strap of a team's harness, and with one large iron ring in the center through which the end of the wagon tongue is placed to hold it up.

Niggerheads — hummocks of peat and soil, ½ to 2 feet in diameter and height, rising above the mud and water of a muskeg, generally with lush growth of coarse grass.

Normalite — a new teacher just graduated from one of the three Provincial Normal (teachers' training) Schools at Calgary, Camrose or Edmonton.

Nose bag — a bag containing oats or other suitable food, hung on a horse's head so that he could eat while in harness.

Nose net — a snug-fitting net usually made from screening or strips of gunnysack, placed over the horse's nose when in harness, to prevent his being bothered by nose flies.

On relief — living on a weekly or monthly allowance paid by the government to unemployed adults, particularly during the Depression.

Ornery — obstinate and perverse of disposition; a term originally applied to such animals.

Petticoat — a woman's underskirt.

Poke — a device to prevent a cattlebeast from jumping or breaking through fences; often made from a forked willow branch.

Pre-emption — the right to purchase in preference to others; homesteaders often obtained adjoining land through pre-emption.

Prairie schooner — a large covered wagon used by the pioneers in crossing the plains before the railways were built.

Pulling leather — hanging on to the saddle horn while riding a bronc; losing one's nerve.

Range — 1. open unfenced land where anyone's cattle could graze. 2. a large kitchen stove with a firebox for heat, a large surface for cooking, a hot water reservoir and an oven for baking.

Reach — the long pole of a wagon's running gear which connects the front and rear axles.

Relief camp — a government operated tent camp for unemployed men. In exchange for road work, usually done with hand tools and wheelbarrows, they received board, sleeping accommodation, clothing and money for tobacco, and 20¢ a day.

Remittance man — an immigrant, usually from Britain, who received a regular allowance or remittance from home.

Riding skirt — a divided skirt worn by lady riders before the days of slacks.

Riding the grubline — riding from place to place for handouts. Homeless unemployed men often carried their bedroll on their saddle, and stayed a few days at each place on their "circuit", choring in exchange for meals and a place to stay.

Riding the rails or rods — hobos travelled from place to place, by illegally riding on top of, or in, boxcars, or sometimes underneath on the brace rods.

Road allowance — sixty-six feet of land set aside by government survey for roads; they are a mile apart running north and south, and two miles apart running east and west. Every quarter section faces on a road allowance.

Roundup — collecting cattle from outlying ranges.

Rubbering — listening in on the neighbors' conversations on a party telephone line.

Ruff lock — chaining a wagon wheel to act as a brake on steep hills.

Running board — the long step outside the body of an auto between the front and back fenders.

Running gear — a wagon.

Scrip — a certificate or coupon given by the government to certain settlers, entitling them to land.

Scrubboard or washboard — a metal or glass corrugated surface on a wooden board, used to scrub the family wash in a washtub.

Separator — 1. a machine for separating the cream from milk. 2. a threshing machine.

Shinplaster — a piece of paper money worth 25¢ — no longer in use in Canada.

Singletree — the crossbar to which the traces of one horse are hooked.

Slip — a fresno, a metal scoop with handles, drawn by a team of horses to move earth, and guided by the operator.

Slopping the hogs — feeding the pigs.

Snake horse — a horse used to drag or "snake" logs out of the bush. No driver.

Snoose — a nickname for a kind of snuff or grated tobacco, chewed or held under the lip.

Snubbing post — a strong post in a corral, used to wrap the lariat around, to secure an animal just roped.

Soaphole — a hole usually in muddy gumbo soil which boils up from an underground spring and is a hazard to an animal which might slip into it.

Sodbuster — a farmer, especially an early homesteader.

Spittoon — the round metal or enamelled receptacle in the hotel lobby, at which tobacco chewers aimed.

Squatter — a person who settled on a piece of land before it was surveyed. In early days squatter's rights could be purchased.

Stacker — an inclined wooden slide up which hay is pushed by a sweep to be formed into a stack.

Stays — a nickname for women's corsets.

Still — the illegal equipment for distilling liquor.

Stoneboat — a flat wooden platform of planks or logs, on skids, usually hauled by a team. Used for collecting rocks from a field, hauling manure, and for many other purposes on a settler's farm.

Straw boss — second foreman.

Stripping a cow — getting the last drops of milk from the cow. A "stripper" is a cow whose lactation period is nearly ended.

Stubble jumper — a derogatory name for a grain farmer.

Stump farmer — one who has had to clear the land of trees before plowing.

Sulky plow — a horse-drawn plow with wheels, and a seat for the driver.

Sweatpad — a pad that fitted inside a horse collar.

Sweep — a horse-drawn wooden implement used for collecting and sweeping the hay up the stacker. Pulled by two teams.

Tank wagon or watertank — a horse-drawn wagon with a tank, pump and hose used for hauling water to a steam engine at threshing time.

Tether — a rope or chain, by which a grazing animal is confined within certain limits; a picket rope.

Tin Lizzie — a nickname for a Model T Ford.

Tongue — the long pole extending from the wagon axle to the neck yoke.

Trail — the ruts made across the prairie by vehicles. Also to drive livestock a long distance.

Tugs — traces, the strong leather straps by which the team pulls a vehicle or machine.

Turning clothes — undoing a garment's seams, turning it inside out and then re-stitching it. This gives the garment a new appearance, even though, in the case of suit jackets, the buttons are then on the wrong side!

Two bits — a nickname for twenty-five cents. Derived from early trading between the Spanish and Indians; the traders' token or monetary unit was broken into eight pieces or bits, so that when the dollar became standard currency, two bits became 25¢.

Vamoose — get out of here, be gone, scram.

Varmint — an objectionable animal.

Vent — registered mark, brand or alteration of brand to show cancellation of the original brand.

Walking plow or footburner — a single plow with two handles for controlling it, held by the man walking behind, and pulled by a team of horses or oxen.

Waterglass — a solution for preserving eggs.

Wrangler — the person in charge of the saddle horses used at a roundup.

TOWNSHIP MAPS

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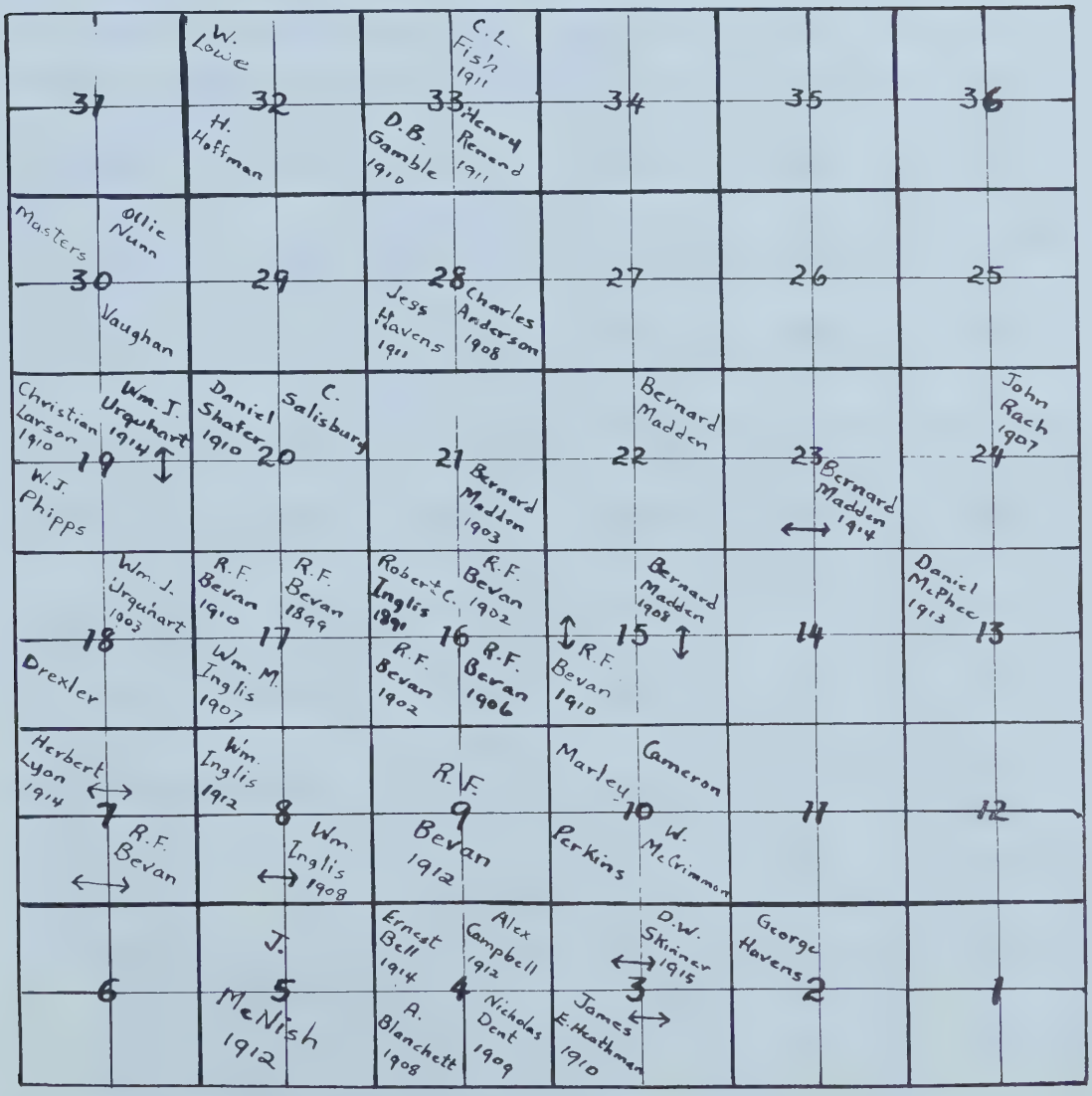

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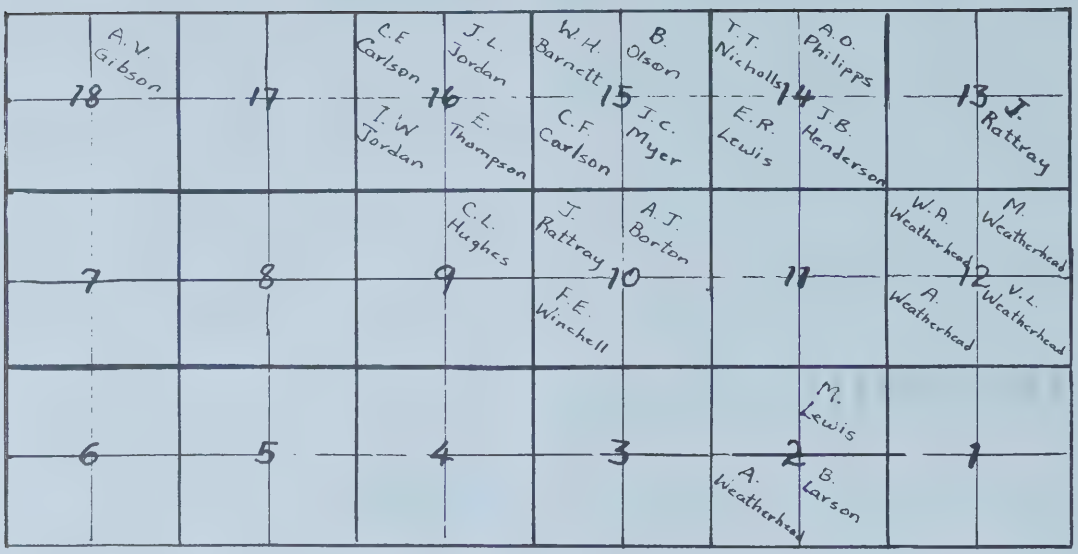

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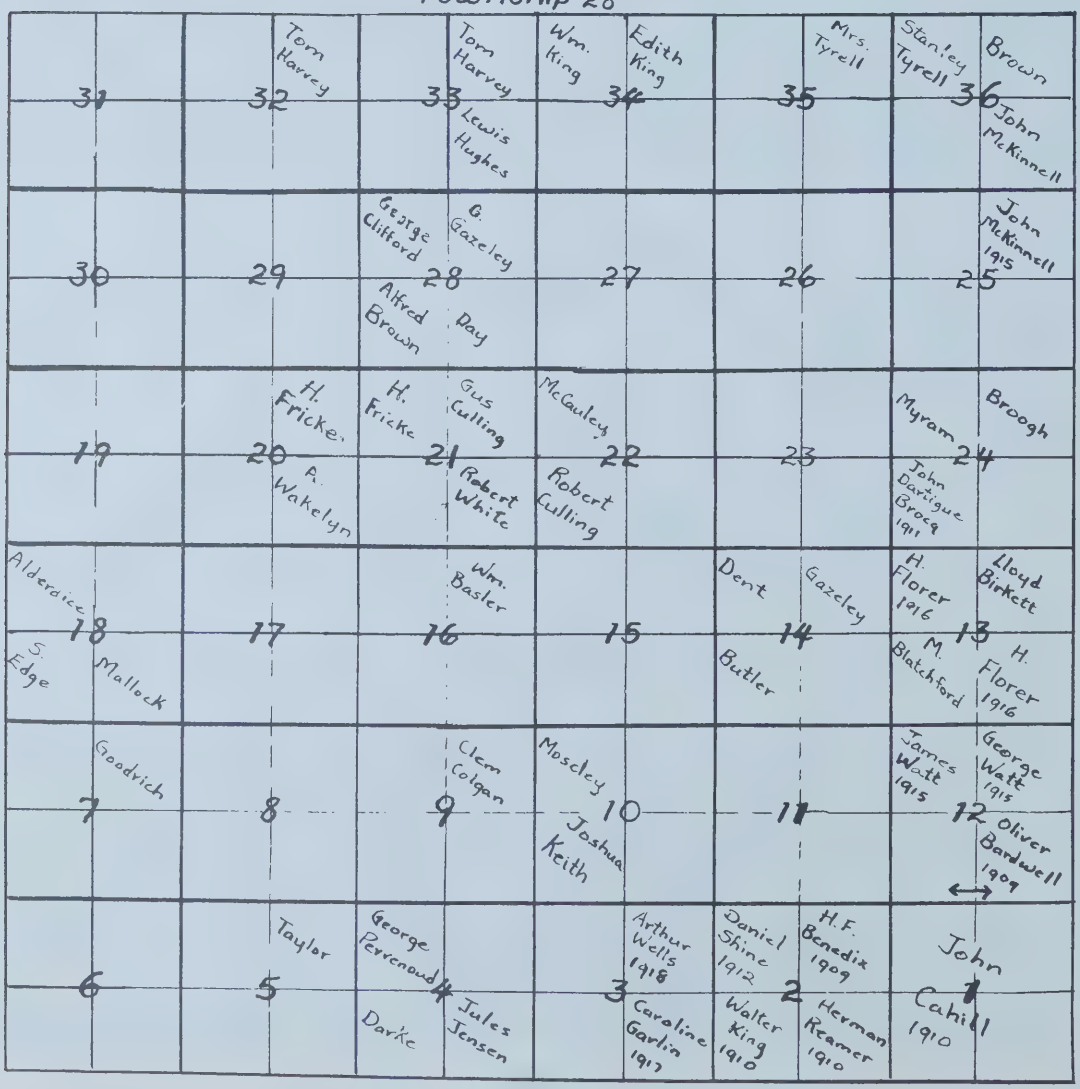

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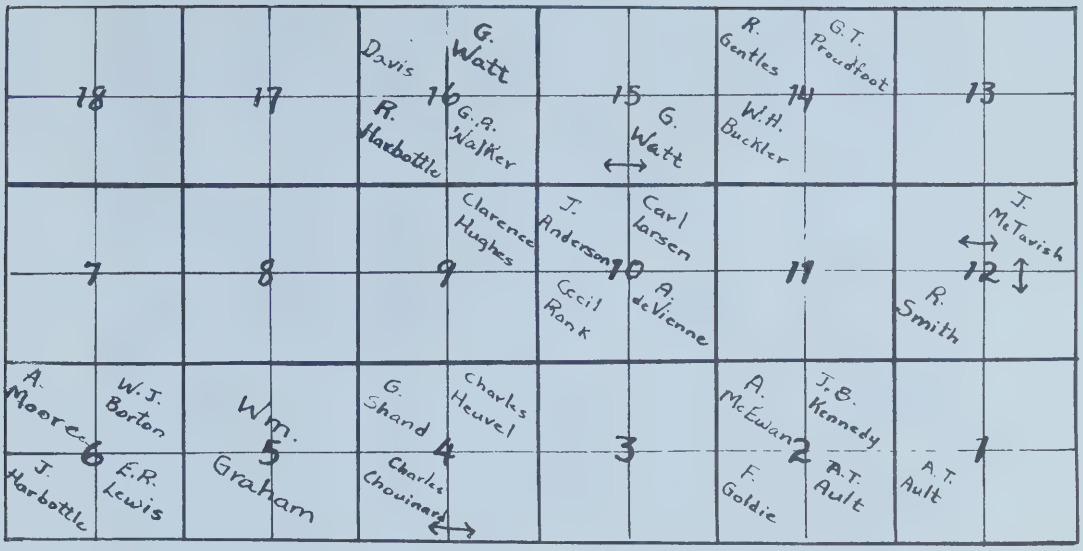

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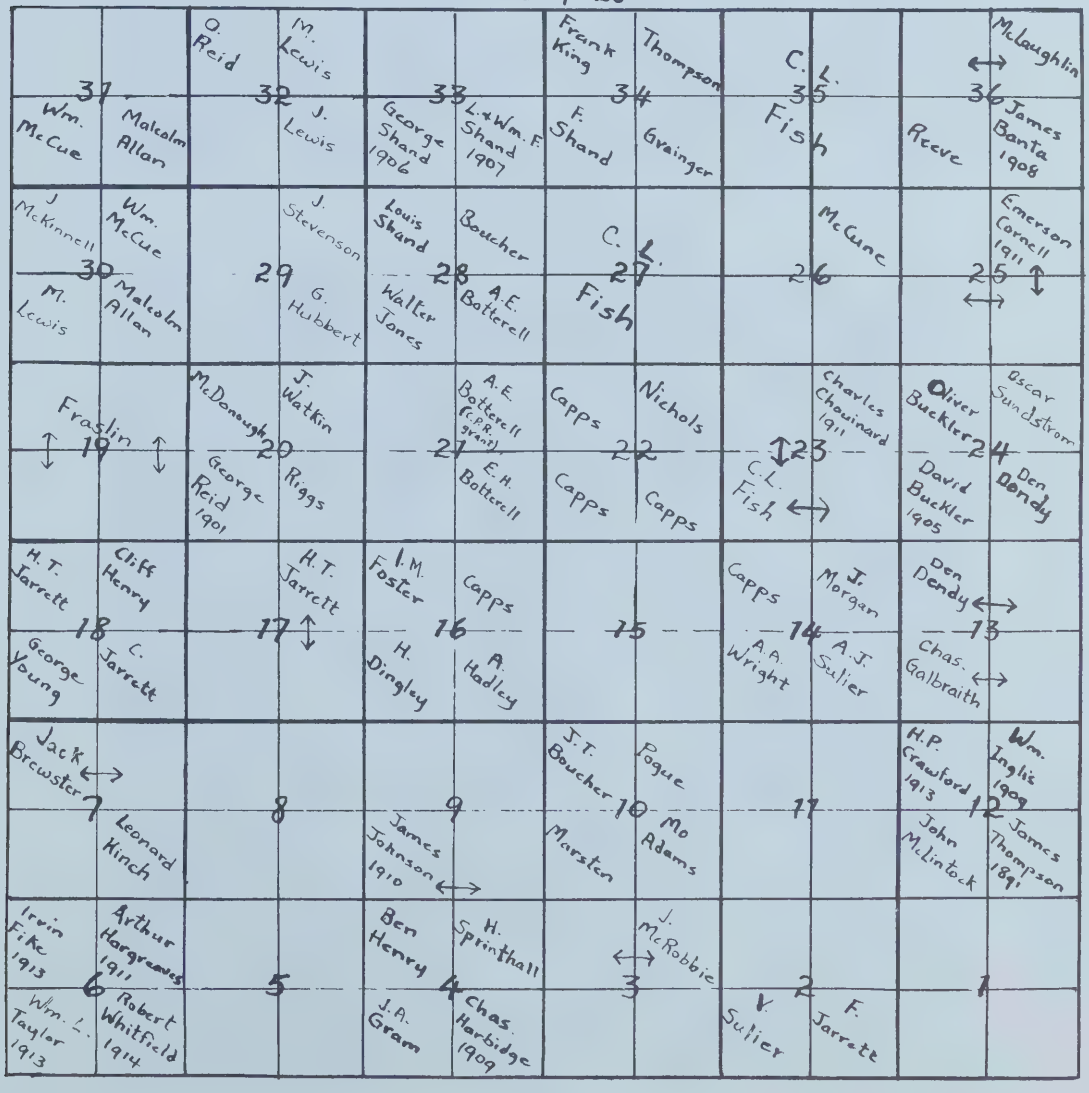

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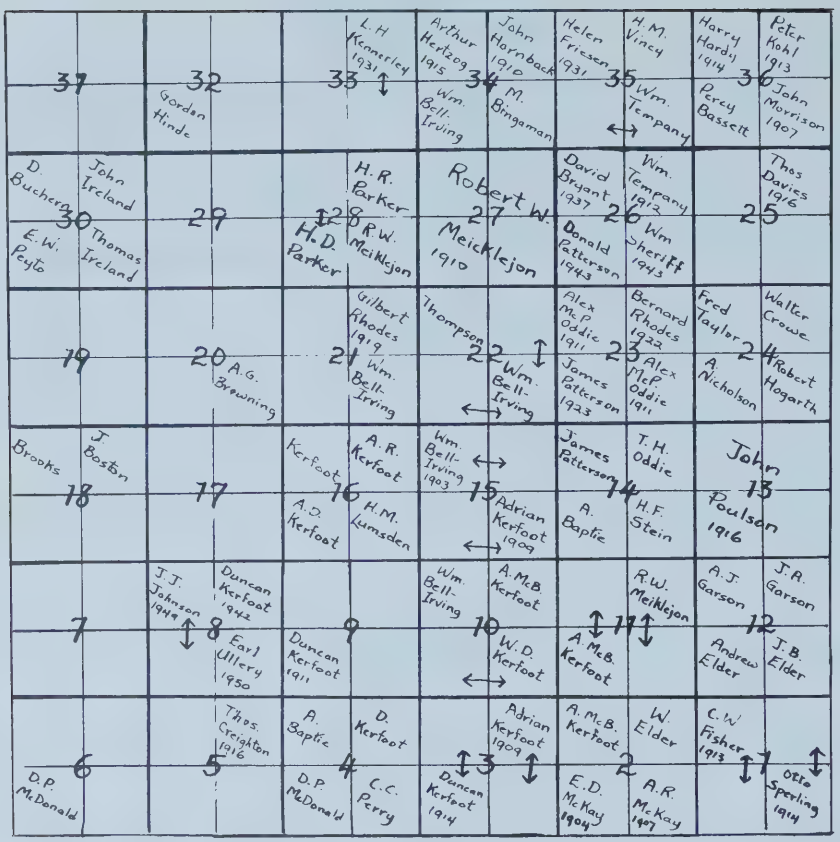

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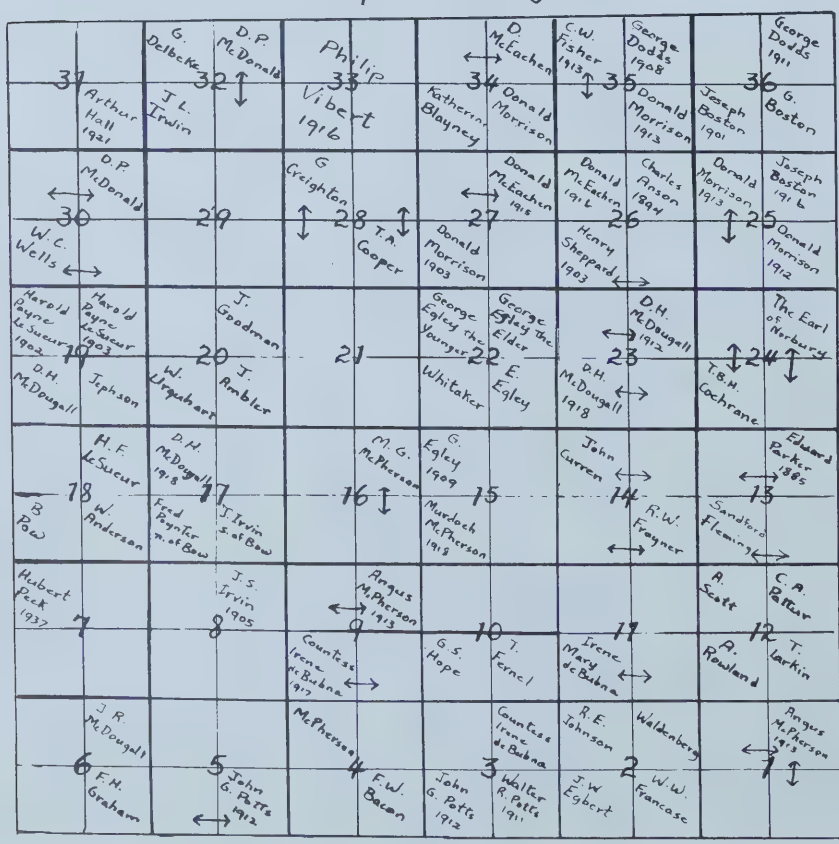

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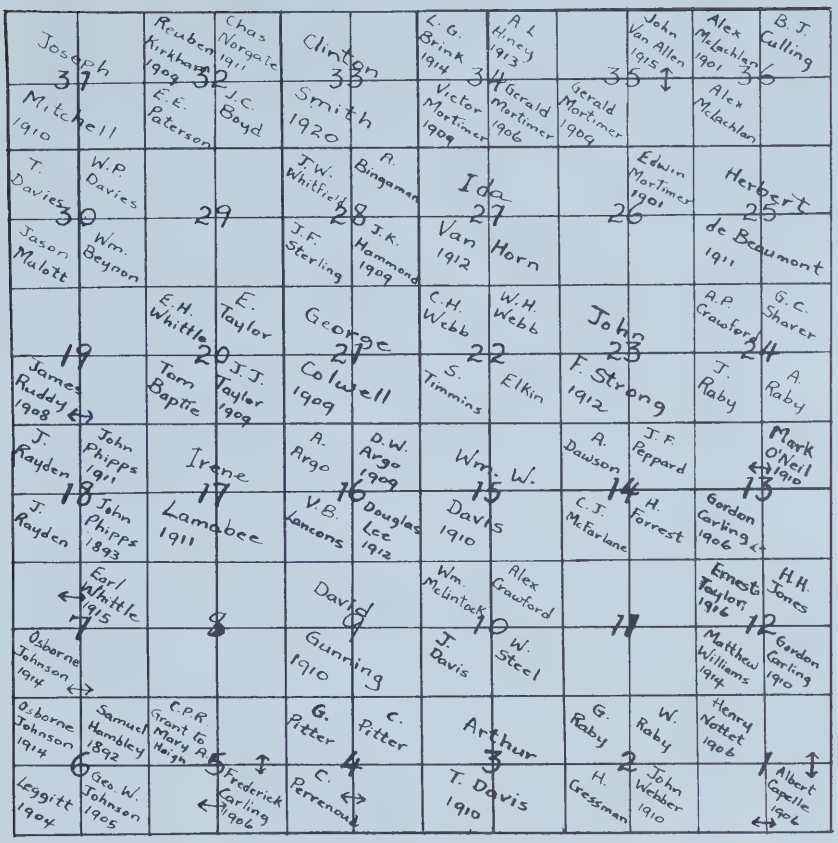

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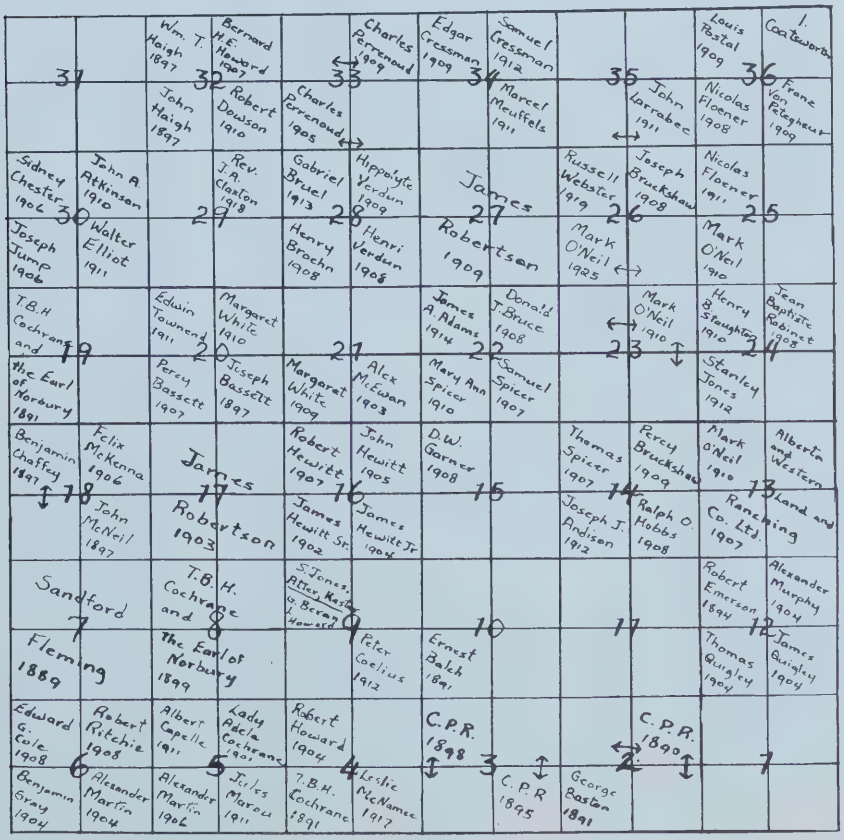

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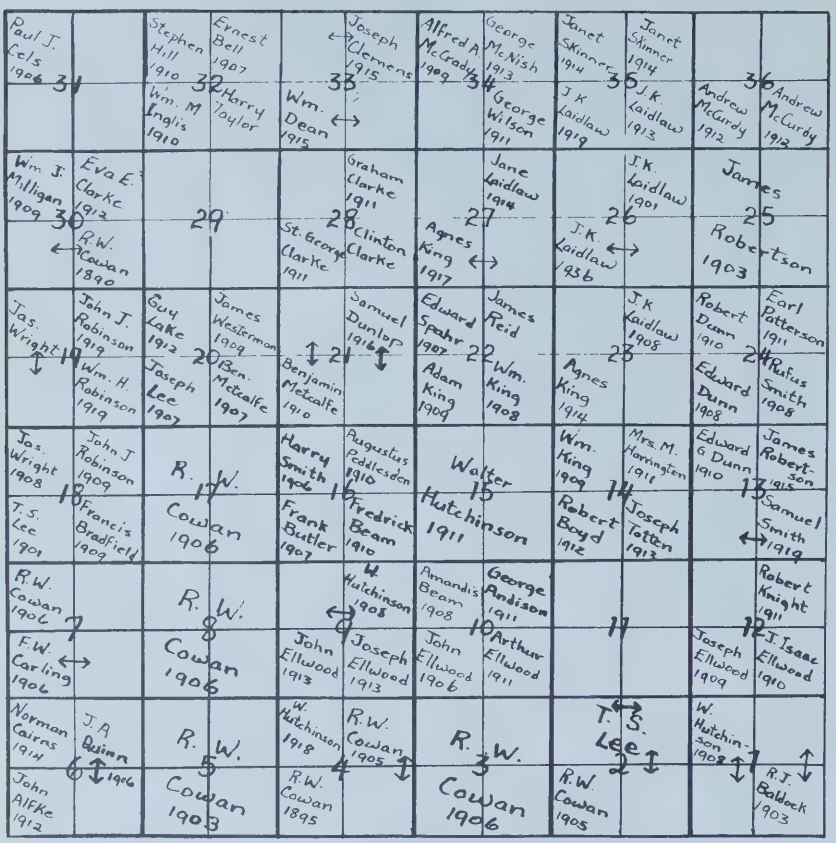

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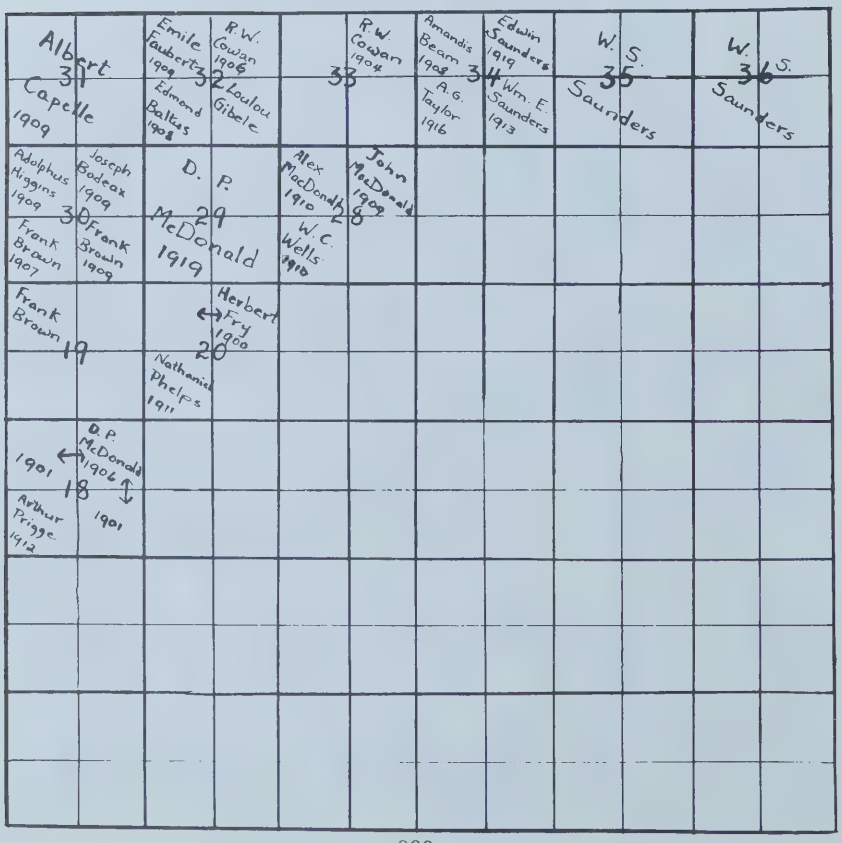

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